NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, a young lady of great beauty and merit.
ROBERT LOVELACE, Eſq. her admirer.
JAMES HARLOWE, Eſq. father of CLARISSA.
Mrs. HARLOWE, his lady.
JAMES HARLOWE, their only ſon.
ARABELLA, their elder daughter.
JOHN HARLOWE, elder brother of JAMES HARLOWE, ſenior.
ANTONY HARLOWE, third brother.
ROGER SOLMES, Eſq. an admirer of CLARISSA, favoured by her friends.
Mrs. HERVEY, half-ſiſter of Mrs. HARLOWE.
Miſs DOLLY HERVEY, her daughter.
Mrs. JUDITH NORTON, a woman of great piety and diſcretion, who had a principal ſhare in the education of CLARISSA.
Col. WILLIAM MORDEN, a near relation of the HARLOWES.
Miſs HOWE, the moſt intimate friend, companion, and correſpondent of CLARISSA.
Mrs. HOWE, her mother.
CHARLES HICKMAN, an admirer of Miſs HOWE.
Lord M. uncle to Mr. LOVELACE.
Lady SARAH SADLIER, and Lady BETTY LAWRANCE, half-ſiſters of Lord M.
Miſs CHARLOTTE, and Miſs PATTY MONTAGUE, nieces of the ſame nobleman.
Dr. LEWEN, a worthy divine.
Mr. ELIAS BRAND, a pedantic young clergyman.
Dr. H. an humane phyſician.
Mr. GODDARD, an honeſt and ſkilful apothecary.
JOHN BELFORD, Eſq. Mr. LOVELACE's principal intimate and confidante.
RICHARD MOWBRAY, THOMAS DOLEMAN, JAMES TOURVILLE, and THOMAS BELTON, Eſquires, libertine friends of Mr. LOVELACE.
Mrs. MORE, a widow, keeping a lodging-houſe at Hampſtead.
Miſs RAWLINS, a notable young gentlewoman there.
Mrs. BEVIS, a lively young widow of the ſame place.
Mrs. SINCLAIR, the pretended name of a private brothel-keeper at London.
Captain TOMLINSON, the aſſumed name of a vile pander to the debaucheries of Mr. LOVELACE.
SALLY MARTIN, and POLLY HORTON, aſſiſtants of, and partners with, the infamous SINCLAIR.
DORCAS WYKES, an artful ſervant at the vile houſe.

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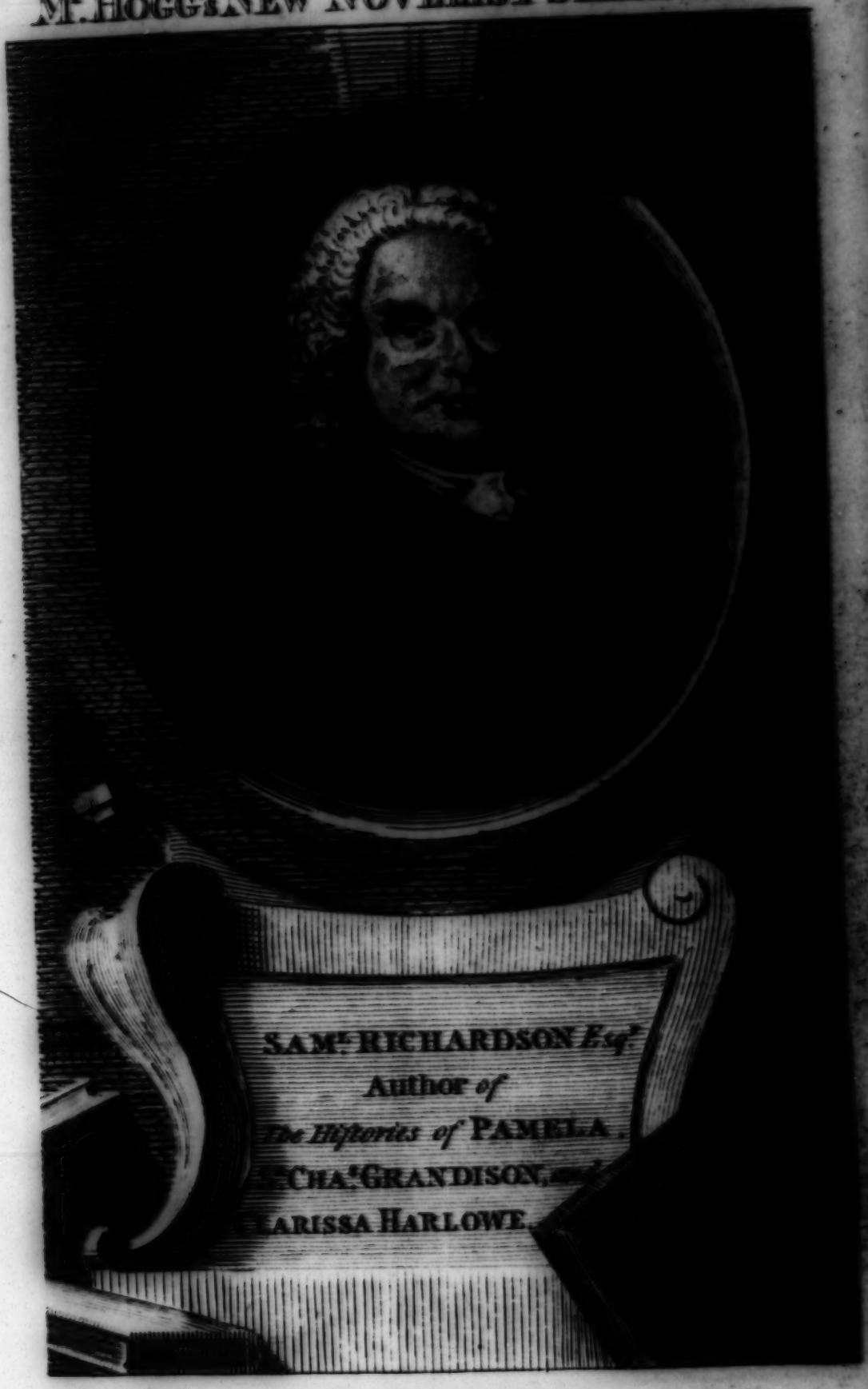
SONNET.

TO THE AUTHOR OF CLARISSA.

O MASTER of the heart! whoſe magic ſkill
The cloſe receſſes of the ſoul can find,
Can rouze, becalm, and terrify the mind,
Now melt with pity, now with anguiſh thrill;

Thy moral page while virtuous precepts fill,
Warm from the heart, to mend the age deſign'd,
Wit, ſtrength, truth, decency, are all combin'd
To lead our youth to good, and guard from ill.

O long enjoy that thou ſo well haſt won,
The grateful tribute of each honeſt heart,
Sincere, nor hackney'd in the ways of men;
At each diſtreſsful ſtroke their true tears run;
And Nature, unſophiſticate by art,
Owns and applauds the labours of thy pen.



Publiſhed by Alex.r Hogg. June 11. 1784.

PREFACE.

THE following Hiſtory is given in a Series of Letters, written principally in a double yet ſeparate correſpondence;

Between two young ladies of virtue and honour, bearing an inviolable friendſhip for each other, and writing not merely for amuſement, but upon the moſt *intereſting* ſubjects; in which every private family, more or leſs, may find itſelf concerned: And,

Between two gentlemen of free lives; one of them glorying in his talents for ſtratagem and invention, and communicating to the other, in confidence, all the ſecret purpoſes of an intriguing head and reſolute heart.

But here it will be proper to obſerve, for the ſake of ſuch as may apprehend hurt to the morals of youth, from the more freely written letters, that the gentlemen, though profeſſed libertines as to the female ſex, and making it one of their maxims to keep no faith with any of the individuals of it who are thrown into their power, are not, however, either infidels or ſcoffers; nor yet ſuch as think themſelves freed from the obſervance of thoſe other moral duties which bind man to man.

On the contrary, it will be found in the progreſs of the work, that they very often make ſuch reflections upon each other, and each upon himſelf and his own actions, as reaſonable beings *muſt* make, who diſbelieve not a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, and who one day propoſe to reform—One of them actually reforming, and by that means giving an opportunity to cenſure the freedoms which fall from the gayer pen and lighter heart of the other.

And yet that other, although in unboſoming himſelf to a ſelect friend, he diſcover wickedneſs enough to entitle him to general deteſtation, preſerves a decency, as well in his images as in his language, which is not always to be found in the works of ſome of the moſt celebrated modern writers, whoſe ſubjects and characters have leſs warranted the liberties they have taken.

In the letters of the two young ladies, it is preſumed, will be found not only the higheſt exerciſe of a reaſonable and *practicable* friendſhip, between minds endowed with the nobleſt principles of virtue and religion, but, occaſionally interſperſed, ſuch delicacy of ſentiments, particularly with regard to the other ſex; ſuch inſtances of impartiality, each freely, as a fundamental principle of their friendſhip, blaming, praiſing, and ſetting right, the other, as are ſtrongly to be recommended to the obſervation of the *younger* part (more eſpecially) of female readers.

The principal of theſe two young ladies is propoſed as an exemplar to her ſex: nor is it any objection to her being ſo, that ſhe is not in all reſpects a perfect character. It was not only natural, but it was neceſſary, that ſhe ſhould have ſome faults, were it only to ſhew the reader how laudably ſhe could miſtruſt and blame herſelf, and carry to her own heart, diveſted of ſelf-partiality, the cenſure which aroſe from her own convictions, and that even to the acquittal of thoſe, becauſe revered characters, whom no one elſe would acquit, and to whoſe much greater faults her errors were owing, and not to a weak or reproachable heart. As far as is conſiſtent with human frailty, and as far as ſhe could be perfect, conſidering the people ſhe had to deal with, and thoſe with whom

ſhe was inſeparably connected, ſhe *is* perfect. To have been impeccable, muſt have left nothing for the Divine Grace and a purified ſtate to do, and carried our idea of her from woman to angel. As ſuch is ſhe often eſteemed by the man whoſe *heart* was ſo corrupt, that he could hardly believe human nature capable of the purity which, on every trial or temptation, ſhone out in *hers*.

Beſides the four principal perſons, ſeveral others are introduced, whoſe letters are characteriſtick: and it is preſumed that there will be found in ſome of them, but more eſpecially in thoſe of the chief character among the men, and the ſecond character among the women, ſuch ſtrokes of gaiety, fancy, and humour, as will entertain and divert, and at the ſame time both warn and inſtruct.

All the letters are written whilſt the hearts of the writers muſt be ſuppoſed to be wholly engaged in their ſubjects, (the events at the time generally dubious;) ſo that they abound not only with critical ſituations, but with what may be called *inſtantaneous* deſcriptions and reflections, (proper to be brought home to the breaſt of the youthful reader;) as alſo with affecting converſations; many of them written in the dialogue or dramatick way.

'*Much more* lively and affecting,' ſays one of the principal characters, (Vol. VII.) 'muſt be the ſtile of thoſe who write in the height of a *preſent* 'diſtreſs, the mind tortured by the pangs of uncertainty, (the events then hid-'den in the womb of fate;) *than* the dry, narrative, unanimated ſtile of a 'perſon relating difficulties and dangers ſurmounted, can be; the relater per-'fectly at eaſe; and if himſelf unmoved by his own ſtory, not likely greatly to 'affect the reader.'

What will be found to be more particularly aimed at in the following work, is—To warn the inconſiderate and thoughtleſs of the one ſex againſt the baſe arts and ſpecious contrivers of the other—To caution parents againſt the undue exerciſe of their natural authority over their children in the great article of marriage—To warn children againſt preferring a man of pleaſure to a man of probity, upon that dangerous but too commonly received notion, *that a reformed rake makes the beſt huſband*—But, above all, to inveſtigate the higheſt and moſt important doctrines not only of morality, but of chriſtianity, by ſhewing them thrown into action in the conduct of the *worthy* characters; while the *unworthy*, who ſet thoſe doctrines at defiance, are condignly, and, as may be ſaid, conſequentially, puniſhed.

From what has been ſaid, conſiderate readers will not enter upon the peruſal of the piece before them, as if it were deſigned *only* to divert and amuſe. It will probably be thought tedious to ſuch as *dip* into it, expecting a *light Novel*, or *tranſitory Romance*; and look upon ſtory in it (intereſting as that is generally allowed to be) as it's *ſole end*, rather than as a vehicle to the inſtruction.

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LETTER I.

MISS ANNA HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

JAN. 10.

I Am extremely concerned, my deareſt friend, for the diſturbances that have happened in your family. I know how it muſt hurt you to become the ſubject of the publick talk: and yet, upon an occaſion ſo generally known, it is impoſſible but that whatever relates to a young lady, whoſe diſtinguiſhed merits have made her the publick care, ſhould engage every-body's attention. I long to have the particulars from yourſelf; and of the uſage I am told you receive upon an accident you could not help; and in which, as far as I can learn, the ſufferer was the aggreſſor.

Mr. Diggs the ſurgeon, whom I ſent for at the firſt hearing of the rencounter, to enquire, for *your* ſake, how your brother was, told me that there was no danger from the wound, if there were none from the fever; which, it ſeems, has been increaſed by the perturbation of his ſpirits.

Mr. Wyerley drank tea with us yeſterday; and though he is far from being partial to Mr. Lovelace, as it may be well ſuppoſed, yet both he and Mr. Symmes blame your family for the treatment they gave him when he went in perſon to enquire after your brother's health, and to expreſs his concern for what had happened.

They ſay, That Mr. Lovelace could not avoid drawing his ſword; and that either your brother's unſkilfulneſs or paſſion left him from the very firſt paſs entirely in his power.

This, I am told, was what Mr. Lovelace ſaid upon it, retreating as he ſpoke: 'Have a care, Mr. Harlowe!—Your 'violence puts you out of your de- 'fence—you give me too much advan- 'tage. For your ſiſter's ſake, I will 'paſs by every thing—if—'

But this the more provoked his raſhneſs, to lay himſelf open to the advantage of his adverſary; who, after a ſlight wound given him in the arm, took away his ſword.

There are people who love not your brother, becauſe of his natural imperiouſneſs and fierce and uncontroulable temper: theſe ſay, That the young gentleman's paſſion was abated on ſeeing his blood guſh plentifully down his arm; and that he received the generous offices of his adverſary (who helped him off with his coat and waiſtcoat, and bound up his arm till the ſurgeon could come) with ſuch patience, as was far from making a viſit afterwards from that adverſary to enquire after his health, appear either inſulting or improper.

Be this as it may, every-body pities you. So ſteady, ſo uniform, in your conduct; ſo deſirous, as you always ſaid, of ſliding through life to the end of it unnoted; and, as I may add, not wiſhing to be obſerved even for your ſilent benevolence; ſufficiently happy in the noble conſciouſneſs which attends it; *rather uſeful than glaring*, your deſerved motto; though now, to your regret, puſhed into blaze,, as I may ſay; and yet blamed at home for the faults of others—How muſt ſuch a virtue ſuffer on every hand!—Yet, it muſt be allowed that your preſent trial is but proportioned to your prudence.

As all your friends without doors are apprehenſive

apprehenſive that ſome other unhappy event may reſult from ſo violent a contention, in which, it ſeems, the families on both ſides are now engaged, I muſt deſire you to enable me, on the authority of your own information, to do you occaſional juſtice.

My mother, and all of us, like the reſt of the world, talk of nobody but you on this occaſion, and of the conſequences which may follow from the reſentments of a man of Mr. Lovelace's ſpirit; who, as he gives out, has been treated with high indignity by your uncles. My mother will have it, that you cannot now, with any decency, either ſee him, or correſpond with him: ſhe is a good deal prepoſſeſſed by your uncle Antony; who occaſionally calls upon us, as you know; and, on this rencounter, has repreſented to her the crime which it would be in a ſiſter to encourage a man who is to wade into her favour (this was his expreſſion) through the blood of her brother.

Write to me, therefore, my dear, the whole of your ſtory from the time that Mr. Lovelace was firſt introduced into your family; and particularly an account of all that paſſed between him and your ſiſter, about which there are different reports; ſome people ſcrupling not to inſinuate that the younger ſiſter has ſtolen a lover from the elder: and, pray, write in ſo full a manner as may ſatisfy thoſe who know not ſo much of your affairs as I do. If any-thing unhappy ſhould fall out from the violence of ſuch ſpirits as you have to deal with, your account of all things *previous* to it will be your beſt juſtification.

You ſee what you draw upon yourſelf by excelling all your ſex: every individual of it who knows you, or has heard of you, ſeems to think you anſwerable to *her* for your conduct in points ſo very delicate and concerning.

Every eye, in ſhort, is upon you with the expectation of an example. I wiſh to Heaven you were at liberty to purſue your own methods; all would then, I dare ſay, be eaſy, and honourably ended: but I dread your directors and directreſſes; for your mother, admirably well qualified as ſhe is to lead, muſt ſubmit to be led. Your ſiſter and brother will certainly put you out of your courſe.

But this is a point you will not permit me to expatiate upon: pardon me, therefore, and I have done. Yet, why ſhould I ſay pardon me, when your concerns are my concerns—when your honour is my honour—when I love you as never woman loved another—and when you have allowed of that concern and of that love, and have for years, which in perſons ſo young may be called many, ranked in the firſt claſs of your friends, *your ever grateful and affectionate*,

ANNA HOWE.

Will you oblige me with a copy of the preamble to the clauſes in your grandfather's will in your favour, and allow me to ſend it to my aunt Harman? She is very deſirous to ſee it: yet your character has ſo charmed her, that, though a ſtranger to you perſonally, ſhe aſſents to the preference given you in that will, before ſhe knows the teſtator's reaſons for giving you that preference.

LETTER II.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

HARLOWE-PLACE, JAN. 13.

HOW you oppreſs me, my deareſt friend, with your politeneſs! I cannot doubt your ſincerity; but you ſhould take care, that you give me not reaſon, from your kind partiality, to call in queſtion your judgment. You do not diſtinguiſh that I take many admirable hints from you, and have the art to paſs them upon you for my own: for in all you do, in all you ſay, nay, in your very looks (ſo animated!) you give leſſons to one who loves you and obſerves you as I love and obſerve you, without knowing that you do—So, pray, my dear, be more ſparing of your praiſe for the future, leſt after this confeſſion we ſhould ſuſpect that you ſecretly intend to praiſe yourſelf while you would be thought only to commend another.

Our family has indeed been ſtrangely diſcompoſed.—*Diſcompoſed!*—It has been in *tumults* ever-ſince the unhappy tranſaction; and I have borne all the blame; yet ſhould have had too much concern for myſelf, had I been more juſtly ſpared by every one elſe.

For, whether it be owing to a faulty impatience, having been too indulgently treated to be *enured* to blame, or to the regret I have to hear thoſe cenſured on my account whom it is my duty to vindicate; I have ſometimes wiſhed, that it had pleaſed God to have taken me in my laſt fever, when I had every-body's love and good opinion; but oftener that I had never been diſtinguiſhed by my grandfather as I was: ſince that diſtinction has eſtranged from me my brother's

brother's and ſiſter's affections; at leaſt, has raiſed a jealouſy with regard to the apprehended favour of my two uncles, that now-and-then overſhadows their love.

My brother being happily recovered of his fever, and his wound in a hopeful way, although he has not yet ventured abroad, I will be as particular as you deſire in the hiſtory you demand of me. But Heaven forbid that any-thing ſhould happen which may require it to be produced for the purpoſe you mention!

I will begin, as you command, with Mr. Lovelace's addreſs to my ſiſter; and be as brief as poſſible. I will recite facts only; and leave you to judge of the truth of the report raiſed, that the younger ſiſter has robbed the elder.

It was in purſuance of a conference between Lord M. and my uncle Antony, that Mr. Lovelace [my father and mother not forbidding] paid his reſpects to my ſiſter Arabella. My brother was then in Scotland, buſying himſelf in viewing the condition of the conſiderable eſtate which was left him there by his generous godmother, together with one as conſiderable in Yorkſhire. I was alſo abſent at my *Dairy Houſe* *, as it is called, buſied in the accounts relating to the eſtate which my grandfather had the goodneſs to deviſe to me; and which once a year was left to my inſpection, although I have given the whole into my father's power.

My ſiſter made me a viſit there the day after Mr. Lovelace had been introduced; and ſeemed highly pleaſed with the gentleman. His birth, his fortune in poſſeſſion, a clear 2000l. a year, as Lord M. had aſſured my uncle; preſumptive-heir to that nobleman's large eſtate: his great expectations from Lady Sarah Sadlier and Lady Betty Lawrance; who with his uncle intereſted themſelves very warmly (he being the laſt of his line) to ſee him married.

So handſome a man!—O her beloved Clary! for then ſhe was ready to love me dearly, from the overflowings of her good-humour on his account!) He was but *too* handſome a man for *her!*—Were ſhe but as amiable as *ſomebody*, there would be a probability of *holding* his affections!—For he was wild, ſhe heard; *very* wild, very gay; loved intrigue—But he was young; *a man of ſenſe:* would ſee his error, could ſhe but have patience with his faults, if his faults were not cured by marriage.

Thus ſhe ran on; and then wanted me to ſee the charming man, as ſhe called him.—Again concerned, that ſhe was not handſome enough for him; with, a ſad thing that the man ſhould have the advantage of the woman in that particular!—But then, ſtepping to the glaſs, ſhe complimented herſelf, that ſhe was very *well:* that there were many women deemed paſſable who were inferior to herſelf; that ſhe was always thought comely; and comelineſs, let her tell me, having not ſo much to loſe as beauty had, would hold, when that would evaporate or fly off. Nay, for that matter, [and again ſhe turned to the glaſs] her features were not irregular; her eyes not at all amiſs. And I remember they were more than uſually brilliant at that time. Nothing, in ſhort, to be found fault with, though nothing very engaging ſhe doubted—Was there, Clary?

Excuſe me, my dear, I never was thus particular before; no, not to you. Nor would I now have written thus freely of a ſiſter, but that ſhe makes a merit to my brother of diſowning that ſhe ever liked him; as I ſhall mention hereafter; and then you will always have me give you minute deſcriptions, nor ſuffer me to paſs by the air and manner in which things are ſpoken that are to be taken notice of; rightly obſerving, that air and manner often expreſs more than the accompanying words.

I congratulated her upon her proſpects. She received my compliments with a great deal of ſelf-complacency.

She liked the gentleman ſtill more at his next viſit; and yet he made no particular addreſs to her, although an opportunity was given him for it. This was wondered at, as my uncle had introduced him into our family declaredly as a viſiter to my ſiſter. But as we are ever ready to make excuſes when in good-humour with ourſelves, for the perhaps not unwilful ſlights of thoſe whoſe approbation we wiſh to engage; ſo my ſiſter found out a reaſon much to Mr. Lovelace's advantage for his not improving the opportunity that was given him.—It was baſhfulneſs, truly, in him. [Baſhfulneſs in Mr. Lovelace, my dear!]—Indeed, gay and lively as he is, he has

* Her grandfather, in order to invite her to him as often as her other friends would ſpare her, indulged her in erecting and fitting up a dairy-houſe in her own taſte. When finiſhed it was ſo much admired for it's elegant ſimplicity and convenience, that the whole ſeat (before, of old time, from it's ſituation, called *The Grove*, was generally known by the name of *The Dairy Houſe*. Her grandfather in particular was fond of having it ſo called.

not

not the *look* of an impudent man. But I fancy it is many, many years ago since he was bashful.

Thus, however, could my sister make it out—Upon her word, she believed Mr. Lovelace deserved not the bad character he had as to women.—He was really, to *her* thinking, a *modest* man. He would have spoken out, she believed; but once or twice as he seemed to intend to do so, he was under so *agreeable* a confusion! Such a profound respect he seemed to shew her! A perfect *reverence*, she thought: she loved dearly that a man in courtship should shew a reverence to his mistress. So, indeed, we all do, I believe: and with reason; since, if I may judge from what I have seen in many families, there is little enough of it shewn afterwards. And she told my aunt Hervey, that she would be a little less upon the reserve next time he came; she was not one of those *flirts*, not she, who would give pain to a person that deserved to be well-treated; and the more pain for the greatness of his value for her.—I wish she had not somebody whom I love in her eye.

In his third visit, Bella governed herself by this kind and considerate principle: so that, according to her own account of the matter, the man *might* have spoken out.—But he was still *bashful:* he was not able to overcome this *unseasonable reverence*. So this visit went off as the former.

But now she began to be dissatisfied with him. She compared his general character with this his particular behaviour to her; and having never been courted before, owned herself puzzled how to deal with so odd a lover. What did the man mean, she wondered? Had not her uncle brought him *declaredly* as a suitor to her.—It could not be bashfulness, (now she thought of it) since he might have opened his mind to her *uncle*, if he wanted courage to speak directly to *her*.—Not that she cared much for the man neither: but it was right, surely, that a woman should be put out of doubt *early* as to a man's intentions in such a case as this, from his own mouth.—But, truly, she had begun to think, that he was more solicitous to cultivate her *mamma's* good opinion than *hers!*—Everybody, she owned, admired her mother's conversation; but he was mistaken if he thought respect to her mother *only* would do with *her*. And then, for his own sake, surely he should put it into her power to be complaisant to him, if he gave her reason to approve of him. This distant behaviour, she must take upon her to say, was the more extraordinary, as he continued his visits, and declared himself extremely desirous to cultivate a friendship with the whole family; and as he could have no doubt about her *sense*, if she might take upon her to join her own with the general opinion; he having taken great notice of, and admired many of her *good things* as they fell from her lips. Reserves were painful, she must needs say, to open and free spirits, like hers: and yet she must tell my aunt, (to whom all this was directed) that she should never forget what she owed to her sex, and to herself, were Mr. Lovelace as unexceptionable in his morals as in his figure, and were he to urge his suit ever so warmly.

I was not of her council. I was still absent. And it was agreed upon between my aunt Hervey and her, that she was to be quite solemn and shy in his next visit, if there were not a peculiarity in his address to her.

But my sister, it seems, had not considered the matter well. This was not the way, as it proved, to be taken, for matters of *mere omission*, with a man of Mr. Lovelace's penetration. Nor with *any* man; since if love has not taken root deep enough to cause it to shoot out into declaration, if an opportunity be fairly given for it, there is little room to expect, that the blighting winds of anger or resentment will bring it forward. Then my poor sister is not naturally good-humoured. This is too well known a truth for me to endeavour to conceal it, especially from you. She must therefore, I doubt, have appeared to great disadvantages when she aimed to be worse-tempered than ordinary.

How they managed it in their next conversation I know not. One would be tempted to think by the issue, that Mr. Lovelace was ungenerous enough to seek the occasion given*, and to improve it. Yet he thought fit to put the question too:—but, she says, it was not till, by some means or other, (she knew not how) he had wrought her up to such a pitch of displeasure with him, that it was impossible for her to recover herself at the instant. Nevertheless, he re-urged his question, as expecting a definitive answer, without waiting for the return

* See Mr. Lovelace's letter, No. xxxi. in which he briefly accounts for his conduct in this affair.

of her temper, or endeavouring to mollify her; so that she was under a necessity of persisting in her denial: yet gave him reason to think she did not dislike his address, only the *manner* of it; his court being rather made to her mother than to herself, as if he was sure of *her* consent at any time.

A good encouraging denial, I must own:—as was the rest of her plea; to wit, a disinclination to change her state.—Exceedingly happy as she was: she never could be happier! and such like *consenting negatives*, as I may call them, and yet not intend a reflection upon my sister: for what can any young creature in the like circumstances say, when she is not sure but a too ready consent may subject her to the slights of a sex that generally values a blessing either more or less as it is obtained with difficulty or ease? Miss Biddulph's answer to a copy of verses from a gentleman, reproaching our sex as acting in disguise, is not a bad one, although *you* perhaps may think it too acknowledging for the female character.

'Ungenerous sex! to scorn us, if we're *kind*;
'And yet upbraid us, if we seem *severe*!
'Do *you*, t'encourage us to tell our mind,
'Yourselves put off disguise, and be sincere.
'*You* talk of coquetry! Your own false hearts
'*Compel* our sex to act dissembling parts.'

Here I am obliged to lay down my pen. I will soon resume it.

LETTER III.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

JAN. 13, 14.

AND thus, as Mr. Lovelace thought fit to *take it*, had he his answer from my sister. It was with very great regret, as he pretended, [I doubt the man is an hypocrite, my dear] that he acquiesced in it. So much determinedness; such a noble firmness in my sister; that there was no hope of prevailing upon her to alter sentiments she had adopted on full consideration. He sighed, as Bella told us, when he took his leave of her: profoundly sighed; grasped her hand, and kissed it with *such* an ardor—withdrew with *such* an air of solemn respect—she had him then before her.—She could almost find in her heart, although he had vexed her, to pity him. A good intentional preparative to love, this pity; since, at the time, she little thought that he would not renew his offer.

He waited on my mother after he had taken leave of Bella, and reported his ill success in so respectful a manner, as well with regard to my sister, as to the whole family, and with so much concern that he was not accepted as a relation to it, that it left upon them all (my brother being then, as I have said, in Scotland) impressions in his favour, and a belief that this matter would certainly be brought on again. But Mr. Lovelace going up directly to town, where he staid a whole fortnight, and meeting there with my uncle Antony, to whom he regretted his niece's cruel resolution not to change her state; it was seen that there was a total end of the affair.

My sister was not wanting to herself on this occasion. She made a virtue of necessity; and the man was quite another man with her.—A vain creature! too well knowing his advantages: yet those not what she had conceived them to be!—Cool and warm by fits and starts; an ague-like lover. A steady man, a man of virtue, a man of morals, was worth a thousand of such gay flutterers. Her sister Clary might think it worth her while perhaps to try to engage such a man. She had patience: she was mistress of persuasion; and, indeed, to do the girl justice, had *something* of a person; but as for *her*, she would not have a man of whose heart she could not be sure for one moment; no, not for the world: and most sincerely glad was she that she had rejected him.

But when Mr. Lovelace returned into the country, he thought fit to visit my father and mother; hoping, as he told them, that, however unhappy he had been in the rejection of the wished-for alliance, he might be allowed to keep up an acquaintance and friendship with a family which he should always respect. And then, unhappily as I may say, was I at home and present.

It was immediately observed, that his attention was fixed on me. My sister, as soon as he was gone, in a spirit of bravery, seemed desirous to promote his address, should it be tendered.

My aunt Hervey was there, and was pleased to say, we should make the finest couple in England—if my sister had no objection. 'No, indeed!' with a haughty toss, was my sister's reply—it would be strange if she had, after the denial she had given him upon full deliberation.

My mother declared, That *her* only dislike of his alliance with either daughter, was on account of his reputed faulty morals.

My uncle Harlowe, That his *daughter* Clary, as he delighted to call me from child-

childhood, would reform him if any woman in the world could.

My uncle Antony gave his approbation in high terms; but referred, as my aunt had done, to my ſiſter.

She repeated her contempt of him; and declared, that were there not another man in England, ſhe would not have him. She was ready, on the contrary, ſhe could aſſure them, to reſign her pretenſions under hand and ſeal, if Miſs Clary were taken with his tinſel; and if every one elſe approved of his addreſſes to the girl.

My father, indeed, after a long ſilence, being urged by my uncle Antony to ſpeak his mind, ſaid, that he had a letter from his ſon, on his hearing of Mr. Lovelace's viſits to his daughter Arabella, which he had not ſhewn to any-body but my mother, that treaty being at an end when he received it; that in this letter he expreſſed great diſlike to an alliance with Mr. Lovelace on the ſcore of his immoralities; that he knew, indeed, there was an old grudge between them; but that, being deſirous to prevent all occaſion of diſunion and animoſity in his family, he would ſuſpend the declaration of his own mind till his ſon arrived, and till he had heard his farther objections: that he was the more inclined to make his ſon this compliment, as Mr. Lovelace's general character gave but too much ground for his ſon's diſlike of him; adding, that he had heard (ſo he ſuppoſed had every one) that he was a very extravagant man; that he had contracted debts in his travels: and, indeed, he was pleaſed to ſay, that he had the air of a ſpendthrift.

Theſe particulars I had partly from my aunt Hervey, and partly from my ſiſter; for I was called out as ſoon as the ſubject was entered upon. When I returned, my uncle Antony aſked me *how I* ſhould like Mr. Lovelace: every body ſaw, he was pleaſed to ſay, that I had made a conqueſt.

I immediately anſwered, that I did not like him at all: he ſeemed to have too good an opinion both of his perſon and parts, to have any great regard to his wife, let him marry whom he would.

My ſiſter particularly was pleaſed with this anſwer, and confirmed it to be juſt; with a compliment to my judgment—for it was *hers*.

But the very next day Lord M. came to Harlowe Place; [I was then abſent] and, in his nephew's name, made a propoſal in form; declaring, that it was the ambition of all his family to be related to ours: and he hoped his kinſman would not have ſuch an anſwer on the part of the younger ſiſter, as he had on that of the elder.

In ſhort, Mr. Lovelace's viſits were admitted as thoſe of a man who had not deſerved diſreſpect from our family; but as to his addreſs to me, with a reſervation, as above, on my father's part, that he would determine nothing without his ſon. My diſcretion, as to the reſt, was confided in; for ſtill I had the ſame objections as to the man: nor would I, when we were better acquainted, hear any thing but general talk from him; giving him no opportunity of converſing with me in private.

He bore this with a reſignation little expected from his natural temper, which is generally reported to be quick and haſty, unuſed, it ſeems, from childhood, to check or controul. A caſe too common in conſiderable families where there is an only ſon: and *his* mother never had any other child. But, as I have heretofore told you, I could perceive, notwithſtanding this reſignation, that he had ſo good an opinion of himſelf as not to doubt that his perſon and accompliſhments would inſenſibly engage me; and, could that be once done, he told my aunt Hervey he ſhould hope, from ſo ſteady a temper, that his hold in my affections would be durable; while my ſiſter accounted for his patience in another manner, which would perhaps have had more force if it had come from a perſon leſs prejudiced: that the man was not fond of marrying at all; that he might perhaps have half a ſcore miſtreſſes; and that delay might be as convenient for his *roving*, as for my *well-acted* indifference. That was her kind expreſſion.

Whatever was his motive for a patience ſo generally believed to be out of his uſual character, and where the object of his addreſs was ſuppoſed to be of fortune conſiderable enough to engage his warmeſt attention, he certainly eſcaped many mortifications by it; for while my father ſuſpended his approbation till my brother's arrival, Mr. Lovelace received from every one thoſe civilities which were due to his birth: and although we heard from time to time reports to his diſadvantage with regard to morals, yet could we not queſtion him upon them without giving him greater advantages in his own opinion than the ſituation he was in with us would juſtify to prudence? ſince it was much more likely

likely that his addreſs would *not* be allowed of, than that it *would*.

And thus was he admitted to converſe with our family almoſt upon his own terms; for, while my friends ſaw nothing in his behaviour but what was extremely reſpectful, and obſerved in him no violent importunity, they ſeemed to have taken a great liking to his converſation: while I conſidered him only as a common gueſt when he came, and thought myſelf no more concerned in his viſits, nor at his entrance and departure, than any other of the family.

But this indifference on my ſide was the means of procuring him one very great advantage; ſince upon it was grounded that correſpondence by letters which ſucceeded; and which, had it been to be begun when the family animoſity broke out, would never have been entered into on my part. The occaſion was this.

My uncle Hervey has a young gentleman entruſted to his care, whom he has thoughts of ſending abroad a year or two hence, to make the grand tour, as it is called; and, finding Mr. Lovelace could give a good account of every thing neceſſary for a young traveller to obſerve upon ſuch an occaſion, he deſired him to write down a deſcription of the courts and countries he had viſited, and what was moſt worthy of curioſity in them.

He conſented, on condition that I would *direct* his ſubjects, as he called it: and, as every one had heard his manner of writing commended, and thought his narratives might be agreeable amuſements in winter evenings, and that he could have no opportunity particularly to addreſs me in them, ſince they were to be read in full aſſembly before they were given to the young gentleman, I made the leſs ſcruple to write, and to make obſervations, and put queſtions for our farther information—ſtill the leſs perhaps as I love writing; and thoſe who do, are fond, you know, of occaſions to uſe the pen. And then, having every one's conſent, and my uncle Hervey's deſire that I would write, I thought that if I had been the only ſcrupulous perſon, it would have ſhewn a particularity that a vain man might conſtrue to his advantage, and which my ſiſter would not fail to animadvert upon.

You have ſeen ſome of theſe letters, and have been pleaſed with his account of perſons, places and things; and we have both agreed, that he was no common obſerver upon what he had ſeen.

My ſiſter herſelf allowed that the man had a tolerable knack of writing and deſcribing: and my father, who had been abroad in his youth, ſaid, that his remarks were curious, and ſhewed him to be a perſon of reading, judgment, and taſte.

Thus was a kind of correſpondence begun between him and me, with general approbation; while every one wondered at, and was pleaſed with, his patient veneration of me, for ſo they called it. However, it was not doubted but he would ſoon be more importunate, ſince his viſits were more frequent, and he acknowledged to my aunt Hervey a paſſion for me, accompanied with an awe that he had never known before; to which he attributed what he called his but *ſeeming* acquieſcence with my father's pleaſure, and the diſtance I kept him at. And yet, my dear, this may be his uſual manner of behaviour to our ſex; for had not my ſiſter at firſt all his *reverence*?

Mean time, my father, expecting his importunity, kept in readineſs the reports he had heard in his diſfavour, to charge them upon him then, as ſo many objections to his addreſs. And it was highly agreeable to me that he did ſo: it would have been ſtrange if it were not; ſince the perſon who could reject Mr. Wyerley's addreſs for the ſake of his *free opinions*, muſt have been inexcuſable, had ſhe not rejected another's for his *freer practices*.

But I ſhould own, that in the letters he ſent me upon the general ſubject, he more than once encloſed a particular one, declaring his paſſionate regards for me, and complaining, with fervour enough, of my reſerves: but of theſe I took not the leaſt notice; for, as I had not written to him at all, but upon a ſubject ſo general, I thought it was but right to let what he wrote upon one ſo particular paſs off as if I had never ſeen it; and the rather, as I was not then at liberty (from the approbation his letters met with) to break off the correſpondence, unleſs I had aſſigned the true reaſon for doing ſo. Beſides, with all his reſpectful aſſiduities, it was eaſy to obſerve (if it had not been his general character) that his temper is naturally haughty and violent; and I had ſeen too much of that untractable ſpirit in my brother to like it in one who hoped to be ſtill more nearly related to me.

I had a little ſpecimen of this temper of his upon the very occaſion I have mentioned: for, after he had ſent me a

third particular letter with the general one, he aſked me, the next time he came to Harlowe Place, if I had not received ſuch a one from him. I told him I ſhould never anſwer one ſo ſent; and that I had waited for ſuch an occaſion as he had now given me to tell him ſo: I deſired him therefore not to write again on the ſubject; aſſuring him, that if he did, I would return both, and never write another line to him.

You cannot imagine how faucily the man looked; as if, in ſhort, he was diſappointed that he had not made a more ſenſible impreſſion upon me: nor, when he recollected himſelf, (as he did immediately) what a viſible ſtruggle it coſt him to change his haughty airs for more placid ones. But I took no notice of either; for I thought it beſt to convince him, by the coolneſs and indifference with which I repulſed his forward hopes, (at the ſame time intending to avoid the affectation of pride or vanity) that he was not conſiderable enough in my eyes to make me take over-ready offence at what he ſaid, or at his haughty looks: in other words, that I had not value enough for him to treat him with peculiarity either by ſmiles or frowns. Indeed, he had cunning enough to give me, undeſignedly, a piece of inſtruction which taught me this caution; for he had ſaid in converſation once, that if a man could not make a woman in courtſhip own herſelf *pleaſed* with him, it was as *much* and oftentimes *more* to his purpoſe to make her *angry* with him.

I muſt break off here. But will continue the ſubject the very firſt opportunity. Mean time, I am *your moſt affectionate friend and ſervant*,

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER IV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

JAN. 15.

SUCH, my dear, was the ſituation Mr. Lovelace and I were in when my brother arrived from Scotland.

The moment Mr. Lovelace's viſits were mentioned to him, he, without either heſitation or apology, expreſſed his diſapprobation of them. He found great flaws in his character, and took the liberty to ſay, in ſo many words, that he wondered how it came into the heads of his uncles to encourage ſuch a man for *either* of his ſiſters: at the ſame time returning his thanks to my father for declining his conſent till *he* arrived, in ſuch a manner, I thought, as a ſuperior would do, when he commended an inferior for having well performed his duty in his abſence.

He juſtified his avowed inveteracy by common fame, and by what he had known of him at college; declaring, that he had ever hated him; ever ſhould hate him; and would never own *him* for a brother, or *me* for a ſiſter, if I married him.

That early antipathy I have heard accounted for in this manner.

Mr. Lovelace was always noted for his vivacity and courage; and no leſs, it ſeems, for the ſwift and ſurpriſing progreſs he made in all parts of literature: for diligence in his ſtudies, in the hours of ſtudy, he had hardly his equal. This, it ſeems, was his general character at the univerſity; and it gained him many friends among the more learned; while thoſe who did not love him, feared him, by reaſon of the offence his vivacity made him too ready to give, and of the courage he ſhewed in ſupporting the offence when given; which procured him as many followers as he pleaſed among the miſchievous ſort.—No very amiable character, you will ſay, upon the whole.

But my brother's temper was not more happy. His native haughtineſs could not bear a ſuperiority ſo viſible; and whom we fear more than love, we are not far from hating: and having leſs command of his paſſions than the other, he was evermore the ſubject of his perhaps *indecent* ridicule; ſo that they never met without quarrelling. And every-body, either from love or fear, ſiding with his antagoniſt, he had a moſt uneaſy time of it while both continued in the ſame college. It was the leſs wonder, therefore, that a young man who is not noted for the gentleneſs of his temper, ſhould reſume an antipathy early begun, and ſo deeply rooted.

He found my ſiſter, who waited but for the occaſion, ready to join him in his reſentments againſt the man he hated. She utterly diſclaimed all manner of regard for him: never liked him at all; his eſtate was certainly much incumbered; it was impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe, ſo entirely devoted as he was to his pleaſures. He kept no houſe; had no equipage: nobody pretended that he wanted pride; the reaſon therefore was eaſy to be gueſſed at. And then did ſhe boaſt of, and my brother praiſe her for, refuſing him: and both joined, on all occaſions, to depre-

depreciate him, and not ſeldom *made* the occaſions; their diſpleaſure againſt him cauſing every ſubject to run into this, if it began not with it.

I was not ſolicitous to vindicate him when I was not joined in their reflections. I told them, I did not value him enough to make a difference in the family on his account: and as he was ſuppoſed to have given too much cauſe for their ill opinion of him, I thought he ought to take the conſequence of his own faults.

Now and then, indeed, when I obſerved that their vehemence carried them beyond all bounds of probability in their charges againſt him, I thought it but juſtice to put in a word for him. But this only ſubjected me to reproach, as having a prepoſſeſſion in his favour which I would not own.—So that, when I could not change the ſubject, I uſed to retire either to my muſick, or to my cloſet.

Their behaviour to him when they could not help ſeeing him, was very cold and diſobliging; but as yet not directly affrontive. For they were in hopes of prevailing upon my father to forbid his viſits. But, as there was nothing in his behaviour that might warrant ſuch a treatment of a man of his birth and fortune, they ſucceeded not: and then they were very earneſt with *me* to forbid them. I aſked, what authority I had to take ſuch a ſtep in my father's houſe; and when my behaviour to him was ſo diſtant that he ſeemed to be as much the gueſt of any other perſon of the family, themſelves excepted, as mine? In revenge, they told me, that it was cunning management between us; and that we both underſtood one another better than we pretended to do. And at laſt they gave ſuch a looſe to their paſſions, all of a ſudden *, as I may ſay, that inſtead of withdrawing, as they uſed to do when he came, they threw themſelves in his way purpoſely to affront him.

Mr. Lovelace, you may believe, very ill-brooked this: but nevertheleſs contented himſelf to complain of it to me; in high terms, however, telling me that, but for my ſake, my brother's treatment of him was not to be borne.

I was ſorry for the merit this gave him in his own opinion with me; and the more, as ſome of the affronts he received were too flagrant to be excuſed: but I told him that I was determined not to fall out with my brother, if I could help it, whatever faults he had; and, ſince they could not ſee one another with temper, ſhould be glad that he would not throw himſelf in my brother's way; and I was ſure my brother would not ſeek *him*.

He was very much nettled at this anſwer: but ſaid, he muſt bear his affronts if I would have it ſo. He had been accuſed himſelf of violence in his temper; but he hoped to ſhew on *this* occaſion that he had a command of his paſſions which few young men, ſo highly provoked, would be *able* to ſhew; and doubted not but it would be attributed to a *proper motive* by a perſon of my generoſity and penetration.

My brother had juſt before, with the approbation of my uncles, employed a perſon, related to a diſcharged bailiff or ſteward of Lord M. who had had the management of ſome part of Mr. Lovelace's affairs, (from which he was alſo diſmiſſed by him) to enquire into his debts, after his companions, into his amours, and the like.

My aunt Hervey, in confidence, gave me the following particulars of what the man ſaid of him.

That he was a generous landlord; that he ſpared nothing for ſolid and laſting improvements upon his eſtate; and that he looked into his own affairs, and underſtood them: that he had been very expenſive when abroad, and contracted a large debt; (for he made no ſecret of his affairs) yet choſe to limit himſelf to an annual ſum, and to decline equipage, in order to avoid being obliged to his uncle and aunts, from whom he might have what money he pleaſed; but that he was very jealous of their controul; had often quarrels with them; and treated them ſo freely, that they were all afraid of him. However, that his eſtate was never mortgaged, as my brother had heard it was; his credit was always high; and the man believed he was, by this time, near upon, if not quite, clear of the world.

He was a ſad gentleman, he ſaid, as to women:—if his tenants had pretty daughters they choſe to keep them out of his ſight. He believed he kept no particular miſtreſs; for he had heard *newelty*, (that was the man's word) was every thing with him. But for his uncle's and aunt's teazings, the man fancied he would not think of marriage. He was never known to be diſguiſed

* The reaſon of this more-openly ſhewn animoſity is given in Letter XIII.

with

with liquor; but was a great plotter, and a greater writer, that he lived a wild life in town, by what he had heard; had ſix or ſeven companions as bad as himſelf, whom, now-and-then, he brought down with him; and the country was always glad when they went up again. He would have it that, although paſſionate, he was good-humoured; loved as well to take a jeſt as to give one; and would rally himſelf, upon occaſion, the freeſt of any man he ever knew.

This was his character from an enemy; for, as my aunt obſerved, every thing the man ſaid commendably of him came grudgingly, with a *Muſt needs ſay —To do him juſtice*, &c. while the contrary was delivered with a free good-will. And this character, as a worſe was expected, though this was bad enough, not anſwering the end of enquiring after it, my brother and ſiſter were more apprehenſive than before, that his addreſs would be encouraged, ſince the worſt part of it was known, or ſuppoſed, when he was firſt introduced to my ſiſter.

But, with regard to myſelf, I muſt obſerve in his diſfavour, that, notwithſtanding the merit he wanted to make with me for his patience upon my brother's ill treatment of him, I owed him no compliments for trying to conciliate with *him*. Not that I believe it would have ſignified any thing if he had made ever ſuch court either to him or to my ſiſter; yet one might have expected from a man of his politeneſs, and from his pretenſions, you know, that he would have been willing to *try:* inſtead of which, he ſhewed ſuch a contempt both of my brother and ſiſter, eſpecially my brother, as was conſtrued into a defiance of them; and for me to have hinted at an alteration in his behaviour to my brother, was an advantage I knew he would have been proud of; and which, therefore, I had no mind to give him. But I doubted not that, having ſo very little encouragement from *any* body, his pride would ſoon take fire, and he would of himſelf diſcontinue his viſits, or go to town; where, till he came acquainted with our family, he uſed chiefly to reſide: and in this latter caſe he had no reaſon to expect that I would *receive*, much leſs *anſwer*, his letters; the occaſion which had led me to receive *any* of his being by this time over.

But my brother's antipathy would not permit him to *wait* for ſuch an event; and after ſeveral exceſſes which Mr. Lovelace ſtill returned with contempt, and a haughtineſs too much like that of the aggreſſor, my brother took upon himſelf to fill up the door way once when he came, as if to oppoſe his entrance: and, upon his aſking for me, demanded what his buſineſs was with his ſiſter.

The other, with a challenging air, as my brother ſays, told him he would anſwer a gentleman *any* queſtion; but he wiſhed that Mr. James Harlowe, who had of late given himſelf high airs, would remember that he was not *now* at college.

Juſt then the good Doctor Lewen, who frequently honours me with a *viſit of converſation*, as he is pleaſed to call it, and had parted with me in my own parlour, came to the door; and hearing the words, interpoſed, both having their hands upon their ſwords: and telling Mr. Lovelace where I was, he burſt by my brother to come to me; leaving him chafing, he ſaid, like a hunted boar at bay.

This alarmed us all. My father was pleaſed to hint to Mr. Lovelace, that he wiſhed he would diſcontinue his viſits, for the peace-ſake of the family: and I, by his command, ſpoke a great deal plainer.

But Mr. Lovelace is a man not eaſily brought to give up his purpoſe, eſpecially in a point wherein he pretends his heart is ſo much engaged: and no abſolute prohibition having been given, things went on for a little while as before; for I ſaw plainly that to have denied myſelf to his viſits, (which, however, I declined receiving as often as I could) was to bring forward ſome deſperate iſſue between the two; ſince the offence ſo readily given on one ſide was brooked by the other only out of conſideration to me.

And thus did my brother's raſhneſs lay me under an obligation where I would leaſt have owed it.

The intermediate propoſals of Mr. Symmes and Mr. Mullins, both (in turn) encouraged by my brother, induced him to be more patient for a while, as nobody thought me over-forward in Mr. Lovelace's favour; for he hoped that he ſhould engage my father and uncles to approve of the one or the other in oppoſition to the man he hated. But when he found that I had intereſt enough to diſengage myſelf from the addreſſes

dreſſes of thoſe gentlemen, as I had (before he went to Scotland, and before Mr. Lovelace viſited here) of Mr. Wyerley's, he then kept no meaſures: and firſt ſet himſelf to upbraid me for a ſuppoſed prepoſſeſſion, which he treated as if it were criminal; and then to inſult Mr. Lovelace in perſon, at Mr. Edward Symmes's, the brother of the other Symmes, two miles off; and no good Doctor Lewen being there to interpoſe, the unhappy rencounter followed. My brother was diſarmed, as you have heard; and on being brought home, and giving us ground to ſuppoſe he was much worſe hurt than he really was, and a fever enſuing, every one flamed out; and all was laid at my door.

Mr. Lovelace for three days together ſent twice each day to enquire after my brother's health; and although he received rude and even ſhocking returns, he thought fit on the fourth day to make in perſon the ſame enquiries; and received ſtill greater incivilities from my two uncles, who happened to be both there. My father alſo was held by force from going to him with his ſword in his hand, although he had the gout upon him.

I fainted away with terror, ſeeing every one ſo violent, and hearing Mr. Lovelace ſwear that he would not depart till he had made my uncles aſk his pardon for the indignities he had received at their hands; a door being held faſt locked between him and them. My mother all the time was praying and ſtruggling to withold my father in the great parlour. Meanwhile, my ſiſter, who had treated Mr. Lovelace with virulence, came in to me, and inſulted me as faſt as I recovered. But when Mr. Lovelace was told how ill I was, he departed; nevertheleſs vowing revenge.

He was ever a favourite with our domeſticks. His bounty to them, and having always ſomething facetious to ſay to each, had made them all of his party: and on this occaſion they privately blamed every-body elſe, and reported his calm and gentlemanly behaviour (till the provocations given him ran very high) in ſuch favourable terms, that thoſe reports, and my apprehenſions of the conſequence of this treatment, induced me to *read a letter* he ſent me that night; and, it being written in the moſt reſpectful terms, (offering to ſubmit the whole to my deciſion, and to govern himſelf entirely by my will) *to anſwer* it ſome days after.

To this unhappy neceſſity was owing our renewed correſpondence, as I may call it: yet I did not write till I had informed myſelf from Mr. Symmes's brother, that he was really inſulted into the act of drawing his ſword by my brother's repeatedly threatening (upon his excuſing himſelf out of regard to me) to brand him if he did not; and, by all the enquiry I could make, that he was again the ſufferer from my uncles in a more violent manner than I have related.

The ſame circumſtances were related to my father and other relations by Mr. Symmes; but they had gone too far in making themſelves parties to the quarrel either to retract or forgive; and I was forbidden to correſpond with him, or to be ſeen a moment in his company.

One thing, however, I can ſay, but that in confidence, becauſe my mother commanded me not to mention it: that, expreſſing her apprehenſion of the conſequences of the indignities offered to Mr. Lovelace, ſhe told me ſhe would leave it to my prudence to do all I could to prevent the impending miſchief on *one* ſide.

I am obliged to break off. But I believe I have written enough to anſwer very fully all that you have required of me. It is not for a child to ſeek to clear her own character, or to juſtify her actions, at the expence of the moſt revered ones: yet, as I know that the account of all thoſe farther proceedings by which I may be affected, will be intereſting to ſo dear a friend, (who will communicate to others no more than what is fitting) I will continue to write, as I have opportunity, as minutely as we are uſed to write to each other. Indeed, I have no delight, as I have often told you, equal to that which I take in converſing with you—by *letter*, when I cannot in *perſon*.

Mean time, I cannot help ſaying, that I am exceedingly concerned to find that I am become ſo much the publick talk as you tell me I am. Your kind, your *precautionary*, regard for my fame, and the opportunity you have given me to tell my own ſtory previous to any new accident, (which Heaven avert!) is ſo like the warm friend I have ever found in my dear Miſs Howe, that, with redoubled obligation, you bind me to be *your ever-grateful and affectionate*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

COPY OF THE REQUESTED PREAMBLE TO THE CLAUSES IN HER GRANDFATHER'S WILL: INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING LETTER.

'AS the particular eſtate I have men-

'tioned

'tioned and described above is principally of my own raising—As my three 'sons have been uncommonly prosperous, and are very rich; the eldest 'by means of the unexpected benefits 'he reaps from his new-found mines; 'the second, by what has, as unexpectedly, fallen in to him on the 'deaths of several relations of his present wife, the worthy daughter by 'both sides of very honourable families, 'over and above the very large portion 'which he received with her in marriage; my son Antony by his East-India traffick and successful voyages—'As furthermore my grandson James 'will be sufficiently provided for by his 'grandmother Lovell's kindness to him; 'who, having no near relations, hath 'assured me that she hath, as well by 'deed of gift as by will, left him both 'her Scottish and English estates; for 'never was there a family more prosperous in all it's branches, blessed be 'God therefore—And as my said son 'James will very probably make it up 'to my grand-daughter Arabella, to 'whom I intend no disrespect, nor have 'reason; for she is a very hopeful and 'dutiful child—And as my sons, John 'and Antony, seem not inclined to a 'married life, so that my son James is 'the only one who has children, or is 'likely to have any—For all these reasons, and because my dearest and beloved grand-daughter Clarissa hath 'been from her infancy a matchless 'young creature in her duty to me, and 'admired by all who knew her as a very 'extraordinary child; I must therefore 'take the pleasure of considering her as 'my own peculiar child; and this without intending offence; and I hope it 'will not be taken as any, since my son 'James can bestow his favours accordingly, and in greater proportion, upon 'his son James, and upon his daughter 'Arabella. These, I say, are the reasons which move me to dispose of the 'above-described estate in the precious 'child's favour, who is the delight of 'my old age: and, I verily think, has 'contributed, by her amiable duty and 'kind and tender regards, to prolong 'my life.

'Wherefore it is my express will and 'commandment, and I enjoin my said 'three sons John, James, and Antony, 'and my grandson James, and my grand-'daughter Arabella, as they value my 'blessing, and will regard my memory, 'and would wish their own last wills 'and desires to be fulfilled by *their* survivors, that they will not impugn or 'contest the following bequests and devises in favour of my said grand-daughter Clarissa, although they should not 'be strictly conformable to law, or to 'the forms thereof; nor suffer them to 'be controverted or disputed on any 'pretence whatsoever.

'And in this confidence, &c. &c. &c.'

LETTER V.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

JAN. 20.

I Have been hindered from prosecuting my intention. Neither nights nor mornings have been my own. My mother has been very ill, and would have no other nurse but me. I have not stirred from her bed-side, (for she kept her bed;) and two nights I had the honour of sharing it with her.

Her disorder was a very violent colick. The contentions of these fierce, these masculine spirits, and the apprehension of mischiefs that may arise from the increasing animosity which all *here* have against Mr. Lovelace, and *his* too-well known resenting and intrepid character, she cannot bear. Then the foundations laid, as she dreads, for jealousy and heart burnings in her own family, late so happy and so united, afflict exceedingly a gentle and sensible mind, which has from the beginning, on all occasions, sacrificed it's own inward satisfaction to outward peace. My brother and sister, who used very often to jar, are now so intirely one, and are so much together, (*cabalting* was the word that dropped from my mother's lips, as if at unawares) that she is very fearful of the consequences that may follow. To my prejudice, perhaps, is her kind concern; since she sees that they behave to me every hour with more and more shyness and reserve: yet, would she but exert that authority which the superiority of her fine talents gives her, all these family feuds might, perhaps, be extinguished in their but yet beginnings; especially as she may be assured that all fitting concessions shall be made by me, not only as my brother and sister are my elders, but for the sake of so excellent and so indulgent a mother.

For, if I may say to you, my dear, what I would not to any other person living, it is my opinion that, had she been of a temper that would have borne less, she would have had ten times less to bear than she has had. No commendation, you

you will say, of the generosity of those spirits which can turn to it's own disquiet so much condescending goodness.

Upon my word I am sometimes tempted to think that we may make the world allow for and respect us as we please, if we can but be sturdy in our wills and set out accordingly. It is but being the *less* beloved for it, that is all: and if we have power to oblige those we have to do with, it will not appear to *us* that we are. Our flatterers will tell us any thing sooner than our faults, or what they know we do not like to hear.

Were there not truth in this observation, is it possible that my brother and sister could make their very failings, their vehemences, of such importance to all the family? 'How will my *son*, how 'will my *nephew*, take this or that mea-'sure? What will *he* say to it? Let us 'consult *him* about it;' are references always previous to every resolution taken by his superiors, whose will ought to be his. Well may he expect to be treated with this deference by every other person, when my father himself, generally so absolute, constantly pays it to him; and the more since his godmother's bounty has given independence to a spirit that was before under too little restraint. But whither may these reflections lead me! I know you do not love any of us but my mother and me; and, being above all disguises, make me sensible that you do *not* oftener than I wish. Ought I then to add force to your dislikes of those whom I wish you to like? —of my father especially; for he, alas! has some excuse for his impatience of contradiction. He is not *naturally* an ill-tempered man; and in his person and air, and in his conversation too, when not under the torture of a gouty paroxysm, every-body distinguishes the gentleman born and educated.

Our sex perhaps must expect to bear a little—*uncourtliness* shall I call it?—from the *husband* whom as the *lover* they let know the preference their hearts gave him to all other men. Say what they will of generosity being a *manly* virtue; but upon my word, my dear, I have ever yet observed, that it is not to be met with in that sex one time in ten that it is to be found in ours. But my father was soured by the cruel distemper I have named; which seized him all at once in the very prime of life, in so violent a manner as to take from the most active of minds, as *his* was, all power of activity, and that in all appearance for life. —It imprisoned, as I may say, his lively spirits in himself, and turned the edge of them against his own peace; his extraordinary prosperity adding to his impatiency. Those, I believe, who want the fewest earthly blessings, most regret that they want any.

But my brother! what excuse can be made for his haughty and morose temper? He is really, my dear, I am sorry to have occasion to say it, an ill-tempered young man; and treats my mother sometimes—Indeed he is not dutiful.—But, possessing every thing, he has the vice of age mingled with the ambition of youth, and enjoys nothing—but his own haughtiness and ill-temper, I was going to say.—Yet again am I adding force to your dislikes of some of us.—Once, my dear, it was perhaps in your power to have moulded him as you pleased.—Could you have been my sister!—Then had I had a *friend* in a sister. But no wonder that he does not love you now; who could nip in the bud, and that with a disdain, let me say, too much of a kin to his haughtiness, a passion that would not have wanted a fervor worthy of the object; and which possibly would have *made* him worthy.

But no more of this. I will prosecute my former intention in my next; which I will sit down to as soon as breakfast is over; dispatching this by the messenger whom you have so kindly sent to enquire after us on my silence. Mean time, I am, *your most affectionate and obliged friend and servant*, CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER VI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

HARLOWE PLACE, JAN. 20.

I Will now resume my narrative of proceedings here. My brother being in a good way, although you may be sure that his resentments are rather heightened than abated by the galling disgrace he has received, my friends (my father and uncles, however, if not my brother and sister) begin to think that I have been treated unkindly. My mother has been so good as to tell me this since I sent away my last.

Nevertheless I believe they all think that I receive letters from Mr. Lovelace. But Lord M. being inclined rather to support than to blame his nephew, they seem to be so much afraid of Mr. Lovelace, that they do not put it to me whether I do or not; conniving on the contrary, as it should seem, at the only method left to allay the vehemence of a spi-

rit which they have ſo much provoked: for he ſtill inſiſts upon ſatisfaction from myuncles; and this poſſibly (for he wants not art) as the beſt way to be introduced again with ſome advantage into our family. And, indeed, my aunt Hervey has put it to my mother, whether it were not beſt to prevail upon my brother to take a turn to his Yorkſhire eſtate, (which he was intending to do before) and to ſtay there till all is blown over.

But this is very far from being his intention: for he has already began to hint again that he ſhall never be eaſy or ſatisfied till I am married; and, finding neither Mr. Symmes nor Mr. Mullins will be accepted, has propoſed Mr. Wyerley once more, on the ſcore of his great paſſion for me. This I have again rejected; and but yeſterday he mentioned one who has applied to him by letter, making high offers. This is Mr. Solmes; *Rich* Solmes you know they call him. But this application has not met with the attention of one ſingle ſoul.

If none of his ſchemes of getting me married take effect, he has thoughts, I am told, of propoſing to me to go to Scotland, that, as the compliment is, I may put his houſe there in ſuch order as our own is in. But this my mother intends to oppoſe for her own ſake; becauſe, having relieved her, as ſhe is pleaſed to ſay, of the houſhold cares, (for which my ſiſter, you know, has no turn) they muſt again devolve upon her if I go. And if *ſhe* did not oppoſe it, *I* ſhould; for, believe me, I have no mind to be his houſekeeper; and I am ſure, were I to go with him, I ſhould be treated rather as a ſervant, than a ſiſter —perhaps, not the better becauſe I *am* his ſiſter. And if Mr. Lovelace ſhould follow me, things might be worſe than they are now.

But I have beſought my mother, who is apprehenſive of Mr. Lovelace's viſits, and for fear of whom my uncles never ſtir out without arms and armed ſervants, (my brother alſo being near well enough to go abroad) to procure me permiſſion to be your gueſt for a fortnight or ſo.—Will your mother, think you, my dear, give me leave?

I dare not aſk to go to my *Dairy Houſe*, as my good grandfather would call it; for I am now afraid of being thought to have a wiſh to enjoy that independence to which his will has intitled me: and as matters are ſituated, ſuch a wiſh would be imputed to my regard to the man to whom they have now ſo great an antipathy. And, indeed, could I be as eaſy and happy here as I uſed to be, I would defy that man and all his ſex; and never repent that I have given the power of my fortune into my father's hands.

JUST now, my mother has rejoiced me with the news that my requeſted permiſſion is granted. Every one thinks it beſt that I ſhould go to you, except my brother. But he was told, that he muſt not expect to rule in every thing. I am to be ſent for into the great parlour, where are my two uncles and my aunt Hervey, and to be acquainted with this conceſſion in form.

You know, my dear, that there is a good deal of ſolemnity among us. But never was there a family more united in it's different branches than ours. Our uncles conſider us as their own children, and declare, that it is for our ſakes they live ſingle. So that they are adviſed with upon every article relating to us, or that may affect us. It is therefore the leſs wonder, at a time when they underſtand that Mr. Lovelace is determined to pay us an *amicable* viſit, as he calls it, (but which I am ſure cannot end amicably) that they ſhould both be conſulted upon the permiſſion I had deſired to attend you.

I WILL acquaint you with what paſſed at the general leave given me to be your gueſt. And yet I know that you will not love my brother the better for my communication. But I am angry with him myſelf, and cannot help it. And beſides, it is proper to let you know the terms I go upon, and their motives for permitting me to go.

'Clary,' ſaid my mother, as ſoon as I entered the great parlour, 'your re-
'queſt to go to Miſs Howe's for a few
'days has been taken into conſideration,
'and granted—'

'Much againſt my liking. I aſſure
'you,' ſaid my brother, rudely interrupting her.

'Son James!' ſaid my father, and knit his brows.

He was not daunted. His arm is in a ſling. He often has the mean art to look upon *that*, when any thing is hinted that may be ſuppoſed to lead towards the leaſt favour to or reconciliation with Mr. Lovelace.—'Let the *girl*, then,' [I am often the *girl* with him] 'be pro-
'hibited ſeeing that vile libertine.'

Nobody ſpoke.

'Do you hear, ſiſter Clary?' taking their ſilence for approbation of what he had dictated; 'you are not to receive
'viſits from Lord M.'s nephew.'

Every one ſtill remained ſilent.

'Do

'Do you so understand the licence 'you have, Miss?' interrogated he.

'I would be glad, Sir,' said I, 'to 'understand that you are my *brother*— 'and that *you* would understand that 'you are *only* my brother.'

'O the fond, fond heart!' with a sneer of insult, lifting up his hands.

'Sir,' said I to my father, 'to your 'justice I appeal: if I have deserved 'reflection, let me not be spared. But 'if I am to be answerable for the rash- 'ness—'

'No more!—No more of either side,' said my father. 'You are not to receive 'the visits of that Lovelace, though— 'Nor are you, Jon James, to reflect up- 'on your sister. She is a worthy child.'

'Sir, I have done' replied he—'and 'yet I have *her* honour at heart, as 'much as the honour of the rest of the 'family.'

'And *hence*, Sir,' retorted I, 'your 'unbrotherly reflections upon me?'

'Well, but you observe, Miss,' said he, 'that it is not *I*, but your *father*, 'that tells you, that you are not to re- 'ceive the visits of that Lovelace.'

'Cousin Harlowe,' said my aunt Hervey, 'allow me to say, that my cousin 'Clary's prudence may be confided in.'

'I am *convinced* it may,' joined my mother.

'But, aunt—but, Madam,' (put in my sister)—'there is no hurt, I presume, 'in letting my sister know the condition 'she goes to Miss Howe upon; since, if 'he gets a knack of visiting her there—'

'You may be sure,' interrupted my uncle Harlowe, 'he will endeavour to 'see her there.'

'So would such an impudent man '*here*,' said my uncle Antony: 'and 'tis better *there* than *here*.'

'Better *no where*,' said my father.— 'I command you,' (turning to me) on 'pain of displeasure, that you see him 'not at all.'

'I will not, Sir, in any way of encou- 'ragement, I do assure you: nor at all 'if I can properly avoid it.'

'You know with what indifference,' said my mother, 'she has hitherto seen 'him.—Her prudence may be trusted to, 'as my sister Hervey says.'

'With what *appa—rent* indifference!' drolled my brother.

'Son James!' said my father sternly.

'I have done, Sir,' said he. But again, in a provoking manner, he reminded me of the prohibition.

Thus ended this conference.

Will you engage, my dear, that the hated man shall not come near your house?—But what an inconsistence is this, when they consent to my going, thinking his visits *here* no otherwise to be avoided!—But if he does come, I charge you never leave us alone together.

As I have no reason to doubt a welcome from your good mother, I will put every thing in order here, and be with you in two or three days.

Mean time, I am *your most affectionate and obliged*, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER VII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

[AFTER HER RETURN FROM HER.]

HARLOWE-PLACE, FEB. 20.

I Beg your excuse for not writing sooner. Alas, my dear, I have sad prospects before me! My brother and sister have succeeded in all their views. They have found out another lover for me; an hideous one!—Yet he is encouraged by every-body. No wonder that I was ordered home so suddenly. At an hour's warning!—No other notice, you know, than what was brought with the chariot that was to carry me back.—It was for fear, as I have been informed, [an unworthy fear!] that I should have entered into any concert with Mr. Lovelace had I known their motive for commanding me home; apprehending, it is evident, that I should dislike the man they had to propose to me.

And well might they apprehend so: for who do you think he is?—No other than that *Solmes!*——Could you have believed it?—And they are all determined too: my mother with the rest!—Dear, dear excellence! how could she be thus brought over, when I am assured, that on his first being proposed she was pleased to say, that had Mr. Solmes the *Indies* in possession, and would endow me with them, she should not think him deserving of her Clarissa!

The reception I met with at my return, so different from what I used to meet with on every little absence, [and now I had been from them three weeks] convinced me that I was to suffer for the happiness I had had in your company and conversation for that most agreeable period. I will give you an account of it.

My brother met me at the door, and gave me his hand when I stepped out of the chariot. He bowed very low; 'Pray, 'Miss, favour me.'—I thought it in good-humour; but found it afterwards mock-respect: and so he led me in great

form, I prattling all the way, enquiring of every body's health. (although I was so soon to see them, and there was hardly time for answers) into the great parlour; where were my father, mother, my two uncles, and sister.

I was struck all of a heap as soon as I entered, to see a solemnity which I had been so little used to on the like occasions in the countenance of every dear relation. They all kept their seats. I ran to my father, and kneeled; then to my mother; and met from both a cold salute; from my father a blessing but half pronounced; my mother, indeed, called me child, but embraced me not with her usual indulgent ardor.

After I had paid my duty to my uncles, and my compliments to my sister, which she received with solemn and stiff form, I was bid to sit down. But my heart was full: and I said it became me to stand, if I *could* stand, upon a reception so awful and unusual. I was forced to turn my face from them, and pull out my handkerchief.

My unbrotherly accuser hereupon flood forth, and charged me with having received no less than *five or six visits* at Miss Howe's from the man they had all so much reason to hate; [that was the expression] notwithstanding the commands I had had to the contrary. And he bid me deny it if I could.

I had never been used, I said, to deny the truth, nor would I now. I owned I had in the three weeks past seen the person I presumed he meant *oftener* than five or six times. [' Pray hear me, bro-' ther,' said I; for he was going to flame out.] ' But he always asked for ' Mrs. or Miss Howe, when he came.'

I proceeded, That I had reason to believe, that both Mrs. Howe and Miss, as matters stood, would much rather have excused his visits; but they had more than once apologized, That having not the same reason my papa had to forbid him their house, his rank and fortune entitled him to civility.

You see, my dear, I made not the pleas I might have made.

My brother seemed ready to give a loose to his passion: my father put on the countenance which always portends a gatherings storm; my uncles mutteringly whispered; and my sister aggravatingly held up her hands. While I begged to be heard out;—and my mother said, ' Let the *child*,' that was her kind word, ' be heard.'

I hoped, I said, there was no harm done; that it became not me to prescribe to Mrs. or Miss Howe who should be their visiters; that Mrs. Howe was always diverted with the raillery that passed between Miss and him; that I had no reason to challenge *her* guest for *my* visiter, as I should seem to have done had I refused to go into their company when he was with them; that I had never seen him out of the presence of one or both of those ladies; and had signified to him once, on his urging for a few moments private conversation with me, that unless a reconciliation were effected between my family and his, he must not expect that I would countenance his visits, much less give him an opportunity of that sort.

I told them further, That Miss Howe so well understood my mind, that she never left me a moment while Mr. Lovelace was there: that when he came, if I was not below in the parlour, I would not suffer myself to be called to him; although I thought it would be an affectation which would give him advantage rather than the contrary, if I had left company when he came in; or refused to enter into it when I found he would stay any time.

My brother heard me out with such a kind of impatience as shewed he was resolved to be dissatisfied with me, say what I would. The rest, as the event has proved, behaved as if they *would* have been satisfied, had they not farther points to carry by intimidating me. All this made it evident, as I mentioned above, that they themselves expected not my voluntary compliance; and was a tacit confession of the disagreeableness of the person they had to propose.

I was no sooner silent than my *brother* swore, although in my father's presence, (swore, unchecked either by eye or countenance) That for his part, he would *never* be reconciled to that libertine: and that he would renounce me for a sister, if I encouraged the addresses of a man so obnoxious to them all.

A man who had like to have been my brother's murderer, my *sister* said, with a face even bursting with restraint of passion.

The poor Bella has, you know, a plump high-fed face, if I may be allowed the expression. You, I know, will forgive me for this liberty of speech sooner than I can forgive myself: yet how can one be such a reptile as not to turn when trampled upon!

My father, with vehemence both of action and voice, [my father has, you know, a terrible voice when he is angry!] told me that I had met with too much indul-

indulgence in being allowed to refuse *this* gentleman, and the *other* gentleman; and it was now *his* turn to be obeyed.

Very true, my *mother* said:—and hoped his will would not now be disputed by a child so favoured.

To shew they were all of a sentiment, my uncle *Harlowe* said, he hoped his beloved niece only wanted to know her father's will, to obey it.

And my uncle *Antony*, in his rougher manner, added, That surely I would not give them reason to apprehend, that I thought my grandfather's favour to me had made me independent of them all. —If I did, he would tell me, the will *could* be set aside, and *should*.

I was astonished, you must needs think. —'Whose addresses now,' thought I, 'is this treatment preparative to?— 'Mr. Wyerley's again?—or whose?' And then, as high comparisons, where *self* is concerned, sooner than low, come into young people's heads; be it for whom it will, this is wooing as the English did for the heiress of Scotland in the time of Edward the Sixth. But that it could be for Solmes, how should it enter into my head?

I did not know, I said, that I had given occasion for this harshness. I hoped I should always have a just sense of every one's favour to me, superadded to the duty I owed as a daughter and a niece: but that I was so much surprized at a reception so unusual and unexpected, that I hoped my papa and mamma would give me leave to retire, in order to recollect myself.

No one gainsaying, I made my silent compliments, and withdrew—leaving my brother and sister, as I thought, pleased; and as if they wanted to congratulate each other on having occasioned so severe a beginning to be made with me.

I went up to my chamber, and there with my faithful Hannah deplored the determined face which the new proposal it was plain they had to make me wore.

I had not recovered myself when I was sent for down to tea. I begged by my maid to be excused attending: but on the repeated command, went down with as much cheerfulness as I could assume; and had a new fault to clear myself of: for my brother, so pregnant a thing is determined ill-will, by intimations equally rude and intelligible, charged my desire of being excused coming down, to sullens, because a certain person had been spoken against, upon whom, as he supposed, my fancy ran.

'I could easily answer you, Sir,' said I, 'as such a reflection deserves: but 'I forbear. If I do not find a brother 'in *you*, you shall have a sister in *me*.'

'Pretty meekness!' Bella whisperingly said; looking at my brother, and lifting up her lip in contempt.

He, with an imperious air, bid me *deserve* his love, and I should be sure to *have* it.

As we sat, my mother, in her admirable manner, expatiated upon brotherly and sisterly love; indulgently blamed my brother and sister for having taken up displeasure too lightly against me; and politically, if I may so say, answered for my obedience to my father's will. —*Then it would be all well*, my father was pleased to say: *Then they should doat upon me*, was my brother's expression: *Love me as well as ever*, was my sister's; and my uncles, *That I then should be the pride of their hearts*.—But, alas! what a forfeiture of all these must I make!

This was the reception I had on my return from you.

Mr. Solmes came in before we had done tea. My uncle Antony presented him to me, as a gentleman he had a particular friendship for. My uncle Harlowe in terms equally favourable for him. My father said, 'Mr. Solmes is my friend. Clarissa Harlowe.' My mother looked at him, and looked at me, now-and-then, as he sat near me, I thought with concern.—I at *her*, with eyes appealing for pity. At *him*, when I could glance at him, with disgust little short of affrightment. While my brother and sister Mr. *Solmes'd* him, and *Sir'd* him up, at every word. So caressed, in short, by all—yet such a wretch!—But I will at present only add, My humble thanks and duty to your honoured mother; (to whom I will particularly write, to express the grateful sense I have of her goodness to me) and that I am *your ever obliged*

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER VIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FEB. 24.

THEY drive on here at a furious rate. The man lives here, I think. He courts them, and is more and more a favourite. 'Such terms! such settle- 'ments!' That's the cry.

O my dear, that I had not reason to deplore the family-fault, immensely rich as they all are! But this I may the more unreservedly say to you, as we have joined in the same concern: I, for a

father and uncles; you, for a mother; in every other reſpect faultleſs.

Hitherto, I ſeem to be delivered over to my brother, who pretends as great love to me as ever.

You may believe, I have been very ſincere with him. But he affects to rally me, and not to believe it poſſible, that one ſo dutiful and ſo diſcreet as his ſiſter Clary can reſolve to diſoblige all her friends.

Indeed, I tremble at the proſpect before me; for it is evident that they are ſtrangely determined.

My father and mother induſtriouſly avoid giving me opportunity of ſpeaking to them alone. They aſk not for my approbation, intending, as it ſhould ſeem, to *ſuppoſe* me into their will. And with them I ſhall hope to prevail, or with nobody. They have not the *intereſt* in compelling me, as my brother and ſiſter have: I ſay leſs therefore to them, reſerving my whole force for an audience of my father, if he will permit me a patient ear. How difficult is it, my dear, to give a negative where both duty and inclination join to make one wiſh to oblige!

I have already ſtood the ſhock of three of this man's particular viſits, beſides my ſhare in his more general ones; and it is impoſſible I ſhould ever endure him. He has but a very ordinary ſhare of underſtanding; is very illiterate; knows nothing but the value of eſtates, and how to improve them, and what belongs to land-jobbing and huſbandry. Yet am I as one ſtupid, I think. They have begun ſo cruelly with me, that I have not ſpirit enough to aſſert my own negative.

They had endeavoured it ſeems to influence my good Mrs. Norton before I came home—ſo intent are they to carry their point! And her opinion not being to their liking, ſhe has been told that ſhe would do well to decline viſiting here for the preſent: yet *ſhe* is the perſon of all the world, next to my mother, the moſt likely to prevail upon me, were the meaſures they are engaged in reaſonable meaſures, or ſuch as *ſhe* could think ſo.

My aunt likewiſe, having ſaid that ſhe did not think her niece could ever be brought to like Mr. Solmes, has been obliged to learn another leſſon.

I am to have a viſit from her to-morrow. And, ſince I have refuſed ſo much as to hear from my brother and ſiſter what the noble ſettlements are to be, ſhe is to acquaint me with the particulars; and to receive from me my determination: for my father, I am told, will not have patience but to *ſuppoſe* that I ſhall ſtand in oppoſition to his will.

Mean time, it has been ſignified to me, that it will be acceptable if I do not think of going to church next Sunday.

The ſame ſignification was made me for laſt Sunday; and I obeyed. They are apprehenſive that Mr. Lovelace will be there with deſign to come home with me.

Help me, dear Miſs Howe, to a little of your charming ſpirit: I never more wanted it.

The man, this Solmes, you may ſuppoſe, has no reaſon to boaſt of his progreſs with me. He has not the ſenſe to ſay any thing to the purpoſe. His courtſhip indeed is to *them*; and my brother pretends to court me as his proxy, truly! —I utterly to my brother reject his addreſs; but thinking a perſon ſo well received and recommended by all my family, entitled to good manners, all I ſay againſt him is affectedly attributed to coynets: and he, not being ſenſible of his own imperfections, believes that my avoiding him when I can, and the reſerves I expreſs, are owing to nothing elſe: for, as I ſaid, all his courtſhip is to *them*; and I have no opportunity of ſaying, 'No!' to one who aſks me not the queſtion. And ſo, with an air of *manniſh* ſuperiority, he ſeems rather to pity the baſhful girl, than to apprehend that he ſhall not ſucceed.

FEBRUARY 25.

I HAVE had the expected conference with my aunt.

I have been obliged to hear the man's propoſals from her; and have been alſo told what their motives are for eſpouſing his intereſt with ſo much warmth. I am even loth to mention how equally unjuſt it is for him to make ſuch offers, or for thoſe I am bound to reverence to accept of them. I hate him more than before. One great eſtate is already obtained at the expence of the relations to it, though diſtant relations; my brother's, I mean, by his godmother: and this has given the hope, however chimerical that hope, of procuring others, and that my own at leaſt may revert to the family. And yet, in my opinion, the world is but one great family. Originally it was ſo. What, then, is this narrow ſelfiſhneſs that reigns in us, but relationſhip remembered againſt relationſhip f~~orgot~~?

But here, upon my abſolute refuſal of him upon *any* terms, have I had a ſignification made me that wounds me to the heart. How can I tell it you? Yet

Yet I muſt. It is my dear, that I muſt not for a month to come, or till licence obtained, correſpond with *any*-body out of the houſe.

My brother, upon my aunt's report, (made, however, as I am informed, in the gentleſt manner, and even giving remote hopes, which ſhe had no commiſſion from me to give) brought me, in authoritative terms, the prohibition.

'Not to Miſs Howe?' ſaid I.

'No, not to Miſs Howe, *Madam*,' tauntingly: 'for have you not acknow-'ledged that Lovelace is a favourite 'there?'

See, my dear Miſs Howe!—

'And do you think, brother, this is 'the way—'

'Do *you* look to that.—But your let-'ters will be ſtopped, I can tell you.' —And away he flung.

My ſiſter came to me ſoon after.—'Siſter Clary, you are going on in a 'fine way, I underſtand. But as there 'are people who are ſuppoſed to harden 'you againſt your duty, I am to tell 'you, that it will be taken well if you 'avoid viſits or viſiting for a week or 'two till farther order.'

'Can this be from thoſe who have 'authority—'

'Aſk them; aſk them, child!' with a twirl of her finger.—'I have delivered 'my meſſage. Your father will be 'obeyed. He is willing to hope you 'to be all obedience, and would pre-'vent all *incitements* to refractorineſs.'

'I know my duty,' ſaid I; 'and hope 'I ſhall not find impoſſible conditions 'annexed to it.'

A pert young creature, vain and conceited, ſhe called me. I was the only judge, in my own wiſe opinion, of what was right and fit. She, for her part, had long ſeen into my ſpecious ways: and now I ſhould ſhew every-body what I was at bottom.

'Dear Bella!' ſaid I, hands and eyes lifted up, 'why all this?—Dear, 'dear Bella, why—'

'None of your dear, dear Bella's to 'me.—I tell you, I ſee through your '*witchcrafts*,' [That was her ſtrange word.] And away ſhe flung; adding, as ſhe went, 'And ſo will every-body 'elſe very quickly, I dare ſay.'

'Bleſs me,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'what a 'ſiſter have I! How have I deſerved this?'

Then I again regretted my grandfather's too diſtinguiſhing goodneſs to me.

FEB. 25. IN THE EVENING.

WHAT my brother and ſiſter have ſaid againſt me I cannot tell: but I am in heavy diſgrace with my father.

I was ſent for down to tea. I went with a very cheerful aſpect: but had occaſion ſoon to change it.

Such a ſolemnity in every-body's countenance!—My mother's eyes were fixed upon the tea-cups; and when ſhe looked up, it was heavily, as if her eyelids had weights upon them; and then not to me. My father ſat half-aſide in his elbow-chair, that his head might be turned from me; his hands claſped, and waving, as it were, up and down; his fingers, poor dear gentleman! in motion, as if angry to the very ends of them. My ſiſter ſat ſwelling. My brother looked at me with ſcorn, having meaſured me, as I may ſay, with his eyes as I entered, from head to foot. My aunt was there, and looked upon me as if with kindneſs reſtrained, bending coldly to my compliment to her as ſhe ſat; and then caſt an eye firſt on my brother, then on my ſiſter, as if to give the reaſon [ſo I am willing to conſtrue it] of her unuſual ſtiffneſs.—Bleſs me, my dear! that they ſhould chuſe to intimidate rather than invite a mind, till now, not thought either unperſuadable or ungenerous!

I took my ſeat. 'Shall I make tea, 'Madam?' to my mother.—I always uſed, you know, my dear, to make tea.

'No!' a very ſhort ſentence, in one very ſhort word, was the expreſſive anſwer. And ſhe was pleaſed to take the canniſter in her own hand.

My brother bid the footman who attended, leave the room; 'I,' ſaid he, 'will pour out the water.'

My heart was up at my mouth. I did not know what to do with myſelf. 'What is to follow?' thought I.

Juſt after the ſecond diſh, out ſtepped my mother.—'A word with you, ſiſter 'Hervey!' taking her in her hand. Preſently my ſiſter dropped away. Then my brother. So I was left alone with my father.

He looked ſo very ſternly, that my heart failed me, as twice or thrice I would have addreſſed myſelf to him: nothing but ſolemn ſilence on all hands having paſſed before.

At laſt, I aſked, If it were his pleaſure that I ſhould pour him out another diſh.

He anſwered me with the ſame angry monoſyllable which I had received from my mother before; and then aroſe, and walked about the room. I aroſe too, with intent to throw myſelf at his feet; but

but was too much over-awed by his ſternneſs, even to make ſuch an expreſſion of my duty to him as my heart overflowed with.

At laſt, as he ſupported himſelf, becauſe of his gout, on the back of a chair, I took a little more courage; and approaching him, beſought him to acquaint me in what I had offended him.

He turned from me, and in a ſtrong voice, 'Clariſſa Harlowe,' ſaid he, 'know that I will be obeyed.'

'God forbid, Sir, that you ſhould 'not!—I have never yet oppoſed your 'will—'

'Nor I your whimſies, Clariſſa Har'lowe,' interrupted he.—'Don't let me 'run the fate of all who ſhew indul'gence to your ſex; to be the more 'contradicted for mine to you.'

My father, you know, my dear, has not (any more than my brother) a kind opinion of our ſex; although there is not a more condeſcending wife in the world than my mother.

I was going to make proteſtations of duty—'No proteſtations, girl! No 'words! I will not be prated to! I will 'be obeyed! I have no child, I *will* have 'no child, but an obedient one.'

'Sir, you never had reaſon, I hope—'

'Tell me not what I never *had*, but 'what I *have*, and what I *ſhall* have.'

'Good Sir, be pleaſed to hear me—'my brother and my ſiſter, I fear—'

'Your brother and ſiſter ſhall not be 'ſpoken againſt, girl!—They have a 'juſt concern for the honour of my fa'mily.'

'And I hope, Sir—'

'Hope nothing.—Tell me not of '*hopes*, but of *facts*. I aſk nothing of 'you but what is in your *power* to com'ply with, and what it is your *duty* to 'comply with.'

'Then, Sir, I *will* comply with it—'but yet I hope from your goodneſs—'

'No expoſtulations! No *but's*, girl! 'No qualifyings! I will be obeyed, I 'tell you; and cheerfully too!—or you 'are no child of mine!'

I wept.

'Let me beſeech you, my dear and 'ever-honoured papa,' (and I dropped down on my knees) 'that I may have 'only yours and my mamma's will, and 'not my brother's, to obey.'

I was going on; but he was pleaſed to withdraw, leaving me on the floor; ſaying, That he would not hear me thus by ſubtilty and cunning aiming to diſtinguiſh away my duty; repeating, that he *would* be obeyed.

My heart is too full—ſo full, that it may endanger my duty, were I to try to unburden it to you on this occaſion: ſo I will lay down my pen—but can—Yet, poſitively, I *will* lay down my pen!—

LETTER IX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FEB. 26. IN THE MORNING.

MY aunt, who ſtaid here laſt night, made me a viſit this morning as ſoon as it was light. She tells me, that I was left alone with my father yeſterday on purpoſe that he might talk with me on my expected obedience; but that he owned he was put beſide his purpoſe by reflecting on ſomething my brother had told him in my diſfavour, and by his impatience but to ſuppoſe, that ſuch a gentle ſpirit as mine had hitherto ſeemed to be, ſhould preſume to diſpute his will in a point where the advantage of the whole family was to be ſo greatly promoted by my compliance.

I find, by a few words which dropped unawares from my aunt, that they have all an abſolute dependence upon what they ſuppoſe to be meekneſs in my temper. But in this they may be miſtaken; for I verily think, upon a ſtrict examination of myſelf, that I have almoſt as much in me of my father's as of my mother's family.

My uncle Harlowe, it ſeems, is againſt driving me upon extremities; but my brother has engaged, that the regard I have for my reputation, and my principles, will bring me *round to my duty*—that's the expreſſion. Perhaps I ſhall have reaſon to wiſh I had not known this.

My aunt adviſes me to ſubmit, for the preſent, to the interdicts they have laid me under; and, indeed, to encourage Mr. Solmes's addreſs. I have abſolutely refuſed the latter let what will (as I have told her) be the conſequence. The viſiting-prohibition I will conform to: but as to that of not correſponding with you, nothing but the menace that our letters ſhall be intercepted can engage my obſervation of it.

She believes that this order is from my father, and that my mother has not been conſulted upon it: ſhe ſays that it is given, as ſhe has reaſon to think, purely in conſideration to me, leſt I ſhould mortally offend him; and this from the incitements of *other* people, (meaning you and Miſs Lloyd, I make no doubt) rather than by my own will.

For

For ſtill, as ſhe tells me, he ſpeaks kind and praiſeful things of me.

Here is clemency!—here is indulgence! And ſo it is to prevent a headſtrong child, as a good prince would wiſh to deter diſaffected ſubjects, from running into rebellion, and ſo forfeiting every thing! But this is all owing to the young man's wiſdom of my brother—a plotter without a head, and a brother without a heart!

How happy might I have been with any other brother in the world but James Harlowe; and with any other ſiſter but *his* ſiſter! Wonder not, my dear, that I who uſed to chide you for theſe ſort of liberties with my relations, now am more undutiful than you ever was unkind. I cannot bear the thought of being deprived of the principal pleaſure of my life; for ſuch is your converſation by perſon and by letter. And who, beſides, can bear to be made the dupe of ſuch low cunning, operating with ſuch high and arrogant paſſions?

But can you, my dear Miſs Howe, condeſcend to carry on a private correſpondence with me?—If you can, there is one way I have thought of by which it may be done.

You muſt remember the Green Lane, as we call it, that runs by the ſide of the wood-houſe and poultry-yard where I keep my bantams, pheaſants, and pea-hens, which generally engage my notice twice a day; the more my favourites becauſe they were my grandfather's, and recommended to my care by him; and therefore brought hither from my dairy-houſe ſince his death.

The lane is lower than the floor of the wood-houſe; and in the ſide of the wood-houſe the boards are rotted away down to the floor for half an ell together in ſeveral places. Hannah can ſtep into the lane, and make a mark with chalk where a letter or parcel may be puſhed in under ſome ſticks; which may be ſo managed as to be an unſuſpected cover for the written depoſits from either.

I HAVE been juſt now to look at the place, and find it will anſwer: ſo your faithful Robert may, without coming near the houſe, and as only paſſing through the Green Lane, which leads to two or three farm-houſes, [out of livery if you pleaſe] very eaſily take from thence my letters, and depoſit yours.

This place is the more convenient, becauſe it is ſeldom reſorted to but by myſelf or Hannah, on the above-mentioned account; for it is the general ſtorehouſe for firing; the wood for conſtant uſe being nearer the houſe.

One corner of this being ſeparated off for the rooſting-place of my little poultry, either ſhe or I ſhall never want a pretence to go thither.

Try, my dear, the ſucceſs of a letter this way; and give me your opinion and advice what to do in this *diſgraceful* ſituation, as I cannot but call it; and what you think of my proſpects, and what you would do in my caſe.

But, before-hand, I will tell you that your advice muſt not run in favour of this Solmes: and yet, it is very likely, they will endeavour to engage your mother, in order to induce you, who have ſuch an influence over me, to favour him.

Yet, on ſecond thoughts, if you incline to that ſide of the queſtion, I would have you write your whole mind. Determined as I think I am, and cannot help it, I would at leaſt give a patient hearing to what may be ſaid on the other ſide. For my regards are not ſo much engaged [upon my word they are not; I know not myſelf if they be] to another perſon as ſome of my friends ſuppoſe; and as you, giving way to your lively vein, upon his laſt viſits, affected to ſuppoſe. What preferable favour I may have for him to any other perſon, is owing more to the uſage he has received, and for my ſake borne, than to any perſonal conſideration.

I write a few lines of grateful acknowledgment to your good mother for her favours to me in the late happy period. I fear I ſhall never know ſuch another. I hope ſhe will forgive me that I did not write ſooner.

The bearer, if ſuſpected and examined, is to produce *that* as the only one he carries.

How do needleſs watchfulneſs and undue reſtraint produce artifice and contrivance! I ſhould abhor theſe clandeſtine correſpondences, were they not forced upon me. They have ſo mean, ſo low an appearance to myſelf, that I think I ought not to expect that you ſhould take part in them.

But why (as I have alſo expoſtulated with my aunt) muſt I be puſhed into a ſtate which I have no wiſh to enter into, although I reverence it? Why ſhould not my brother, ſo many years older, and ſo earneſt to ſee me engaged, be firſt engaged? And why ſhould not my ſiſter be firſt provided for?

But here I conclude theſe unavailing

expoſtulations, with the aſſurance that I am, and ever will be, *your affectionate*
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER X.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

FEB. 27.

WHAT odd heads ſome people have!—Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe to be ſacrificed in marriage to Mr. Roger Solmes!—Aſtoniſhing!

I muſt not, you ſay, *give my advice in favour of this man!*—You now convince me, my dear, that you are nearer of kin than I thought you to the family that could think of ſo prepoſterous a match, or you would never have had the leaſt notion of my adviſing in his favour.

Aſk for his picture. You know I have a good hand at drawing an ugly likeneſs. But I'll ſee a little further firſt; for who knows what may happen, ſince matters are in ſuch a train, and ſince you have not the courage to oppoſe ſo overwhelming a torrent?

You aſk me to help you to a little of my ſpirit.—Are you in earneſt? But it will not now I doubt do you ſervice—it will not ſit naturally upon you. You are your mother's girl, think what you will; and have violent ſpirits to contend with. Alas! my dear, you ſhould have borrowed ſome of mine a little ſooner—that is to ſay, before you had given the management of your eſtate into the hands of thoſe who think they have a prior claim to it. What though a *father's!*—Has not that father two elder children? And do they not both bear more of his ſtamp and image than you do?—Pray, my dear, call me not to account for this free queſtion; leſt your *application* of my meaning, on examination, prove to be as ſevere as *that*.

Now I have launched out a little, indulge me one word more in the ſame ſtrain—I will be decent, I promiſe you. I think you might have known that AVARICE and ENVY are two paſſions that are not to be ſatisfied; the one by *giving*, the other by the envied perſon's continuing to *deſerve* and *excel*.—Fuel, fuel both, all the world over, to flames inſatiate and devouring.

But ſince you aſk for *my* opinion, you muſt tell me all you know or ſurmiſe of *their* inducements. And if you will not forbid me to make extracts from your letters for the entertainment of my aunt and couſin in the little iſland, who long to hear more of your affairs, it will be very obliging.

But you are ſo tender of ſome people who have no tenderneſs for any-body but themſelves, that I muſt conjure you to ſpeak out. Remember, that a friendſhip like ours admits of no reſerves. You may truſt my impartiality. It would be an affront to your own judgment, if you did not: for do you not *aſk* my advice? And have you not taught me that friendſhip ſhould never give a bias againſt juſtice?—Juſtify them, therefore, if you can. Let us ſee if there be any *ſenſe*, whether ſufficient *reaſon* or not, in their choice. At preſent I cannot (and yet I know a good deal of your family) have any conception how *all* of them, your mother and your aunt Hervey in particular, can join with the reſt againſt judgments given. As to ſome of the others, I cannot wonder at any thing they do, or attempt to do, where ſelf is concerned.

You aſk, why may not your brother be firſt engaged in wedlock? I'll tell you why: his temper and his arrogance are too well known to induce women he would aſpire to, to receive his addreſſes, notwithſtanding his great independent acquiſitions, and ſtill greater proſpects. Let me tell you, my dear, thoſe acquiſitions have given him more pride than reputation. To me he is the moſt intolerable creature that I ever converſed with. The treatment you blame, he merited from one whom he addreſſed with the air of a perſon who preſumes that he is about to confer a favour, rather than to receive one. I ever loved to mortify proud and inſolent ſpirits. What, think you, makes me bear Hickman near me, but that the man is humble, and knows and keeps his diſtance?

As to your queſtion, Why your elder ſiſter may not be firſt provided for? I anſwer, Becauſe ſhe muſt have no man, but one who has a great and clear eſtate; that's one thing. Another is, Becauſe ſhe has a younger ſiſter. Pray, my dear, be ſo good as to tell me, What man of a great and clear eſtate would think of that elder ſiſter, while the younger were ſingle?

You are all too rich to be happy, child. For muſt not each of you, by the conſtitutions of your family, marry to be *ſtill* richer? People who know in what their *main* excellence conſiſts, are not to be blamed (are they?) for cultivating and improving what they think moſt valuable?—Is true happineſs any part of your family view?—So far from it, that none of your family but yourſelf could be happy were they *not* rich. So let them

them fret on, grumble and grudge, and accumulate; and wondering what ails them that they have not happineſs when they have riches, think the cauſe is want of more; and ſo go on heaping up, till Death, as greedy an accumulator as themſelves, gathers them into his garner.

Well, then, once more I ſay, do you, my dear, tell me what you know of their avowed and general motives; and I will tell *you* more than you will tell *me* of their ſeelings! Your aunt Hervey, you ſay, has told *you*: Why muſt I aſk you to let me know them, when you condeſcend to aſk my advice on the occaſion?

That they prohibit your correſpondence with *me*, is a wiſdom I neither wonder at, nor blame them for; ſince it is an evidence to me that they know their own folly: and if they do, is it ſtrange that they ſhould be afraid to truſt another's judgment upon it?

I am glad you have found out a way to correſpond with me. I approve it much. I ſhall *more*, if this firſt trial of it prove ſucceſsful. But ſhould it *not*, and ſhould it fall into their hands, it would not concern me but for your ſake.

We have heard before you wrote, that all was not right between your relations and you at your coming home: that Mr. Solmes viſited you, and that with a proſpect of ſucceſs. But I concluded the miſtake lay in the perſon; and that his addreſs was to Miſs Arabella. And had ſhe been as good-natured as your plump ones generally are, I ſhould have thought her too good for him. 'This 'muſt certainly be the thing,' thought I; 'and my beloved friend is ſent for 'to adviſe and aſſiſt in her nuptial pre-'parations. Who knows,' ſaid I to my mother, 'but that when the man has 'thrown aſide his yellow full-buckled 'peruke, and his broad-brimmed bea-'ver,' (both of which, I ſuppoſe, were Sir Oliver's beſt of long ſtanding) 'he 'may cut a tolerable figure dangling to 'church with Miſs Bell!'—The woman, as ſhe obſerves, *ſhould* excel the man in features: and where can ſhe match ſo well for a foil?

I indulged this ſurmize againſt rumour, becauſe I could not believe that the abſurdeſt people in England could be ſo *very* abſurd as to think of this man for you.

We heard, moreover, that you received no viſiters. I could aſſign no reaſon for this; except that the preparations for your ſiſter were to be private, and the ceremony ſudden, for fear this man *ſhould*, as another man *did*, change his mind. Miſs Lloyd and Miſs Biddulph were with me to enquire what I knew of this; and of your not being at church, either morning or afternoon, the Sunday after your return from us; to the diſappointment of a little hundred of your admirers, to uſe their words. It was eaſy for me to gueſs the reaſon to be what you confirm—Their apprehenſions that Lovelace would be there, and attempt to wait on you home.

My mother takes very kindly your compliments in your letter to her. Her words upon relating it were; 'Miſs Cla-'riſſa Harlowe is an admirable young 'lady: wherever ſhe goes, ſhe confers 'a favour; whomever ſhe leaves, ſhe 'fills with regret.'—And then a little comparative reflection; 'O my Nancy, 'that you had a little of her ſweet oblig-'ingneſs!'

No matter. The praiſe was yours. You are me; and I enjoyed it. The more enjoyed it, becauſe—Shall I tell you the truth?—Becauſe I think myſelf as well as I am—Were it but for this reaſon; That had I twenty brother James's, and twenty ſiſter Bell's, not one of them, nor all of them joined together, would dare to treat me as your's preſume to treat you. The perſon who will bear much ſhall have much to bear, all the world through: it is your own ſentiment, grounded upon the ſtrongeſt inſtance that can be given in your own family; though you have ſo little improved by it.

The reſult is this, That I am fitter for *this* world than you: you for the *next* than me—that's the difference.—But long, long, for my ſake, and for hundreds of ſakes, may it be before you quit us for company more congenial to you, and more worthy of you!

I communicated to my mother the account you give of your ſtrange reception; alſo what a horrid wretch they have found out for you; and the compulſory treatment they give you. It only ſet her on magnifying her lenity to me on my *tyrannical* behaviour, as the *will* call it, [mothers muſt have their way, you know, my dear] to the man whom ſhe ſo warmly recommends, againſt whom it ſeems there can be no juſt exception: and expatiating upon the complaiſance I owe her for her indulgence. So I believe I muſt communicate to her nothing farther—eſpecially as I know ſhe would condemn the correſpondence between us, and that between you and Lovelace, as clandeſtine and undutiful proceedings, and divulge our ſecret beſides: for *duty implicit* is her

ery. And moreover she lends a pretty open ear to the preachments of that starch old batchelor your uncle Antony; and for an example to *her* daughter would be more careful how she takes your part, be the cause ever so just.

Yet is not this right policy neither. For people who allow nothing will be granted nothing: in other words, those who aim at carrying too many points will not be able to carry any.

But can you divine, my dear, what that old preachment-making plump-hearted soul your uncle Antony means by his frequent amblings hither?—There is such smirking and smiling between my mother and him! Such mutual praises of œconomy; and, '*That* is my way!'—and '*This* I do!'—and 'I am glad it 'has *your* approbation, Sir!'—and '*You* 'look into every thing, Madam!'—'Nothing would be done, if I *did not*'—Such exclamations against servants! Such exaltings of self! And *dear-heart*, and *good-lack!*—and *'las a-day!*—And now-and-then their conversation sinking into a whispering accent, if *I* come cross them!—I'll tell you, my dear, I don't above half like it.

Only that these old batchelors usually take as many years to resolve upon matrimony as they can reasonably expect to live, or I should be ready to fire upon his visits; and to recommend Mr. Hickman to my mother's acceptance, as a much more eligible man: for what he wants in years, he makes up in gravity: and if you will not chide me, I will say, That there is a primness in *both* (especially when the man has presumed too much with me upon my mother's favour for him, and is under discipline on that account) as makes them seem near of kin: and then in contemplation of my saucinesss, and what they both bear from it, they sigh away!—and seem so mightily to compassionate each other, that if pity be but one remove from love, I am in no danger, while they are both in a great deal, and don't know it.

Now, my dear, I know you will be upon me with your grave airs: *so in for the lamb*, as the saying is, *in for the sheep*; and do you yourself look about you: for I'll have a pull with you by way of being aforehand. Hannibal, we read, always advised to attack the Romans upon their own territories.

You are pleased to say, and *upon your word too!* That your *regards* (a mighty quaint word for *affections*) *are not so much engaged, as some of your friends suppose, to another person.* What need you give one to imagine, my dear, that the last month or two has been a period extremely favourable to that *other* person; whom it has made an obliger of the niece for his patience with the uncles.

But, to pass that by—*So much* engaged!—*How much*, my dear?—Shall I infer? *Some of your friends* suppose *a great deal.* You seem to own *a little.*

Don't be angry. It is all fair: because you have not acknowledged to me that *little.* People, I have heard you say, who affect secrets, always excite curiosity.

But you proceed with a kind of draw-back upon your averment, as if recollection had given you a doubt—*You know not yourself, if they be* [so much engaged.] was it necessary to say this to me?—and to say it *upon your word* too?—But you know best.—Yet you don't neither, I believe. For a beginning love is acted by a subtle spirit; and oftentimes discovers itself to a by-stander, when the person possessed (why should I not call *possessed?*) knows not it has such a demon.

But further you say, What PREFERABLE *favour you may have for him to any other person, is owing more to the usage he has received, and for your sake borne, than to any personal consideration.*

This is generously said. It is in character. But, O my friend, depend upon it, you are in danger. Depend upon it, whether you know it or not, you are a little in for it. Your native generosity and greatness of mind endanger you: all your friends, by fighting *against* him with impolitick violence, fight *for* him. And Lovelace, my life for your's, notwithstanding all his veneration and assiduities, (so well calculated to your meridian) will let him own he has seen—Has seen, in short, that his work is doing for him more effectually than he could do it for himself. And have you not before now said, That nothing is so penetrating as the eye of a lover who has vanity? And who says Lovelace wants vanity?

In short, my dear, it is my opinion, and that from the easiness of his heart and behaviour, that he has seen more than *I* have seen; more than you think *could* be seen—more than I believe you *yourself* know, or else you would let *me* know it.

Already, in order to restrain him from resenting the indignities he has received, and which are daily offered him, he has prevailed upon you to correspond with him privately. I know he has nothing to boast of from *what* you have written: but is not his inducing you to receive his letters, and to answer them, a great point gained? By your insisting that he should

ſhould keep this correſpondence private, it appears that there is *one ſecret* which you do not wiſh the world ſhould know: and he is maſter of that ſecret. He is indeed *himſelf*, as I may ſay, that ſecret! What an intimacy does this beget for the lover! How is it diſtancing the parent!

Yet who, as things are ſituated, can blame you!—Your condeſcenſion has no doubt hitherto prevented great miſchiefs. It muſt be continued, for the ſame reaſons, while the cauſe remains. You are drawn in by a perverſe fate againſt inclination: but cuſtom, with ſuch laudable purpoſes, will reconcile the inconveniency, and *make* an inclination.—And I would adviſe you (as you would wiſh to manage on an occaſion ſo critical with that prudence which governs all your actions) not to be afraid of entering upon a cloſe examination into the true ſprings and grounds of this your *generoſity* to that happy man.

It is my humble opinion, I tell you frankly, that on enquiry it will come out to be LOVE—Don't ſtart, my dear!—Has not your man himſelf had natural philoſophy enough to obſerve already to your aunt Hervey, that love takes the deepeſt root in the ſteadieſt minds! The deuce take his ſly penetration, I was going to ſay; for this was ſix or ſeven weeks ago.

I have been tinctured, you know. Nor on the cooleſt reflection, could I account how and when the jaundice began: but had been over head and ears, as the ſaying is, but for ſome of that advice from you which I now return you. Yet my *man* was not half ſo—So *what*, my dear—To be ſure Lovelace is a charming fellow. And were he only—But I will not make you *glow*, as you read—Upon *my word* I will not.—Yet, my dear, don't you find at your heart ſomewhat unuſual make it go throb, throb, throb, as you read juſt here?—If you do, don't be aſhamed to own it—It is your *generoſity*, my love! that's all.—But, as the Roman augur ſaid, 'Cæſar, 'beware of the ides of March!'

Adieu, my deareſt friend.—Forgive, and very ſpeedily, by the new-found expedient, tell me, that you forgive, *your ever-affectionate* ANNA HOWE.

LETTER IX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1.

YOU both nettled and alarmed me, my deareſt Miſs Howe, by the concluding part of your laſt. At firſt reading it, 'I did not think it neceſſary,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'to guard againſt a 'critick, when I was writing to ſo dear 'a friend.' But then recollecting myſelf, 'Is there not more in it,' ſaid I, 'than the reſult of a vein ſo naturally 'lively? Surely I muſt have been guilty 'of an inadvertence. Let me enter into 'the cloſe examination of myſelf which 'my beloved friend adviſes.'

I do ſo; and cannot own any of the *glow*, any of the *throbs* you mention.—*Upon my word* I will repeat I cannot. And yet the paſſages in my letter upon which you are ſo humorouſly ſevere, lay me fairly open to your agreeable raillery. I own they do. And I cannot tell what turn my mind had taken to dictate ſo oddly to my pen.

But, pray now—Is it ſaying ſo much, when one, who has no very particular regard to *any* man, ſays, There are *ſome* who are preferable to *others*? And is it blameable to ſay, *They* are the preferable, who are not well uſed by one's relations; yet diſpenſe with *that* uſage out of regard to one's ſelf which they would otherwiſe reſent? Mr. Lovelace, for inſtance, I may be allowed to ſay, is a man to be preferred to Mr. Solmes; and that I *do* prefer him to that man: but, ſurely, this may be ſaid without it's being a neceſſary conſequence that I muſt be in love with him.

Indeed I would not be *in love* with him, as it is called, for the world: firſt, becauſe I have no opinion of his morals; and think it a fault in which our whole family (my brother excepted) has had a ſhare, that he was permitted to viſit us with a hope; which, however, being diſtant, did not, as I have obſerved heretofore, entitle any of us to call him to account for ſuch of his immoralities as came to our ears. Next, becauſe I think him to be a vain man, capable of triumphing (ſecretly at leaſt) over a perſon whoſe heart he thinks he has engaged. And, thirdly, becauſe the aſſiduities and veneration which you impute to him, ſeem to carry an haughtineſs in them, as if he thought his addreſs had a merit in it, that would be more than an equivalent to a woman's love. In ſhort, his very politeneſs, notwithſtanding the advantages he muſt have had from his birth and education, appear to me to be conſtrained; and, with the moſt remarkably eaſy and genteel perſon, ſomething, at times, ſeems to be behind in his *manner* that is too ſtudiouſly kept in. Then, good humoured as he is thought to be in the main to *other people's*

ple's ſervants, and this even to familiarity, (although, as you have obſerved, a familiarity that has dignity in it not unbecoming a man of quality) he is apt ſometimes to break out into a paſſion with *his own:* an oath or a curſe follows; and ſuch looks from thoſe ſervants as plainly ſhew terror; and that they ſhould have fared worſe had they not been in my hearing: with a confirmation in the maſter's looks of a ſurmize too well juſtified.

Indeed, my dear, THIS man is not THE man. I have great objections to him. My heart *throbs* not after him. I *glow* not, but with indignation againſt myſelf for having given room for ſuch an imputation.—But you muſt not, my deareſt friend, conſtrue common gratitude into love. I cannot bear that you ſhould. But if ever I ſhould have the misfortune to think it love, I promiſe you *upon my word*, which is the ſame as *upon my honour*, that I will acquaint you with it.

You bid me to tell you very ſpeedily, and by the new-found expedient, that I am not diſpleaſed with you for your agreeable railliery: I diſpatch this therefore immediately; poſtponing to my next the account of the inducements which my friends have to promote with ſo much earneſtneſs the addreſs of Mr. Solmes.

Be ſatisfied, my dear, mean time, that I am *not* diſpleaſed with you: indeed I am not. On the contrary, I give you my hearty thanks for your friendly premonitions. And I charge you, (as I have often done) that if you obſerve any-thing in me ſo very faulty as would require from you to others in my behalf the palliation of friendly and partial love, you acquaint me with it: for methinks I would ſo conduct myſelf as not to give reaſon even for an *adverſary* to cenſure me; and how ſhall ſo weak and ſo young a creature avoid the cenſure of *ſuch*, if my *friend* will not hold a looking-glaſs before me to let me ſee my imperfections?

Judge me, then, my dear, as any indifferent perſon (knowing what *you* know of me) would do. I may at firſt be a little pained; may *glow* a little perhaps to be found leſs worthy of your friendſhip than I wiſh to be; but aſſure yourſelf, that your kind correction will give me reflection that ſhall *amend* me. If it do not, you will have a fault to accuſe me of, that will be utter *inexcuſable:* a fault, let me add, that ſhould you *not* accuſe me of it, (if in your opinion I am guilty) you will not be ſo much, ſo *warmly*, my friend as I am yours; ſince I have never ſpared *you* on the like occaſions.

Here I break off; to begin another letter to you; with the aſſurance, mean time, that I am, and ever will be, *your equally affectionate and grateful*

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY MORN. MARCH 2.

INDEED you would not be in love with him for the world!—Your ſervant, my dear. Nor would I have you. For I think, with all the advantages of perſon, fortune, and family, he is not by any means worthy of you. And this opinion I give as well from the reaſons you mention, (which I cannot but confirm) as from what I have heard of him but a few hours ago from Mrs. Forteſcue, a favourite of Lady Betty Lawrance, who knows him well—But let me congratulate you, however, on your being the firſt of our ſex that ever I heard of, who has been able to turn that lion Love, at her own pleaſure into a lap-dog.

Well but, if you have not the throbs and the glows, you have not: and are not in love; good reaſon why, becauſe you would not be in love; and there's no more to be ſaid.—Only, my dear, I ſhall keep a good look-out upon you; and ſo I hope you will upon yourſelf: for it is no manner of argument, that becauſe you would not be in love, you therefore are not.—But before I part entirely with this ſubject, a word in your ear, my charming friend—It is only by way of caution, and in purſuance of the general obſervation, that a ſtander-by is often a better judge of the game than thoſe at play.—May it not be, that you have had, and have, ſuch croſs creatures and ſuch odd heads to deal with, as have not allowed you to attend to the throbs? —Or, if you had them a little now-and-then, whether, having had two accounts to place them to, you have not by miſtake put them to the wrong one?

But whether you have a value for Lovelace or not, I know you will be impatient to hear what Mrs. Forteſcue has ſaid of him. Nor will I keep you longer in ſuſpence.

An hundred wild ſtories ſhe tells of him, from childhood to manhood: for, as ſhe obſerves, having never been ſubject to contradiction, he was always as

miſchievous

miſchievous as a monkey. But I ſhall paſs over theſe whole hundred of his puerile rogueries (although *indicative* ones, as I may ſay) to take notice as well of ſome things you are not quite ignorant of, as of others you know not; and to make a few obſervations upon him and his ways.

Mrs. Forteſcue owns, what everybody knows, that he is notoriouſly, nay, avowedly, a man of pleaſure; yet ſays, that in any thing he ſets his heart upon or undertakes, he is the moſt induſtrious and perſevering mortal under the ſun. He reſts, it ſeems, not above ſix hours in the twenty-four—any more than you. He delights in writing. Whether at Lord M.'s, or at Lady Betty's, or Lady Sarah's, he has always a pen in his fingers when he retires. One of his companions (confirming his love of writing) has told her, that his thoughts flow rapidly to his pen: and you and I, my dear, have obſerved on more occaſions than one, that though he writes even a fine hand, he is one of the readieſt and quickeſt of writers. He muſt indeed have had early a very docile genius; ſince a perſon of his pleaſureable turn and active ſpirit, could never have ſubmitted to take long or great pains in attaining the qualifications he is maſter of; qualifications ſo ſeldom attained by youth of quality and fortune; by ſuch eſpecially of thoſe of either, who, like him, have never known what it was to be controuled.

He had once it ſeems the vanity, upon being complimented on theſe talents, (and on his ſurprizing diligence, for a man of pleaſure) to compare himſelf to Julius Cæſar; who performed great actions by day, and wrote them down at night: and valued himſelf, that he only wanted Cæſar's out-ſetting, to make a figure among his cotemporaries.

He ſpoke this indeed, ſhe ſays, with an air of pleaſantry: for ſhe obſerved, and ſo have we, that he has the art of acknowledging his vanity with ſo much humour, that it ſets him above the contempt which is due to vanity and ſelf-opinion; and at the ſame time half-perſuades thoſe who hear him, that he really deſerves the exaltation he gives himſelf.

But ſuppoſing it to be true that all his vacant nightly hours are employed in writing, what can be his ſubjects? If, like Cæſar, his own actions, he muſt undoubtedly be a very enterpriſing and very wicked man; ſince nobody ſuſpects him to have a ſerious turn: and, decent as he is in his converſation with us, his writings are not probably ſuch as would redound either to his own honour, or to the benefit of others were they to be read. He muſt be conſcious of this, ſince Mrs. Forteſcue ſays, that in the great correſpondence by letters which he holds, he is as ſecret and as careful as if it were of a treaſonable nature—yet troubles not his head with politicks, though nobody knows the intereſts of princes and courts better than he is ſaid to do.

That you and I, my dear, ſhould love to write, is no wonder. We have always, from the time each could hold a pen, delighted in epiſtolary correſpondences. Our employments are domeſtick and ſedentary; and we can ſcribble upon twenty innocent ſubjects, and take delight in them becauſe they *are* innocent; though were they to be ſeen, they might not much profit or pleaſe others. But that ſuch a gay, lively young fellow as this, who rides, hunts, travels, frequents the public entertainments, and has *means* to purſue his pleaſures, ſhould be able to ſet himſelf down to write for hours together, as you and I have heard him ſay he frequently does, that is the ſtrange thing.

Mrs. Forteſcue ſays, that he is a complete maſter of ſhort hand writing. By the way, what inducements could ſuch a ſwift writer as he have to learn ſhorthand!

She ſays (and we know it as well as ſhe) that he has a ſurprizing memory; and a very lively imagination.

Whatever his other vices are, all the world, as well as Mrs. Forteſcue, ſays he is a ſober man. And among all his bad qualities, *gaming*, that great waſter of time as well as fortune, is not his vice: ſo that he muſt have his head as cool, and his reaſon as clear, as the prime of youth and his natural gaiety will permit; and by his early morning hours, a great portion of time upon his hands, to employ in writing, or worſe.

Mrs. Forteſcue ſays, he has one gentleman who is more his intimate and correſpondent than any of the reſt. You remember what his diſmiſſed bailiff ſaid of him and of his aſſociates. I don't find but that man's character of him was in general pretty juſt. Mrs. Forteſcue confirms this part of it, that all his relations are afraid of him; and that his pride ſets him above owing obligations to them. She believes he is clear of the world; and that he will continue ſo: no doubt from the ſame motive that makes

makes him avoid being obliged to his relations.

A perſon willing to think favourably of him would hope, that a *brave*, a *learned*, and a *diligent* man, cannot be *naturally* a *bad* man.—But if he be better than his enemies ſay he is, (and if worſe, he is bad indeed) he is guilty of an inexcuſable fault in being ſo careleſs of his reputation. I think a man can but be ſo but from one of theſe two reaſons: either that he is conſcious he deſerves the ill ſpoken of him; or, that he takes a pride in being thought worſe than he is. Both very bad and threatening indications; ſince the firſt muſt ſhew him to be utterly abandoned; and it is but natural to conclude from the other, that what a man is not aſhamed to have imputed to him, he will not ſcruple to be guilty of whenever he has an opportunity.

Upon the whole, and upon all I could gather from Mrs. Forteſcue, Mr. Lovelace is a very faulty man. You and I have thought him too gay, too inconſiderate, too raſh, too little an hypocrite, to be *deep*. You ſee he never would diſguiſe his natural temper (haughty as it certainly is) with reſpect to your brother's behaviour to him. Where he thinks a contempt due, he pays it to the uttermoſt. Nor has he complaiſance enough to ſpare your uncles.

But were he deep, and ever ſo deep, you would ſoon penetrate him, if they would leave you to yourſelf. His vanity would be your clue. Never man had more: yet, as Mrs. Forteſcue obſerved, never did man carry it off ſo happily. There is a ſtrange mixture in it of humorous vivacity: ſince but for one half of what he ſays of himſelf, when he is in the vein, any other man would be inſufferable.

TALK *of the devil*, is an old ſaying. The lively wretch has made me a viſit, and is but juſt gone away. He is all impatience and reſentment at the treatment you meet with; and full of apprehenſions too, that they will carry their point with you.

I told him my opinion, that you will never be brought to think of ſuch a man as Solmes; but that it will probably end in a compoſition, never to have either.

No man, he ſaid, whoſe fortunes and alliances are ſo conſiderrble, ever had ſo little favour from a woman for whoſe ſake he had borne ſo much.

I told him my mind as freely as I uſed to do. But who ever was in fault, ſelf being judge? He complained of ſpies being ſet upon his conduct, and to pry into his life and morals, and this by your brother and uncles.

I told him, that this was very hard upon him; and the more ſo, as neither his life nor morals perhaps would ſtand a fair enquiry.

He ſmiled, and called himſelf *my ſervant*.—The occaſion was too fair, he ſaid, for Miſs Howe, who never ſpared him, to let it paſs. But Lord help the ſhallow ſouls of the Harlowes! Would I believe it? they were for turning plotters upon *him*. They had beſt take care he did not pay them in their own coin. Their *hearts* were better turned for ſuch works than their *heads*.

I aſked him, if he valued himſelf upon having a head better turned than theirs for *ſuch works*, as he called them?

He drew off: and then ran into the higheſt profeſſions of reverence and affection for you.

The object ſo meritorious, who can doubt the reality of his profeſſions?

Adieu, my deareſt, my noble friend! —I love and admire you for the generous concluſion of your laſt more than I can expreſs. Though I began this letter with impertinent raillery, knowing that you always loved to indulge my mad vein, yet never was there a heart that more glowed with friendly love, than that of *your own* ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDN. MARCH 1.

I Now take up my pen, to lay before you the inducements and motives which my friends have to eſpouſe ſo earneſtly the addreſs of this Mr. Solmes.

In order to ſet this matter in a clear light, it is neceſſary to go a little back, and even perhaps to mention ſome things which you already know: and ſo you may look upon what I am going to relate, as a kind of ſupplement to my letters of the 15th and 20th of January laſt.

In thoſe letters, of which I have kept memorandums, I gave you an account of my brother's and ſiſter's antipathy to Mr. Lovelace; and the methods they took (ſo far as they had then come to my knowledge) to ruin him in the opinion of my other friends. And I told you, that after a very cold, yet not a directly affrontive behaviour to him, they all of a *ſudden* became more violent; which brought on at laſt the unhappy rencounter between my brother and him.

Now you muſt know, that from the laſt

laſt converſation that paſſed between my aunt and me, it comes out, that this *ſudden* vehemence on my brother's and ſiſter's parts, was owing to ſtronger reaſons than to the college-begun antipathy on his ſide, or to ſlighted love on hers; to wit, to an apprehenſion that my uncles intended to follow my grandfather's example in my favour; at leaſt in a higher degree than they with they ſhould. An apprehenſion founded it ſeems on a converſation between my two uncles and my brother and ſiſter; which my aunt communicated to me in confidence, as an argument to prevail upon me to accept of Mr. Solmes's *noble* ſettlements; urging, that ſuch a ſeaſonable compliance would fruſtrate my brother's and ſiſter's views, and eſtabliſh me for ever in the love of my father and uncles.

I will give you the ſubſtance of this communicated converſation, after I have made a brief introductory obſervation or two: which however I hardly need to make to you who are ſo well acquainted with us all, did not the ſeries or thread of the ſtory require it.

I have more than once mentioned to you the darling view ſome of us have long had of *raiſing a family*, as it is called: a reflection, as I have often thought, upon our own; which is no inconſiderable or upſtart one on either ſide; on my mother's eſpecially.—A view too frequently it ſeems entertained by families which, having great ſubſtance, cannot be ſatisfied without rank and title.

My uncles had once extended this view to each of us three children; urging, that as they themſelves intended not to marry, we each of us might be ſo portioned, and ſo advantageouſly matched, as that our poſterity, if not ourſelves, might make a firſt figure in our country—while my brother, as the only ſon, thought the two girls might be very well provided for by ten or fifteen thouſand pounds apiece: and that all the real eſtates in the family, to wit, my grandfather's, father's, and two uncles, and the remainder of their reſpective perſonal eſtates, together with what he had an expectation of from his godmother, would make ſuch a noble fortune, and give him ſuch an intereſt, as might intitle him to hope for a peerage. Nothing leſs would ſatisfy his ambition.

With this view he gave himſelf airs very early; That his grandfather and uncles were his ſtewards; that no man ever had better; that daughters were but incumbrances and drawbacks upon a family. And *this* low and familiar expreſſion was often in his mouth, and uttered always with the ſelf-complaiſance which an imagined happy thought can be ſuppoſed to give the ſpeaker; to wit, That a man who has ſons brings up chickens for his own table, [though once I made his compariſon ſtagger with him, by aſking him, If the ſons, to make it hold, were to have their necks wrung off?] whereas daughters are chickens brought up for the tables of other men. This, accompanied with the equally polite reflection, That, to induce people to take them off their hands, the family-ſtock muſt be impaired into the bargain, uſed to put my ſiſter out of all patience: and although ſhe now ſeems to think a *younger* ſiſter only can be an incumbrance, ſhe was then often propoſing to me to make a party in our own favour againſt my brother's *rapacious views*, as ſhe uſed to call them; while I was for conſidering the liberties he took of this ſort as the effect of a temporary pleaſantry: which in a young man not naturally good-humoured, I was glad to ſee; or as a foible that deſerved raillery, but no other notice.

But when my grandfather's will (of the purport of which in my particular favour, until it was opened, I was as ignorant as they) had lopped off one branch of my brother's expectation, he was extremely diſſatisfied with me. Nobody indeed was pleaſed: for although every-one loved me, yet being the youngeſt child, father, uncles, brother, ſiſter, all thought themſelves poſtponed, as to matter of right and power. [Who loves not power?] And my father himſelf could not bear that I ſhould be made ſole, as I may call it, and independent; for ſuch the will, as to that eſtate and the powers it gave, (unaccountably as they all ſaid) made me.

To obviate therefore every one's jealouſy, I gave up to my father's management, as you know, not only the eſtate, but the money bequeathed me; (which was a moiety of what my grandfather had by him at his death; the other moiety being bequeathed to my ſiſter) contenting myſelf to take as from his bounty what he was pleaſed to allow me, without deſiring the leaſt addition to my annual ſtipend. And then I hoped I had laid all envy aſleep: but ſtill my brother and ſiſter (jealous, as now is evident, of my two uncles favour for me, and of the pleaſure I had given my father and them by this act of duty) were every now-and-then occaſionally doing me covert ill offices; of which, however, I took the leſs

notice, when I was told of them, as I thought I had removed the cauſe of their envy; and I imputed every-thing of that ſort to the petulance they are both pretty much noted for.

My brother's acquiſition then took place. This made us all very happy; and he went down to take poſſeſſion of it: and his abſence (on ſo good an account too) made us ſtill happier. Then followed Lord M 's propoſal for my ſiſter: and this was an additional felicity for the time. I have told you how exceedingly good-humoured it made my ſiſter.

You know how that went off: you know what came on in it's place.

My brother then returned; and we were all wrong again: and Bella, as I obſerved in my letters above-mentioned, had an opportunity to give herſelf the credit of having refuſed Mr. Lovelace, on the ſcore of his reputed faulty morals. This united my brother and ſiſter in one cauſe. They ſet themſelves on all occaſions to depreciate Mr. Lovelace, and his *family* too, (a family which deſerves nothing but reſpect:) and this gave riſe to the converſation I am leading to between my uncles and them; of which I now come to give the particulars; after I have obſerved, that it happened *before* the rencounter, and ſoon after the enquiry made into Mr. Lovelace's affairs had come out better than my brother and ſiſter hoped it would.

They were bitterly inveighing againſt him, in their uſual way, ſtrengthening their invectives with ſome new ſtories in his diſfavour; when my uncle Antony, having given them a patient hearing, declared, That he thought the gentleman behaved like a gentleman; his niece Clary with prudence; and that a more honourable alliance for the family, *as he had often told them*, could not be wiſhed for: ſince Mr. Lovelace had a very good paternal eſtate; and that, by the evidence of an enemy, all clear. Nor did it appear, that he was ſo bad a man as he had been repreſented to be: wild indeed; but it was at a gay time of life. He was a man of ſenſe: and he was ſure that his niece would not have him, if ſhe had not good reaſon to think him reformed, or that there was a likelihood that ſhe could reform him by her example.

My uncle then gave one inſtance, my aunt told me, as a proof of a generoſity in Mr. Lovelace's ſpirit, which convinced him, that he was not a bad man in nature; and that he was of a temper, he was pleaſed to ſay, like my own: which was, That when he (my uncle) had repreſented to him, that he might, if he pleaſed, make three or four hundred pounds a year of his paternal eſtate, more than he did, he anſwered, That his tenants paid their rents well; that it was a maxim with his family, from which he would by no means depart, never to rack-rent old tenants or their deſcendants; and that it was a pleaſure to him, to ſee all his tenants look fat, ſleek, and contented.

I indeed had once occaſionally heard him ſay ſomething like this; and thought he never looked ſo well as at the time —except once; and that was in an inſtance given by him on the following incident.

An unhappy tenant of my uncle Antony came petitioning to my uncle for forbearance, in Mr. Lovelace's preſence. When he had fruitleſsly withdrawn, Mr. Lovelace pleaded his cauſe ſo well, that the man was called in again, and had his ſuit granted. And Mr. Lovelace privately followed him out, and gave him two guineas, for preſent relief; the man having declared, that, at the time, he had not five ſhillings in the world.

On this occaſion, he told my uncle, (but without any airs of oſtentation) That he had once obſerved an old tenant and his wife in a very mean habit at church; and queſtioning them about it next day, as he knew they had no hard bargain in their farm, the man ſaid, He had done ſome very fooliſh things with a good intention, which had put him behind-hand, and could not have paid his rent, and appear better. He aſked him how long it would take him to retrieve the fooliſh ſtep he acknowledged he had made. He ſaid, 'Perhaps, two or three 'years,'—'Well, then,' ſaid he, 'I will 'abate you five pounds a year for ſeven 'years, provided you will lay it out upon 'your wife and ſelf, that you may make 'a Sunday-appearance *like* MY *tenants*. 'Mean time, take this,' (putting his hand in his pocket, and giving him five guineas) 'to put yourſelves in preſent 'plight; and let me ſee you next Sun-'day at church, hand in hand, like an 'honeſt and loving couple; and I be-'ſpeak you to dine with me afterwards.'

Although this pleaſed me when I heard it, as giving an inſtance of generoſity and prudence at the ſame time, not leſſening (as my uncle took notice) the yearly value of the farm, yet, my dear, I had no *throbs*, no *glows* upon it!

—*Upon*

—*Upon my word*. I had not. Nevertheleſs, I own to you, that I could not help ſaying to myſelf on the occaſion, Were it ever to be my lot to have this man, he would not hinder me from purſuing the methods I ſo much delight to take—with, A pity, that ſuch a man were not *uniformly* good.

Forgive me this digreſſion.

My uncle went on, (as my aunt told me) That, beſides his paternal eſtate, he was the immediate heir to very ſplendid fortunes: that when he was in treaty for his niece Arabella, Lord M. told him (my uncle) what great things he and his two half-ſiſters intended to do for him, in order to qualify him for the title, which would be extinct at his lordſhip's death, and which they hoped to procure for him, or a *ſtill higher*, that of thoſe ladies father, which had been for ſome time extinct on failure of heirs male. That it was with this view that his relations were all ſo earneſt for his marrying: that as he ſaw not where Mr. Lovelace could better himſelf, ſo, truly, he thought there was wealth enough in their own family to build up three conſiderable ones; that therefore he muſt needs ſay, he was the more deſirous of this alliance as there was a great probability, not only from Mr. Lovelace's deſcent, but from his fortunes, that his niece Clariſſa might one day be a peereſs of Great Britain. And upon that proſpect [*Here was the mortifying ſtroke*] he ſhould, for his own part, think it not wrong to make ſuch diſpoſitions as ſhould contribute to the better ſupport of the dignity.

My uncle Harlowe, it ſeems, far from diſapproving of what his brother had ſaid, declared, That there was but one objection to an alliance with Mr. Lovelace; to wit, his faulty morals: eſpecially as ſo much could be done for Miſs Bella, and for my brother too, by my father; and as my brother was actually poſſeſſed of a conſiderable eſtate by virtue of the deed of gift and will of his godmother Lovell.

Had I known this before, I ſhould the leſs have wondered at many things I have been unable to account for in my brother's and ſiſter's behaviour to me; and been more on my guard than I imagined there was a neceſſity to be.

You may eaſily gueſs how much this converſation affected my brother at the time. He could not, you know, but be very uneaſy to hear *two of his ſtewards* talk at this rate to his face.

He had from early days, by his violent temper, made himſelf both feared and courted by the whole family. My father himſelf, as I have lately mentioned, very often (long before my brother's acquiſitions had made him ſtill more aſſuming) gave way to him as to an only ſon who was to build up the name, and augment the honour of it. Little inducement therefore had my brother to correct a temper which gave him ſo much conſideration with everybody.

'See, ſiſter Bella,' ſaid he, in an indecent paſſion before my uncles, on this occaſion I have mentioned—'ſee 'how it is!—You and I ought to look 'about us!—This little ſyren is in a fair 'way to *out-uncle*, as ſhe has already '*cut-grandfather'd* us both!'

From this time (as I now find it plain upon recollection) did my brother and ſiſter behave to me, as to one who ſtood in their way; and to each other, as having but one intereſt: and were reſolved, therefore, to bend all their force to hinder an alliance from taking effect, which they believed was likely to oblige them to contract their views.

And how was this to be done, after ſuch a declaration from both my uncles?

My brother found out the way. My ſiſter (as I have ſaid) went hand in hand with him. Between them, the family-union was broken, and everyone was made uneaſy. Mr. Lovelace was received more and more coldly by all: but not being to be put out of his courſe by ſlights only, perſonal affronts ſucceeded; defiances next, then the rencounter: that, as you have heard, did the buſineſs; and now, if I do not oblige them, my grandfather's eſtate is to be litigated with me; and I, who never deſigned to take advantage of the independency bequeathed me, *am to be as dependent upon my father's will, as a daughter ought to be who knows not what is good for herſelf*. This is the language of the family now.

But if I will ſuffer myſelf to be prevailed upon, how happy (as *they* lay it out) ſhall we all be!—Such preſents am I to have, ſuch jewels, and I cannot tell what, from every one of the family! Then Mr. Solmes's fortunes are ſo great, and his propoſals ſo very advantageous, (no relation whom he values) that there will be abundant room to raiſe mine upon them, were the high-intended favours of my own relations to be quite out of the queſtion. Moreover it is now, with this view, found out, that I have qualifications which of *themſelves* will be a full

equivalent to Mr. Solmes for the ſettlements he is to make; and ſtill leave *him* under an obligation to me for my compliance. He himſelf thinks ſo, I am told —So very poor a creature is he, even in *his* own eyes, as well as in *theirs*.

Theſe deſirable views anſwered, how rich, how ſplendid, ſhall we all three be! And I—what obligations ſhall I lay upon them all!—and that only by doing an act of duty ſo ſuitable to my character, and manner of thinking; if indeed I am the generous as well as dutiful creature I have hitherto made them believe I am.

This is the bright ſide that is turned to my father and uncles to captivate *them:* but I am afraid that my brother's and ſiſter's deſign is to ruin me with them at any rate. Were it otherwiſe, would they not, on my return from you, have rather fought to *court* than *frighten* me into meaſures which their hearts are ſo much bent to carry? A method they have followed ever ſince.

Mean time, orders are given to all the ſervants to ſhew the higheſt reſpect to Mr. Solmes; the *generous* Mr. Solmes is now his character with ſome of our family! But are not theſe orders a tacit confeſſion, that they think his own merit will not procure him reſpect? He is accordingly, in every viſit he makes, not only highly careſſed by the principals of our family, but obſequiouſly attended and cringed to by the menials.—And *the noble ſettlements* are echoed from every mouth.

Noble is the word uſed to enforce the offers of a man who is mean enough avowedly to *have*, and wicked enough to propoſe to *rob* of their juſt expectations his own family, (every one of which at the ſame time ſtands in too much need of his favour) in order to ſettle all he is worth upon me; and if I die without children, and he has none by any other marriage, upon a family which already abounds. Such are his propoſals.

But were there no other motive to induce me to deſpiſe this upſtart man, is not this unjuſt one to his family enough? —The *upſtart man*, I repeat; for he was not born to the immenſe riches he is poſſeſſed of: riches left by one niggard to another, in injury to the next heir, becauſe that other is a niggard. And ſhould I not be as culpable, do you think, in my *acceptance* of ſuch unjuſt ſettlements, as he is in the *offer* of them, if I could perſuade myſelf to be a ſharer in them, or ſuffer a reverſionary expectation of poſſeſſing them to influence my choice?

Indeed it concerns me not a little, that my friends could be brought to *encourage* ſuch offers on *ſuch* motives as I think a perſon of conſcience ſhould not preſume to begin the world with.

But this it ſeems is the only method that can be taken to diſappoint Mr. Lovelace; and at the ſame time to anſwer all my relations have to wiſh for each of us. And *ſurely* I will not ſtand againſt ſuch an acceſſion to the family as may happen from marrying Mr. Solmes: ſince now a *poſſibility* is diſcovered (which ſuch a graſping mind as my brother's can eaſily turn into a *probability*) that my grandfather's eſtate will revert to it, with a much more conſiderable one of the man's own. Inſtances of eſtates falling in, in caſes far more unlikely than this, are inſiſted upon; and my ſiſter ſays, in the words of an old Saw, *It is good to be related to an eſtate.*

While Solmes, ſmiling no doubt to himſelf at a hope ſo remote, by *offers* only, obtains all their intereſts; and doubts not to join to his own the eſtate I am envied for: which, for the conveniency of it's ſituation between two of his, will, it ſeems, be of twice the value to him that it would be of to any other perſon; and is therefore, I doubt not, a ſtronger motive with him than the wife.

Theſe, my dear, ſeem to me the principal inducements of my relations to eſpouſe ſo vehemently as they do this man's ſuit. And here, once more, muſt I deplore the family-faults which gives thoſe inducements ſuch a force as it will be difficult to reſiſt.

And thus far, let matters with regard to Mr. Solmes and me come out as they will, my brother has ſucceeded in his views; that is to ſay, he has, in the firſt place, got my FATHER to make the cauſe his own, and to inſiſt upon my compliance as an act of duty.

My MOTHER has never thought fit to oppoſe my father's will, when once he has declared himſelf determined.

My UNCLES, ſtiff, unbroken, highly-proſperous batchelors, give me leave to ſay, (though very worthy perſons in the main) have as high notions of a child's duty, as of a wife's obedience; in the *laſt* of which, my mother's meekneſs has confirmed them, and given them greater reaſon to expect the *firſt*.

My aunt HERVEY (not extremely happy in her own nuptials, and perhaps under ſome little obligation) is got over, and chuſes not to open her lips in my favour againſt the wills of a father and uncles ſo determined.

This

This paſſiveneſs in my mother and in my aunt, in a point ſo contrary to their own firſt judgments, is too ſtrong a proof that my father is abſolutely reſolved.

Their treatment of my worthy Mrs. NORTON is a ſad confirmation of it: a woman deſerving of all conſideration for her wiſdom; and every body thinking ſo; but who, not being wealthy enough to have due weight in a point againſt which ſhe has given her opinion, and which they ſeem bent upon carrying, is reſtrained from viſiting here, and even from correſponding with me, as I am this very day informed.

Hatred to Lovelace, family aggrandizement, and this great motive, *paternal authority!*—What a force *united* muſt they be ſuppoſed to have, when *ſingly* each conſideration is ſufficient to carry all before it!

This is the formidable appearance which the addreſs of this diſagreeable man wears at preſent.

My BROTHER and my SISTER triumph.—*They have got me down*, as Hannah over-heard them exult. And ſo they have, (yet I never knew that I was inſolently *up*;) for now my brother will either lay me under an obligation to comply to my own unhappineſs, and ſo make me an inſtrument of his revenge upon Lovelace; or, if I refuſe, will throw me into diſgrace with my whole family.

Who will wonder at the intrigues and plots carried on by undermining courtiers againſt one another, when a private family, but three of which can poſſibly have claſhing intereſts, and one of them (as ſhe preſumes to think) above ſuch low motives, cannot be free from them?

What at preſent moſt concerns me, is, the peace of my mother's mind! How can the huſband of *ſuch* a wife (a *good* man too!—But, oh! this prerogative of manhood!) be ſo *poſitive*, ſo *unperſuadable*, to one who has brought into the family, means, which they know ſo well the value of, that methinks they ſhould value *her* the more for *their* ſake?

They do indeed value her; but, I am ſorry to ſay, ſhe has purchaſed that value by her compliances: yet has merit for which ſhe ought to be venerated; prudence which ought of itſelf to be conformed to in every thing.

But whither roves my pen? How dare a perverſe girl take theſe liberties with relations ſo very reſpectable, and whom ſhe highly reſpects? What an unhappy ſituation is that which obliges her, in her *own defence*, as it were, to expoſe *their* failings?

But you, who know how much I love and reverence my mother, will judge what a difficulty I am under, to be obliged to oppoſe a ſcheme which *ſhe* has engaged in. Yet I *muſt* oppoſe it, (to comply is impoſſible;) and muſt without delay *declare* my oppoſition, or my difficulties will increaſe; ſince, as I am juſt now informed, a lawyer has been this very day conſulted [Would you have believed it?] in relation to ſettlements.

Were ours a Roman Catholick family, how much happier for me that they thought a nunnery would anſwer all their views!—How happy, had not a certain perſon ſlighted ſomebody! All then would have been probably concluded on between them before my brother had arrived to thwart the match: then had I had a huſband; which now I have not; and two brothers—both aſpiring; poſſibly both titled. while I ſhould only have valued that in either which is above title, that which is truly noble in both!

But by what a long-reaching ſelfiſhneſs is my brother governed! By what remote, exceedingly remote views! Views, which it is in the power of the ſlighteſt accident, of a fever, for inſtance, (the ſeeds of which are always vegetating, as I may ſay, and ready to burſt forth, in his own impetuous temper) or of the provoked weapon of an adverſary, to blow up and deſtroy!

I will break off here. Let me write ever ſo freely of my friends, I am ſure of *your* kind conſtruction: and I confide in your diſcretion, that you will avoid reading to or tranſcribing for others, ſuch paſſages as may have the appearance of treating too freely the parental or even the fraternal character, or induce others to cenſure for a ſuppoſed failure in duty to the one, or decency to the other, *your truly affectionate*

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 2.

ON Hannah's depoſiting my long letter, (begun yeſterday, but by reaſon of ſeveral interruptions not finiſhed till within this hour) ſhe found and brought me yours of this day. I thank you, my dear, for this kind expedition. Theſe few lines will perhaps be time enough depoſited to be taken away by your ſervant with the other letter: yet they

they are only to thank you, and to tell you my increaſing apprehenſions.

I muſt take or ſeek the occaſion to apply to my mother for her mediation; for I am in danger of having a day fixed and antipathy taken for baſhfulneſs.—Should not ſiſters *be* ſiſters to each other? Should they not make a common cauſe of it, as I may ſay, a cauſe of ſex, on ſuch occaſions as the preſent? Yet mine, in ſupport of my brother's ſelfiſhneſs, and, no doubt, in concert with him, has been urging in full aſſembly, it ſeems, (and that with an earneſtneſs peculiar to herſelf when ſhe ſets upon any thing) that an abſolute day be given me; and if I comply not, to be told, that it ſhall be to the forfeiture of all my fortunes, and of all their love.

She need not be ſo officious: my *brother's* intereſt, without hers, is ſtrong enough; for he has found means to confederate all the family againſt me. Upon ſome freſh provocation, or new intelligence concerning Mr. Lovelace, (I know not what it is) they have bound themſelves, or are to bind themſelves, by a ſigned paper, to one another, [the Lord bleſs me, my dear, what ſhall I do!] to carry their point in favour of Mr. Solmes, in ſupport of my *father's authority*, as it is called, and againſt Mr. Lovelace, as a libertine, and an enemy to the family: and if ſo, I am ſure, I may ſay againſt *me*.—How impolitick in them all, to join two people in one intereſt, whom they wiſh for ever to keep aſunder!

What the diſcharged ſteward reported of him is ſurely bad enough: what Mrs. Forteſcue ſaid, not only confirms that bad, but gives room to think him ſtill worſe:—and yet the *ſomething further* which my friends have come at, is of ſo heinous a nature, (as Betty Barnes tells Hannah) that it proves him to be the worſt of men.—But, hang the man, I had almoſt ſaid—what is he to me? What *would* he be—were not this Mr. Sol——O my dear, how I hate the man in the light he is propoſed to me!

All of them at the ſame time are afraid of Mr. Lovelace; yet not afraid to provoke him!—How am I entangled!—to be obliged to go on correſponding with him for *their* ſakes—Heaven forbid that their perſiſted-in violence ſhould ſo drive me as to make it neceſſary for *my own!*

But ſurely *they* will yield—Indeed *I* cannot.

I believe the gentleſt ſpirits, when provoked, (cauſeleſsly and cruelly provoked) are the moſt determined. The reaſon may be, That not taking up reſolutions lightly—their very deliberation makes them the more immoveable.—And then, when a point is clear and ſelf-evident, how can one with patience think of entering into an argument or contention upon it?

An interruption obliges me to conclude myſelf, in ſome hurry, as well as fright, what I muſt ever be, *yours more than my own*, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3.

I Have both your letters at once. It is very unhappy, my dear, ſince your friends will have you marry, that a perſon of your merit ſhould be addreſſed by a ſucceſſion of worthleſs creatures, who have nothing but their preſumption for their excuſe.

That theſe preſumers appear not in this very unworthy light to ſome of your friends, is, becauſe their defects are not ſo ſtriking to *them* as to *others*.—And why? Shall I venture to tell you?—Becauſe they are nearer their own ſtandard—*Modeſty*, after all, perhaps has a concern in it; for how ſhould they think that a *niece* or *ſiſter* of *theirs* [I will not go higher, for fear of incurring your diſpleaſure] ſhould be an angel?

But where, indeed, is the man to be found (who has the leaſt ſhare of due diffidence) that dares to look up to Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe with hope, or with any-thing but wiſhes? Thus the bold and forward, not being ſenſible of their defects, aſpire: while the modeſty of the really worthy fills them with too much reverence to permit them to explain themſelves. Hence your Symmes's, your Byron's, your Mullins's, your Wyerley's, (the beſt of the herd) and your Solmes's, in turn, invade you—Wretches, that, looking upon the reſt of your family, need of deſpair of ſucceeding in an alliance with it—But, to you, what an inexcuſable preſumption!

Yet I am afraid all oppoſition will be in vain. You muſt, you will, I doubt, be ſacrificed to this odious man. I know your family. There will be no reſiſting ſuch baits as he has thrown out. O my dear, my beloved friend! and are ſuch charming qualities, is ſuch exalted merit, to be ſunk in ſuch a marriage!—You muſt not, your uncle tells my mother, diſpute their authority. AUTHORITY! what a full word is that in the mouth of a narrow-minded perſon, who happened

happened to be born thirty years before one!—Of your uncles I ſpeak; for as to the *parental* authority, that ought to be ſacred.—But ſhould not parents have *reaſon* for what they do!

Wonder not, however, at your Bell's un-ſiſterly behaviour in this affair: I have a particular to add to the inducements your inſolent brother is governed by, which will account for all her driving. You have already owned, that her *outward eye* was from *the firſt* ſtruck with the figure and addreſs of the man whom ſhe pretends to deſpiſe, and who, it is certain, thoroughly deſpiſes her: but you have not told me, that ſtill ſhe loves him of all men. Bell has a meanneſs in her very pride; that meanneſs riſes with her pride; and goes hand in hand with it; and no one is ſo proud as Bell. She has owned her love, her uneaſy days, and ſleepleſs nights, and her revenge grafted upon her love, to her favourite Betty Barnes—To lay herſelf in the power of a ſervant's tongue! Poor creature!—But LIKE little ſouls will find one another out, and mingle, as well as LIKE great ones. This, however, ſhe told the wench in ſtrict confidence: and thus, by way of the *female round-about*, as Lovelace had the ſaucineſs on ſuch another occaſion, in ridicule of our ſex, to call it, Betty (pleaſed to be thought worthy of a ſecret, and to have an opportunity of inveighing againſt Lovelace's perfidy, as ſhe would have it to be) told it to one of *her* confidantes: that confidante, with like injunctions of ſecreſy, to Miſs Lloyd's Harriot—Harriot to Miſs Lloyd—Miſs Lloyd to *me*—I to you—with leave to make what you pleaſe of it.

And now you will not wonder to find Miſs Bell an implacable rival, rather than an affectionate ſiſter; and will be able to account for the words *witchcraft*, *fyren*, and ſuch-like, thrown out againſt you; and for her driving on for a fixed day for ſacrificing you to Solmes: in ſhort, for her rudeneſs and violence of every kind.

What a ſweet revenge will ſhe take, as well upon Lovelace as upon you, if ſhe can procure her rival ſiſter to be married to the man that ſiſter hates; and ſo prevent her having the man whom ſhe herſelf loves, (whether *ſhe* have hope of him or not) and whom ſhe ſuſpects her ſiſter loves!

Poiſons and poinards have often been ſet to work by minds inflamed by diſappointed *love*, and actuated by revenge—Will you wonder then, that the ties of relationſhip in ſuch a caſe have no force, and that a ſiſter forgets to be a ſiſter?

Now I know this to be her ſecret motive, (the more grating to her, as her pride is concerned to make her diſavow it) and can conſider it as joined with her former *envy*, and as ſtrengthened by a brother, who has ſuch an aſcendant over the whole family; and whoſe *intereſt* (ſlave to it as he always was) engaged him to ruin you with every-one: both poſſeſſed of the ears of all your family, and having it as much in their power as in their will to miſrepreſent all you ſay, all you do; ſuch ſubjects alſo as the rencounter, and Lovelace's want of morals, to expatiate upon: your whole family likewiſe avowedly attached to the odious man by means of the captivating propoſals he has made them—when I conſider all theſe things, I am full of apprehenſions for you.—O my dear, how will you be able to maintain your ground: I am ſure, (alas! I am *too* ſure) that they will ſubdue ſuch a fine ſpirit as yours, unuſed to oppoſition; and *(tell it not in Gath)* you *muſt* be Mrs. Solmes!

Mean time, it is now eaſy, as you will obſerve, to gueſs from what quarter the report I mentioned to you in one of my former, came. That the younger ſiſter has robbed the elder of her lover: for Betty whiſpered it, at the time ſhe whiſpered the reſt, that neither Lovelace nor you had done honourably by *her* young miſtreſs—How cruel, my dear, in you, to rob the poor Bella of the only lover ſhe ever had!—At the inſtant too that ſhe was priding herſelf, that now at laſt ſhe ſhould have it in her power not only to gratify her own ſuſceptibilities, but to give an example to the *flirts* of her ſex, (my worſhip's ſelf in her eye) how to govern their man with a ſilken rein, and without a kerb-bridle!

Upon the whole, I have now no doubt of their perſevering in favour of the deſpicable Solmes; and of their dependence upon the gentleneſs of your temper, and the regard you have for their favour, and for your own reputation. And now I am more than ever convinced of the propriety of the advice I formerly gave you, to keep in your own hands the eſtate bequeathed to you by your grandfather.—Had you done ſo, it would have procured you at leaſt an *outward* reſpect from your brother and ſiſter, which would have made them conceal the envy and ill-will that now

are

are bursting upon you from hearts so narrow.

I must harp a little more upon this string—Do not you observe, how much your brother's influence has overtopped yours, since he has got into fortunes so considerable, and since you have given some of them an appetite to continue in themselves the possession of your estate, unless you comply with their terms?

I know your dutiful, your laudable motives; and one would have thought, that you might have trusted to a father who so dearly loved you. But had you been actually in possession of that estate, and living up to it, and upon it, (your youth protected from blighting tongues by the company of your prudent Norton, as you had proposed) do you think that your brother, grudging it to you at the time as he did, and looking upon it as his right as an only son, would have been practising about it, and aiming at it? I told you some time ago, that I thought your trials but proportioned to your prudence: but you will be more than woman, if you can extricate yourself with honour, having such violent spirits and sordid minds in some, and such tyrannical and despotick wills in others, to deal with. Indeed, all *may* be done, and the world be taught further to admire you for your blind duty and will-less resignation, if you can persuade yourself to be Mrs. Solmes.

I am pleased with the instances you give me of Mr. Lovelace's benevolence to his own tenants, and with his little gift to your uncle's. Mrs. Fortescue *allows* him to be the best of landlords: I might have told you *that*, had I thought it necessary to put you into some little conceit of him. He has qualities, in short, that may make him a tolerable creature on the other side of fifty: but God help the poor woman to whose lot he shall fall till then! *Women*, I should say, perhaps; since he may break half a dozen hearts before that time.—But to the point I was upon—Shall we not have reason to commend the tenant's grateful honesty, if we are told, that with joy the poor man called out your uncle; and on the spot paid him in part of his debt those two guineas?—But what shall we say of that landlord, who, though he knew the poor man to be quite destitute, could take it; and saying nothing while Mr. Lovelace staid, as soon as he was gone, tell of it in praise of the poor fellow's honesty?—Were this so, and were not that landlord related to my dearest friend, how should I despise such a wretch?—But perhaps the story is aggravated. Covetous people have every-one's ill-word: and so indeed they ought; because they are only solicitous to keep that which they prefer to every-one's good one.—Covetous indeed would *they* be who deserved *neither*, yet expected *both!*

I long for your next letter. Continue to be as particular as possible. I can think of no other subject but what relates to you and to your affairs: for I am, and ever will be, most affectionately, *your own*,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

[HER PRECEDING NOT AT THAT TIME RECEIVED.]

FRIDAY, MARCH 3.

O My dear friend, I have had a sad conflict! Trial upon trial; conference upon conference!—But what law, what ceremony, can give a man a right to a heart which abhors him more than it does any living creature!

I hope my mother will be able to prevail for me.—But I will recount all, though I sit up the whole night to do it; for I have a vast deal to write; and will be as minute as you wish me to be.

I concluded my last in a fright. It was occasioned by a conversation that passed between my mother and my aunt, part of which Hannah overheard. I need not give you the particulars; since what I have to relate to you from different conversations that have passed between my mother and me in the space of a very few hours, will include them all. I will begin then.

I went down this morning when breakfast was ready with a very uneasy heart, from what Hannah had informed me of yesterday afternoon; wishing for an opportunity, however, to appeal to my mother, in hopes to engage her interest in my behalf, and purposing to try to find one when she retired to her own apartment after breakfast: but, unluckily, there was the odious Solmes sitting aquat between my mother and sister, with *so much* assurance in his looks!—But you know, my dear, that those we love not, cannot do any thing to please us.

Had the wretch kept his seat, it might have been well enough: but the bent

and



The interview between CLARISSA, *her* BROTHER, *Mr.* SOLMES *&c. &c.*

and broad-ſhouldered creature muſt needs riſe, and ſtalk towards a chair; which was juſt by that which was ſet for me.

I removed it to a diſtance, as if to make way to my own; and down I ſat, abruptly I believe; what I had heard all in my head.

But this was not enough to daunt him. The man is a very confident, he is a very bold, ſtaring man!—Indeed, my dear, the man is very confident!

He took the removed chair, and drew it ſo near mine, ſquatting in it with his ugly weight, that he preſſed upon my hoop.—I was ſo offended (all I had heard, as I ſaid, in my head) that I removed to another chair. I own I had too little command of myſelf. It gave my brother and ſiſter too much advantage. I dare ſay they took it. But I did it involuntarily, I think. I could not help it.—I knew not what I did.

I ſaw that my father was exceſſively diſpleaſed. When angry, no man's countenance ever ſhews it ſo much as my father's. 'Clariſſa Harlowe!' ſaid he with a big voice—and there he ſtopped.—'Sir,' ſaid I, trembling and curtſeying, (for I *had* not then ſat down again:) and put my chair nearer the wretch, and ſat down—my face, as I could feel, all in a glow.

'Make tea, child,' ſaid my kind mamma: 'ſit by me, love; and make tea.'

I removed with pleaſure to the ſeat the man had quitted; and being thus indulgently put in employment, ſoon recovered myſelf; and in the courſe of the breakfaſting officiouſly aſked two or three queſtions of Mr. Solmes which I would not have done, but to make up with my father.—'*Proud ſpirits may be brought to!*' whiſperingly ſpoke my ſiſter to me, over her ſhoulder, with an air of triumph and ſcorn: but I did not mind her.

My mother was all kindneſs and condeſcenſion. I aſked her once if ſhe were pleaſed with the tea? She ſaid ſoftly, (and again called me *dear*) ſhe was pleaſed with all I did. I was very proud of this encouraging goodneſs: and all blew over, as I hoped, between my father and me; for he alſo ſpoke kindly to me two or three times.

Small accidents theſe, my dear, to trouble you with; only as they lead to greater, as you ſhall hear.

Before the uſual breakfaſt-time was over, my father withdrew with my mother, telling her he wanted to ſpeak to her. Then my ſiſter, and next my aunt, (who was with us) dropt away.

My brother gave himſelf ſome airs of inſult, which I underſtood well enough; but which Mr. Solmes could make nothing of: and at laſt he aroſe from *his* ſeat—'Siſter,' ſaid he, 'I have a curioſity to ſhew you. I will fetch it.' And away he went; ſhutting the door cloſe after him.

I ſaw what all this was for. I aroſe; the man hemming up for a ſpeech, riſing, and beginning to ſet his ſplay-feet [indeed, my dear, the man in all his ways is hateful to me] in an approaching poſture.—'I will ſave my brother the trouble of bringing to me his curioſity,' ſaid I. I curtſeyed—'Your ſervant, Sir.'—The man cried, 'Madam, Madam,' twice, and looked like a fool.—But away I went—to find my brother, to ſave my word.—But my brother, indifferent as the weather was, was gone to walk in the garden with my ſiſter. A plain caſe, that he had left his *curioſity* with me, and deſigned to ſhew me no other.

I had but juſt got into my own apartment, and began to think of ſending Hannah to beg an audience of my mother, (the more encouraged by her condeſcending goodneſs at breakfaſt) when Shorey her woman brought me her commands to attend her in her cloſet.

My father, Hannah told me, was juſt gone out of it with a poſitive angry countenance. Then I as much dreaded the audience as I had wiſhed for it before.

I went down however; but, apprehending the ſubject ſhe intended to talk to me upon, approached her trembling, and my heart in viſible palpitations.

She ſaw my concern. Holding out her kind arms, as ſhe ſat, 'Come kiſs me, my dear,' ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile like a ſun-beam breaking through the cloud that overſhadowed her naturally benign aſpect. 'Why flutters my jewel ſo?'

This preparative ſweetneſs, with her goodneſs juſt before, confirmed my apprehenſions. My mother ſaw the bitter pill wanted gilding.

'O my mamma!' was all I could ſay; and I claſped my arms round her neck, and my face ſunk into her boſom.

'My child! my child! reſtrain,' ſaid ſhe, 'your powers of moving! I dare not elſe truſt myſelf with you.'—And my tears trickled down her boſom, as her's bedewed my neck.

O the words of kindneſs, all to be expreſſed in vain, that flowed from her lips!

'Lift up your ſweet face, my beſt child, my own Clariſſa Harlowe!—O my

'my daughter, beſt-beloved of my heart, 'lift up a face ſo ever-amiable to me!— 'Why theſe ſobs?—Is an apprehended 'duty ſo affecting a thing, that before I 'can ſpeak—But I am glad, my love, 'you can gueſs at what I have to ſay to 'you. I am ſpared the pains of break- 'ing to you what was a taſk upon me 'reluctantly enough undertaken *to* break 'to you.'

Then riſing, ſhe drew a chair near her own, and made me ſit down by her, overwhelmed as I was with tears of apprehenſion of what ſhe had to ſay, and of gratitude for her truly maternal goodneſs to me—Sobs ſtill my only language.

And drawing her chair ſtill nearer to mine, ſhe put her arms round my neck, and my glowing cheek wet with my tears, cloſe to her own: 'Let me talk 'to you, my child. Since ſilence is 'your choice, hearken to me, and *be* 'ſilent.

'You know, my dear, what I every 'day forego, and undergo, for the ſake 'of peace. Your papa is a very good 'man, and means well; but he will not 'be controuled; nor yet perſuaded. 'You have ſometimes ſeemed to pity *me*, 'that I am obliged to give up every 'point. Poor man! *his* reputation the 'leſs for it; *mine* the greater: yet would 'I not have this credit, if I could help 'it, at ſo dear a rate to *him* and to *myſelf*. 'You are a dutiful, a prudent, and a '*wiſe* child,' ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, in hope, no doubt, to make me ſo: 'you 'would not add, I am ſure, to my trou- 'ble; you would not wilfully break that 'peace which coſts your mother ſo much 'to preſerve. Obedience is better than 'ſacrifice. O my Clary Harlowe, re- 'joice my heart, by telling me I have 'apprehended too much!—I ſee your 'concern! I ſee your perplexity! I ſee 'your conflict,' [looſing her arm, and riſing, not willing I ſhould ſee how much ſhe herſelf was affected.] 'I will leave 'you a moment.—Anſwer me not: [For I was eſſaying to ſpeak, and had, as ſoon as ſhe took her dear cheek from mine dropt down on my knees, my hands claſped, and lifted up in a ſupplicating manner.] 'I am 'not prepared for your irreſiſtible expoſ- 'tulation,' ſhe was pleaſed to ſay. 'I will 'leave you to recollection: and I charge 'you, on my bleſſing, that all this my 'truly maternal tenderneſs be not thrown 'away upon you.'

And then ſhe withdrew into the next apartment.

She ſoon returned, having recovered more ſtedineſs.

'Look up to me, my Clary Harlowe —'No ſullenneſs, I hope!'

'No, indeed, my ever-to-be-revered 'mamma.'—And I aroſe. I bent my knee.

She raiſed me. 'No kneeling to me, 'but with knees of duty and compliance. 'Your heart, not your knees, muſt bend. 'It is abſolutely determined—Prepare 'yourſelf therefore to receive your *fa-* 'ther, when he viſits you by and by, as 'he would wiſh to receive *you*. But on 'this one quarter of an hour depends 'the peace of my future life, the ſatiſ- 'faction of all the family, and your own 'ſecurity from a man of violence: and 'I charge you *beſides*, on my bleſſing, 'that you think of being Mrs. Solmes.'

There went the dagger to my heart, and down I ſunk: and when I recovered, found myſelf in the arms of my Hannah, my ſiſter's Betty holding open my reluctantly-opened palm, my laces cut, my linen ſcented with hartſhorn; and my mother gone. Had I been *leſs* kindly treated, the hated name ſtill forborne to be mentioned, or mentioned with a little more preparation and reſerve, I had ſtood the horrid ſound with leſs viſible emotion—But to be bid, on the bleſſing of a mother ſo dearly beloved, ſo truly reverenced, to think of being Mrs. SOLMES—what a denunciation was that!

Shorey came in with a meſſage, (delivered in her ſolemn way,) 'Your mam- 'ma, Miſs, is concerned for your diſ- 'order: ſhe expects you down again in 'an hour; and bid me ſay, that ſhe then 'hopes every thing from your duty.'

I made no reply; for what could I ſay? And leaning upon my Hannah's arm, withdrew to my own apartment. There you will gueſs how the greateſt part of the hour was employed.

Within that time, my mother came up to *me*.

'I love,' ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, 'to 'come into *this* apartment!—No emo- 'tions, child! No flutters!—Am I not 'your mother?—Am I not your fond, 'your indulgent mother?—Do not diſ- 'compoſe *me* by diſcompoſing *yourſelf*! 'Do not occaſion *me* uneaſineſs, when 'I would give *you* nothing but pleaſure. 'Come, my dear, we will go into your 'cloſet.'

She took my hand, led the way, and made me ſit down by her: and after ſhe had enquired how I did, ſhe began in a ſtrain as if ſhe had ſuppoſed I had made uſe of the intervening ſpace to overcome all my objections.

She was pleaſed to tell me, that my father

father and she, in order to spare my natural modesty, had taken the whole affair upon themselves—

'Hear me out; and then speak;' for I was going to expostulate. 'You are 'no stranger to the end of Mr. Solmes's 'visits—'

'O Madam!'

'Hear me out; and then speak.—He 'is not indeed every thing I wish him 'to be: but he is a man of probity, and 'has no vices—'

'No vices, Madam!'

'Hear me out, child—You have not 'behaved much amiss to him: we have 'seen with pleasure that you have not—'

'O Madam, must I not now speak!'

'I shall have done presently — A 'young creature of your virtuous and '*pious* turn,' she was pleased to say, 'cannot surely love a profligate: you love 'your brother too well, to wish to marry 'one who had like to have killed him, 'and who threatened your uncles, and 'defies us all. You have had your own 'way six or seven times: we want to secure you against a man so vile. Tell 'me (I have a *right* to know) whether 'you prefer this man to all others?—'Yet God forbid that I should know 'you do! for such a declaration would 'make us all miserable. Yet tell me, 'are your affections engaged to this 'man?'

I knew what the inference would be, if I had said they were not.

'You hesitate—you answer me not—'you cannot answer me.'—*Rising*.—Never more will I look upon you with an 'eye of favour!'

'O Madam, Madam! Kill me not 'with your displeasure—I would not. 'I *need* not, hesitate one moment, did 'I not dread the inference, if I answer 'you as you wish.—Yet, be that inference what it will, your threatened 'displeasure will make me speak. And 'I declare to you, that I know not my 'own heart, if it be not absolutely free. 'And pray, let me ask my dearest mamma, in what has my conduct been 'faulty, that, like a giddy creature, I 'must be forced to marry, to save me 'from—From what? Let me beseech 'you, Madam, to be the guardian of 'my reputation—let not your Clarissa 'be precipitated into a state she wishes 'not to enter into with any man! And 'this upon a supposition that otherwise 'she shall marry herself, and disgrace 'her whole family.'

'Well, then, Clary,' [passing over the force of my plea] 'if your heart be 'free—'

'O my beloved mamma, let the usual 'generosity of your dear heart operate 'in my favour. Urge not upon me the 'inference that made me hesitate.'

'I won't be interrupted, Clary—You 'have seen in my behaviour to you, on 'this occasion, a truly maternal tenderness; you have observed that I have 'undertaken this task with some reluctance, because the man is not everything: and because I know you carry 'your notions of perfection in a man 'too high—'

'Dearest Madam, this one time excuse me!—Is there then any danger 'that I should be guilty of an imprudent thing for the man's sake you hint 'at?'

'Again interrupted!—Am I to be 'questioned, and argued with? You 'know this won't do somewhere else. 'You *know* it won't. What reason 'then, ungenerous girl, can you have 'for arguing with me thus, but because 'you think from my indulgence to you, 'you may?'

'What *can* I say? What *can* I do? 'What must that cause be that will not 'bear being argued upon?'

'Again! Clary Harlowe!'

'Dearest Madam, forgive me: it was 'always my pride and my pleasure to 'obey you. But look upon that man '—see but the disagreeableness of his 'person.'

'Now, Clary, do I see whose person 'you have in your eye!—Now is Mr. 'Solmes, I see, but *comparatively* disagreeable; disagreeable only as another 'man has a much more specious person.'

'But, Madam, are not his manners 'equally so?—Is not his person the true 'representative of his mind?—That 'other man is not, shall not be anything to me, release me but from this 'one man, whom my heart, unbidden, 'resists.'

'Condition thus with your father. 'Will *he* bear, do you think, to be thus 'dialogued with? Have I not conjured 'you, as you value my peace—What is 'it that *I* do not give up?—This very 'task, because I apprehended you would 'not be *easily* persuaded, is a task *indeed* 'upon me. And will *you* give up nothing? Have you not refused as many 'as have been offered to you? If you 'would not have us guess for whom, 'comply; for comply you must, or be 'looked upon as in a state of defiance 'with your whole family.'

And saying this, she arose, and went from me. But at the chamber-door stopped; and turned back: 'I will not

'say below in what a disposition I leave 'you. Consider of every-thing. The 'matter is resolved upon. As you va-'lue your father's blessing and mine, and 'the satisfaction of all the family, re-'solve to comply. I will leave you for 'a few moments. I will come up to you 'again. See that I find you as I wish to 'find you; and since *your heart is free*, 'let your duty govern it.'

In about half an hour, my mother returned. She found me in tears. She took my hand: 'It is my part ever-'more,' said she, 'to be of the acknow-'ledging side. I believe I have need-'lessly exposed myself to your opposi-'tion, by the method I have taken with 'you. I first began as if I *expected* a 'denial, and by my indulgence brought 'it upon myself.'

'Do not, my dearest mamma! do 'not say so!'

'Were the occasion for this debate,' proceeded she, 'to have risen from my-'self; were it in my power to dispense 'with your compliance; you too well 'know what you can do with me.'

Would any-body, my dear Miss Howe, wish to marry, who sees a wife of such a temper, and blessed with such an under-standing as my mother is noted for, not only deprived of all power, but obliged to be even *active* in bringing to bear points of high importance, which she thinks ought not to be insisted upon?

'When I came to you a second time,' proceeded she, 'knowing that your op-'position would avail you nothing, I re-'fused to hear your reasons: and in this 'I was wrong too, because a young 'creature who loves to reason, and *used* 'to love to be convinced by reason, 'ought to have all her objections heard. 'I now therefore, this third time, see 'you; and am come resolved to hear all 'you have to say: and let me, my dear, 'by my patience engage your gratitude; 'your *generosity*, I will call it; because 'it is to you I speak, who used to have 'a mind wholly generous.—Let me, if 'your heart *be really free*, let me see 'what it will induce you to do to oblige 'me: and so as you permit your usual 'discretion to govern you, I will hear 'all you have to say; but with this inti-'mation, that say what you will, it will 'be of no avail elsewhere.'

'What a dreadful saying is that! But 'could I engage your pity, Madam, it 'would be somewhat.'

'You have as much of my pity, as of 'my love. But what is *person*, Clary, 'with one of your prudence, and *your 'heart disengaged*?'

'Should the eye be disgusted, when 'the heart is to be engaged?—O Ma-'dam, who can think of marrying when 'the heart is shocked at the first appear-'ance, and where the disgust must be 'confirmed by every conversation after-'wards?'

'This, Clary, is owing to your pre-'possession. Let me not have cause to 'regret that noble firmness of mind in so 'young a creature which I thought your 'glory, and which was my boast in your 'character. In this instance it would be 'obstinacy, and want of duty.—Have 'you not made objections to several—'

'That was to their *minds*, to their '*principles*, Madam.—But this man—'

'Is an honest man, Clary Harlowe. 'He has a good mind. He is a virtuous 'man.'

'*He* an honest man? *His* a good mind, 'Madam? *He* a virtuous man!'

'Nobody denies him these qualities.'

'Can *he* be an honest man who offers 'terms that will rob all his own relations 'of their just expectations — Can *his* 'mind be good?'

'You, Clary Harlowe, for whose 'sake he offers so much, are the last 'person that should make this observa-'tion.'

'Give me leave to say, Madam, that 'a person preferring happiness to for-'tune, as I do; that want not even what 'I *have*, and can give up the use of *that*, 'as an instance of duty—'

'No more, no more of your merits! 'You know you will be a gainer by that 'cheerful instance of your duty; not a 'loser. You know you have but *cast 'your bread upon the waters*—so no more 'of that!—For it is not understood as a 'merit by every-body, I assure you; 'though I think it a high one; and so 'did your father and uncles at the time.'

'At the *time*, Madam!—How un-'worthily do my brother and sister, who 'are afraid that the favour I was so 'lately in—'

'I hear nothing against your brother 'and sister—What family-feuds have I 'in prospect, at a time when I hoped 'most comfort from you all?'

'God bless my brother and sister in 'all their *worthy* views! You shall have 'no family-feuds, if I can prevent 'them. You yourself, Madam, shall 'tell me what I shall bear from them, 'and I will bear it: but let *my* actions, 'not *their* misrepresentations, (as I am 'sure by the disgraceful prohibitions I 'have met with has been the case) speak 'for me.'

Just then, up came my father, with a

ſternneſs in his looks that made me tremble.—He took two or three turns about my chamber, though pained by his gout.—And then ſaid to my mother, who was ſilent as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him—

'My dear, you are long abſent.—'Dinner is near ready. What you had 'to ſay, lay in a very little compaſs. 'Surely, you have nothing to do but to 'declare *your* will, and *my* will—But 'perhaps you may be talking of the pre-'parations—Let us have you ſoon down '—Your daughter in your hand, if 'worthy of the name.'

And down he went, caſting his eye upon me with a look ſo ſtern, that I was unable to ſay one word to him, or even for a few minutes to my mother.

Was not this very intimidating, my dear?

My mother, ſeeing my concern, ſeemed to pity me. She called me her good child, and kiſſed me; and told me that my father ſhould not know I had made ſuch oppoſition. 'He has 'kindly furniſhed us with an excuſe 'for being ſo long together,' ſaid ſhe. 'Come, my dear—dinner will be upon 'table preſently—Shall we go down?' And took my hand.

This made me ſtart. 'What, Ma-'dam, go down to let it be ſuppoſed we 'were talking of *preparations!*—O my 'beloved mamma, command me not 'down upon ſuch a ſuppoſition.'

'You ſee, child, that to ſtay longer 'together, will be owning that you are 'debating about an abſolute duty: and 'that will not be borne. Did not your 'father himſelf ſome days ago tell you, 'he would be obeyed? I will a third 'time leave you. I muſt ſay ſomething 'by way of excuſe for you: and that 'you deſire not to go down to dinner '—That your modeſty on the occa-'ſion—'

'O Madam! ſay not my modeſty on '*ſuch* an occaſion: for that will be to 'give hope—'

'And deſign you *not* to give hope? '—Perverſe girl!'—*Riſing, and flinging from me.* 'Take more time for conſi-'deration!—Since it is neceſſary, *take* 'more time—And when I ſee you next, 'let me know what blame I have to caſt 'upon myſelf, or to bear from your fa-'ther, for my indulgence to you.'

She made, however, a little ſtop at the chamber-door; and ſeemed to expect that I would have beſought her to make the gentleſt conſtruction for me; for, heſitating, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, 'I 'ſuppoſe you would not have me make a report—'

'O Madam,' interrupted I, 'whoſe 'favour can I hope for, if I loſe my 'mamma's?'

To have deſired a *favourable* report, you know, my dear, would have been qualifying upon a point that I was too much determined upon to give room for any of my friends to think I have the leaſt heſitation about it. And ſo my mother went down ſtairs.

I will depoſit thus far; and, as I know you will not think me too minute in my relation of particulars ſo very intereſting to one you honour with your love, proceed in the ſame way. As matters ſtand, I don't care to have papers ſo freely written about me.

Pray let Robert call every day, if you can ſpare him, whether I have any-thing ready or not.

I ſhould be glad you would not ſend him empty-handed. What a generoſity will it be in you, to write as frequently from friendſhip, as I am forced to do from misfortune! The letters being taken away will be an aſſurance that you have them. As I ſhall write and depoſit as I have opportunity, the formality of *ſuper* and *ſub*-ſcription will be excuſed. For I need not ſay how much I am *your ſincere and ever-affectionate,*

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

MY mother on her return, which was as ſoon as ſhe had dined, was pleaſed to inform me, that ſhe had told my father, on his queſtioning her about my *cheerful* compliance, (for it ſeems the *cheerful* was all that was doubted) that ſhe was willing, on ſo material a point, to give a child whom ſhe had ſo *much reaſon to love,* (as ſhe condeſcended to acknowledge were her words) liberty to ſay all that was in her heart to ſay, that her compliance might be the freer: letting him know, that when he came up, ſhe was attending to my pleas; for that ſhe found I had rather not marry at all.

She told me, that to this my father angrily ſaid, 'Let her take care—let her 'take care—that ſhe give me not ground 'to ſuſpect her of a preference ſome-'where elſe. But, if it be to eaſe *her* 'heart, and not to diſpute *my* will, you 'may hear her out.'

'So Clary,' ſaid my mother, 'I am 'returned in a temper accordingly: and 'I hope you will not again, by *your* 'peremptorineſs, ſhew *me,* how I ought 'to treat *you.*'

'Indeed,

'Indeed, Madam, you did me juſtice, 'to ſay I have no inclination to marry at 'all. I have not, I hope, made myſelf 'ſo *very* unuſeful in my papa's family, 'as—'

'No more of your merits, Clary! 'You have been a good child. You 'have eaſed me of all the family-cares: 'but do not now give more than ever 'you relieved me from. You have 'been amply repaid in the reputation 'your ſkill and management have given 'you: but now there is ſoon to be a 'period to all thoſe aſſiſtances from you. 'If you marry, there will be a natural, 'and, if to pleaſe us, a deſirable pe-'riod; becauſe your own family will 'employ all your talents in that way: if 'you do not, there will be a period like-'wiſe, but *not* a natural one—You un-'derſtand me, child.'

I wept.

'I have made enquiry already after a 'houſekeeper. I would have had your 'good Norton; but I ſuppoſe you will 'yourſelf wiſh to have the worthy wo-'man with you. If you deſire it, that 'ſhall be agreed upon for you.'

'But why, deareſt Madam, why am 'I, the *youngeſt*, to be precipitated into 'a ſtate, that I am very far from wiſh-'ing to enter into with any-body?'

'You are going to queſtion me, I 'ſuppoſe, why your ſiſter is not thought 'of for Mr Solmes?'

'I hope, Madam, it will not diſpleaſe 'you, if I were?'

'I might refer you for an anſwer to 'your *father*.—Mr. Solmes has reaſons 'for preferring *you*.'

'And I have reaſons, Madam, for 'diſliking *him*.—And why am I—'

'This quickneſs upon me,' interrupt-ed my mother, 'is not to be borne! I 'am gone, and your father comes, if *I* 'can do no good with you.'

I wept for vexation. 'This is all, 'all, my brother's doings—his graſping 'views!'

'No reflections upon your brother: 'he has entirely the honour of the fa-'mily at heart.'

'I would no more diſhonour my fa-'mily, Madam, than my brother would.'

'I believe it: but I hope you will 'allow your father, and me, and your 'uncles, to judge what will do it ho-'nour, what diſhonour.'

I then offered to live ſingle; never to marry at all; or never but with their full approbation.

'If you mean to ſhew your duty, and 'your obedience, Clary, you muſt ſhew 'it in *our* way, not in *your own*.'

'I hope, Madam, that I have not ſo 'behaved hitherto, as to render ſuch a 'trial of my obedience neceſſary.'

'Yes, Clary, I cannot but ſay that 'you have hitherto behaved extremely 'well: but you have had no trials till 'now; and I hope, that now you are 'called to one, you will not fail in it. 'Parents,' proceeded ſhe, 'when 'children are young, are pleaſed with 'every-thing they do. You have been 'a good child upon the whole: but we 'have hitherto rather complied with 'you, than you with us. Now that you 'are grown up to marriageable years, is 'the teſt; eſpecially as your grandfather 'has made you independent, as we may 'ſay, in preference to thoſe who had 'prior expectations upon that eſtate.'

'Madam, my grandfather knew, and 'expreſsly mentioned in his will his de-'ſire, that my father will more than 'make it up to my ſiſter. I did nothing 'but what I thought my duty to pro-'cure his favour. It was rather a mark 'of his affection, than any advantage 'to me: for, do I either ſeek or wiſh to 'be independent? Were I to be queen 'of the univerſe, that dignity ſhould 'not abſolve me from my duty to you 'and to my father. I would kneel for 'your bleſſings, were it in the preſence 'of millions—So that—'

'I am loth to interrupt *you*, Clary; 'though you could more than once 'break in upon *me*. You are young 'and unbroken: but, with all this 'oſtentation of your duty, I deſire you 'to ſhew a little more deference to me 'when I am ſpeaking.'

'I beg your pardon, dear Madam, 'and your patience with me on *ſuch* an 'occaſion as *this*. If I did not ſpeak 'with earneſtneſs upon it, I ſhould be 'ſuppoſed to have only maidenly objec-'tions againſt a man I never can endure.'

'Clary Harlowe!'

'Deareſt, deareſt Madam, permit 'me to ſpeak what I have to ſay, this 'once—It is hard, it is *very* hard, to be 'forbidden to enter into the cauſe of 'all theſe miſunderſtandings, becauſe I 'muſt not ſpeak diſreſpectfully of one 'who ſuppoſes me in the way of his 'ambition, and treats me like a ſlave—'

'Whither, whither, Clary!'

'My deareſt mamma!—My duty will 'not permit me ſo far to ſuppoſe my 'father arbitrary, as to make a plea of 'that arbitrarineſs to you.'

'How now, Clary!—O girl!'

'Your patience, my deareſt mamma: '—you were pleaſed to *ſay*, you would 'hear me with patience.—PERSON in

'a man

'a man is nothing, becauſe I am ſuppoſed to be prudent: ſo my eye is to be diſguſted, and my reaſon not convinced.'

'Girl, girl!'

'Thus are my imputed good qualities to be made my puniſhment; and I am to be wedded to a *monſter*—'

'[Aſtoniſhing!—Can this, Clariſſa, be from you?'

'The man, Madam, perſon and mind, is a monſter in my eye.]—And that I may be induced to bear this treatment, I am to be complimented with being indifferent to all men: yet, at other times, and to ſerve other purpoſes, be thought prepoſſeſſed in favour of a man againſt whoſe moral character lie *juſt* objections.—Confined, as if, like the giddieſt of creatures, I would run away with this man, and diſgrace my whole family!—O my deareſt mamma! who can be patient under ſuch treatment?'

'Now Clary, I ſuppoſe you will allow *me* to ſpeak. I think I have had patience *indeed* with you. Could I have thought—But I will put all upon a ſhort iſſue. Your *mother*, Clariſſa, ſhall ſhew you an example of that patience you ſo boldly claim from *her*, without having *any yourſelf*.'

'O my dear, how my mother's condeſcenſion diſtreſſed me at the time!—Infinitely more diſtreſſed me, than rigour could have done. But ſhe *knew*, ſhe was to be ſure *aware*, that ſhe was put upon a harſh, upon an *unreaſonable* ſervice, let me ſay, or ſhe would not, ſhe could not, have had ſo much patience with me.

'Let me tell you then,' proceeded ſhe, 'that all lies in a ſmall compaſs, as your father ſaid.—You have been hitherto, as you are pretty ready to plead, a dutiful child. You have indeed had no *cauſe* to be otherwiſe. No child was ever more favoured. Whether you will diſcredit all your paſt behaviour; whether, at a time and upon an occaſion, that the higheſt inſtance of duty is expected from you; (an inſtance that is to crown all) and when you declare that *your heart is free*—you will give that inſtance; or whether, having a view to the independence you may claim, (for ſo, Clary, whatever be your motive, it will be judged) and which any man you favour can aſſert *for you againſt* us all; or rather *for himſelf* in *ſpite* of us—whether, I ſay, you will break with us all, and ſtand in defiance of a jealous father, needleſsly jealous, I will venture to ſay, of the prerogatives of his ſex, as to me, and ſtill ten times more jealous of the authority of a father—this is now the point with us. You know your father has made it a point; and did he ever give up one he thought he had a right to carry?'

'Too true!' thought I to myſelf. 'And now my brother has engaged my father, his fine ſcheme will *walk alone*, without needing his leading-ſtrings; and it is become my *father's will* that I oppoſe: not my brother's graſping views.'

I was ſilent. To ſay the truth, I was juſt then *ſullenly* ſilent. My heart was too big. I thought it was hard to be thus given up by my mother, and that ſhe ſhould make a will ſo uncontroulable as my brother's, her will.—My mother, my dear, though I muſt not ſay ſo, was not obliged to marry againſt *her* liking. My mother loved my father.

My ſilence availed me ſtill leſs.

'I ſee, my dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'that you are convinced. Now, my good child, now, my Clary, do I love you! It ſhall not be known, that you have argued with me at all. All ſhall be imputed to that modeſty which has ever ſo much diſtinguiſhed you. You ſhall have the full merit of you reſignation.'

I wept.

She tenderly wiped the tears from my eyes, and kiſſed my cheek.—'Your father expects you down with a cheerful countenance—but I will excuſe your going. All your ſcruples, you ſee, have met with an indulgence truly maternal from me. I rejoice in the hope that you are convinced. This indeed ſeems to be a proof of the truth of your agreeable declaration, that *your heart is free*.

Did not this ſeem to border upon *cruelty*, my dear, in ſo indulgent a mother?—It would be wicked [Would it not?] to ſuppoſe my mother capable of *art*—but ſhe is put upon it; and obliged to take methods to which her heart is naturally above ſtooping; and all intended for my good, becauſe ſhe ſees that no arguing will be admitted anywhere elſe!

'I will go down,' proceeded ſhe, 'and excuſe your attendance, at afternoon-tea, as I did to dinner: for I know you will have ſome little reluctances to ſubdue. I will allow you thoſe; and alſo ſome little natural ſhyneſſes—And ſo you *ſhall not* come down, if

'if you chuſe *not* to come down—Only, 'my dear, do not diſgrace my report 'when you come to ſupper. And be 'ſure behave as you uſed to do to your 'brother and ſiſter; for your behaviour 'to them will be one teſt of your cheer-'ful obedience to us. I adviſe as a 'friend, you ſee, rather than command 'as a mother—So adieu, my love.' And again ſhe kiſſed me; and was going.

'O my dear mamma,' ſaid I, 'for-'give me!—But ſurely you cannot be-'lieve I can ever think of having that 'man!'

She was very angry, and ſeemed to be greatly diſappointed. She threatened to turn me over to my father and my uncles:—ſhe, however, bid me (generouſly bid me) conſider what a handle I gave to my brother and ſiſter, if I thought they had views to ſerve by making my uncles diſſatisfied with me.

'I,' ſaid ſhe, in a milder accent, 'have early ſaid all that I thought could 'be ſaid againſt the preſent propoſal, on 'a ſuppoſition that you, who have re-'fuſed ſeveral others, (whom I own to 'be preferable as to perſon) would *not* 'approve of it; and could I have ſuc-'ceeded, you, Clary, had never heard 'of it. But if *I* could not, how can *you* 'expect to prevail? My great ends, in 'the taſk I have undertaken, are the 'preſervation of the family-peace, ſo 'likely to be overturned; to reinſtate 'you in the affections of your father 'and uncles: and to preſerve you from 'a man of violence.—Your father, you 'muſt needs think, will flame out, upon 'your refuſal to comply: your uncles 'are ſo thoroughly convinced of the 'conſiſtency of the meaſure with their 'favourite views of aggrandizing the 'family, that they are as much deter-'mined as your father—Your aunt 'Hervey and your uncle Hervey are of 'the ſame party. And it is hard, if a 'father and mother, and uncles, and 'aunt, all conjoined, cannot be allowed 'to direct your choice.—Surely, my 'dear girl,' proceeded ſhe, [for I was 'ſilent all this time] 'it cannot be, that 'you are the *more* averſe, becauſe the '*family views* will be promoted by the 'match—This, I aſſure you, is what 'every-body muſt think, if you com-'ply not. Nor, while the man ſo ob-'noxious to us all, remains unmarried, 'and *buzzes* about you, will the ſtrong-'eſt aſſeverations you can make of your 'reſolution and wiſhes to live ſingle, be 'in the leaſt regarded. And well you 'know, that were Mr. Lovelace an 'angel, and your father had made it a 'point that you ſhould not have him, 'it would be in vain to diſpute his will. 'As to the prohibition laid upon you, '(much as I will own againſt *my* liking) 'that is owing to the belief that you 'correſpond by Miſs Howe's means 'with that man; nor do I doubt that 'you did ſo.'

I anſwered to every article, in ſuch a manner, as I am ſure would have ſatisfied her, could ſhe have been permitted to judge for herſelf; and I then inveighed with bitterneſs againſt the diſgraceful prohibitions laid upon me.

They would ſerve to ſhew me, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, how much in earneſt my father was. They might be taken off, whenever I thought fit, and no harm done, nor diſgrace received. But if I were to be contumacious, I might thank myſelf for all that would follow.

I ſighed. I wept. I was ſilent.

'Shall I, Clary,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſhall I 'tell your father that theſe prohibitions 'are as unneceſſary as I hoped they 'would be? That you know your *duty*, 'and will not offer to controvert his 'will? What ſay you, my love?'

'O Madam! what can I ſay to queſ-'tions ſo indulgently put?—I do in-'deed *know* my duty: no creature in 'the world is more willing to *practiſe* 'it: but, pardon me, deareſt Madam, 'if I ſay that I muſt bear theſe prohi-'bitions, if I am to pay ſo dear to have 'them taken off.'

Determined and perverſe, my dear mamma called me: and after walking twice or thrice in anger about the room, ſhe turned to me—'Your heart *free*, 'Clariſſa! How can you tell me your 'heart is free? Such extraordinary an-'tipathies to a particular perſon muſt 'be owing to extraordinary prepoſſeſ-'ſions in another's favour!—Tell me, 'Clary; and tell me truly—Do you 'not continue to correſpond with Mr. 'Lovelace?'

'Deareſt Madam,' replied I, 'you 'know my motives: to prevent miſ-'chief, I anſwered his letters. The 'reaſons for our apprehenſions of this 'ſort are not over.'

'I own to you, Clary, (although now 'I would not have it known) that I 'once thought a little qualifying among 'ſuch violent ſpirits was not amiſs. I 'did not know but all things would 'come round again by the mediation of 'Lord M. and his two ſiſters: but as 'they all three think proper to reſent 'for their nephew; and as their ne-

'phew

'phew thinks fit to deny us all; and as 'terms are offered on the other hand, 'that could not be aſked, which will 'very pobably prevent your grandfa- 'ther's eſtate going out of the family, 'and may be a means to bring ſtill 'greater into it; I ſee not that the con- 'tinuance of your correſpondence with 'him either can or ought to be permit- 'ted. I therefore now forbid it to you, 'as you value my favour.'

'Be pleaſed, Madam, only to adviſe 'me how to break it off with ſafety to 'my brother and uncles; and it is all 'I wiſh for. Would to Heaven, the 'man ſo hated had not the pretence 'make of having been too violently 'treated, when he meant peace and re- 'conciliation! It would always have 'been in my own power to have broke 'with him. His reputed immoralities 'would have given me a juſt pretence 'at any time to do ſo—But, Madam, 'as my uncles and my brother will keep 'no meaſures; as he has heard what 'the view is; and as I have reaſon to 'think that he is only reſtrained by his 'regard for me from reſenting their 'violent treatment of him and his fa- 'mily; what can I do? Would you 'have me, Madam, make him deſpe- 'rate?

'The law will protect us, child! 'Offended magiſtracy will aſſert itſelf.'

'But, Madam, may not ſome dread- 'ful miſchief firſt happen?—The law 'aſſerts not itſelf, till it *is* offended.'

'You have made offers, Clary, if you 'might be obliged in the point in queſ- 'tion—Are you really in earneſt, were 'you to be complied with, to break off 'all correſpondence with Mr. Lovelace? '—Let me know this.'

'Indeed I am; and I will. You, 'Madam, ſhall ſee all the letters that 'have paſſed between us. You ſhall ſee 'I have given him no encouragement 'independent of my duty. And when 'you have ſeen them, you will be bet- 'ter able to direct me how, on the con- 'dition I have offered, to break entire- 'ly with him.'

'I take you at your word, Clariſſa— 'Give me *his* letters; and the copies of '*yours*.'

'I am ſure, Madam, you will keep 'the knowledge that I write, and what 'I write.'

'No conditions with your mother— 'Surely my prudence may be truſted to.'

I begged her pardon; and beſought her to take the key of the private drawer in my eſcritoire, where they lay, that ſhe herſelf might ſee that I had no reſerves to my mother.

She did; and took all his letters, and the copies of mine.—'Unconditioned 'with,' ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, 'they 'ſhall be yours again, unſeen by any- 'body elſe.'

I thanked her; and ſhe withdrew to read them; ſaying, She would return them, when ſhe had.

You, my dear, have ſeen all the letters that paſſed between Mr. Lovelace and me, till my laſt return from you. You have acknowledged that he has nothing to boaſt of from them. Three others I have received ſince, by the private conveyance *I told you of*: the laſt I have not yet anſwered.

In theſe three, as in thoſe you have ſeen, after having beſought my favour, and in the moſt earneſt manner profeſſed the ardour of his paſſion for me; and ſet forth the indignities done him; the defiances my brother throws out againſt him in all companies, the menaces, and hoſtile appearances of my uncles wherever they go; and the methods they take to defame him; he declares, That neither his own honour, nor the honour of his family, (involved as that is in the undiſtinguiſhing reflections caſt upon him for an unhappy affair which he would have ſhunned, but could not) permit him to bear theſe confirmed indignities: that as my inclinations, if not favourable to *him*, cannot be, nor are, to ſuch a man as the newly-introduced Solmes, he is intereſted the more to reſent my brother's behaviour, who to every-body avows his rancour and malice; and glories in the probability he has, through the addreſs of this Solmes, of mortifying *me*, and avenging himſelf on *him*: that it is impoſſible he ſhould not think himſelf concerned to fruſtrate a meaſure ſo directly levelled at him, had he not a ſtill higher motive for hoping to fruſtrate it: that I muſt forgive him, if he enter into conference with Solmes upon it. He earneſtly inſiſts (upon what he has ſo often propoſed) that I will give him leave, in company with Lord M. to wait upon my uncles, and even upon my father—And he promiſes patience, if new provocations, abſolutely beneath a man to bear, be not given: which by the way I am far from being able to engage for.

In my anſwer, I abſolutely declare, as I tell him I have often done, That he is to expect no favour from me, againſt

the approbation of my friends: that I am sure their consents for his visiting any of them will never be obtained: that I will not be either so undutiful, or so indiscreet, as to suffer my interests to be separated from the interests of my family, for any man upon earth: that I do not think myself *obliged* to him for the forbearance I desire one flaming spirit to have with others: that in this desire I require nothing of him, but what prudence, justice, and the laws of his country, require: that if he has any expectations of favour from me, on that account, he deceives himself: that I have no inclination, as I have often told him, to change my condition: that I cannot allow myself to correspond with him any longer in this clandestine manner: it is mean, low, undutiful, I tell him; and has a giddy appearance, which cannot be excused: that therefore he is not to expect that I *will* continue it.

To this, in his last, among other things, he replies, That if I am actually determined to break off all correspondence with him, he must conclude, that it is with a view to become the wife of a man, whom no woman of honour and fortune can think tolerable. And in that case, I must excuse him for saying, that he shall neither be able to bear the thoughts of losing for ever a person in whom all his present and all his future hopes are centred; nor support himself with patience under the insolent triumphs of my brother upon it. But that, nevertheless, he will not threaten either his own life, or that of any other man. He must take his resolutions as such a dreaded event shall impel him, at the time. If he shall know that it will have my consent, he must endeavour to resign to his destiny: but if it be brought about by compulsion, he shall not be able to answer for the consequence.

I will send you these letters for your perusal in a few days. I would inclose them; but that it is possible something may happen, which may make my mother require to re-peruse them.—When you see them, you will observe how he endeavours to hold me to this correspondence.

In about an hour my mother returned. 'Take your letters, Clary: I have nothing,' she was pleased to say, 'to tax your discretion with, as to the wording of your's to him: you have even kept up a proper dignity, as well as observed all the rules of decorum; and you have resented, as you ought to resent, his menacing invectives. In a word, I see not that he can form the least expectations from what you have written, that you will encourage the passion he avows for you. But does he not avow his passion? Have you the least doubt about what must be the issue of this correspondence, if continued? And do you yourself think, when you know the declared defiances of the other, that this *can* be, that it *ought to be*, a match?'

'By no means it can, Madam; you will be pleased to observe, that I have said as much to him. But now, Madam, that the whole correspondence is before you, I beg your commands what to do in a situation so very disagreeable.'

'One thing I will tell you, Clary—But I charge you, as you would not have me question the generosity of your spirit, to take no advantage of it, either *mentally* or *verbally*; that I am so much pleased with the offer of your keys to me, made in so cheerful and unreserved a manner, and in the prudence you have shewn in your letters, that were it practicable to bring every one, or your father only, into my opinion, I should readily leave all the rest to your discretion, reserving only to myself the direction or approbation of your future letters: and to see that you broke off the correspondence as soon as possible. But as it is not, and as I know your father would have no patience with you, should it be acknowledged that you correspond with Mr. Lovelace, or that you *have* corresponded with him since the time he prohibited you so to do; I forbid you to continue such a liberty—Yet, as the case is difficult, let me ask you, What you yourself can propose? Your heart, you *say*, is *free:* you own, that you cannot think, as matters are circumstanced, that a match with a man so obnoxious as he now is to us all, is proper to be thought of: what do you propose to do?—What, Clary, are your own thoughts of the matter?'

Without hesitation thus I answered—'What I humbly propose is this:—That I will write to Mr. Lovelace, (for I have not answered his last) that he has nothing to do between my father and me: that I neither *ask* his advice, nor *need* it: but that since he thinks he has some pretence for interfering, because of my brother's avowal of the interest of Mr. Solmes in displeasure to him, I will assure him (without giving him any reason to impute the assurance to

'be in the leaſt favourable to himſelf) 'that I never will be that man's. And 'if,' proceeded I, 'I may be permitted 'to give him this aſſurance; and Mr. 'Solmes, in conſequence of it, be diſ-'couraged from proſecuting his addreſs; 'let Mr. Lovelace be ſatisfied or diſſa-'tisfied, I will go no farther; nor write 'another line to him nor ever ſee him 'more, if I can avoid it, and I ſhall 'have a good excuſe for it: without 'bringing in any of my family.'

'Ah, my Love!—But what ſhall we 'do about the *terms* Mr. Solmes offers? 'Thoſe are the inducements with every-'body. He has even given hopes to 'your brother that he will make ex-'changes of eſtates; or at leaſt, that he 'will purchaſe the northern one: for 'you know it muſt be entirely conſiſtent 'with the family-views, that we increaſe 'our intereſt in this county. Your 'brother, in ſhort, has given in a plan 'that captivates us all: and a family ſo 'rich in all it's branches, and that has 'it's views to honour, muſt be pleaſed 'to ſee a very great probability of tak-'ing rank one day among the principal 'in the kingdom.'

'And for the ſake of theſe views, for 'the ſake of this plan of my brother's, 'am I, Madam, to be given in mar-'riage to a man I never can endure!— 'O my dear mamma, ſave me, ſave me, 'if you can, from this heavy evil!—I 'had rather be buried alive, indeed I 'had, than have that man!'

She chid me for my vehemence; but was ſo good as to tell me, That ſhe would ſound my uncle Harlowe, who was then below; and if he encouraged her, (or would engage to ſecond her) ſhe would venture to talk to my father herſelf; and I ſhould hear further in the morning.

She went down to tea, and kindly undertook to excuſe my attendance at ſupper.

But is it not a ſad thing, I repeat, to be obliged to ſtand in oppoſition to the will of ſuch a mother? 'Why,' as I often ſay to myſelf, 'was ſuch a man as this 'Solmes fixed upon? The only man in 'the world, ſurely, that could offer ſo 'much, and deſerve ſo little!'

Little, indeed, does he deſerve!—Why, my dear, the man has the moſt indifferent of characters. Every mouth is opened againſt him for his ſordid ways—A *fooliſh* man, to be ſo baſe-minded!—When the difference between the obtaining of a fame for generoſity, and incurring the cenſure of being a miſer, will not, prudently managed, coſt fifty pounds a year.

What a name have you got, at a little expence? And what an opportunity had he of obtaining credit at a very ſmall one, ſucceeding ſuch a wretched creature as Sir Oliver, in fortune, ſo vaſt?—Yet has he ſo behaved, that the common phraſe is applied to him. *That Sir* Oliver *will never be dead while Mr.* Solmes *lives.*

The world, as I have often thought, ill-natured as it is ſaid to be, is generally more juſt in characters (ſpeaking by what it *feels*) than is uſually apprehended: and thoſe who complain moſt of it's cenſorioufneſs, perhaps ſhould look *inwardly* for the occaſion oftener than they do.

My heart is a little at eaſe, on the hopes that my mother will be able to procure favour for me, and a deliverance from this man; and ſo I have leiſure to moralize. But if I had *not*, I ſhould not forbear to intermingle occaſionally theſe ſort of remarks, becauſe you command me never to omit them when they occur to my mind: and not to be able to make them, even in a more affecting ſituation, when one ſits down to write, would ſhew one's ſelf more engaged to *ſelf*, and to one's *own* concerns than attentive to the wiſhes of a friend. If it be ſaid that it is *natural* ſo to be, what makes that *nature*, on occaſions where a friend may be obliged, or reminded of a piece of inſtruction, which (writing down) one's ſelf may be the better for, but a *fault*; which it would ſet a perſon above nature to ſubdue?

LETTER XVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SAT. MAR. 4.

WOULD you not have thought that ſomething might have been obtained in my favour, from an offer ſo reaſonable, from an expedient ſo proper, as I imagine, to put a tolerable end, as *from myſelf*, to a correſpondence I hardly know how otherwiſe, with ſafety to ſome of my family, to get rid of?—But my brother's plan (which my mother ſpoke of, and of which I have in vain endeavoured to procure a copy, with a deſign to take it to pieces, and expoſe it, as I queſtion not there is room to do) joined with my father's impatience of contradiction, are irreſiſtible.

I have not been in bed all night; nor am I in the leaſt drowſy. Expectation, and hope, and doubt, (an uneaſy ſtate!)

kept me ſufficiently wakeful. I ſtepped down at my uſual time, that it might not be known I had not been in bed; and gave directions in the family-way.

About eight o'clock Shorey came to me from my mother with orders to attend her in her chamber.

My mother had been weeping. I ſaw by her eyes: but her aſpect ſeemed to be leſs tender, and leſs affectionate, than the day before; and this, as ſoon as I entered into her preſence, ſtruck me with an awe, which gave a great damp to my ſpirits.

'Sit down, Clary Harlowe; I ſhall 'talk to you by-and-by:' and continued looking into a drawer among laces and linen, in a way neither buſy nor unbuſy.

I believe it was a quarter of an hour before ſhe ſpoke to me, my heart throbbing with the ſuſpenſe all the time;) and then ſhe aſked me coldly, What directions I had given for the day?

I ſhewed her the bill of fare for this day, and to-morrow, if, I ſaid, it pleaſed her to approve of it.

She made a ſmall alteration in it; but with an air ſo cold and ſo ſolemn, as added to my emotions.

'Mr. Harlowe talks of dining out 'to-day, I think, at my brother Anto-'ny's—'

'Mr. Harlowe!—Not my father!—'Have I not then a father!'—thought I.

'Sit down when I bid you.'

I ſat down.

'You look very ſullen, Clary.'

'I hope not, Madam.'

'If children would always be children '—parents—' And there ſhe ſtopped.

She then went to her toilette, and looked in the glaſs, and gave half a ſigh—The other half, as if ſhe would not have ſighed could ſhe have helped it, ſhe gently hemmed away.

'I don't love to ſee the girl look ſo 'ſullen.'

'Indeed, Madam, I am not ſullen.'—And I aroſe, and, turning from her, drew out my handkerchief; for the tears ran down my cheeks.

I thought, by the glaſs before me, I ſaw the *mother* in her ſoftened eye caſt towards me: but her words confirmed not the hoped-for tenderneſs.

'One of the moſt provoking things in 'the world is, to have people cry for 'what they can help!'

'I wiſh to Heaven I could, Madam!'—And I ſobbed again.

'Tears of penitence and ſobs of per-'verſeneſs are mighty well ſuited!—You 'may go up to your chamber. I ſhall 'talk with you by-and-by.'

I curtſeyed with reverence.

'Mock me not with outward geſtures 'of reſpect. The heart, Clary, is what 'I want.'

'Indeed, Madam, you have it. It is 'not ſo much mine as my mamma's.

'Fine talking!—As ſomebody ſays, 'If words were to paſs for duty, Cla-'riſſa Harlowe would be the dutifulleſt 'child breathing'

'God bleſs that ſomebody!—Be it 'whom it will. God bleſs that ſomebo-'dy!'—And I curtſeyed, and, purſuant to her laſt command, was going.

She ſeemed ſtruck; but *was* to be angry with me.

So turning from me, ſhe ſpoke with quickneſs, 'Whither now, Clary Har-'lowe?'

'You commanded me, Madam, to go 'to my chamber.'

'I ſee you are very ready to go out of 'my preſence.—Is your compliance the 'effect of ſullenneſs, or obedience?—'You are very ready to leave me.'

I could hold no longer; but threw myſelf at her feet: 'O my deareſt mam-'ma! Let me know all I am to ſuffer: 'let me know what I am to be!—I *will* 'bear it, if I *can* bear it: but your diſ-'pleaſure I cannot bear!'

'Leave me, leave me, Clary Har-'lowe!—No kneeling!—Limbs ſo ſup-'ple; will ſo ſtubborn!—Riſe, I tell 'you.'

'I cannot riſe! I will diſobey my 'mamma, when ſhe bids me leave her 'without being reconciled to me! No 'ſullens, my mamma; no perverſeneſs; 'but, worſe than either; this is direct 'diſobedience!—Yet tear not yourſelf 'from me!' [wrapping my arms about her as I kneeled; ſhe ſtruggling to get from me; my face lifted up to hers, with eyes running over, that ſpoke not my heart if they were not all humility and reverence] 'You muſt not, muſt not, 'tear yourſelf from me!' [for ſtill the dear lady ſtruggled, and looked this way and that, in a ſweet diſorder, as if ſhe knew not what to do]—'I will ne-'ver riſe, nor leave you, nor let you 'go, till you ſay you are not angry with 'me.'

'O thou ever-moving child of my 'heart!' [folding her dear arms about my neck, as mine embraced her knees] 'Why was this taſk—But leave me!—'You have diſcompoſed me beyond ex-'preſſion! Leave me, my dear!—I 'won't be angry with you—if I can help 'it—if you'll be good.'

I aroſe trembling, and hardly knowing what I did, or how I ſtood or walked,

ed, withdrew to my chamber. My Hannah followed me as ſoon as ſhe heard me quit my mother's preſence, and with ſalts and ſpring-water, juſt kept me from fainting; and that was as much as ſhe could do. It was near two hours before I could ſo far recover myſelf as to take up my pen, to write to you how unhappily my hopes have ended.

My mother went down to breakfaſt. I was not fit to appear: but if I had been better, I ſuppoſe I ſhould not have been ſent for; ſince the permiſſion for my attending her down, was given by my father (when in my chamber) only on condition that ſhe found me *worthy of the name of daughter*. That, I doubt, I never ſhall be in *his* opinion, if he be not brought to change his mind as to this Mr. Solmes.

LETTER XIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTER XV.]

SAT. MARCH 4, 12 O'CLOCK.

HANNAH has juſt now brought me from the uſual place your favour of yeſterday. The contents of it have made me very thoughtful; and you will have an anſwer in my graveſt ſtyle.—*I* to have that Mr. Solmes!—No indeed!—I will ſooner—But I will write firſt to thoſe paſſages in your letter which are leſs concerning, that I may touch upon this part with more patience.

As to what you mention of my ſiſter's value for Mr. Lovelace, I am not very much ſurprized at it. She takes ſuch *officious* pains, and it is ſo much her ſubject, to have it thought that ſhe never *did*, and never *could* like him, that ſhe gives but too much room to ſuſpect that ſhe does. She never tells the ſtory of their parting, and of her refuſal of him, but her colour riſes, ſhe looks with diſdain upon me, and mingles anger with the airs ſhe gives herſelf—anger as well as airs, demonſtrating, that ſhe refuſed a man whom ſhe thought worth accepting: where elſe is the reaſon either for anger or boaſt?—Poor Bella! She is to be pitied—She cannot either like or diſlike with temper!—Would to Heaven ſhe had been miſtreſs of all her wiſhes!—Would to Heaven ſhe had!

As to what you ſay of my giving up to my father's controul the eſtate deviſed me, my motives at the time, as you acknowledge, were not blameable. Your advice to me on the ſubject was grounded, as I remember, on your good opinion of me; believing that I ſhould not make a bad uſe of the power willed me: neither you nor I, my dear, although you now aſſume the air of a diviner, [pardon me] could have believed *that* would have happened which has happened, as to my *father's* part particularly. You were indeed jealous of my brother's views *againſt me*; or rather of his predominant love of *himſelf*; but I did not think ſo hardly of my brother and ſiſter as you always did. You never loved them; and ill-will has eyes ever open to the faulty ſide; as good-will or love is blind even to real imperfections. I will briefly recollect my motives.

I found jealouſies and uneaſineſs riſing in every breaſt, where all before was unity and love: the honoured teſtator was reflected upon; a ſecond childhood was attributed to him; and I was cenſured, as having taken advantage of it. 'All young creatures,' thought I, 'more or leſs, covet independency; 'but thoſe who wiſh moſt for it, are 'ſeldom the fitteſt to be truſted either 'with the government of themſelves, 'or with power over others. This is 'certainly a very high and unuſual de'vice to ſo young a creature. We 'ſhould not aim at *all* we have power 'to do. To take all that good-nature, 'or indulgence, or good opinion con'fers, ſhews a want of moderation, and 'a graſpingneſs that is unworthy of that 'indulgence; and are bad indications of 'the *uſe* that may be made of the power 'bequeathed. It is true,' thought I, 'that I have formed agreeable ſchemes 'of making others as happy as myſelf, 'by the proper diſcharge of the ſteward'ſhip entruſted to me.' [*Are not all eſtates ſtewardſhips, my dear?*] 'But let me 'examine myſelf: is not vanity, or ſe'cret love of praiſe, a principal motive 'with me at the bottom?—Ought I not 'to ſuſpect my own heart? If I ſet up 'for myſelf, puffed up with every one's 'good opinion, may I not be *left* to my'ſelf?—Every one's eyes are upon the 'conduct, upon the viſits, upon the *vi'ſitors*, of a young creature of our ſex, 'made independent: and are not ſuch 'ſubjected, more than any others, to 'the attempts of enterprizers and for'tune ſeekers?—And then, left to my'ſelf, ſhould I take a wrong ſtep, though 'with ever ſo good an intention, how 'many ſhould I have to triumph over 'me, how few to pity me!—The more 'of the one, and the fewer of the other, 'for having aimed at excelling.'

Theſe

Theſe were ſome of my reflections at the time: and I have no doubt, but that in the ſame ſituation I ſhould do the very ſame thing; and that upon the matureſt deliberation. Who can command or foreſee events? To act up to our beſt judgments at the time, is all we can do. If I have erred, it is to worldly wiſdom only that I have erred. If we ſuffer by an act of duty, or even by an act of generoſity, is it not pleaſurable on reflection, that the fault is in others, rather than in ourſelves?—I had much rather have reaſon to think others unkind, than that they ſhould have any to think me undutiful.

And ſo, my dear, I am ſure had you.

And now for the *moſt* concerning part of your letter.

You think I muſt of neceſſity, as matters are circumſtanced, be Solmes's wife. I will not be very raſh, my dear, in proteſting to the contrary: but I think it never can, and, what is ſtill more, never *ought* to be!—My temper, I know, is depended upon. But I have heretofore ſaid, that I have ſomething in me of my father's family, as well as of my mother's. And have I any encouragement to follow too implicitly the example which my mother ſets of meekneſs, and reſignedneſs to the wills of others? Is ſhe not for ever obliged (as ſhe was pleaſed to hint to me) to be of the *forbearing* ſide? In my mother's caſe, your obſervation I muſt own is verified, that thoſe who will bear much, ſhall have much to bear. What is it, as ſhe ſays, that *ſhe* has not ſacrificed to peace?—Yet has *ſhe* by her ſacrifices always found the peace ſhe has deſerved to find? Indeed no!—I am afraid the very contrary. And often and often have I had *reaſon* (on her account) to reflect, that we poor mortals, by our *over*-ſolicitude to preſerve undiſturbed the qualities we are *conſtitutionally* fond of, frequently loſe the benefits we propoſe to ourſelves from them: ſince the deſigning and encroaching (finding out what we moſt fear to forfeit) direct their batteries againſt theſe our weaker places, and, making an artillery (if I may ſo phraſe it) of our *hopes* and *fears*, play it upon us at their pleaſure.

Steadineſs of mind, (a quality which the ill-bred and cenſorious deny to any of our ſex) when we are abſolutely convinced of being in the right, [otherwiſe it is not *ſteadineſs*, but *obſtinacy*] and when it is exerted in *material* caſes, is a quality, which, as my good Dr. Lewen was wont to ſay, brings great credit to the poſſeſſor of it; at the ſame time that it uſually when *tried* and *known*, raiſes *ſuch* above the attempts of the meanly machinating. He uſed therefore to inculcate upon me this ſteadineſs, upon laudable convictions. And why may I not think that I am now put upon a proper exerciſe of it?

I ſaid above, that I never can be, that I never *ought* to be, Mrs. Solmes.—I repeat that I *ought* not. for ſurely, my dear, I ſhould not give up to my brother's ambition the happineſs of my future life. Surely I ought not to be the inſtrument of depriving Mr. Solmes's relations of their natural rights and reverſionary proſpects, for the ſake of further aggrandizing a family (although *that* I am of) which already lives in great affluence and ſplendor; and which might be as juſtly diſſatisfied, were all that ſome of it aim at, to be obtained, that they were not princes, as now they are, that they are not peers. [For when ever was an ambitious mind, as you obſerve in the caſe of avarice, ſatisfied by acquiſition?] The leſs, ſurely, ought I to give into theſe graſping views of my brother, as I myſelf heartily deſpiſe the end aimed at; as I wiſh not either to change my ſtate, or better my fortunes; and as I am fully perſuaded, that happineſs and riches are *two* things, and very ſeldom meet together.

Yet I dread, I exceedingly dread, the conflicts I know I muſt encounter with. It is poſſible, that I may be more unhappy from the due obſervation of the good doctor's general precept, than were I to yield to the point; ſince what I call *ſteadineſs* is deemed ſtubbornneſs, obſtinacy, prepoſſeſſion, by thoſe who have a right to put what interpretation they pleaſe upon my conduct.

So, my dear, were we perfect (which no one *can* be) we could not be happy in this life, unleſs thoſe with whom we have to deal (thoſe more eſpecially who have any controul upon us) were governed by the ſame principles. But then does not the good doctor's concluſion recur—That we have nothing to do, but to chuſe what is right; to be ſteady in the purſuit of it; and to leave the iſſue to Providence?

This, if you approve of my motives, (and if you don't, pray inform me) muſt be my aim in the preſent caſe.

But what then can I plead for a palliation to *myſelf* of my mother's ſufferings on *my* account? Perhaps this conſideration will carry ſome force with it—that *her* difficulties cannot laſt long; only till this great ſtruggle ſhall be one way or other

other determined—Whereas *my* unhappineſs, if I comply, will (from an averſion not to be overcome) be for life. To which let me add, that as I have reaſon to think that the preſent meaſures are not entered upon with her own natural liking, ſhe will have the leſs pain, ſhould they want the ſucceſs which I think in my heart they ought to want.

I have run a great length in a very little time. The ſubject touched me to the quick. My reflections upon it will give you reaſon to expect from me a perhaps *too* ſteady a behaviour in a new conference, which, I find, I muſt have with my mother. My father and brother, as ſhe was pleaſed to tell me, dine at my uncle Antony's; and that, as I have reaſon to believe, on purpoſe to give an opportunity for it.

Hannah informs me, that ſhe heard my father high and angry with my mother, at taking leave of her: I ſuppoſe, for being too favourable to me; for Hannah heard her ſay, as in tears, 'Indeed, Mr. Harlowe, you greatly diſtreſs me!—The poor girl does not deſerve—' Hannah heard no more, but that he ſaid, he would break ſomebody's heart—Mine I ſuppoſe—not my mother's, I hope.

As only my ſiſter dines with my mother, I thought I ſhould have been commanded down: but ſhe ſent me up a plate from her table. I continued my writing. I could not touch a morſel. I ordered Hannah however to eat it, that I might not be thought ſullen.

Before I conclude this, I will ſee whether any-thing offers from *either* of my private correſpondences that will make it proper to add to it; and will take a turn in the wood-yard and garden for that purpoſe.

I AM ſtopped. Hannah ſhall depoſit this. She was ordered by my mother (who aſked where I was) to tell me, that ſhe would come up and talk with me in my own cloſet.—She is coming! Adieu, my dear.

LETTER XX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SAT. AFTERNOON.

THE expected conference is over: but my difficulties are increaſed. This, as my mother was pleaſed to tell me, being the laſt *perſuaſory* effort that is to be attempted, I will be as particular in the account of it as my head and heart will allow me to be.

'I have made,' ſaid ſhe, as ſhe entered my room, 'a *ſhort* as well as *early* 'dinner, on purpoſe to confer with 'you: and I do aſſure you, that it will 'be the laſt conference I ſhall either be 'permitted or *inclined* to hold with you 'on the ſubject, if you ſhould prove as 'refractory as it is imagined you will 'prove by ſome, who are of opinion, 'that I have not the weight with you 'which my indulgence deſerves. But 'I hope you will convince as well them 'as me of the contrary.

'Your father both dines and ſups at 'your uncle's, on purpoſe to give us 'this opportunity; and according to the 'report I ſhall make on his return, '(which I have promiſed ſhall be a very 'faithful one) he will take his meaſures 'with you.'

I was offering to ſpeak—'Hear, Clariſſa, what I have to tell you,' ſaid ſhe, 'before you ſpeak, unleſs what 'you have to ſay will ſignify to me your 'compliance—Say—*Will* it?—If it *will*, 'you may ſpeak.'

I was ſilent.

She looked with concern and anger upon me—'No compliance, I find!—'Such a dutiful young creature hitherto!—Will you not, *can* you not, ſpeak 'as I would have you ſpeak?—Then,' [rejecting me as it were with her hand] 'continue ſilent.—*I*, no more than your '*father*, will bear your *avowed* contradiction.'

She pauſed, with a look of expectation, as if ſhe waited for my conſenting anſwer.

I was ſtill ſilent; looking down; the tears in my eyes.

'O thou determined girl!—But ſay—'Speak out—Are you reſolved to ſtand 'in oppoſition to us all, in a point our 'hearts are ſet upon?'

'May I, Madam, be permitted to expoſtulate?'

'To what purpoſe expoſtulate with '*me*, Clariſſa? Your *father* is determined. Have I not told you there is 'no receding; that the honour as well 'as the intereſt of the family is concerned? Be ingenuous; you *uſed* to be ſo, 'even occaſionally againſt yourſelf:—'who at the long run *muſt* ſubmit—*all* of 'us to *you*; or *you* to *all* of us?—If you 'intend to yield at *laſt* if you find you 'cannot conquer, yield *now*, and with 'a grace—for yield you muſt, or be none 'of our child.'

I wept. I knew not what to ſay; or rather how to expreſs what I had to ſay.

'Take notice, that there are flaws in 'your

'your grandfather's will: not a shilling 'of that estate will be yours, if you do 'not yield. Your grandfather left it to 'you, as a reward of your duty to *him* 'and to *us*—You will *justly* forfeit it, if—

'Permit me, good Madam, to say, 'that if it were *unjustly* bequeathed me, 'I ought not to wish to have it. But I 'hope Mr. Solmes will be apprized of 'these flaws.'

'This is very pertly said, Clarissa! 'but reflect, that the forfeiture of that 'estate through your opposition, will 'be attended with the total loss of your 'father's favour: and then how destitute 'tute must you be; how unable to support yourself; and how many benevolent designs and good actions must you 'give up!'

'I must accommodate myself, Madam, in the latter case, to my circumstances: *much* only is *required* where '*much* is *given*. It becomes me to be 'thankful for what I have had. I have 'reason to bless you, Madam, and my 'good Mrs. Norton, for bringing me up 'to be satisfied with little; but much 'less, I will venture to say, than my 'father's indulgence annually confers 'upon me.'—And then I thought of the old Roman and his lentils.

'What perverseness!' said my mother—'But if you depend upon the favour of either or both of your uncles, 'vain will be that dependence: *they* 'will give you up, I do assure you, if 'your father does, and absolutely renounce you.'

'I am sorry, Madam, that I have 'had so little merit to have made no 'deeper impressions of favour for me 'in their hearts: but I will love and 'honour them as long as I live.'

'All this, Clarissa, makes your prepossession in a certain man's favour 'the more evident. Indeed your brother and sister cannot go any-whither, but they hear of these prepossessions.'

'It is a great grief to me, Madam, 'to be made the subject of the publick 'talk: but I hope you will have the 'goodness to excuse me for observing, 'that the authors of my disgrace within doors, the talkers of my prepossession without, and the reporters of 'it from abroad, are originally the same 'persons.'

She severely chid me for this.

I received her rebukes in silence.

'You are sullen, Clarissa: I see you 'are *sullen*.'—And she walked about the room in anger. Then turning to me—

'You can *hear* the imputation of sullenness, I see!—You have no concern to 'clear yourself of it. I was afraid of 'telling you all I was enjoined to tell 'you, in case you were to be unpersuadable: but I find that I had a greater 'opinion of your delicacy, of your gentleness, than I needed to have—It cannot discompose so steady, so inflexible 'a young creature, to be told as I now 'tell you, that the settlements are actually drawn; and that you will be 'called down in a very few days to hear 'them read, and to sign them: for it is 'impossible, if your heart be free, that 'you can make the least objection to 'them; except it will be an objection 'with you, that they are so much in 'your favour, and in the favour of all 'our family.'

I was speechless, absolutely speechless. Although my heart was ready to burst, yet could I neither weep nor speak.

'I am sorry,' said she, 'for your averseness to this match:' [*Match* she was pleased to call it!] 'but there is 'no help. The honour and interest of 'the family, as your aunt has told you, 'and as I have told you, are concerned; 'and you must comply.'

I was still speechless.

She folded the *warm statue*, as she was pleased to call me, in her arms; and entreated me, for Heaven's sake, and for her sake, to comply.

Speech and tears were lent me at the same time.—'You have given me life, 'Madam,' said I, clasping my unlifted hands together, and falling on one knee; 'a happy one, till now, has *your* good'ness, and my *papa's*, made it! O do 'not, do not, make all the remainder 'of it miserable!'

'Your father,' replied she, 'is resolved not to see you, till he sees you 'as obedient a child as you used to be. 'You have never been put to a test till 'now, that deserved to be called a test. 'This *is*, this *must* be, my last effort 'with you. Give me hope, my dear 'child: my peace is concerned; I will 'compound with you but for *hope*. And 'yet your father will not be satisfied 'without an implicit, and even a cheerful obedience—Give me but hope, my 'child!'

'To give you hope, my dearest, my 'most indulgent mamma, is to give 'you every-thing. Can I be honest, 'if I give a hope that I cannot confirm?'

She was very angry. She again called me

me perverſe: ſhe upbraided me with regarding only my own prepoſſeſſions, and reſpecting not either her peace of mind, or my own duty.—'It is a grating thing, ſaid ſhe, 'for the parents 'of a child, who delighted in her in all 'the time of her helpleſs infancy, and 'throughout every ſtage of her childhood; and in every part of her education to womanhood, becauſe of the 'promiſes ſhe gave of proving the moſt 'grateful and dutiful of children; to find, juſt when the time arrived which 'ſhould crown their wiſhes, 'hat child 'ſtand in the way of her own happineſs, 'and her parents comfort, and, refuſing 'an excellent offer, and noble ſettlements, give ſuſpicions to her anxious 'friends, that ſhe would become the 'property of a vile rake and libertine, 'who (be the occaſion what it will) 'defies her family, and has actually 'embrued his hands in her brother's 'blood.

'I have had a very hard time of it,' ſaid ſhe, 'between your father and you; 'for, ſeeing your diſlike, I have more 'than once pleaded for you: but all to 'no purpoſe. I am only treated as a 'too fond mother, who, from motives 'of a blameable indulgence, encourage 'a child to ſtand in oppoſition to a father's will. I am charged with dividing the family into two parts; I and 'my youngeſt daughter ſtanding againſt 'my huſband, his two brothers, my 'ſon, my eldeſt daughter, and my ſiſter 'Hervey. I have been told, that I 'muſt be convinced of the fitneſs as well 'as advantage to the whole (your brother 'and Mr. Lovelace out of the queſtion) 'of carrying the contract with Mr. 'Solmes, on which ſo *many* contracts depend, into execution.

'Your father's heart, I tell you once 'more, is in it: he has declared, that 'he had rather have no daughter in 'you, than one he cannot diſpoſe of for 'your own good; eſpecially as you have 'owned, that *your heart is free*; and as 'the general good of his whole family 'is to be promoted by your obedience. 'He has pleaded, poor man! that his 'frequent gouty paroxyſms (every fit 'more threatening than the former) give 'him no extraordinary proſpects, either 'of worldly happineſs, or of long days: 'and he hopes, that you, who have been 'ſuppoſed to have contributed to the 'lengthening of your *grandfather's* life, 'will not, by your diſobedience, ſhorten 'your *father's*.'

This was a moſt affecting plea, my dear. I wept in ſilence upon it. I could not ſpeak to it. And my mother proceeded. 'What therefore can be '*his* motives, Clary Harlowe, in the 'earneſt deſire he has to ſee this treaty 'perfected, but the welfare and aggrandizement of his family; which 'already having fortunes to become the 'higheſt condition, cannot but aſpire 'to greater diſtinctions? However ſlight 'ſuch views as theſe may appear to you, 'Clary, you know, that they are not 'ſlight ones to any other of the family: 'and your father will be his own judge 'of what is and what is not likely to 'promote the good of his children. 'Your abſtractedneſs, child, (*affectation* 'of abſtractedneſs ſome call it) favours, 'let me tell you, of greater particularity, than what we aim to carry. Modeſty and humility therefore will oblige 'you rather to miſtruſt yourſelf of *peculiarity*, than cenſure views which 'all the world purſues, as opportunity offers.'

I was ſtill ſilent; and ſhe proceeded—'It is owing to the good opinion, Clary, which your father has of you, and 'of your prudence, duty, and gratitude, that he engaged for your compliance, in your abſence; (before you 'returned from Miſs Howe) and that 'he built and finiſhed contracts upon 'it, which cannot be made void, or 'cancelled.'

'But why, then,' thought I, 'did they 'receive me, on my return from Miſs 'Howe, with ſo much intimidating ſolemnity?'—To be ſure, my dear, this argument, as well as the reſt, was obtruded upon my mother.

She went on, 'Your father has declared, that your unexpected oppoſition,' [*Unexpected* ſhe was pleaſed to call it] 'and Mr. Lovelace's continued 'menaces and inſults, more and more 'convince him, that a ſhort day is neceſſary in order to put an end to all 'that man's hopes, and to his own apprehenſions reſulting from the diſobedience of a child ſo favoured. He has 'therefore actually ordered patterns of 'the richeſt ſilks to be ſent for from 'London.'

I ſtarted—I was out of breath—I gaſped, at this frightful precipitance—I was going to open with warmth againſt it. I knew whoſe the *happy* expedient muſt be: female minds, I once heard my brother ſay, that could but be brought to *balance* on the change of their ſtate, might eaſily be *determined* by the glare and ſplendor of the nuptial

nuptial preparations, and the pride of becoming the miſtreſs of a family.—But ſhe was pleaſed to hurry on, that I might not have time to expreſs my diſguſts at ſuch a communication—to this effect.

'Your father therefore, my Clary, 'cannot, either for your ſake, or his 'own, labour under a ſuſpence ſo af-'fecting to his repoſe. He has even 'thought fit to acquaint me, on my 'pleading for you, that it becomes me, 'as I value my own peace,' [*How harſh to ſuch a wife!*] 'and as I wiſh, that he 'do not ſuſpect that I ſecretly favour 'the addreſs of a vile rake, (a charac-'ter which all the ſex, he is pleaſed to 'ſay, virtuous and vicious, are but too 'fond of!) to exert my authority over 'you: and that this I may the leſs ſcru-'pulouſly do, as you have owned,' [The old ſtring!] '*that your heart is free.*'

Unworthy reflection in my mother's caſe, ſurely, this of our ſex's valuing a libertine; ſince ſhe made choice of my father in preference to ſeveral ſuitors of equal fortune, becauſe they were of inferior reputation for morals!

'Your father,' added ſhe, 'at his go-'ing out, told me what he expected from 'me, in caſe I found that I had not the 'requiſite influence upon you—It was 'this—That I ſhould directly ſeparate 'myſelf from you, and leave you ſingly 'to take the conſequence of your double 'diſobedience—I therefore entreat you, 'my dear Clariſſa,' concluded ſhe, and that in the moſt earneſt and condeſcend-ing manner, 'to ſignify to your father, 'on his return, your ready obedience; 'and this as well for my ſake as for your 'own.'

Affected by my mother's goodneſs to me, and by that part of her argument which related to her own peace, and to the ſuſpicions they had of her ſecretly inclining to prefer the man ſo hated by *them*, to the man ſo much *my* averſion, I could not but wiſh it were poſſible for me to obey. I therefore pauſed, heſitated, conſidered, and was ſilent for ſome time. I could ſee, that my mother hoped that the reſult of this heſitation would be favourable to her arguments. But then recollecting, that all was owing to the inſtigations of a brother and ſiſter, wholly actuated by ſelfiſh and envious views; that I had not deſerved the treatment I had of late met with; that my diſgrace was *already* become the public talk; that the man was Mr. Solmes; and that my averſion to him was too generally known, to make my compliance either creditable to myſelf or to them: that it would give my brother and ſiſter a triumph over me, and over Mr. Lovelace, which they would not fail to glory in; and which although it concerned me but little to regard on *his* account, yet might be attended with fatal miſchiefs—And then Mr. Solmes's diſagreeable perſon; his ſtill more diſa-greeable manners, his low underſtanding—Underſtanding! the glory of a man, ſo little to be diſpenſed with in the head and director of a family, in order to pre-ſerve to him that reſpect which a good wife (and that for the juſtification of her own choice) ſhould pay him herſelf, and wiſh every-body to pay him—And as Mr. Solmes's *inferiority* in this reſpectable fa-culty of the human mind [I muſt be al-lowed to ſay this to you, and no great ſelf-aſſumption neither] would proclaim to all future, as well as to all preſent ob-ſervers, what muſt have been my mean in-ducement—All theſe reflections crowd-ing upon my remembrance; 'I would, 'Madam,' ſaid I, folding my hands, with an earneſtneſs in which my whole heart was engaged, 'bear the cruelleſt tor-'tures, bear loſs of limb, and even of 'life, to give *you* peace. But this man, 'every moment I would, at your com-'mand, think of him with favour, is the 'more my averſion. You cannot, in-'deed you cannot, think, how my whole 'ſoul reſiſts him!—And to talk of con-'tracts concluded upon; of patterns; 'of a ſhort day!—Save me, ſave me, O 'my deareſt mamma, ſave your child, 'from this heavy, from this inſupport-'able evil!'

Never was there a countenance that expreſſed ſo ſignificantly, as my mother's did, an anguiſh, which ſhe ſtruggled to hide, under an anger ſhe was compelled to aſſume—till the latter overcoming the former, ſhe turned from me with an uplifted eye; and ſtamping—'*Strange 'perverſeneſs!*' were the only words I heard of a ſentence that ſhe angrily pro-nounced; and was going. I then, half-frantickly I believe, laid hold of her gown—'Have patience with me, deareſt 'Madam!' ſaid I.—'Do not *you* re-'nounce me totally!—If you *muſt* ſepa-'rate yourſelf from your child, let it 'not be with *abſolute* reprobation on '*your own* part!—My uncles may be 'hard-hearted—my father may be im-'moveable—I may ſuffer from my bro-'ther's ambition, and from my ſiſter's 'envy!—But let me not loſe my mam-'ma's love; at leaſt, her pity.'

She turned to me with benigner rays —'You *have* my *love!* You *have* my *pity!*

'But,

'But, O my dearest girl—I have not 'yours.'

'Indeed, indeed, Madam, you have: 'and all my reverence, all my grati- 'tude, you have!—But in this *one* point '—Cannot I be this *once* obliged?—Will 'no *expedient* be accepted? Have I not 'made a very fair proposal, as to Mr. 'Lovelace?'

'I wish, for both our sakes, my dear 'unpersuadable girl, that the decision 'of this point lay with me. But why, 'when you know it does not, why should 'you thus perplex and urge me?—To 'renounce Mr. Lovelace is now but *half* 'what is aimed at. Nor will any-body 'else believe you in earnest in the offer, 'if *I* would. While you remain single, 'Mr. Lovelace will have hopes—and 'you, in the opinions of others, incli- 'nations.'

'Permit me, dearest Madam, to say, 'that *your* goodness to me, *your* patience, 'your peace, weigh more with me, than 'all the rest put together: for although 'I am to be treated by my brother, and, 'through his instigations, by my father, 'as a slave in this point, and not as a 'daughter, yet my mind is not that of a 'slave. You have not brought me up 'to be mean.'

'So, Clary! you are already at defi- 'ance with your father! I have had too 'much cause before to *apprehend* as much '—What will this come to?—*I*' and then my dear mamma sighed—'*I* am 'forced to put up with many humours.'

'That you *are*, my ever honoured 'mamma, is my grief. And can it be 'thought, that this very consideration, 'and the apprehension of what may re- 'sult from a much *worse* tempered man, '(a man, who has not half the sense of 'my father) has not made an impression 'upon me to the disadvantage of the 'married life? Yet it is something of 'an alleviation, if one must bear *undue* 'control, to bear it from a man of sense. 'My father, I have heard you say, Ma- 'dam, was for years a very good-hu- 'moured gentleman—Unobjectible in 'person and manners—But the man pro- 'posed to me—'

'Forbear reflecting upon your father: [Did I, my dear, in what I have repeat- ed, and I think they are the very words, reflect upon my father?] 'it is not possi- 'ble, I must say again, and again, were 'all men *equally* indifferent to you, that 'you should be thus sturdy in your will. 'I am tired out with your obstinacy— 'The most *unpersuadable* girl—You for- 'get, that I must separate myself from 'you, if you will not comply. You do 'not remember that your father will 'take you up, where I leave you. Once 'more, however, I will put it to you— 'Are you determined to brave your fa- 'ther's displeasure?—Are you deter- 'mined to defy your uncles?—Do you 'chuse to break with us all, rather than 'encourage Mr. Solmes?—Rather than 'give me hope?'

'Dreadful alternative—But is not my 'sincerity, is not the integrity of my 'heart, concerned in my answer? May 'not my everlasting happiness be the sa- 'crifice? Will not the least shadow of 'the *hope* you just now demanded from 'me, be driven into absolute and sud- 'den *certainty?* Is it not sought to en- 'snare, to entangle me in my own desire 'of obeying, if I could give answers 'that might be construed into *hope?*— 'Forgive me, Madam: bear with your 'child's boldness in such a cause as *this!* '—Settlements drawn!—Patterns sent 'for!—An early day!—Dear, dear Ma- 'dam, how can I give hope, and not in- 'tend to be this man's?'

'Ah, girl, never say your *heart is free!* 'You deceive yourself if you think it is.'

'Thus to be driven' [and I wrung my hands through impatience] 'by the in- 'stigations of a designing, an ambitious 'brother, and by a sister, that—'

'How often, Clary, must I forbid 'your unsisterly reflections?—Does not 'your father, do not your uncles, does 'not every body, patronize Mr. Solmes? 'And let me tell you, ungrateful girl, 'and unmoveable as ungrateful, let me '*repeatedly* tell you, that it is evident to 'me, that nothing but a love unworthy 'of your prudence can make a creature 'late so dutiful, now so sturdy. You 'may guess what your father's first ques- 'tion on his return will be. He *must* 'know, that I can do nothing with you. 'I have done my part. Seek *me*, if your 'mind change before he comes back: 'you have yet a little more time, as he 'stays supper. I will no more seek *you*, 'nor *to* you.'—And away she flung.

What could I do but weep?

I am extremely affected on my mo- ther's account—more, I must needs say, than on my own. And indeed all things considered; and especially, that the mea- sure she is engaged in, is (as I dare say it is) against her own judgment; she *deserves* more compassion than myself.—Excel- lent woman! What pity, that meekness and condescension should not be attended with the due rewards of those charming graces!—Yet had she not let violent spi-

rits (as I have elſewhere obſerved with no ſmall regret) find their power over hers, it could not have been thus.

But here, run away with by my pen, I ſuffer my mother to be angry with me on her own account. She hinted to me, indeed, that I muſt ſeek *her*, if my mind *changed*; which is a condition that amounts to a prohibition of attending her: but, as ſhe left me in diſpleaſure, will it not have a very obſtinate appearance, and look like a kind of renunciation of her mediation in my favour, if I go not down before my father returns, to ſupplicate her pity, and her kind report to him?

I will attend her. I had rather all the world ſhould be angry with me than my mamma!

Mean time, to clear my hands from papers of ſuch a nature, Hannah ſhall depoſit this. If two or three letters reach you together, they will but expreſs, from one period to another, the anxieties and difficulties which the mind of your unhappy but ever affectionate friend labours under.

CL. H.

LETTER XXI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SAT. NIGHT.

I Have been down. I *am* to be unlucky in all I do, I think, be my intentions ever ſo good. I have made matters worſe inſtead of better: as I ſhall now tell you.

I found my mother and ſiſter together in my ſiſter's parlour. My mother, I fear, by the glow in her fine face, (and as the browner, ſullener glow in my ſiſter's confirmed) had been expreſſing herſelf with warmth, againſt her *unhappier* child: perhaps giving ſuch an account of what had paſſed, as ſhould clear herſelf, and convince Bella, and through *her*, my brother and uncles, of the ſincere pains ſhe had taken with me.

I entered like a dejected criminal; and beſought the favour of a private audience. My mother's return, both looks and words, gave me too much reaſon for my above ſurmize.

'You have,' ſaid ſhe, [looking at me with a ſternneſs that never ſits well on her ſweet features] 'rather a *requeſting* 'than a *conceding* countenance, Clariſſa 'Harlowe: if I am miſtaken, tell me ſo; 'and I will withdraw with you wherever 'you will.—Yet whether ſo or not, you 'may ſay what you have to ſay before 'your ſiſter.'

My mother, I thought, might have withdrawn with me, as ſhe knows that I have not a friend in my ſiſter.

'I come down, Madam,' ſaid I, 'to 'beg of you to forgive me for any thing 'you may have taken amiſs in what paſſ-'ed above reſpecting your honoured 'ſelf; and that you will be pleaſed to 'uſe your endeavours to ſoften my pa-'pa's diſpleaſure againſt me on his re-'turn.'

Such aggravating looks; ſuch lifting up of hands and eyes; ſuch a furrowed forehead, in my ſiſter!

My mother was angry enough without all that; and aſk'd me to what purpoſe I came down, if I were ſtill ſo untractable.

She had hardly ſpoken the words, when Shorey came in to tell her that Mr. Solmes was in the hall, and deſired admittance.

Ugly creature! What, at the cloſe of day, quite dark, brought him hither?—But, on ſecond thoughts, I believe it was contrived that he ſhould be here at ſupper, to know the reſult of the conference between my mother and me, and that my father on his return, might find us together.

I was hurrying away, but my mother commanded me (ſince I had come down only, as ſhe ſaid, to mock her) not to ſtir; and at the ſame time ſee if I could behave ſo to Mr. Solmes, as might encourage her to make the favourable report to my father which I had beſought her to make.

My ſiſter triumphed. I was vexed to be ſo caught, and to have ſuch an angry and cutting rebuke given me, with an aſpect more like the taunting ſiſter than the indulgent mother, if I may preſume to ſay ſo: for ſhe herſelf ſeemed to enjoy the ſurprize upon me.

The man ſtalked in. His uſual walk is by pauſes, as if (from the ſame vacuity of thought which made Dryden's Clown whiſtle) he was telling his ſteps: and firſt paid his clumſy reſpects to my mother; then to my ſiſter; next to me, as if I were already his wife, and therefore to be laſt in his notice; and ſitting down by me, told us in general what weather it was. Very cold he made it; but I was warm enough. Then addreſſing himſelf to me; 'And how do *you* 'find it, Miſs?' was his queſtion; and would have taken my hand.

I withdrew it, I believe, with diſdain enough. My mother frowned. My ſiſter bit her lip.

I could not contain myſelf: I was never ſo bold in my life; for I went on with

with my plea, as if Mr. Solmes had not been there.

My mother coloured, and looked at him, at my ſiſter, and at me. My ſiſter's eyes were opener and bigger than ever I ſaw them before.

The man underſtood me. He hemmed, and removed from one chair to another.

I went on, ſupplicating for my mother's favourable report: 'Nothing but 'invincible diſlike,' ſaid I—

'What would the girl be at?' interrupted my mother. 'Why, Clary! Is 'this a ſubject!—Is this!—Is this!—'Is this a time—' And again ſhe looked upon Mr. Solmes.

I am ſorry, on reflection, that I put my mamma into ſo much confuſion—To be ſure it was very fancy in me.

'I beg pardon, Madam,' ſaid I. 'But 'my papa will ſoon return. And ſince I 'am not permitted to withdraw, it is not 'neceſſary, I humbly preſume, that Mr. 'Solmes's preſence ſhould deprive me 'of this opportunity to implore your fa'vourable report; and at the ſame time, 'if he ſtill viſit on my account,' [looking at him] 'to convince him, that it can'not poſſibly be to any purpoſe.'

'Is the girl mad?' ſaid my mother, interrupting me.

My ſiſter, with the affectation of a whiſper to my mother—'This is—This is '*ſpite*, Madam,' [very *ſpitefully* ſhe ſpoke the word] 'becauſe you commanded 'her to ſtay.'

I only looked at her, and turning to my mother, 'Permit me, Madam,' ſaid I, 'to repeat my requeſt. I have no 'brother, no ſiſter!—If I loſe my mam'ma's favour, I am loſt for ever!'

Mr. Solmes removed to his firſt ſeat, and fell to gnawing the head of his hazel; a carved head, almoſt as ugly as his own—I did not think the man was ſo *ſenſible*.

My ſiſter roſe, with a face all over ſcarlet; and ſtepping to the table, where lay a fan, ſhe took it up; and, although Mr. Solmes had obſerved that the weather was cold, fanned herſelf very violently.

My mother came to me, and angrily taking my hand, led me out of that parlour into my own; which, you know, is next to it.—'Is not this behaviour 'very bold, very provoking, think you, 'Clary?'

'I beg your pardon, Madam, if it 'has that appearance to you. But, in'deed, my dear mamma, there ſeem to 'be ſnares laying for me. Too well I 'know my brother's drift. With a 'good word he ſhall have my conſent 'for all he wiſhes to worm me out of—'Neither he, nor my ſiſter, ſhall need to 'take half this pains—'

My mother was about to leave me in high diſpleaſure.

I beſought her to ſtay: 'One favour, 'but one favour, deareſt Madam,' ſaid I, 'give me leave to beg of you—'

'What would the girl?'

'I ſee how every-thing is working 'about—I never, never can think of Mr. 'Solmes. My papa will be in tumults 'when he is told that I cannot. They 'will judge of the tenderneſs of your 'heart to a poor child who ſeems de'voted by every-one elſe, from the wil'lingneſs you have already ſhewn to 'hearken to my prayers. There will 'be endeavours uſed to confine me, and 'keep me out of your preſence, and 'out of the preſence of every one who 'uſed to love me.' [*This, my dear Miſs Howe, is threatened.*] 'If this be effect'ed; if it be put out of my power to 'plead my own cauſe, and to appeal to 'you, and to my uncle Harlowe, of 'whom only I have hope; then will 'every ear be opened againſt me, and 'every tale encouraged.—It is, there'fore, my humble requeſt, That, added 'to the diſgraceful prohibitions I now 'ſuffer under, you will not, if you can 'help it, give way to my being denied '*your* ear.'

'Your liſtening Hannah has given 'you this intelligence, as ſhe does many 'others.'

'My Hannah, Madam, liſtens not—'My Hannah—'

'No more in Hannah's behalf—Han'nah is known to make miſchief—Han'nah is known—But no more of that 'bold intermeddler—It is true, your 'father threatened to confine you to 'your chamber, if you complied not, 'in order the more aſſuredly to deprive 'you of the opportunity of correſpond'ing with thoſe who harden your heart 'againſt his will. He bid me tell you 'ſo, when he went out, if I found you 'refractory. But I was loth to deliver 'ſo harſh a declaration; being ſtill in 'hope that you would come down to us 'in a compliant temper. Hannah has 'over-heard this, I ſuppoſe; and has 'told you of it; as alſo, that he declared 'he would break your heart, rather 'than you ſhould break his. And I now 'aſſure you, that you will be confined, 'and prohibited making teazing ap'peals to any of us: and we ſhall ſee

'who

'who is to submit, you to us, or every-'body to you.'

Again I offered to clear Hannah, and to lay the latter part of the intelligence to my ſiſter's echo, Betty Barnes, who had boaſted of it to another ſervant: but I was again bid to be ſilent on that head. I ſhould ſoon find, my mother was pleaſed to ſay, that *others* could be as determined as *I* was obſtinate: and, once for all, would add, that ſince ſhe ſaw that I built upon her indulgence, and was indifferent about involving her in contentions with my father, and his brothers, and with her other children, ſhe would now aſſure me, that ſhe was as much determined *againſt* Mr. Lovelace, and *for* Mr. Solmes and the family-ſchemes, as any-body; and would not refuſe her conſent to any meaſures that ſhould be thought neceſſary to reduce a ſtubborn child to her duty.

I was ready to ſink. She was ſo good as to lend me her arm to ſupport me.

'And this,' ſaid I, 'is all I have to 'hope for from my mamma?'

'It is. But, Clary, this one further 'opportunity I give you—Go in again 'to Mr. Solmes, and behave diſcreetly 'to him; and let your father find you 'together, upon *civil* terms at leaſt.'

My feet moved [of *themſelves*, I think] farther from the parlour where he was, and towards the ſtairs; and there I ſtopped and pauſed.

'If,' proceeded ſhe, 'you are deter-'mined to ſtand in defiance of us all—'then, indeed, may you go up to your 'chamber, (as you are ready to do)—'And God help you!'

'God help me, indeed! for I cannot 'give hope of what I cannot intend—'But let me have your prayers, my dear 'mamma!—Thoſe ſhall have mine, who 'have brought me into all this diſtreſs.

I was moving to go up—

'And *will* you go up, Clary?

I turned my face to her; my officious tears would needs plead for me; I could not juſt then ſpeak, and ſtood ſtill.

'Good girl, diſtreſs me not thus! 'Dear, good girl, do not thus diſtreſs 'me!' holding out her hand; but ſtanding ſtill likewiſe.

'What *can* I do, Madam?—What '*can* I do?'

'Go in again, my child—Go in again, 'my *dear* child!' repeated ſhe; 'and let 'your father find you together.'

'What, Madam, to give *him* hope? 'to give hope to Mr. Solmes?

'Obſtinate, perverſe, undutiful Cla-'riſſa!' with a rejecting hand and angry aſpect; 'then take your own way, 'and go up!—But ſtir not down again, 'I charge you, without leave, or till 'your father's pleaſure be known con-'cerning you.'

She flung from me with high indignation: and I went up with a very heavy heart; and feet as ſlow as my heart was heavy.

My father is come home, and my brother with him. Late as it is, they are all ſhut up together. Not a door opens; not a ſoul ſtirs. Hannah, as ſhe moves up and down is ſhunned as a perſon infected.

The angry aſſembly is broken up. My two uncles, and my aunt Hervey are ſent for, it ſeems, to be here in the morning to breakfaſt. I ſhall then, I ſuppoſe, know my doom. It is paſt eleven, and I am ordered not to go to bed.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

This moment the keys of everything are taken from me. It was propoſed to ſend for me down: but my father ſaid he could not bear to look upon me.—Strange alteration in a few weeks!—Shorey was the meſſenger. The tears ſtood in her eyes when ſhe delivered her meſſage.

You, my dear, are happy—May you always be ſo!—And then I can never be wholly miſerable. Adieu, my beloved friend! Cl. Harlowe.

LETTER XXII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 5.

Hannah has juſt brought me, from the private place in the garden-wall, a letter from Mr. Lovelace, depoſited laſt night, ſigned alſo by Lord M.

He tells me in it, That Mr. Solmes makes it his boaſt that he is to be married in a few days to one of the ſhyeſt women in England: that my brother explains his meaning; this ſhy creature, he ſays, is me; and he aſſures every one, that his youngeſt ſiſter is very ſoon to be Mr. Solmes's wife. He tells me of the patterns beſpoken which my mother mentioned to me.

Not one thing eſcapes him that is done or ſaid in this houſe.

My ſiſter, he ſays, reports the ſame things; and that with ſuch particular aggravations of inſult upon *him*, that he cannot but be extremely piqued, as well

at

at the manner, as from the occaſion; and expreſſes himſelf with great violence upon it.

He knows not, he ſays, what my relations inducements can be, to prefer ſuch a man as Solmes to him. If advantageous ſettlements be the motive, Solmes ſhall not offer what he will refuſe to comply with.

As to his eſtate, and family; the firſt cannot be excepted againſt: and for the ſecond, he will not diſgrace himſelf by a compariſon ſo odious. He appeals to Lord M. for the regularity of his life and manners ever ſince he has made his addreſſes to me, or had hope of my favour.

I ſuppoſe he would have his lordſhip's ſigning to this letter to be taken as a voucher for him.

He deſires my leave (in company with my lord, in a pacifick manner) to attend my father and uncles, in order to make propoſals that *muſt* be accepted, if they will but ſee him, and hear what they are: and tells me that he will ſubmit to any meaſures that I ſhall preſcribe, in order to bring about a reconciliation.

He preſumes to be very earneſt with me, to give him a private meeting ſome night, in my father's garden, attended by whom I pleaſe.

Really, my dear, were you to ſee his letter, you would think I had given him great encouragement, and that I am in direct treaty with him; or that he is ſure that my friends will drive me into a foreign protection; for he has the boldneſs to offer, in my lord's name, an aſylum to me, ſhould I be tyrannically treated in Solmes's behalf.

I ſuppoſe it is the way of this ſex to endeavour to entangle the thoughtleſs of ours by bold ſuppoſals and offers, in hopes that we ſhall be too complaiſant or baſhful to quarrel with them; and, if not checked, to reckon upon our ſilence, as aſſents voluntary given, or conceſſions made in their favour.

There are other particulars in this letter which I ought to mention to you: but I will take an opportunity to ſend you the letter itſelf, or a copy of it.

For my own part I am very uneaſy to think how I have been *drawn* on one hand, and *driven* on the other, into a clandeſtine, in ſhort, into a mere lover-like correſpondence, which my heart condemns.

It is eaſy to ſee, if I do not break it off, that Mr. Lovelace's advantages, by reaſon of my unhappy ſituation, will every day increaſe, and I ſhall be more and more entangled. Yet if I do put an end to it, without making it a condition of being freed from Mr. Solmes's addreſs—May I, my dear; is it *beſt* to continue it a little longer, in hopes to extricate myſelf out of the other difficulty, by giving up all thoughts of Mr. Lovelace?—*Whoſe* advice can I now aſk but yours?

All my relations are met. They are at breakfaſt together. Mr. Solmes is expected. I am exceſſively uneaſy. I muſt lay down my pen.

THEY are all going to church together. Grievouſly diſordered they appear to be, as Hannah tells me. She believes ſomething is reſolved upon.

SUNDAY NOON.

WHAT a cruel thing is ſuſpence!—I will aſk leave to go to church this afternoon. I expect to be denied: but if I do not aſk, they may alledge, that my not going is owing to myſelf.

I DESIRED to ſpeak with Shorey. Shorey came. I directed her to carry to my mother my requeſt for permiſſion to go to church this afternoon. What think you was the return? 'Tell her, 'that ſhe muſt direct herſelf to her bro-'ther for any favour ſhe has to aſk.'—So, my dear, I am to be delivered up to my brother!

I was reſolved, however, to aſk of *him* this favour. Accordingly, when they ſent me up my ſolitary dinner, I gave the meſſenger a billet, in which I made it my humble requeſt through him to my father, to be permitted to go to church this afternoon.

This was the contemptuous anſwer: 'Tell her, that her requeſt will be 'taken into conſideration *to-morrow*.'—My requeſt to go to church *to-day* to be taken into conſideration *to-morrow*!

Patience will be the fitteſt return I can make to ſuch an inſult. But this method will not do with me; indeed it will not! And yet it is but the beginning, I ſuppoſe, of what I am to expect from my brother, now I am delivered up to him.

ON recollection, I thought it beſt to renew my requeſt. I did. The following is a copy of what I wrote, and what follows that, of the anſwer ſent me.

'SIR,

'I KNOW not what to make of the 'anſwer brought to my requeſt of be-'ing permitted to go to church this 'afternoon.

'afternoon. If you deſigned to ſhew 'your pleaſantry by it, I hope that will 'continue; and then my requeſt will be 'granted.

'You know, that I never abſented 'myſelf when well, and at home, till 'the two laſt Sundays; when I was '*adviſed* not to go. My preſent ſitua-'tion is ſuch, that I never more want-'ed the benefit of the public prayers.

'I will ſolemnly engage only to go 'thither, and back again.

'I hope it cannot be thought that I 'would do otherwiſe.

'My dejection of ſpirits will give a 'too juſt excuſe on the ſcore of indiſ-'poſition for avoiding viſits. Nor will 'I, but by diſtant civilities, return the 'compliments of any of my acquaint-'ance. My diſgraces, if they are to 'have an end, need not to be pro-'claimed to the whole world. I aſk 'this favour, therefore, for my repu-'tation's ſake, that I may be able to 'hold up my head in the neighbour-'hood, if I live to ſee an end of the 'unmerited ſeverities which ſeem to be 'deſigned for *your unhappy ſiſter*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

'TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'FOR a girl to lay ſo much ſtreſs upon 'going to church, and yet reſolve to 'defy her parents, in an article of the 'greateſt conſequence to them, and to 'the whole family, is an abſurdity. 'You are recommended, Miſs, to the 'practice of your *private* devotions. 'May they be efficacious upon the mind 'of one of the moſt pervications young 'creatures that ever was heard of! 'The *intention* is, I tell you plainly, to 'mortify you into a ſenſe of your duty. 'The neighbours you are ſo ſolicitous 'to appear well with, already know, 'that you defy *that*. So, Miſs, if you 'have a real value for your reputation, 'ſhew it as you ought. It is yet in your 'own power to eſtabliſh or impair it.

JA. HARLOWE.'

Thus, my dear Miſs Howe, has my brother got me into his ſnares; and I, like a poor ſilly bird, the more I ſtruggle, am the more entangled.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 6.

THEY are reſolved to break my heart. My poor Hannah is diſcharged—diſgracefully diſcharged!—Thus it was.

Within half an hour after I had ſent the poor girl down for my breakfaſt, that bold creature Betty Barnes, my ſiſter's confidante and ſervant, (if a favourite maid and confidante can be deemed a *ſervant*) came up.

'What, Miſs, will you pleaſe to 'have for breakfaſt?'

I was ſurprized. 'What will I have 'for breakfaſt, Betty!—How!—What! '—How comes it?'—Then I named Hannah. I could not tell what to ſay.

'Don't be ſurprized, Miſs—But 'you'll ſee Hannah no more in this houſe.'

'God forbid!—Is any harm come to 'Hannah?—What! what is the matter 'with Hannah?'

'Why, Miſs, the ſhort and the long 'is this: your papa and mamma think 'Hannah has ſtaid long enough in the 'houſe to do miſchief; and ſo ſhe is or-'dered to *troop*;' [that was the confident creature's word] 'and I am directed to 'wait upon you in her ſtead.'

I burſt into tears. 'I have no ſer-'vice for you, Betty Barnes; none at 'all. But where is Hannah? Cannot 'I ſpeak with the poor girl? I owe her 'half a year's wages. May I not ſee 'the honeſt creature, and pay her her 'wages? I may never ſee her again 'perhaps; for they are reſolved to break 'my heart.'

'And they think you are reſolved to 'break theirs: ſo tit for tat, Miſs.'

Impertinent I called her; and aſked her, if it were upon ſuch confident terms that her ſervice was to begin.

I was ſo very earneſt to ſee the poor maid, that (to *oblige* me, as ſhe ſaid) ſhe went down with my requeſt.

The worthy creature was as earneſt to ſee me; and the favour was granted in preſence of Shorey and Betty.

I thanked her, when ſhe came up, for her paſt ſervice to me.

Her heart was ready to break. And ſhe began to vindicate her fidelity and love; and diſclaimed any miſchief ſhe had ever made.

I told her that thoſe who occaſioned her being turned out of my ſervice, made no queſtion of her integrity: that her diſmiſſion was intended for an indignity to me. That I was very ſorry to be obliged to part with her, and hoped ſhe would meet with as good a ſervice.

Never, never! wringing her hands, ſhould ſhe meet with a miſtreſs ſhe loved ſo well. And the poor creature ran on

in

in my praiſes, and in profeſſions of love to me.

We are all apt, you know, my dear, to praiſe our benefactors, becauſe they *are* our benefactors; as if every-body did right or wrong, as they obliged or diſobliged *us*. But this good creature *deſerved* to be kindly treated; ſo I could have no merit in favouring one whom it would have been ungrateful not to diſtinguiſh.

I gave her a little linen, ſome laces, and other odd things; and inſtead of four pounds which were due to her, ten guineas: and ſaid, if ever I were again allowed to be my own miſtreſs, I would think of *her* in the firſt place.

Betty enviouſly whiſpered Shorey upon it.

Hannah told me, before their faces, having no other opportunity, that ſhe had been examined about letters *to* me, and *from* me: and that ſhe had given her pockets to Miſs Harlowe, who looked into them, and put her fingers in her ſtays, to ſatisfy herſelf that ſhe had not any.

She gave me an account of the number of my pheaſants and bantams; and I ſaid, they ſhould be my own care twice or thrice a day.

We wept over each other at parting. The girl prayed for all the family.

To have ſo good a ſervant ſo diſgracefully diſmiſſed, is very cruel: and I could not help ſaying, that theſe methods might break my heart, but not any other way anſwer the end of the authors of my diſgraces.

Betty, with a very ſaucy ſleer, ſaid to Shorey, There would be a trial of ſkill about that, ſhe fancied. But I took no notice of it. If this wench thinks that I have robbed her young miſtreſs of a lover, as you ſay ſhe has given out, ſhe may believe that it is ſome degree of merit in herſelf to be impertinent to me.

Thus have I been forced to part with my faithful Hannah. If you can commend the good creature to a place worthy of her, pray do for my ſake.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

MONDAY, NEAR 12 O'CLOCK.

THE incloſed letter was juſt now delivered to me.

My brother has carried all his points. I ſend you alſo the copy of my anſwer. No more at this time can I write!

'MONDAY, MAR. 6.

'MISS CLARY,

'BY command of your father and mother I write expreſsly to forbid you 'to come into their preſence, or into the 'garden when *they* are there: nor when 'they are *not* there, but with Betty 'Barnes to attend you; except by parti-'cular licence or command.

'On their bleſſings you are forbidden 'likewiſe to correſpond with the vile 'Lovelace; as it is well known you did 'by means of your ſly Hannah. Whence 'her ſudden diſcharge. As was fit.

'Neither are you to correſpond with 'Miſs Howe; who has given herſelf high 'airs of late; and might poſſibly help on 'your correſpondence with that deteſted 'libertine. Nor, in ſhort, with any-body 'without leave.

'You are not to enter into the pre-'ſence of either of your uncles, without 'their leave firſt obtained. It is in *mercy* 'to you, after ſuch a behaviour to your 'mother, that your father refuſes to ſee 'you.

'You are not to be ſeen in any apart-'ment of the houſe you ſo lately go-'verned as you pleaſed, unleſs you are 'commanded down.

'In ſhort, you are ſtrictly to confine 'yourſelf to your chamber, except now-'and then, in Betty Barnes's ſight, (as 'aforeſaid) you take a morning or even-'ing turn in the garden: and then you 'are to go directly, and without ſtop-'ping at any apartment in the way, up 'and down the back-ſtairs, that the 'ſight of ſo perverſe a young creature 'may not add to the pain you have given 'every-body.

'The hourly threatenings of your fine 'fellow, as well as your own unheard-'of obſtinacy, will account to you for 'all this. What a hand has the beſt and 'moſt indulgent of mothers had with 'you, who ſo long pleaded for you, and 'undertook for you; even when others, 'from the manner of your ſetting out, 'deſpaired of moving you!—What muſt 'your perverſeneſs have been, that *ſuch* 'a mother can give you up! She thinks 'it right ſo to do: nor will take you to 'favour, unleſs you make the firſt ſteps, 'by a compliance with your duty.

'As for myſelf, whom perhaps you 'think hardly of, [in very good com-'pany, if you do, that's my conſola-'tion;] I have adviſed, that you may be 'permitted to purſue your own inclina-'tions, (ſome people need no greater 'puniſhment than ſuch a permiſſion) 'and not to have the houſe encumbered 'by one who muſt give them the more 'pain for the neceſſity ſhe has laid them 'under of avoiding the ſight of her, al-'though in it.

'If any thing I have written appear 'severe or harsh, it is still in your power '(but perhaps will not always be so) to 'remedy it; and that by a single word.

'Betty Barnes has orders to obey you 'in all points consistent with her duty 'to those to whom *you* owe it, as well as '*she*. 'JA. HARLOWE.'

'TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUNIOR, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I WILL only say, That you may 'congratulate yourself on having *so far* 'succeeded in all your views, that you 'may report what you please of me, and 'I can no more defend myself, than if I 'were dead. Yet one favour, nevertheless, I will beg of you. It is this—That 'you will not occasion more severities, 'more disgraces, than are necessary for 'carrying into execution your further 'designs, whatever they be, against *your* 'unhappy sister,

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

LETTER XXV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY, MARCH 7.

BY my last deposit, you will see how I am driven, and what a poor prisoner I am.—No regard had to my reputation. The whole matter is now before you. Can *such* measures be supposed to soften?—But surely they can only mean to try to frighten me into my brother's views!—All my hope is, to be able to weather this point till my cousin Morden comes from Florence; and he is soon expected: yet, if they are determined upon a short day, I doubt he will not be here time enough to save me.

It is plain by my brother's letter, that my mother has not spared me, in the report she was pleased to make of the conference between herself and me: yet she was pleased to hint to me, that my brother had views which she would have had me try to disappoint. But, indeed, she had engaged to give a *faithful* account of what was to pass between herself and me: and it was, doubtless, much more eligible to give up a daughter, than to disoblige a husband, and every other person of the family.

They think they have done everything by turning away my poor Hannah: but as long as the liberty of the garden, and my poultry visits, are allowed me, they will be mistaken.

I asked Mrs. Betty if she had any orders to watch or attend me; or whether I was to ask *her* leave whenever I should be disposed to walk in the garden, or to go to feed my bantams?—Lord bless her! what could I mean by such a question! Yet she owned, that she had heard that I was not to go into the garden, when my father, mother, or uncles, were there.

However, as it behoved me to be assured on this head, I went down directly, and staid an hour, without question or impediment; and yet a good part of the time I walked under and in *sight*, as I may say, of my brother's study-window, where both he and my sister happened to be. And I am sure they saw me, by the loud mirth they affected, by way of insult, as I suppose.

So this part of my restraint was doubtless a stretch of the authority given him. The enforcing of that may perhaps come next. But I hope not.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

SINCE I wrote the above, I ventured to send a letter by Shorey to my mother. I desired her to give it into her own hand, when nobody was by.

I shall inclose the copy of it. You will see that I would have it thought, that now Hannah is gone, I have no way to correspond out of the house. I am far from thinking all I do, right. I am afraid this is a little piece of art, that is *not* so. But this is an after-thought—The letter went first.

'HONOURED MADAM,

'HAVING acknowledged to you that 'I had received letters from Mr. Lovelace full of resentment, and that I answered them purely to prevent further 'mischief; and having shewn you copies of my answers, which you did not 'disapprove of, although you thought 'fit, after you had read them, to forbid 'me any further correspondence with 'him; I think it my duty to acquaint 'you, that another letter from him has 'since come to my hand, in which he 'is very earnest with me to permit him 'to wait on my papa, or you, or my two 'uncles, in a pacifick way, accompanied by Lord M. on which I beg your 'commands.

'I own to you, Madam, that had not 'the prohibition been renewed, and had 'not Hannah been so suddenly dismissed my service, I should have made 'the less scruple to have written an answer, and to have commanded her to 'convey it to him, with all speed, in 'order to dissuade him from these visits, 'lest any thing should happen on the

'occasion

'occaſion that my heart aches but to 'think of.

'And here I cannot but expreſs my 'grief, that I ſhould have all the puniſh-'ment, and all the blame, who, as I 'have reaſon to think, have prevented 'great miſchief, and have not been the 'occaſion of any. For, Madam, could 'I be ſuppoſed to govern the paſſions of '*either* of the gentlemen?—Over the one 'indeed I have had ſome little influence, 'without giving him *hitherto* any reaſon 'to think he has faſtened an obligation 'upon me for it—Over the other, who, 'Madam, has any?—I am grieved at 'heart, to be obliged to lay ſo great 'blame at my brother's door, although 'my reputation and my liberty are both 'to be ſacrificed to his reſentment and 'ambition. May not, however, ſo deep 'a ſufferer be permitted to ſpeak out?

'This communication being as vo-'luntarily made, as dutifully intended; 'I humbly preſume to hope, that I ſhall 'not be required to produce the letter 'itſelf. I cannot either in honour or 'prudence do that, becauſe of the vehe-'mence of his ſtyle; for having heard '[not, I aſſure you, by my means, or 'through Hannah's] of ſome part of the 'harſh treatment I have met with; he 'thinks himſelf entitled to place it to his 'own account, by reaſon of ſpeeches 'thrown out by ſome of my relations, '*equally* vehement.

'If I do *not* anſwer him, he will be 'made deſperate, and think himſelf 'juſtified (though I ſhall not think him 'ſo) in reſenting the treatment he com-'plains of: if I *do*, and if, in compli-'ment to me, he forbears to reſent what 'he thinks himſelf entitled to reſent; 'be pleaſed, Madam, to conſider the 'obligation he will ſuppoſe he lays me 'under.

'If I were as ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed in 'his favour as is ſuppoſed, I ſhould not 'have wiſhed this to be conſidered by 'you. And permit me, as a ſtill fur-'ther proof that I am *not* prepoſſeſſed, 'to beg of you to conſider, whether, 'upon the whole, the propoſal I made, 'of declaring for the ſingle life, (which 'I will religiouſly adhere to) is not the 'beſt way to get rid of his pretenſions 'with honour. To renounce him, and 'not be allowed to aver that I will never 'be the other man's, will make him con-'clude (driven as I am driven) that I 'am determined in that other man's fa-'vour.

'If this has not it's due weight, my 'brother's ſtrange ſchemes muſt be tried, 'and I will reſign myſelf to my deſtiny 'with all the acquieſcence that ſhall be 'granted to my prayers. And ſo leav-'ing the whole to your own wiſdom, 'and whether you chuſe to conſult my 'papa and uncles upon this humble ap-'plication, or not; or whether I ſhall 'be allowed to write an anſwer to Mr. 'Lovelace, or not, [And if allowed 'ſo to do, I beg your direction, by 'whom to ſend it;] I remain, *honoured 'Madam, your unhappy, but ever-dutiful 'daughter,* 'CL. HARLOWE.'

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

I HAVE juſt received an anſwer to the incloſed letter. My mother, you will obſerve, has ordered me to burn it: but, as you will have it in your ſafe keeping, and nobody elſe will ſee it, her end will be equally anſwered, as if it were burnt. It has neither date nor ſuperſcription.

'CLARISSA,

'SAY not all the blame and all the 'puniſhment is yours. I am as much 'blamed and as much puniſhed as you 'are; yet am more innocent. When your 'obſtinacy is equal to any other perſon's 'paſſion, blame not your brother. We 'judged right, that Hannah carried on 'your correſpondences. Now ſhe is 'gone, and you cannot write [We *think* 'you cannot] to Miſs Howe, nor ſhe to 'you, without our knowledge, one cauſe 'of uneaſineſs and jealouſy is over.

'I had no diſlike to Hannah. I did 'not tell her ſo; becauſe ſomebody was 'within hearing when ſhe deſired to pay 'her duty to me at going. I gave her 'a caution, in a raiſed voice, to take 'care, wherever ſhe went to live next, 'if there were any young ladies, how 'ſhe made parties, and aſſiſted in clan-'deſtine correſpondences—But I ſlid 'two guineas into her hand. Nor was 'I angry to hear that you were ſtill '*more* bountiful to her.—So much for 'Hannah.

'I don't know what to write, about 'your anſwering that man of violence. 'What can you think of it, that ſuch a 'family as ours ſhould have ſuch a rod 'held over it?—For my part, I have 'not owned that I know you *have* corre-'ſponded: by your laſt boldneſs to me '[An aſtoniſhing one it was to purſue 'before Mr. Solmes the ſubject that I 'was forced to break from above-ſtairs!] 'you may, as far as I know, plead, that 'you had my countenance for your cor-'reſpondence with him; and ſo add to 'the uneaſineſs between your father and 'me. You was once all my comfort,

'Clariſſa: you made all my hardſhips 'tolerable—but now!—However, no-'thing, it is plain, can move you; and 'I will ſay no more on that head: for 'you are under your father's diſcipline 'now; and he will neither be preſcribed 'to, nor entreated.

'I ſhould have been glad to ſee the 'letter you tell me of, as I ſaw the reſt '—you ſay, both honour and prudence 'forbid you to ſhew it to me.—O 'Clariſſa! what think you of receiving 'letters that honour and prudence for-'bid you to ſhew to a mother!—But it 'is not for me to ſee it, if you would '*chuſe* to ſhew it me. I will not be in 'your ſecret. I will not know that 'you did correſpond. And, as to an 'anſwer, take your own methods. But 'let him know it will be the laſt you 'will write. And, if you do write, 'I won't ſee it: ſo ſeal it up (if you 'do) and give it to Shorey; and ſhe '—Yet do not think I give you licence 'to write.

'We will be upon no conditions with 'him, nor will *you* be allowed to be up-'on any. Your father and uncles would 'have no patience were he to come. 'What have *you* to do to oblige *him* 'with your refuſal of Mr. Solmes?—'Will not that refuſal be to give *him* 'hope? And while he has any, can *we* 'be eaſy or free from his inſult? Were 'even your brother in *fault*, as that 'fault cannot be conquered, is a ſiſter 'to carry on a correſpondence that ſhall 'endanger her brother? But your fa-'ther has given his ſanction to your bro-'ther's diſlikes, and they are now your 'father's diſlikes, and my diſlikes, your 'uncles and every-body's!—No matter 'to *whom* owing.

'As to the reſt, you have by your 'obſtinacy put it out of my power to do 'any thing for you. Your father takes 'upon himſelf to be anſwerable for all 'conſequences. You muſt not therefore 'apply to me for favour. I ſhall en-'deavour to be only an obſerver; hap-'py, if I could be an unconcerned 'one!—While I had power, you would 'not let me uſe it as I *would* have uſed 'it. Your aunt has been forced to en-'gage not to interfere but by your fa-'ther's direction. You'll have ſevere 'trials. If you have any favour to 'hope for, it muſt be from the media-'tion of your uncles. And yet, I be-'lieve, they are equally determined: 'for they make it a principle [Alas! 'they never had children!] that that 'child, who in marriage is not governed 'by her parents, is to be given up as a 'loſt creature.

'I charge you, let not this letter be 'found. Burn it. There is too much of 'the *mother* in it, to a daughter ſo unac-'countably obſtinate.

'Write not another letter to me. I 'can do nothing for you. But you can 'do every-thing for yourſelf.'

Now, my dear, to proceed with my melancholy narrative.

After this letter, you will believe, that I could have very little hopes, that an application directly to my father would ſtand me in any ſtead: but I thought it became me to write, were it but to acquit myſelf *to* myſelf, that I have left nothing unattempted that has the leaſt likelihood to reſtore me to his favour. Accordingly I wrote to the following effect.

'I PRESUME not, I ſay, to argue 'with my papa; I only beg his mercy 'and indulgence in this *one* point, on 'which depends my preſent and perhaps 'my *future* happineſs; and beſeech him 'not to reprobate his child for an aver-'ſion which it is not in her power to 'conquer. I beg, that I may not be 'ſacrificed to projects, and remote con-'tingencies. I complain of the diſ-'graces I ſuffer in this baniſhment from 'his preſence, and in being confined 'to my chamber. In every-thing but 'this *one* point, I promiſe implicit duty 'and reſignation to his will. I repeat 'my offers of a ſingle life; and appeal 'to him, whether I have ever given 'him cauſe to doubt my word. I beg 'to be admitted to his, and to my 'mamma's preſence, and that my con-'duct may be under their own eye: 'and this with the more earneſtneſs, as 'I have too much reaſon to believe, 'that ſnares are laid for me; and 'tauntings and revilings uſed on pur-'poſe to make a handle of my words 'againſt me, when I am not permit-'ted to ſpeak in my own defence. I 'conclude with hoping, that my bro-'ther's inſtigations may not rob an un-'happy child of her father.'

This is the anſwer, ſent without ſuperſcription, and unſealed, although by Betty Barnes who delivered it with an air, as if ſhe knew the contents.

WEDNESDAY.

'I WRITE, perverſe girl; but with 'all the indignation that your diſobe-'dience deſerves. To deſire to be for-'given a fault you own, and yet reſolve

'to

'to perſevere in, is a boldneſs, no more 'to be equalled, than paſſed over. It is 'my authority you defy. Your reflec- 'tions upon a brother, that is an honour 'to us all, deſerve my utmoſt reſent- 'ment. I ſee how light all relationſhip 'ſits upon *you*. The *cauſe* I gueſs at, 'too. I cannot bear the reflections 'that naturally ariſe from this conſi- 'deration. Your behaviour to your 'too indulgent, and too fond mother— 'But I have no patience—Continue 'baniſhed from my preſence, undutiful 'as you are, till you know how to 'conform to my will. Ingrateful crea- 'ture! Your letter but upbraids me 'for my paſt indulgence. Write no 'more to me, till you can diſtinguiſh 'better; and till you are convinced of 'your duty to

'*A juſtly-incenſed Father.*'

This angry letter was accompanied with one from my mother, unſealed, and unſuperſcribed alſo. Thoſe who take ſo much pains to confederate every one againſt me, I make no doubt, obliged her to bear her teſtimony againſt the poor girl.

My mother's letter being a repetition of ſome of the ſevere things that paſſed between herſelf and me, of which I have already informed you, I ſhall not need to give you the contents—Only thus far, that *ſhe* alſo praiſes my brother, and blames me for my freedoms with him.

LETTER XXVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY MORN. MARCH 9.

I Have another letter from Mr. Lovelace, although I had not anſwered his former.

This man, ſome how or other, knows every-thing that paſſes in our family. My confinement; Hannah's diſmiſſion; and more of the reſentments and reſolutions of my father, uncles, and brother, than I can poſſibly know, and almoſt as ſoon as the things happen which he tells me of. He cannot come at theſe intelligences fairly.

He is exceſſively uneaſy upon what he hears; and his expreſſions both of love to me, and reſentment to them, are very fervent. He ſolicits me, to engage my honour to him, never to have Mr. Solmes.

I think I may fairly promiſe him that I will not.

He begs, That I will not think he is endeavouring to make to himſelf a *merit* at any man's expence, ſince he hopes to obtain my favour on the foot of his *own*; nor that he ſeeks to *intimidate* me into a conſideration for him. But declares, that the treatment he meets with from my family is of ſuch a nature, that he is perpetually reproached for not reſenting it; and that as well by Lord M. and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, as by all his other friends: and if he muſt have no hope from me, he cannot anſwer for what his deſpair will make him do.

Indeed, he ſays, his relations, the ladies particularly, adviſe him to have recourſe to a *legal* remedy: but how, he aſks, can a man of honour go to law for verbal abuſes given by people entitled to wear ſwords?

You ſee, my dear, that my mother ſeems as apprehenſive of miſchief as myſelf; and has *indirectly* offered to let Shorey carry my anſwer to the letter he ſent me before.

He is full of the favour of the ladies of his family to me: to whom, nevertheleſs, I am perſonally a ſtanger; except that once I ſaw Miſs Patty Montague at Mrs. Knollys's.

It is natural, I believe, for a perſon to be the more deſirous of making new friends, in proportion as ſhe loſes the favour of old ones: yet had I rather appear amiable in the eyes of my own relations, and in your eyes, than in thoſe of all the world beſide.—But theſe four ladies of his family have ſuch excellent characters, that one cannot but wiſh to be thought well of by them. Cannot there be a way to find out by Mrs. Forteſcue's means, or by Mr. Hickman, who has ſome knowledge of Lord M. [covertly, however] what their opinions are of the preſent ſituation of things in our family; and of the little likelihood there is, that ever the alliance once approved of by them, can take effect?

I cannot, for my own part, think ſo well of myſelf, as to imagine, that they can wiſh their kinſman to perſevere in his views with regard to me, through ſuch contempts and diſcouragements.—Not that it would concern me, ſhould they adviſe him to the contrary. By my lord's ſigning Mr. Lovelace's former letter; by Mr. Lovelace's aſſurances of the continued favour of all his relations; and by the report of others; I ſeem ſtill to ſtand high in their favour: but, methinks, I ſhould be glad to have this confirmed to me, as from themſelves, by the lips of an indifferent perſon; and the

the rather, as they are known to put a value upon their alliance, becauſe of their fortunes and family: and take it amiſs (as they have reaſon) to be included by *ours* in the contempt thrown upon their kinſman.

Curioſity at preſent is all my motive: nor will there ever, I hope, be a ſtronger, notwithſtanding your queſtionable *throbs*—even were the merits of Mr. Lovelace much greater than they are.

I HAVE anſwered his letters. If he takes me at my word, I ſhall need to be the leſs ſolicitous for the opinions of his relations in my favour: and yet one would be glad to be well thought of by the worthy.

This is the ſubſtance of my letter,

I expreſs my ſurprize at his knowing (and ſo early) all that paſſes here.

I aſſure him, That were there not ſuch a man in the world as himſelf, I would not have Mr. Solmes.

I tell him, That to return, as I underſtand he does, defiances for defiances, to my relations, is far from being a proof with me, either of his politeneſs, or of the conſideration he pretends to have for me.

That the moment I hear he viſits any of my friends without their conſent I will make a reſolution never to ſee him more, I can help it.

I apprize him, That I am connived at in ſending this letter, (although no one has ſeen the contents) provided it ſhall be the laſt I will ever write to him: that I had more than once told him, that the ſingle life was my choice; and this before Mr. Solmes was introduced as a viſitor in our family. That Mr. Wyerley, and other gentlemen, knew it to be my choice, before himſelf was acquainted with any of us; that I had never been induced to receive a line from him on the ſubject, but that I thought he had not acted ungenerouſly by my brother; and yet had not been ſo handſomely treated by my friends, as he might have expected: but that had he even my friends on his ſide, I ſhould have very great objections to him, were I to get over my choice of a ſingle life, ſo really preferable to me as it is; and that I ſhould have declared as much to him, had I regarded him as *more* than a common viſitor. On all theſe accounts, I deſire, that the one more letter, which I will allow him to depoſit in the uſual place, may be the very *laſt*; and that only, to acquaint me with his acquieſcence that it ſhall be ſo; at leaſt till happier times.

This laſt I put in that he may not be quite deſperate. But if he take me at my word, I ſhall be rid of one of my tormentors.

I have promiſed to lay before you all his letters, and my anſwers: I repeat that promiſe; and am the leſs ſolicitous, for that reaſon, to amplify upon the contents of either. But I cannot too often expreſs my vexation to be driven to ſuch ſtreights and difficulties, here at home, as oblige me to anſwer letters (from a man I had not abſolutely intended to encourage, and to whom I had really great objections) filled as *his* are with ſuch warm proteſtations, and written to me with a ſpirit of expectation.

For, my dear, you never knew ſo bold a ſuppoſer. As commentators find beauties in an author, to which the author perhaps was a ſtranger; ſo he ſometimes compliments me in high ſtrains of gratitude for favours, and for a conſideration, which I never deſigned him; inſomuch that I am frequently under a neceſſity of explaining away the attributed goodneſs to him, which if I ſhewed, I ſhould have the leſs opinion of myſelf.

In ſhort, my dear, like a reſtiff horſe, (as I have heard deſcribed by ſportſmen) he pains one's hands, and half disjonts one's arms, to rein him in. And, when you ſee his letters, you muſt form no judgment upon them, till you have read my anſwers. If you do, you will indeed think you have cauſe to attribute *ſelf-deceit*, and *throbs*, and *glows* to your friend—And yet, at other times, the contradictory creature complains, that I ſhew him as little favour, and my friends as much inveteracy, as if in the rencounter betwixt my brother and him, he had been the aggreſſor; and as if the cataſtrophe had been as fatal, as it might have been.

If he had a deſign by this conduct (ſometimes complaining of my ſhyneſs, at others exulting in my imaginary favours) to induce me at one time to acquieſce with his compliments; at another to be more complaiſant for his complaints; and if the contradiction be not the effect of his inattention and giddineſs; I ſhall think him as deep and as artful (too probably, as *practiſed*) a creature, as ever lived: and were I to be ſure of it, ſhould hate him, if poſſible, worſe than I do Solmes.

But enough for the preſent of a creature ſo very various.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY NIGHT, MARCH 9.

I Have not patience with any of the people you are with. I know not what to adviſe you to do. How do you know, that you are not puniſhable for being the cauſe, though to your own loſs, that the will of your grandfather is not complied with?—Wills are ſacred things, child. You ſee, that they, even *they*, think ſo, who imagine they ſuffer by a will, through the diſtinction paid you in it.

I allow of all your noble reaſonings for what you did at the time: but ſince ſuch a charming, ſuch a generous inſtance of filial duty is to go thus unrewarded, why ſhould you not reſume?

Your grandfather knew the family-failing. He knew what a noble ſpirit you had to do good. He himſelf perhaps [Excuſe me, my dear] had done too little in his life-time; and therefore he put it in your power to make up for the defects of the whole family. Were it to me, I would reſume it. Indeed I would.

You will ſay, you cannot do it, while you are with them. I don't know that. Do you think they can uſe you worſe than they do? And is it not your *right?* And do they not make uſe of your own generoſity to oppreſs you? Your uncle Harlowe is one truſtee; your couſin Morden is the other: inſiſt upon your right to your uncle; and write to your couſin Morden about it. This, I dare ſay, will make them alter their behaviour to you.

Your inſolent brother—what has *he* to do to controul you?—Were it me, [I wiſh it were for one month, and no more] I'd ſhew him the difference. I would be in my own manſion, purſuing my charming ſchemes, and making all around me happy. I would ſet up my own chariot. I would viſit them when they deſerved it. But when my brother and ſiſter gave themſelves airs, I would let them know, that I was their ſiſter, and not their ſervant; and, if that did not do, I would ſhut my gates againſt them; and bid them go, and be company for each other.

It muſt be confeſſed, however, that this brother and ſiſter of yours, judging as ſuch narrow ſpirits will ever judge, have ſome reaſon for treating you as they do. It muſt have long been a mortification to them (ſet diſappointed love on her ſide, and avarice on his, out of the queſtion) to be ſo much eclipſed by a younger ſiſter. Such a ſun in a family, where there are none but faint twinklers, how could they bear it! Why, my dear, they muſt look upon you as a prodigy among them: and prodigies, you know, though they obtain our admiration, never attract our love. The diſtance between you and them is immenſe. Their eyes ache to look up at you. What ſhade does your full day of merit caſt upon them! Can you wonder then, that they ſhould embrace the firſt opportunity that offered, to endeavour to bring you down to their level?

Depend upon it, my dear, you will have more of it, and more ſtill, as you bear it.

As to this odious Solmes, I wonder not at your averſion to him. It is needleſs to ſay any thing to you, who have ſo ſincere an antipathy to him, to ſtrengthen your diſlike: yet, who can reſiſt her own talents? One of mine, as I have heretofore ſaid, is to give an ugly likeneſs. Shall I indulge it?—I will. And the rather, as, in doing ſo, you will have my opinion in juſtification of your averſion to him, and in approbation of a ſteadineſs that I ever admired and muſt for ever approve of in your temper.

I was twice in this wretch's company. At one of the times your Lovelace was there. I need not mention to you, who have ſuch a *pretty curioſity*, (though at preſent, *only* a curioſity, you know) the unſpeakable difference.

Lovelace entertained the company in his lively gay way, and made everybody laugh at one of his ſtories. It was before this creature was thought of for you. Solmes laughed too. It was, however, *his* laugh; for his firſt three years, at leaſt, I imagine, muſt have been one continual fit of crying; and his muſcles have never yet been able to recover a riſible tone. His very ſmile [You never ſaw him ſmile, I believe; never at leaſt gave him cauſe to ſmile] is ſo little natural to his features, that it appears in him as hideous as the *grin* of a man in malice.

I took great notice of him, as I do of all the noble lords of the creation, in their peculiarities; and was diſguſted, nay, ſhocked at him, even then. I was glad, I remember, on that particular occaſion, to ſee his ſtrange features recovering their natural gloomineſs; though they did this but ſlowly, as if the muſcles which contributed to his diſtortions,

diſtortions, had turned upon ruſty ſprings.

What a dreadful thing muſt even the *love* of ſuch a huſband be! For my part, were I his wife! (But what have I done to myſelf, to make but ſuch a ſuppoſition?) I ſhould never have comfort but in his abſence, or when I was quarrelling with him. A ſplenetick woman, who muſt have ſomebody to find fault with, might indeed be brought to endure ſuch a wretch: the ſight of him would always furniſh out the occaſion, and all her ſervants, for that reaſon, and for *that* only, would have cauſe to bleſs their maſter. But how grievous and apprehenſive a thing muſt it be for his wife, had ſhe the leaſt degree of delicacy, to catch herſelf in having done ſomething to oblige him?

So much for his perſon: as to the other half of him, he is ſaid to be an inſinuating, creeping mortal, to anybody he hopes to be a gainer by; an inſolent, over-bearing one, where he has no ſuch views. And is not this the genuine ſpirit of meanneſs? He is reported to be ſpiteful and malicious, even to the whole family of any ſingle perſon who has once diſobliged him; and to his own relations moſt of all. I am told, that they are none of them ſuch wretches as himſelf. This may be one reaſon why he is for diſinheriting them.

My Kitty, from one of his domeſticks, tells me, that his tenants hate him: and that he never had a ſervant who ſpoke well of him. Vilely ſuſpicious of their wronging him (probably from the badneſs of his own heart) he is always changing.

His pockets, they ſay, are continually crammed with keys: ſo that when he would treat a gueſt (A *friend* he has not out of your family) he is half as long puzzling *which* is *which*, as his niggardly treat might be concluded in. And if it be wine, he always fetches it himſelf. Nor has he much trouble in doing ſo; for he has very few viſitors—only thoſe, whom buſineſs or neceſſity brings: for a gentleman who can help it, would rather be benighted, than put up at his houſe.

Yet this is the man they have found out (for conſiderations as ſordid as thoſe he is governed by) for a huſband, that is to ſay, for a lord and maſter, for Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe!

But perhaps, he may not be quite ſo miſerable as he is repreſented. Characters extremely good, or extremely bad, are ſeldom juſtly given. Favour for a perſon will exalt the one, as diſfavour will ſink the other. But your uncle Antony has told my mother, who objected to his covetouſneſs, that it was intended *to tie him* up, as he called it, *to your own terms*; which would be with a hempen, rather than a matrimonial cord, I dare ſay. But, is not this a plain indication, that even his own recommenders think him a mean creature, and that he muſt be articled with—perhaps for *neceſſaries*? But enough, and too much, of ſuch a wretch as this!—You muſt not have him, my dear—that I am clear in—though not ſo clear, how you will be able to avoid it, except you aſſert the independence to which your eſtate gives you a title.

HERE my mother broke in upon me. She wanted to ſee what I had written. I was ſilly enough to read Solmes's character to her.

She owned, that the man was not the moſt deſirable of men; and that he had not the happieſt appearance: 'But 'what,' ſaid ſhe, 'is *perſon* in a man?' And I was chidden for ſetting you againſt complying with your father's will. Then followed a lecture upon the preference to be given in favour of a man who took care to diſcharge all his obligations to the world, and to keep all together, in oppoſition to a ſpendthrift or profligate: a fruitful ſubject you know, whether any particular perſon be meant by it, or not.

Why will theſe wiſe parents, by ſaying too much againſt the perſons they diſlike, put one upon defending them? Lovelace is not a ſpendthrift; owes not obligations to the world; though, I doubt not, profligate enough. Then, putting one upon doing *ſuch* but common juſtice, we muſt needs be prepoſſeſſed, truly!—And ſo perhaps we are put upon *curioſities* firſt, that is to ſay, how *ſuch a one* or *his friends* may think of one:—and then, but too probably, comes in a diſtinguiſhing preference, or ſomething that looks exceedingly like it.

My mother charged me at laſt, to write that ſide over again.—'But excuſe me, my good mamma!' I would not have the character loſt upon any conſideration; ſince my vein ran freely into it: and I never wrote to pleaſe myſelf, but I pleaſed you. A very good reaſon why—We have but one mind between us—only, that ſometimes you are a little too grave, methinks;

I, no doubt, a little too flippant in your opinion.

This difference in our tempers, however, is probably the reason that we love one another *so* well, that in the words of Norris, no *third love* can come in betwixt. Since each, in the other's eye, having something amiss, and each loving the other well enough to bear being told of it; (and the rather perhaps as neither wishes to mend it) this takes off a good deal from that rivalry which might encourage a little (if not a great deal) of that latent spleen, which in time might rise into envy, and that into ill-will. So, my dear, if this be the case, let each keep her fault, and much good may do her with it, say I: for there is constitution in both to plead for it. And what an hero or heroine must he or she be, who can conquer a constitutional fault? Let it be *avarice*, as in some I *dare not* name: let it be *gravity*, as in my *best friend*; or let it be *flippancy*, as in—I need not say whom.

It is proper to acquaint you, that I was obliged to comply with my mother's *curiosity*, [My mother has her share, her *full* share, of *curiosity*, my dear] and to let her see here-and-there some passages in your letters.

I am broken in upon—but I will tell you by-and-by what passed between my mother and me on this occasion—and the rather, as she had her GIRL, her favourite HICKMAN, and your LOVELACE, all at once in her eye, in her part of the conversation.

THUS it was.

'I cannot but think, Nancy,' said she, 'after all, that there is a little hardship 'in Miss Harlowe's case: and yet (as 'her mother says) it is a grating thing 'to have a child who was always noted 'for her duty in *smaller* points, to stand 'in opposition to her parents will, in 'the *greater*; yea, in the *greatest of all*. 'And now, to middle the matter between 'both, it is pity, that the man *they* favour 'has not that sort of merit which a person of a mind so delicate as that of Miss 'Harlowe might reasonably expect in a 'husband.—But then this man is surely 'preferable to a libertine; to a libertine 'too, who has had a duel with her own 'brother: *fathers* and *mothers* must think 'so, were it *not* for that circumstance— 'And it is strange if *they* do not know 'best.'

'And so they must,' thought I, 'from 'their experience, if no little dirty views 'give *them* also that prepossession in one 'man's favour, which they are so apt to 'censure their daughters for having in 'another's.—And if, as I may add in your case, they have no creeping, old, musty uncle Antony's to strengthen their prepossessions, as he does my mother's— Poor, creeping, positive soul, what has such an old batchelor as he to do, to prate about the duties of children to parents; unless he had a notion that parents owe some to their children? But your mother, by her indolent meekness, let me call it, has spoiled all the three brothers.

'But you see, child' proceeded my mother, 'what a different behaviour 'MINE is to YOU. I recommend to you 'one of the soberest, yet politest, men 'in England.'

I think little of my mother's *politest*, my dear. She judges of honest Hickman for her *daughter*, as she would have done, I suppose, twenty years ago, for *herself*.

'Of a good family,' continued my mother; 'a fine, clear, and improving 'estate;' [a prime consideration with my mother, as well as with some other folks, whom you know] 'and I *beg* and I *pray* 'you to encourage him: at least, not to 'use him *worse* for his being so obsequious to you.'

Yes indeed! To use *him* kindly, that he may treat *me* familiarly—But distance to the men-wretches is best—I say.

'Yet all will hardly prevail upon you 'to do as I would have you. What 'would you say, were I to treat you as 'Miss Harlowe's father and mother treat 'her?'

'What would I *say*, Madam!—That's 'easily answered. I would *say* nothing. 'Can you think such usage, and to such 'a young lady, is to be borne?'

'Come, come, Nancy, be not so hasty: 'you have heard but one side; and that 'there is *more* to be said is plain, by your 'reading to me but parts of her letters. 'They are her parents. *They* must know 'best. Miss Harlowe, as fine a child as 'she is, must have *done* something, must 'have *said* something, (you know how 'they loved her) to make them treat her 'thus.'

'But if *she* should be blameless, Madam, how does your own supposition 'condemn *them*?'

Then came up Solmes's great estate; his good management of it—'A little 'too NEAR indeed!' was the word.—['*O how money-lovers*,' thought I, '*will 'palliate!*' Yet my mother is a princess in spirit to this Solmes!] 'What strange 'effects,' added she, 'have prepossession 'and love upon young ladies?'

I don't know how it is, my dear; but people

people take high delight in finding out folks in love. Curiosity *begets* curiosity: I believe that's the thing.

She proceeded to praise Mr. Lovelace's person and his qualifications natural and acquired: but then she would judge as *mothers* will judge, and as *daughters* are very loth to judge:—but could say nothing in answer to your offer of living single; and breaking with him—if—if—[three or four *if's* she made of one good one, if] *that* could be depended on.

But still *obedience without reserve*, reason what I will, is the burden of my mother's song: and this for *my* sake, as well as for *yours*.

I must needs say, that I think duty to parents is a very meritorious excellence: but I bless God I have not your trials. We can all be good when we have no temptation nor provocation to the contrary: but few young persons (who can help themselves too as you can) would bear what you bear.

I will now mention all that is upon my mind, in relation to the behaviour of your father and uncles, *and the rest of them*, because I would not offend you: but I have now a higher opinion of my own sagacity, than ever I had, in that I could never cordially love any one of your family but yourself. I am not *born* to like them. But it is my *duty* to be sincere to my *friend:* and this will excuse her Anna Howe to Miss Clarissa Harlowe.

I ought indeed to have excepted your mother; a lady to be reverenced; and now to be pitied. What must have been her treatment, to be thus subjugated, as I may call it? Little did the good old viscount think, when he married his darling, his only daughter to so well-appearing a gentleman, and to her own liking too, that she would have been so much kept down. Another would call your father a tyrant, if I must not: all the world that know him, *do* call him so; and if you love your mother, you should not be very angry at the world for taking that liberty.

Yet, after all, I cannot help thinking, that she is the less to be pitied, as she may be said (be the gout, or what will, the occasion of his moroseness) to have long behaved unworthy of her birth and fine qualities, in yielding so much as she yields to encroaching spirits; [You may confine the reflection to your brother, if it will pain you to extend it] and this for the sake of preserving a temporary peace to herself; which was the less worth endeavouring to preserve, as it always produced a strength in the will of others, and was followed by a weakness in her own, which subjected her to an arbitrariness that of course grew, and became established, upon her patience.—And now to give up the most deserving of her children (against her judgment) a sacrifice to the ambition and selfishness of the least deserving!—But I fly from this subject—having, I fear, said too much to be forgiven—and yet much less than is in my heart to say upon the over-meek subject.

Mr. Hickman is expected from London this evening. I have desired him to enquire after Lovelace's life and conversation in town. If he has not enquired, I shall be very angry with him. Don't expect a very good account of either. He is certainly an intriguing wretch, and full of inventions.

Upon my word, I most heartily despise that sex! I wish they would let our fathers and mothers alone; teazing *them* to teaze *us* with their golden promises, and protestations, and settlements, and the rest of their ostentatious nonsense. How charmingly might you and I live together, and despise them all!—But to be cajoled, wire-drawn, and ensnared, like silly birds, into a state of bondage, or vile subordination: to be courted as princesses for a few weeks, in order to be treated as slaves for the rest of our lives—Indeed, my dear, as you say of Solmes, I cannot endure them! But for your relations [*friends* no more will I call them, unworthy as they are even of the *other* name!] to take such a wretch's price as that; and to the cutting off all reversions from his own family!—How must a mind but commonly just resist such a measure!

Mr. Hickman shall sound Lord M. upon the subject you recommend. But beforehand I can tell you what he and what his sister will say, when they *are* sounded. Who would not be proud of such a relation as Miss Clarissa Harlowe?—Mrs. Fortescue told me, that they are all your very great admirers.

If I have not been clear enough in my advice about what you shall do, let me say, that I can give it in one word: it is only by re-urging you to RESUME. If you do, all the rest will follow.

We are told here, that Mrs. Norton, as well as your aunt Hervey, has given her opinion on the *implicit* side of the question. If she can think, that the part she has had in your education, and your own admirable talents and acquirements, are

are to be thrown away upon ſuch a worthleſs creature as Solmes, I could heartily quarrel with her. You may think I ſay this to leſſen your regard for the good woman. And perhaps not wholly without cauſe, if you do. For, to own the truth, methinks, I don't love her ſo well as I ſhould do, did you love her ſo apparently leſs, that I could be out of doubt, that you love me better.

Your mother tells you, That you will have great trials: that you are under your father's *diſcipline*.—The word is enough for me to deſpiſe them who give occaſion for it's uſe.—That it is out of her power to help you! And again, that if you have any favour to hope for, it muſt be by the mediation of your uncles. I ſuppoſe you will write to the oddities, ſince you are forbid to ſee them—But can it be, that ſuch a lady, ſuch a ſiſter, ſuch a wife, ſuch a mother, has no influence in her own family? Who, indeed, as you ſay, if this be ſo, would marry, that can live ſingle? My choler is again beginning to riſe. RESUME, my dear:—and that is all I will give myſelf time to ſay further, leſt I offend you when I cannot ſerve you.—Only this, that I am *your truly affectionate friend and ſervant*, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, MARCH 10.

YOU will permit me, my dear, to touch upon a few paſſages in your laſt letter, that affect me ſenſibly.

In the firſt place, you muſt allow me to ſay, low as I am in ſpirits, that I am very angry with you for your reflections on my relations, particularly on my father and mother, and on the memory of my grandfather. Nor, my dear, does your *own* mother always eſcape the keen edge of your vivacity. One cannot one's *ſelf* forbear to write or ſpeak freely of thoſe we love and honour, when grief from imagined hard treatment wrings the heart: but it goes againſt one to hear any-body elſe take the ſame liberties. Then you have ſo very ſtrong a manner of expreſſion where you take a diſtaſte, that when paſſion has ſubſided, and I come (upon reflection) to ſee by *your* ſeverity what I have given occaſion for, I cannot help condemning myſelf.

But leaſt of all can I bear that you ſhould reflect upon my mother. What, my dear, if her meekneſs ſhould not be rewarded? Is the want of reward, or the want even of a grateful acknowledgment, a reaſon for us to diſpenſe with what we think our duty? They were my father's lively ſpirits that firſt made him an intereſt in her gentle boſom. They were the ſame ſpirits turned inward, as I have heretofore obſerved, that made him ſo impatient when the cruel malady ſeized him. He always loved my mother: and would not LOVE and PITY, *excuſably*, nay, *laudably*, make a good wife (who was an hourly witneſs of his pangs, when labouring under a paroxyſm, and his paroxyſms becoming more and more frequent, as well as more and more ſevere) give up her own will, her own likings, to oblige a huſband thus afflicted, whoſe love for *her* was unqueſtionable?—And if ſo, was it not too natural, [human nature is not perfect, my dear] that the huſband thus humoured by the wife, ſhould be unable to bear controul from any-body elſe? much leſs contradiction from his children?

If then you would avoid my higheſt diſpleaſure, you muſt ſpare my mother: and, ſurely, you will allow me, with her, to pity, as well as to love and honour my father.

I have no friend but you to whom I can appeal, to whom I dare complain. Unhappily circumſtanced as I am, it is but too probable that I *ſhall* complain, becauſe it is but too probable that I ſhall have more and more cauſe given me *for* complaint. But be it your part, if I do, to ſoothe my angry paſſions, and to ſoften my reſentments; and this the rather, as you know what an influence your advice has upon me; and as you *muſt* alſo know, that the freedoms you take with my friends, can have no other tendency but to weaken the ſenſe of my duty to them, without anſwering any good end to myſelf.

I cannot help owning, however, that I am pleaſed to have you join with me in opinion of the contempt which Solmes deſerves from me. But yet, permit me to ſay, that he is not *quite* ſo horrible a creature as you make him: as to his *perſon*, I mean; for with regard to his *mind*, by all I have heard, you have done him but juſtice: but you have ſuch a talent at an ugly likeneſs, and ſuch a vivacity, that they ſometimes carry you out of verifimilitude. In ſhort, my dear, I have known you, in more inſtances than one, ſit down reſolved to write all that wit, rather than ſtrict juſtice, could ſuggeſt upon the given occaſion. Perhaps it may be thought, that I ſhould ſay the leſs on this particular ſubject, becauſe your diſlike of him

ariſes from love to me: but ſhould it not be our aim to judge of ourſelves, and of every thing that affects us, as we may reaſonably imagine other people would judge of us and of our actions?

As to the advice you give, to reſume my eſtate, I am determined not to litigate with my father, let what will be the conſequence to myſelf. I may give you, at another time, a more particular anſwer to your reaſonings on this ſubject: but, at preſent, will only obſerve, that it is my opinion, that Lovelace himſelf would hardly think me worth addreſſing, were he to know *this* to be my reſolution. Theſe *men*, my dear, with all their flatteries, look forward to the PERMANENT. Indeed, it is fit they ſhould. For love muſt be a very fooliſh thing to look back upon, when it has brought perſons born to affluence into indigence, and laid a generous mind under obligation and dependence.

You very ingeniouſly account for the love we bear to one another, from the *difference* in our tempers. I own I ſhould not have thought of that. There may poſſibly be ſomething in it: but whether there be, or not, whenever I am cool, and give myſelf time to reflect, I will love you the better for the correction you give me, be as ſevere as you will upon me. Spare me not therefore, my dear friend, whenever you think me in the leaſt fault. I love your agreeable raillery: you know I always did; nor, however *over*-ſerious you think me, did I ever think you *flippant*, as you harſhly call it. One of the firſt conditions of our mutual friendſhip was, that each ſhould ſay or write to the other whatever was upon her mind, without any offence to be taken: a condition that is indeed indiſpenſable in friendſhip.

I know your mother would be for implicit obedience in a child. I am ſorry my caſe is ſo circumſtanced, that I *cannot* comply. It would be my duty to do ſo, if I could. You are indeed very happy, that you have nothing but your own agreeable, yet whimſical, humours to contend with, in the choice ſhe invites you to make of Mr. Hickman. How happy ſhould I be to be treated with ſo much lenity!—I ſhould bluſh to have *my* mother ſay, that ſhe *begged* and *prayed* me, and all in vain, to encourage a man ſo unexceptionable as Mr. Hickman.

Indeed, my beloved Miſs Howe, I am aſhamed to have your mother ſay, with ME in her view, What ſtrange effects have prepoſſeſſion and love upon young creatures of our ſex! This touches me the more ſenſibly, becauſe you yourſelf my dear, are ſo ready to *perſuade* me into it.

I ſhould be very blameable to endeavour to hide any the leaſt bias upon my mind from you: and I cannot but ſay—that this man—this Lovelace—is a man that might be liked well enough, if he bore ſuch a character as Mr. Hickman bears; and even if there were hopes of reclaiming him. And further ſtill I will acknowledge, that I believe it poſſible that one might be driven, by violent meaſures, ſtep by ſtep, as it were, into ſomething that might be called—I do not know what to call it—A *conditional kind of liking*, or ſo. But as to the word LOVE—juſtifiable and charming as it is in ſome caſes, (that is to ſay, in all the *relative*, in all the *ſocial*, and, what is ſtill bevond *both*, in all our *ſuperior* duties, in which it may be properly called *divine*;) it has, methinks, in the narrow, circumſcribed, ſelfiſh, peculiar ſenſe, in which you apply it to me, (the man too ſo little to be approved of for his morals, if all that report ſays of him be true) no pretty ſound with it. Treat me as freely as you will in other reſpects, I will love you, as I have ſaid, the better for your friendly freedom: but, methinks, that I could be glad that you would not let this imputation paſs ſo glibly from *your* pen, or *your* lips, as attributable to one of your *own ſex*, whether *I* be the perſon or not; ſince the *other* muſt have a *double* triumph, when a perſon of your delicacy (armed with ſuch contempts of them all, as you would have one think) can give up a friend, with an exultation over her weakneſs, as a ſilly, love-ſick creature!

I could make ſome other obſervations upon the contents of your laſt two letters; but my mind is not free enough at preſent. The occaſions for the above ſtuck with me; and I could not help taking the earlieſt notice of them.

Having written to the end of my ſecond ſheet, I will cloſe this letter, and in my next acquaint you with all that has happened here ſince my laſt.

LETTER XXXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11.

I Have had ſuch taunting meſſages, and ſuch repeated avowals of ill offices, brought me from my brother and ſiſter, if I do not comply with their wills, (delivered, too, with provoking ſaucineſs by

by Betty Barnes) that I have thought it proper, before I entered upon my intended addreſs to my uncles, in purſuance of the hint given me in my mother's letter, to expoſtulate a little with *them*. But I have done it in ſuch a manner as will give you (if you pleaſe to take it as you have done ſome parts of my former letters) great advantage over me. In ſhort, you will have more cauſe than ever to declare me far gone in love, if my *reaſons* for the change of my ſtile in theſe letters, with regard to Mr. Lovelace, do not engage your more favourable opinion. — For I have thought proper to give them their own way; and, ſince they will have it that I have a preferable regard for Mr. Lovelace, I give them cauſe rather to confirm their opinion than doubt it.

Theſe are my reaſons in brief, for the alteration of my ſtile.

In the firſt place, they have grounded their principal argument for my compliance with their will, upon my acknowledgment that my heart is free; and ſo, ſuppoſing I give up no preferable perſon, my oppoſition has the look of downright obſtinacy in their eyes; and they argue, that, at worſt, my averſion to Solmes is an averſion that may be eaſily ſurmounted, and *ought* to be ſurmounted in duty to my father, and for the promotion of family-views.

Next, although they build upon this argument in order to ſilence me, they ſeem not to believe me, but treat me as diſgracefully as if I were in love with one of my father's footmen—ſo that my *conditional* willingneſs to give up Mr. Lovelace has procured me no favour.

In the next place, I cannot but think, that my brother's antipathy to Mr. Lovelace is far from being well grounded; the man's inordinate paſſion for the ſex is the crime that is always rung in my ears; and a very great one it is; but, does my brother recriminate upon him thus in love to *me*?—No—His whole behaviour ſhews me, that that is not his principal motive, and that he thinks me rather in his way than otherwiſe.

It is then the call of juſtice, as I may ſay, to ſpeak a little in favour of a man, who, although provoked by my brother, did not do him all the miſchief he could have done him, and which my brother had endeavoured to do *him*. It might not be amiſs, therefore, I thought, to alarm them a little with an apprehenſion, that the methods they are a taking with me are the very reverſe of thoſe they *ſhould* take to anſwer the end they deſign by them. And after all, what is the compliment I make Mr. Lovelace, if I *allow* it to be thought that I do *really* prefer him to ſuch a man as him they terrify me with? Then, my Miſs Howe [concluded I] accuſes me of a tameneſs which ſubjects me to inſults from my brother: I will keep that dear friend in my eye; and for *all* theſe conſiderations, try what a little of *her* ſpirit will do—ſit it ever ſo awkwardly upon me.

In this way of thinking, I wrote to my brother and ſiſter. This is my letter to him.

'TREATED as I am treated, and, 'in a great meaſure, if not *wholly*, by 'your inſtigations, brother, you muſt permit me to expoſtulate with you upon 'the occaſion. It is not my *intention* to 'diſpleaſe you in what I am going to 'write: and yet I muſt deal freely with 'you. The occaſion calls for it.

'And permit me, in the firſt place, to 'remind you, That I am your *ſiſter*; and 'not your *ſervant*; and that, therefore, 'the bitter revilings and paſſionate lan'guage brought me from you, upon an 'occaſion in which you have no reaſon 'to preſcribe to me, are neither worthy 'of my character to bear, nor of yours 'to offer.

'Put the caſe, that I *were* to marry the 'man you diſlike; and that he were *not* 'to make a polite or tender huſband, is 'that a reaſon for you to be an unpolite 'and diſobliging brother?—Why muſt 'you, Sir, anticipate my misfortunes, 'were ſuch a caſe to happen?—Let me 'tell you plainly, that the man who could 'treat me as a *wife*, worſe than you of 'late have treated me as a *ſiſter*, muſt be 'a barbarous man indeed.

'Aſk yourſelf, I pray you, Sir, if 'you would thus have treated your ſiſter 'Bella, had *ſhe* thought fit to receive the 'addreſſes of the man ſo much hated by 'you?—If not, let me caution you, my 'brother, not to take your meaſures by 'what you think *will be borne*, but rather 'by what *ought to be offered*.

'How would *you* take it, if you had a 'brother, who, in a like caſe, were to 'act by *you*, as you do by *me*?—You 'cannot but remember what a laconick 'anſwer you gave even to my father, 'who recommended to you Miſs Nelly 'D'Oily—*You did not like her*, were your 'words: and that was thought ſufficient.

'You muſt needs think that I cannot 'but know to *whom* to attribute my diſ'graces, when I recollect my father's 'indulgence to me, in permitting me to 'decline ſeveral offers; and to *ſhew*

'that a common cauſe is endeavoured 'to be made, in favour of a man whoſe 'perſon and manners are more excep-'tionable than thoſe of any of the gen-'tlemen I have been permitted to refuſe.

'I offer not to compare the two men 'together: nor is there, indeed, the 'leaſt compariſon to be made between 'them. All the difference to the *one's* 'diſadvantage, if I *did*, is but in one 'point—Of the greateſt importance, in-'deed—But to whom of the *moſt* im-'portance?—To *myſelf*, ſurely, were I 'to encourage his application—of the 'leaſt to *you*. Nevertheleſs, if you do 'not, by your ſtrange politicks, unite '*that man* and *me* as joint-ſufferers in 'one cauſe, you ſhall find me as much 'reſolved to renounce *him*, as I am to 'refuſe the *other*. I have made an over-'ture to this purpoſe: I hope you will 'not give me reaſon to confirm my ap-'prehenſions, that it will be owing to *you* 'it be not accepted.

'It is a ſad thing to have it to ſay, 'without being conſcious of ever hav-'ing given you cauſe of offence, that I 'have in *you* a brother, but not a friend.

'Perhaps you will not condeſcend to 'enter into the reaſons of your late and 'preſent conduct with a fooliſh ſiſter. 'But if *politeneſs*, if *civility*, be not due 'to that character and to my ſex, *juſtice* 'is.

'Let me take the liberty further to 'obſerve, that the principal end of a 'young man's education at a univerſity, 'is, to learn him to reaſon juſtly, and 'to ſubdue the violence of his paſſions. 'I hope, brother, that you will not 'give room for any-body who knows 'us both, to conclude, that the toilette 'has taught the *one* more of the latter 'doctrine, than the univerſity has taught 'the *other*. I am truly ſorry to have 'cauſe to ſay, that I have heard it often 'remarked, that your uncontrouled 'paſſions are not a credit to your liberal 'education.

'I hope, Sir, that you will excuſe the 'freedom I have taken with you: you 'have given me too much reaſon for it, 'and you have taken much greater with 'me, *without* reaſon—ſo, if you are of-'fended, ought to look at the cauſe, 'and not at the effect—Then examin-'ing yourſelf, that cauſe will ceaſe, and 'there will not be any-where a more 'accompliſhed gentleman than my bro-'ther.

'Sifterly affection, I do aſſure you, 'Sir, (unkindly as you have uſed *me*) 'and not the pertneſs which of late you 'have been ſo apt to impute to me, is 'my motive in this hint. Let me in-'voke your returning kindneſs, my '*only brother!* And give me cauſe I be-'ſeech you, to call you my *compaſſionating* '*friend*. For I am, and ever will be, '*your affectionate friend*,

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

This is my brother's anſwer.

'TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'I KNOW there will be no end of 'your impertinent ſcribble, if I do not 'write to you. I write therefore: but, 'without entering into argument with 'ſuch a conceited and pert preacher 'and queſtioner, it is, to forbid you to 'plague me with your quaint nonſenſe. 'I know not what wit in a woman is 'good for, but to make her over-value 'herſelf, and deſpiſe every other perſon. 'Yours, Miſs Pert, has ſet you above 'your duty, and above being taught or 'preſcribed to, either by parents, or 'any-body elſe—But go on, Miſs: your 'mortification will be the greater; that 'is all, child. It *ſhall*, I aſſure you, if 'I can make it ſo, ſo long as you prefer 'that villainous Lovelace (who is juſtly 'hated by all your family) to every-'body. We ſee by your letter now, '(what we too juſtly ſuſpected before) 'moſt evidently we ſee, the hold he has 'got of your forward heart. But the 'ſtronger the hold, the greater muſt be 'the force (and you ſhall have enough of 'that) to tear ſuch a miſcreant from it. 'In me, notwithſtanding your ſaucy 'lecturing and your ſaucy reflections 'before, you are ſure of a friend, as 'well as of a brother, if it be not your 'own fault. But if you will ſtill 'think of ſuch a wretch as that Love-'lace, never expect either friend or 'brother in 'JA. HARLOWE.'

I will now give you a copy of my letter to my ſiſter; with her anſwer.

'IN what, my dear ſiſter, have I of-'fended you, that inſtead of endeavour-'ing to ſoften my father's anger againſt 'me, (as I am ſure I ſhould have done 'for you, had my unhappy caſe been 'yours) you ſhould, in ſo hard-hearted 'a manner, join to aggravate not only '*his* diſpleaſure, but my mother's againſt 'me. Make but my caſe your own, my 'dear Bella; and ſuppoſe you were com-'manded to marry Mr. Lovelace, (to 'whom you are believed to have an an-'tipathy) would you not think it a very 'grievous injunction?—Yet cannot your

'diſlike

'dislike to Mr. *Lovelace* be greater than 'mine is to Mr. *Solmes*. Nor are love 'and hatred voluntary passions.

'My brother may perhaps think it a 'proof of a *manly* spirit, to shew himself 'an utter stranger to the gentle passions. 'We have both heard him boast that he 'never loved with distinction; and, hav-'ing predominating passions, and check-'ed in his first attempt, perhaps he never 'will. It is the less wonder then, raw 'from the college, so lately himself the '*tutored*, that he should set up for a tu-'tor, a prescriber to our gentler sex, 'whose tastes and manners are differently 'formed; for what, according to his 'account, are colleges, but classes of 'tyrants, from the upper-students over 'the lower, and from them to the tutor? '—That *he*, with such *masculine* passions, 'should endeavour to controul and bear 'down an unhappy sister, in a case where 'his antipathy, and, give me leave to 'say, his ambition, [Once you would 'have allowed the latter to be his fault] 'can be gratified by so doing, may not 'be quite so much to be wondered at— 'But that a sister should give up the 'cause of a sister, and join with him to 'set her father and mother against her, 'in a case that might have been her own '—Indeed, my Bella, this is not pretty 'in you.

'There *was* a time when Mr. Love-'lace was thought reclaimable, and when 'it was far from being deemed a cen-'surable view to hope to bring back to 'the paths of virtue and honour, a man 'of his sense and understanding. I am 'far from wishing to make the experi-'ment: but, nevertheless, will say, that 'if I have *not* a regard for him, the dis-'graceful methods taken to compel me 'to receive the addresses of such a man 'as Mr. Solmes, are enough to induce it.

'Do you, my sister, for one moment, 'lay aside all prejudice, and compare 'the two men in their births, their edu-'cations, their persons, their under-'standings, their manners, their air, 'and their whole deportments; and in 'their fortunes too, taking in rever-'sions; and then judge of both: yet, as 'I have frequently offered, I will live 'single with all my heart, if that will do.

'I cannot thus live in displeasure and 'disgrace. I would, if I could, oblige 'all my friends. But will it be *just*, 'will it be *honest*, to marry a man I can-'not endure? If I have not been used 'to oppose the will of my father, but 'have always delighted to oblige and 'obey, judge of the strength of my anti-'pathy, by the painful opposition I am 'obliged to make, and cannot help it.

'Pity, then, my dearest Bella, my 'sister, my friend, my companion, my 'adviser, as you used to be when I was 'happy, and plead for *your ever-affec-'tionate* 'CL. HARLOWE.'

'TO MISS CLARY HARLOWE.

'LET it be pretty or not pretty in 'your wise opinion, I shall speak my 'mind, I will assure you, both of you 'and your conduct in relation to this 'detested Lovelace. You are a fond 'foolish girl with all your wisdom. Your 'letter shews *that* enough in twenty 'places. And as to your cant of living 'single, nobody will believe you. This 'is one of your *fetches* to avoid complying 'with your duty, and the will of the 'most indulgent parents in the world, 'as yours have been to you, I am sure '—Though now they see themselves 'finely requited for it.

'We all, indeed, once thought your 'temper soft and amiable: but why was 'it? You never was contradicted be-'fore. You had always your own way. 'But no sooner do you meet with oppo-'sition in your wishes to throw yourself 'away upon a vile rake, but you shew 'what you are. You cannot love Mr. 'Solmes! that is the pretence: but, sis-'ter, sister, let me tell you, that is be-'cause Lovelace has got into your fond 'heart—A wretch hated, justly hated, 'by us all; and who has dipped his 'hands in the blood of your brother: 'yet *him* you would make our relation, 'would you?

'I have no patience with you, but 'for putting the case of my liking such 'a vile wretch as him. As to the en-'couragement you pretended he re-'ceived formerly from all our family, 'it was before we knew him to be so 'vile: and the proofs that had such 'force upon *us*, ought to have had some 'upon *you*—And *would*, had you not 'been a foolish forward girl; as on this 'occasion every-body sees you are.

'O how you run out in favour of the 'wretch!—His birth, his education, his 'person, his understanding, his man-'ners, his air, his fortune—Reversions 'too taken in to augment the surfeiting 'catalogue! What a fond string of love-'sick praises is here! And yet you would 'live single—Yes, I warrant!—when so 'many imaginary perfections dance be-'fore your dazzled eye!—But no more '—I only desire, that you will not, while 'you seem to have such an opinion of

'your

'your wit, think every-one elſe a fool; 'and that you can at pleaſure, by your 'whining flouriſhes, make us all dance 'after your lead.

'Write as often as you will, this ſhall 'be the laſt anſwer or notice you ſhall 'have upon this ſubject from

'ARABELLA HARLOWE.'

I had in readineſs a letter for each of my uncles; and meeting in the garden a ſervant of my uncle Harlowe, I gave them to him to deliver according to their reſpective directions. If I am to form a judgment by the anſwers I have received from my brother and ſiſter, as above, I muſt not, I doubt, expect any good from thoſe letters. But when I have tried every expedient, I ſhall have the leſs to blame myſelf for, if any-thing unhappy ſhould fall out. I will ſend you copies of both, when I ſhall ſee what notice they will be thought worthy of, if of any.

LETTER XXX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY NIGHT, MARCH 12.

THIS man, this Lovelace, gives me great uneaſineſs. He is extremely bold and raſh. He was this afternoon at our church—In hopes to ſee me, I ſuppoſe: and yet, if he had ſuch hopes, his uſual intelligence muſt have failed him.

Shorey was at church; and a principal part of her obſervation was upon his haughty and proud behaviour when he turned round in the pew were he ſat to our family-pew. My father and both my uncles were there; ſo were my mother and ſiſter. My brother happily was not.—They all came home in diſorder. Nor did the congregation mind any-body but him; it being his firſt appearance there, ſince the unhappy rencounter.

What did the man come for, if he intended to look challenge and defiance, as Shorey ſays he did, and as others, it ſeems, thought he did, as well as ſhe? Did he come for *my* ſake; and, by behaving in ſuch a manner to thoſe preſent of my family, imagine he was doing me either ſervice or pleaſure?—He knows how they hate him: nor will he take pains, would pains do, to obviate their hatred.

You and I, my dear, have often taken notice of his pride; and you have rallied him upon it; and inſtead of exculpating himſelf, he has owned it: and by owning it he has thought he has done enough.

For my own part, I thought pride in his caſe an improper ſubject for raillery.—People of birth and fortune to be proud, is ſo needleſs, ſo mean a vice!—If they *deſerve* reſpect, they will have it, without requiring it. In other words, for perſons to endeavour to gain reſpect by a haughty behaviour, is to give a proof that they miſtruſt their own merit: to make confeſſion that they *know* that their *actions* will not attract it.—Diſtinction or quality may be prided in by thoſe to whom diſtinction or quality is a *new* thing. And then the reflection and contempt which ſuch bring upon themſelves by it, is a counter-balance.

Such added advantages, too, as this man has in his perſon and mien: learned alſo, as they ſay he is—*Such* a man to be haughty, to be imperious!—The lines of his own face at the ſame time condemning him—how wholly inexcuſable!—Proud of what? Not of doing well: the only *juſtifiable* pride.—Proud of *exterior* advantages!—Muſt not one be led by ſuch a *ſtop-ſhort* pride, as I may call it, in him or her who has it, to miſtruſt the *interior*? Some people may indeed be afraid, that if they did not aſſume, they would be trampled upon. A very narrow fear, however, ſince they trample upon themſelves, who can fear *this*. But this man muſt be ſecure, that humility would be an ornament to him.

He has talents indeed: but thoſe talents and his perſonal advantages have been ſnares to him. It is plain they have. And this ſhews, that, weighed in an equal balance, he would be found greatly wanting.

Had my friends confided as they did at firſt, in that diſcretion which they do not accuſe me of being defective in. I dare ſay I ſhould have found him out: and then ſhould have been as reſolute to diſmiſs *him*, as I was to diſmiſs others, and as I *am* never to have Mr. *Solmes*. O that they did but know my heart!—It ſhall ſooner burſt, than voluntarily, uncompelled, undriven, dictate a meaſure that ſhall caſt a ſlur either upon them, or upon my ſex.

Excuſe me, my dear friend, for theſe grave *ſoliloquies*, as I may call them. How have I run from reflection to reflection!—But the occaſion is recent—They are all in commotion below upon it.

Shorey ſays, that Mr. Lovelace watched my mother's eye, and bowed to her: and ſhe returned the compliment. He always admired my mother. She would not, I believe, have hated *him*, had ſhe not been *bid* to hate him; and had it not been

been for the rencounter between him and her only ſon.

Doctor Lewen was at church; and obſerving, as every-one elſe did, the diſorder into which Mr. Lovelace's appearance had put all our family, was ſo good as to engage him in converſation, when the ſervice was over, till they were all gone to their coaches.

My uncles had my letters in the morning. They, as well as my father, are more and more incenſed againſt me, it ſeems. Their anſwers, if they vouchſafe to anſwer me, will demonſtrate, I doubt not, the unſeaſonableneſs of this raſh man's preſence at our church.

They are angry alſo, as I underſtand, with my mother, for returning his compliment. What an enemy is hatred, even to the common forms of civility! which, however, more diſtinguiſh the *payer* of a compliment, than the *receiver*. But they all ſee, they ſay, that there is but one way to put an end to his inſults. So I ſhall ſuffer: and in what will the raſh man have benefited himſelf, or mended his proſpects?

I am extremely apprehenſive that this worſe than ghoſt-like appearance of his, bodes ſome ſtill bolder ſtep. If he come hither, (and very deſirous he is of my leave to come) I am afraid there will be murder. To avoid that, if there were no other way, I would moſt willingly be buried alive.

They are all in conſultation—Upon my letters, I ſuppoſe—So they were in the morning; which occaſioned my uncles to be at our church. I will ſend you the copies of thoſe letters, as I promiſed in my laſt, when I ſee whether I can give you their anſwers with them. This letter is all—I cannot tell what—the effect of apprehenſion and diſpleaſure at the man who has occaſioned my apprehenſions. Six lines would have contained all that is in it to the purpoſe of my ſtory.

CL. H.

LETTER XXXI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY, MARCH 13.

IN vain doſt thou * and thy compeers preſs me to go to town, while I am in ſuch an uncertainty as I am in at preſent with this proud beauty. All the ground I have hitherto gained with her, is entirely owing to her concern for the ſafety of people whom I have reaſon to hate.

Write, then, thou biddeſt me, if I will not come. That, indeed, I can do; and as well without a ſubject, as with one. And what follows ſhall be a proof of it.

The lady's malevolent brother has now, as I told thee at M. Hall, introduced another man; the moſt unpromiſing in his perſon and qualities, the moſt formidable in his offers, that has yet appeared.

This man has by his propoſals captivated every ſoul of the Harlowes—*Soul!* did I ſay—There is not a ſoul among them but my charmer's: and ſhe, withſtanding them all, is actually confined, and otherwiſe maltreated by a father the moſt gloomy and poſitive; at the inſtigation of a brother the moſt arrogant and ſelfiſh—But thou knoweſt their characters; and I will not therefore ſully my paper with them.

But is it not a confounded thing to be in love with one who is the daughter, the ſiſter, the niece, of a family I muſt eternally deſpiſe? And, the devil of it, that love increaſing, with her—what ſhall I call it?—It is not ſcorn—It is not pride—It is not the inſolence of an adored beauty—But it is to *virtue*, it ſeems, that my difficulties are owing; and I pay for not being a fly ſinner, an hypocrite; for being regardleſs of my reputation; for permitting ſlander to open it's mouth againſt me. But is it neceſſary for ſuch a one as I, who have been uſed to carry all before me, upon my own terms—I, who never inſpired a fear, that had not a diſcernibly-predominant mixture of love in it; to be an hypocrite?—Well ſays the poet—

'He who ſeems virtuous does but act a part;
'And ſhews not his own nature, but his art.'

Well, but it ſeems I muſt *practiſe* for this art, if I would ſucceed with this truly admirable creature! But why *practiſe* for it?—Cannot I *indeed* reform?—I have but *one* vice—Have I, Jack?—Thou knoweſt my heart, if any man living does. As far as I know it myſelf, thou knoweſt it. But it is a curſed deceiver; for it has many and many a time impoſed upon it's maſter—*Maſter*, did I ſay? That am I not now; nor have I been from the moment I beheld this angel of a woman. Prepared, indeed, as I was by her character before I ſaw her: for what a mind muſt that be, which though not virtu-

* Theſe gentlemen affected what they called the Roman ſtile (to wit, the *thee* and the *thou*) in their letters: and it was an agreed-rule with them, to take in good part whatever freedoms they treated each other with, if the paſſages were written in that ſtile.

ous itself, admires not virtue in another? —My visit to Arabella, owing to a mistake of the sisters, into which, as thou hast heard me say, I was led by the blundering uncle; who was to introduce *me* (but lately come from abroad) to the *divinity*, as I thought; but, instead of her, carried me to a *mere mortal*. And much difficulty had I, so fond and forward my lady! to get off without forfeiting all with a family that I intended should give me a goddess.

I have boasted, that I was once in love before—And indeed I thought I was. It was in my early manhood—with that quality-jilt, whose infidelity I have vowed to revenge upon as many of the sex as shall come into my power. I believe, in different climes, I have already sacrificed an Hecatomb to my Nemesis, in pursuance of this vow. But upon recollecting what I was *then*, and comparing it with what I find myself *now*, I cannot say that I was ever in love before.

What was it then, dost thou ask me, since the disappointment had such effects upon me, when I found myself jilted, that I was hardly kept in my senses?—Why, I'll tell thee what, as near as I can remember; for it was a great while ago: —It was—Egad, Jack, I can hardly tell what it was—But a vehement aspiration after a novelty, I think—Those confounded poets, with their terrenely-celestial descriptions, did as much with me as the lady: they fired my imagination, and set me upon a desire to become a goddess-maker. I must needs try my new-fledged pinions in sonnet, elogy, and madrigal. I must have a Cynthia, a Stella, a Sachariffa, as well as the best of them: darts, and flames, and the devil knows what, must I give to my Cupid. I must create beauty, and place it where nobody else could find it: and many a time have I been at a loss for a *subject*, when my new-created goddess has been kinder than it was proper for my plaintive sonnet that she should be.

Then I had a vanity of *another* sort in my passion: I found myself well received among the women in general; and I thought it a pretty *lady like* tyranny [I was then very young, and very vain!] to single out some *one* of the sex, to make *half a score* jealous. And I can tell thee, it had it's effect: for many an eye have I made to sparkle with rival indignation; many a cheek glow; and even many a fan have I caused to be snapped at a sister-beauty; accompanied with a reflection perhaps at being seen alone with a wild young fellow who could not be in private with both at once.

In short, Jack, it was more pride than love, as I now find it, that put me upon making such a confounded rout about losing this noble varletess. I thought she loved me at least as well as I believed I loved her: nay, I had the vanity to suppose she could not help it. My friends were pleased with my choice. They wanted me to be shackled: for early did they doubt my morals as to the sex. They saw, that the dancing, the singing, the musical ladies were all fond of my company: for who [I am in a humour to be vain, I think!—for who] danced, who sung, who touched the string, whatever the instrument, with a better grace than thy friend?

I have no notion of playing the hypocrite so egregiously, as to pretend to be blind to qualifications which every one sees and acknowledges. Such praise-begging hypocrisy! Such affectedly disclaimed attributes: such contemptible praise-traps!—But yet, shall my vanity extend only to *personals*, such as the gracefulness of dress, my debonnaire, and my assurance—Self-taught, self-acquired, these!—For my *parts*, I value not myself upon *them*. Thou wilt say, I have no cause.—Perhaps not: but if I had any-thing valuable as to the intellectuals, those are not my own, and to be proud of what a man is answerable for the abuse of, and has no merit in the right use of, is to strut, like the jay, in borrowed plumage.

But to return to my fair jilt—I could not bear, that a woman who was the first that had bound me in silken fetters, [they were not iron ones, like those I now wear] should prefer a coronet to me: and when the bird was flown, I set more value upon it, than when I had it safe in my cage, and could visit it when I pleased.

But now am I *indeed* in love. I can think of nothing, of nobody, but the divine Clariffa Harlowe—*Harlowe!*—How that hated word sticks in my throat—But I shall give her for it the name of Love*.

CLARISSA! O there's musick in the name,
That, soft'ning me to infant tenderness,
Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of life!

But couldst thou have believed that I, who think it possible for me to favour as much as I can be favoured; that I, who for this charming creature think of fore-

* Lovelace.

going

going the *life of honour* for the *life of ſhackles*; could adopt thoſe over tender lines of Otway?

I check myſelf, and leaving the three firſt lines of the following of Dryden to the family of the whiners, find the workings of the paſſions in my ſtormy ſoul better expreſſed by the three laſt.

'Love various minds does variouſly inſpire:
'He ſtirs in gentle natures gentle fires;
'Like that of incenſe on the altar laid.

'But raging flames tempeſtuous ſouls invade:
'A fire, which ev'ry windy paſſion blows;
'With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.'

And with REVENGE it *ſhall* glow!—For, doſt thou think, that if it were not from the hope, that this ſtupid family are all combined to do my work for me, I would bear their inſults?—Is it poſſible to imagine, that I would be braved as I am braved, threatened as I am threatened, by thoſe who are afraid to ſee me; and by this brutal brother too, to whom I gave a life, [a life, indeed, not worth my taking!] had I not a greater pride in knowing, that by means of his very ſpy upon me, I am playing him off as I pleaſe; cooling or inflaming his violent paſſions as may beſt ſuit my purpoſes; permitting ſo much to be revealed of my life and actions, and intentions, as may give him ſuch a confidence in his double-faced agent, as ſhall enable me to dance his employer upon my own wires?

This it is that makes my pride mount above my reſentment. By this engine, whoſe ſprings I am continually oiling, I play them all off. The buſy old tarpaulin uncle I make but my ambaſſador to Queen Annabella Howe, to engage her (for example-ſake to her princeſsly daughter) to join in their cauſe, and to aſſert an authority they are reſolved, right or wrong, (or I could do nothing) to maintain.

And what my motive, doſt thou aſk? No leſs than this, That my beloved ſhall find no protection out of my family; for, if I know *hers*, fly the muſt, or have the man ſhe hates. This, therefore, if I take my meaſures right, and my familiar fail me not, will ſecure her mine, in ſpite of them all; in ſpite of her own inflexible heart: mine, without condition; without reformation promiſes; without the neceſſity of a ſieve of years, perhaps; and to be even then, after wearing the guiſe of a merit-doubting hypocriſy, at an uncertainty, upon a probation unapproved of—Then ſhall I have all the raſcals and raſcaleſſes of the family come creeping to me: I preſcribing to them; and bringing that ſordidly-imperious brother to kneel at the foot-ſtool of my throne.

All my fear ariſes from the little hold I have in the heart of this charming frontiſpiece; ſuch a conſtant glow upon her lovely features; eyes ſo ſparkling; limbs ſo divinely turned; health ſo florid; youth ſo blooming; air ſo animated—To have an heart ſo impenetrable: and *I*, the hitherto ſucceſsful Lovelace, the addreſſer—How can it be? Yet there are people, and I have talked with ſome of them, who remember that ſhe was *born*. Her nurſe Norton boaſts of her maternal offices in her earlieſt infancy; and in her education *gradatim*. So that there is full proof, that ſhe came not from above all at once an angel! How then can ſhe be ſo impenetrable?

But here's her miſtake; nor will ſhe be cured of it—She takes the man ſhe calls her father; [her mother had been faultleſs, had ſhe not been her father's wife] ſhe takes the men ſhe calls her uncles; the fellow ſhe calls her brother; and the poor contemptible ſhe calls her ſiſter; to *be* her father, to *be* her uncles, her brother, her ſiſter; and that, as ſuch, ſhe owes to ſome of them reverence, to others reſpect, let them treat her ever ſo cruel!—Sordid ties!—Mere cradle-prejudices!—For had they not been impoſed upon her by Nature, when ſhe was in a perverſe humour, or could ſhe have choſen her relations, would any of *theſe* have been among them?

How my heart riſes at her preference of them to me, when ſhe is convinced of their injuſtice to me! Convinced, that the alliance would do honour to them all—herſelf excepted; to whom every one owes honour; and from whom the moſt princely family might receive it. But how much more will my heart riſe with indignation againſt her, if I find ſhe heſitates but one moment (however perſecuted) about preferring me to the man ſhe avowedly hates! But ſhe cannot ſurely be ſo mean as to purchaſe her peace with them at ſo dear a rate. She cannot give a ſanction to projects formed in malice, and founded in a ſelfiſhneſs (and that at her own expence) which ſhe has ſpirit enough to deſpiſe in others; and ought to diſavow, that we may not think her a Harlowe.

By this incoherent ramble thou wilt gather, that I am not likely to come up in haſte; ſince I muſt endeavour firſt to obtain ſome aſſurance from the beloved of my ſoul, that I ſhall not be ſacrificed

to ſuch a wretch as Solmes! Woe be to the fair-one, if ever ſhe be *driven* into my power, (for I deſpair of a voluntary impulſe in my favour) and I find a difficulty in obtaining this ſecurity.

That her indifference to me is not owing to the ſuperior liking ſhe has for *any* other man, is what rivets my chains: but take care, fair-one; take care, O thou moſt exalted of female minds, and lovelieſt of perſons, how thou debaſeſt thyſelf, by encouraging ſuch a competition as thy fordid relations have ſet on foot in mere malice to me! Thou wilt ſay I rave. And ſo I do—

'Perdition catch my ſoul, but I *do* love her!'

Elſe, could I bear the perpetual revilings of her implacable family?—*Elſe*, could I baſely creep about—not her proud father's houſe—but his paddock—and garden-walls?—Yet (a quarter of a mile's diſtance between us) not hoping to behold the leaſt glimpſe of her ſhadow?—*Elſe*, ſhould I think myſelf repaid, amply repaid, if the fourth, fifth, or ſixth midnight ſtroll, through unfrequented paths, and over briery incloſures, affords me a few cold lines; the even *expected* purport only to let me know, that ſhe values the moſt worthleſs perſon of her very worthleſs family, more than ſhe values me; and that ſhe would not write at all, but to induce me to bear inſults, which *un-man* me to bear?—My lodging in the intermediate way, at a wretched alehouſe; diſguiſed like an inmate of it: accommodations equally vile, as thoſe I met with in my Weſtphalian journey. It is well, that the neceſſity for all this ariſes not from ſcorn and tyranny! but is firſt impoſed upon herſelf!

But was ever hero in romance (fighting with giants and dragons excepted) called upon to harder trials?—Fortune and family, and reverſionary grandeur, on my ſide! Such a wretched fellow my competitor!—Muſt I not be deplorably in love, that can go through theſe difficulties, encounter theſe contempts?—By my ſoul, I am half-aſhamed of myſelf: I, who am perjured too, by priority of obligation, if I am faithful to any woman in the world!

And yet, why ſay I, I am half-aſhamed?—Is it not a glory to love *her* whom every-one who ſee her, either loves, or reveres, or both? Dryden ſays—

'The cauſe of love can never be aſſign'd:
'Tis in no face—but in the lover's mind.'

—And Cowley thus addreſſes beauty as a mere imaginary—

'Beauty! thou wild fantaſtick ape,
'Who doſt in ev'ry country change thy ſhape:
'Here black; there brown; here tawny; and
'there white;
'Thou flatt'rer! who comply'ſt with ev'ry
'ſight!
'Who haſt no certain what, nor where.'

But both theſe, had they been her contemporaries, and known her, would have confeſſed themſelves miſtaken: and, taking together perſon, mind, and behaviour, would have acknowledged the *juſtice* of the univerſal voice in her favour.

——'Full many a lady
'I've ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
'Th' harmony of their tongues hath into
'bondage
'Brought my too diligent ear. For *ſev'ral*
'virtues
'Have I liked *ſev'ral* women. Never any
'With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
'Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
'And put it to the *foil*. But SHE!—O SHE!
'So perfect and ſo peerleſs is created,
'Of ev'ry creature's beſt.'

SHAKESP.

Thou art curious to know, if I have not ſtarted a new game?—If it be poſſible for ſo univerſal a lover to be confined ſo long to one object? Thou knoweſt nothing of this charming creature, that thou canſt put ſuch queſtions to me; or thinkeſt thou knoweſt me better than thou doſt. All that's excellent in her ſex is this lady!—Until by MATRIMONIAL, or EQUAL intimacies, I have found her *leſs than angel*, it is impoſſible to think of any other. Then there are ſo many ſtimulatives to ſuch a ſpirit as mine in this affair, *beſides* love: ſuch a field for ſtratagem and contrivance, which thou knoweſt to be the delight of my heart. Then the rewarding end of all!—To carry off ſuch a girl as this, in ſpite of all her watchful and implacable friends; and in ſpite of a prudence and reſerve that I never met with in any of the ſex:—What a triumph!—What a triumph over the whole ſex!—And then ſuch a revenge to gratify; which is only at preſent politically reined in, eventually to break forth with the greater fury—Is it poſſible, thinkeſt thou, that there can be room for a thought that is not *of* her, and devoted *to* her?

By the advices I have this moment received, I have reaſon to think, that I ſhall have occaſion for thee here. Hold thyſelf in readineſs to come down upon the firſt ſummons.

Let Belton, and Mowbray, and Tourville,

ville, likewiſe prepare themſelves. I have a great mind to contrive a method to ſend James Harlowe to travel for improvement. Never was there booby-ſquire that more wanted it. *Contrives* it, did I ſay? I have *already* contrived it; could I but put it in execution without being ſuſpected to have a hand in it. This I am reſolved upon; if I have not his *ſiſter*, I will have *him*.

But be this as it may, there is a preſent likelihood of room for *glorious* miſchief. A confederacy had been for *ſome time* formed againſt me; but the uncles and the nephew are *now* to be double-ſervanted; [*ſingle*-ſervanted they were before] and thoſe ſervants are to be *double*-armed when they attend their maſters abroad. This indicates their reſolute enmity to me, and as reſolute favour to Solmes.

The reinforced orders for this hoſtile apparatus are owing it ſeems to a viſit I made yeſterday to their church—A good place I thought to begin a reconciliation in; ſuppoſing the heads of the family to be chriſtians, and that they meant ſomething by their prayers. My hopes were to have an invitation (or, at leaſt, to gain a pretence) to accompany home the gloomy fire; and ſo get an opportunity to ſee my goddeſs: for I believed they durſt not but be *civil* to me, at leaſt. But they were filled with terror it ſeems at my entrance; a terror they could not get over. I ſaw it indeed in their countenances; and that they all expected ſomething extraordinary to follow.—And ſo it *ſhould* have done, had I been more ſure than I am of their daughter's favour. Yet not a hair of any of their ſtupid heads do I intend to hurt.

You ſhall all have your directions in writing, if there be occaſion. But after all, I dare ſay there will be no need but to ſhew your faces in my company.

Such faces never could four men ſhew—Mowbray's ſo fierce and ſo fighting; Belton's ſo pert and ſo pimply; Tourville's ſo fair and ſo foppiſh; thine ſo rough and ſo reſolute; and *I* your leader! —What hearts, although meditating hoſtility, muſt thoſe be which we ſhall not appall?—Each man occaſionally attended by a ſervant or two, long ago choſen for qualities reſembling thoſe of his maſter.

Thus, Jack, as thou deſireſt, have I written.—Written upon ſomething; upon nothing; upon REVENGE, which I love; upon LOVE, which I hate, *heartily* hate, becauſe it is my maſter; and upon the devil knows what beſides:—for, looking back, I am amazed at the length of it. *Thou* mayeſt read it: *I* would not for a king's ranſom—But ſo as I do *but* write, thou ſayeſt thou wilt be pleaſed.

Be pleaſed then. I *command* thee to be pleaſed: if not for the writer's or written's ſake, for thy word's ſake. And ſo in the royal ſtyle (for am I not likely to be thy king and thy emperor in the great affair before us?) I bid thee very heartily *Farewel.*

LETTER XXXII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14.

I Now ſend you copies of my letters to my uncles: with their anſwers. Be pleaſed to return the latter by the firſt depoſit. I leave them for *you* to make remarks upon. *I* ſhall make none.

'TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ.

'SAT. MARCH 11.

'ALLOW me, my honoured ſecond 'papa, as in my happy days you taught 'me to call you, to implore your intereſt 'with my papa, to engage him to diſ-'penſe with a command, which, if in-'ſiſted upon, will deprive me of my 'free-will, and make me miſerable for 'my whole life.

'For my *whole life!* let me repeat; 'is that a ſmall point, my dear uncle, 'to give up? Am not *I* to live with 'the man? Is any-body elſe? Shall I 'not therefore be allowed to judge for 'myſelf, whether I *can*, or *cannot*, live '*happily* with him?

'Should it be ever ſo *unhappily*, will 'it be prudence to complain, or appeal? 'If it were, to whom could I appeal 'with *effect* againſt a huſband? And 'would not the invincible and avowed 'diſlike I have for him at *ſetting out*, 'ſeem to juſtify any ill uſage from him, '*in that ſtate*, were I to be ever ſo ob-'ſervant of him? And if I were to be 'at all obſervant of him, it muſt be 'from fear, not love.

'Once more, let me repeat, That 'this is not a *ſmall* point to give up: 'and that it is *for life*. Why, I pray 'you, good Sir, ſhould I be made mi-'ſerable for *life?* Why ſhould I be 'deprived of all comfort, but that which 'the hope that it would be a very ſhort 'one, would afford me?

'*Marriage* is a very ſolemn engage-'ment, enough to make a young crea-'ture's heart ache, with the *beſt* pro-'ſpects,

'ſpects, when ſhe thinks ſeriouſly of 'it!—To be given up to a ſtrange man; 'to be engrafted into a ſtrange family; 'to give up her very name, as a mark 'of her becoming his abſolute and de-'pendent property; to be obliged to 'prefer this ſtrange man to father, mo-'ther—to every body:—and his hu-'mours to all her own—Or to contend 'perhaps, in breach of a vowed duty, 'for every innocent inſtance of free-'will—To go no whither; to make ac-'quaintance; to give up acquaintance; 'to renounce even the ſtricteſt friend-'ſhips perhaps; all at his pleaſure, whe-'ther ſhe think it reaſonable to do ſo or 'not: ſurely, Sir, a young creature 'ought not to be obliged to make all 'theſe ſacrifices but for ſuch a man as 'ſhe can love.—If ſhe be, how ſad muſt 'be the caſe!—How miſerable the life, 'if it be called *life!*

'I wiſh I could obey you all. What 'a pleaſure would it be to me, if I 'could!—*Marry firſt, and love will come 'after*, was ſaid by one of my deareſt 'friends: but this is a ſhocking aſſertion. 'A thouſand things may happen to 'make that ſtate but barely tolerable, 'where it is entered into with *mutual 'affection:* what muſt it then be, where 'the huſband can have no confidence in 'the love of his wife; but has reaſon 'rather to queſtion it, from the pre-'ference he *himſelf* believes ſhe would 'have given to ſomebody elſe, had ſhe 'had her own option? What doubts, 'what jealouſies, what want of tender-'neſs, what unfavourable prepoſſeſſions, 'will there be, in a matrimony thus 'circumſtanced! How will every look, 'every action, even the moſt innocent, 'be liable to miſconſtruction!—While, 'on the other hand, an indifference, a 'careleſſneſs to oblige, may take place; 'and fear *only* can conſtrain even an *ap-'pearance* of what ought to be the effect 'of undiſguiſed love!

'Think ſeriouſly of theſe things, dear 'good Sir, and repreſent them to my 'father in that ſtrong light which the 'ſubject will bear; but in which my ſex, 'and my tender years and inexperience, 'will not permit me to paint it; and 'uſe your powerful intereſt, that your 'poor niece may not be conſigned to a 'miſery ſo durable.

'I offered to engage not to marry at 'all, if that condition may be accepted. 'What a diſgrace is it to me to be thus 'ſequeſtered from company, thus baniſh-'ed my papa's and mamma's preſence; 'thus ſlighted and deſerted by you, Sir, 'and my other kind uncle! And to be 'hindered from attending at that pub-'lick worſhip, which, were I *out* of the 'way of my duty, would be moſt likely 'to reduce me *into* the right path again! '—Is *this* the way, Sir; can *this* be 'thought to be the way to be taken 'with a free and open ſpirit? May not 'this ſtrange method rather harden 'than convince? I cannot bear to live 'in diſgrace thus: the very ſervants ſo 'lately permitted to be under my own 'direction, hardly daring to ſpeak to 'me; my own ſervant diſcarded with 'high marks of undeſerved ſuſpicion 'and diſpleaſure, and my ſiſter's maid 'ſet over me.

'The matter may be too far puſhed. '—Indeed it may.—And then, perhaps, 'every-one will be ſorry for their parts 'in it.

'May I be permitted to mention an 'expedient?—If I *am* to be watched, 'baniſhed, and confined; ſuppoſe Sir, 'it were to be at *your* houſe?—Then 'the neighbouring gentry will the leſs 'wonder, that the perſon of whom they 'uſed to think ſo favourably, appear not 'at church here; and that ſhe received 'not their viſits.

'I hope there can be no objection 'to this. You uſed to love to have 'me with you, Sir, when all went *hap-'pily* with me: and will you not now 'permit me, in my *troubles*, the favour 'of your houſe, till all this diſplea-'ſure be overblown!—Upon my word, 'Sir, I will not ſtir out of doors, if 'you require the contrary of me: nor 'will I ſee any-body, but whom you 'will allow me to ſee; provided Mr. 'Solmes be not brought to perſecute 'me there.

'Procure, then, this favour for me; 'if you cannot procure the ſtill greate-'er, that of a happy reconciliation; '(which nevertheleſs I preſume to hope 'for, if *you* will be ſo good as to plead 'for me) and you will then add to 'thoſe favours, and to that indulgence, 'which have bound me, and will for 'ever bind me to be *your dutiful and 'obliged niece*,

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

THE ANSWER.

'SUNDAY NIGHT.

'MY DEAR NIECE,

'I T grieves me to be forced to de-'ny you any-thing you aſk. Yet it '*muſt* be ſo; for unleſs you can bring 'your mind to oblige us in this one

'point,

'point, in which our promiſes and 'honour were engaged before we be-'lieved there could be ſo ſturdy an op-'poſition, you muſt never expect to be 'what you have been to us all.

'In ſhort, niece, we are an *embattled* 'phalanx. Your reading makes you a 'ſtranger to nothing, but what you 'ſhould be moſt acquainted with—So 'you will ſee by that expreſſion, that we 'are not to be pierced by your perſua-'ſions, and invincible perſiſtence. We 'have agreed *all* to be moved, or *none*; 'and not to comply without one ano-'ther. So you know your deſtiny; 'and have nothing to do but to yield to it.

'Let me tell you, the virtue of obe-'dience lies not in obliging when you 'can be obliged again—But give up an 'inclination, and there is ſome merit in 'that.

'As to your expedient; you ſhall 'not come to my houſe, Miſs Clary; 'though this is a prayer I little thought 'I ever ſhould have denied you: for 'were you to keep your word as to 'ſeeing nobody but whom we pleaſe, 'yet can you *write* to ſomebody elſe, and 'receive letters from him. This we 'too well know you can, and have 'done—More is the ſhame and the pity!

'*You* offer to live ſingle, Miſs—*We* 'wiſh you married: but becauſe you 'may not have the man your heart is 'ſet upon, why, truly, you will have 'nobody we ſhall recommend. And as 'we know, that ſomehow or other you 'correſpond with him, or at leaſt did, 'as long as you could; and as he de-'fies us all, and would not dare to do 'ſo, if he were not ſure of you in ſpite 'of us all; (which is not a little vexa-'tious to us, you muſt think) we are 'reſolved to fruſtrate him, and triumph 'over him, rather than that he ſhould 'triumph over us: that is one word for 'all. So expect not any advocateſhip 'from me: I will not plead for you; 'and that's enough. From *your diſ-'pleaſed uncle*, JOHN HARLOWE.

'P. S. For the reſt, I refer to my bro-'ther Antony.'

'TO ANTONY HARLOWE, ESQ.

'SATURDAY, MARCH 11.

'HONOURED SIR,

'AS you have thought fit to fa-'vour Mr. Solmes with your particu-'lar recommendation, and was very 'earneſt in his behalf, ranking him (as 'you told me upon introducing him to 'me) among your ſelect friends, and 'expecting my regards to him accord-'ingly; I beg your patience, while I 'offer a few things, out of many that 'I could offer, to your ſerious conſi-'deration, on occaſion of his *addreſs* to 'me, if I am to uſe that word.

'I am charged with prepoſſeſſion in 'another perſon's favour. You will 'be pleaſed, Sir, to remember, that till 'my brother returned from Scotland, 'that other perſon was not abſolutely 'diſcouraged, nor was I forbid to re-'ceive his viſits. I believe it will not 'be pretended, that in birth, educa-'tion, or perſonal endowments, a com-'pariſon can be made between the two. 'And only let me aſk you, Sir, if the 'one would have been thought of for 'me, had he not made ſuch offers, as, 'upon my word, I think, I ought not 'in juſtice to accept of, nor *he* to pro-'poſe: offers, which if *he* had not 'made, I dare ſay, my *papa* would not 'have required them of him.

'But the one, it ſeems, has many 'faults:—is the other *faultleſs?*—The 'principal thing objected to Mr. Love-'lace (and a very inexcuſable one) is, 'that he is immoral in his loves—Is not 'the other in his hatreds?—Nay, as I 'may ſay, in his loves too, (the object 'only differing) if *the love of money* be '*the root of all evil.*

'But, Sir, if I am prepoſſeſſed, 'what has Mr. Solmes to hope for?—'Why ſhould he perſevere? What muſt 'I think of the man who would wiſh me 'to be his wife againſt my inclination? '—And is it not a very harſh thing for 'my friends to deſire to ſee me married 'to one I *cannot* love, when they will 'not be perſuaded but that there is one 'whom I *do* love?

'Treated as I am, now is the time 'for me to ſpeak out, or never.—Let 'me review what it is Mr. Solmes de-'pends upon on this occaſion. Does he 'believe, that the diſgrace which I ſuf-'fet on his acconnt, will give him a 'merit with me? Does he think to win 'my eſteem, through my uncles ſtern-'neſs to me; by my brother's con-'temptuous uſage; by my ſiſter's un-'kindneſs; by being denied to viſit, or 'be viſited; and to correſpond with my 'choſen friend, although a perſon of 'unexceptionable honour and prudence, 'and of my own ſex; my ſervant to be 'torn from me, and another ſervant ſet 'over me; to be confined, like a pri-'ſoner, to narrow and diſgraceful li-'mits, in order *avowedly* to mortify me, 'and to break my ſpirit; to be turned

'out

'out of that family-management which 'I loved, and had the greater pleaſure 'in it, becauſe it was an eaſe, as I 'thought, to my mamma, and what 'my ſiſter choſe not; and yet, though 'time hangs heavy upon my hands, to 'be ſo put out of my courſe, that I have 'as little inclination as liberty to pur-'ſue any of my choice delights?—Are 'theſe ſteps neceſſary to reduce me to 'a level ſo low, as to make me a fit wife 'for this man?—Yet theſe are all he 'can have to truſt to—And if his re-'liance is on theſe meaſures, I would 'have him to know, that he miſtakes '*meekneſs* and *gentleneſs* of diſpoſition for '*ſervility* and *baſeneſs* of heart.

'I beſeech you, Sir, to let the na-'tural turn and bent of *his* mind and '*my* mind be conſidered: what are his 'qualities by which he would hope to 'win my eſteem?—Dear, dear Sir, if I '*am* to be compelled, let it be in favour 'of a man that can read and write—'That can *teach* me ſomething: for what 'a huſband muſt that man make, who 'can do nothing but command; and 'needs himſelf the inſtruction he ſhould 'be qualified to give?

'I may be conceited, Sir; I may be 'vain of my little reading; of my writ-'ing; as of late I have more than once 'been told I am—But, Sir, the more 'unequal the propoſed match, if ſo: 'the better opinion I have of myſelf, 'the worſe I muſt have of him; and the 'more unfit are we for each other.

'Indeed, Sir, I muſt ſay, I thought 'my friends had put a higher value up-'on me. My brother pretended once, 'that it was owing to ſuch value, that 'Mr. Lovelace's addreſs was prohibited. '—Can this be; and ſuch a man as 'Mr. Solmes be intended for me?

'As to his propoſed ſettlements, I 'hope I ſhall not incur your greater diſ-'pleaſure, if I ſay, what all who know 'me have reaſon to think, (and ſome 'have upbraided me for) that I *deſpiſe* 'thoſe motives. Dear, dear Sir, what 'are ſettlements to one who has as much 'of her own as ſhe wiſhes for?—Who 'has more in her own power, as a ſin-'gle perſon, than it is probable ſhe 'would be permitted to have at her 'diſpoſal, as a wife?—Whoſe expences 'and ambition are moderate; and who, 'if ſhe had ſuperfluities, would rather 'diſpenſe them to the neceſſitous, than 'lay them by her uſeleſs? If then ſuch 'narrow motives have ſo little weight 'with me for my *own* benefit, ſhall the 'remote and uncertain view of family-'aggrandizement, and that in the per-'ſon of my *brother* and his *deſcendants*, 'be thought ſufficient to influence me?

'Has the behaviour of that brother 'to me of late, or his conſideration for 'the family (which had ſo little weight 'with him, that he could chuſe to ha-'zard a life ſo juſtly precious as an only 'ſon's, rather than not gratify paſſions 'which he is above attempting to ſub-'due, and, give me leave to ſay, has 'been too much indulged in, either 'with regard to his own good, or the 'peace of any-body related to him; 'has his behaviour, I ſay) deſerved of '*me* in particular, that I ſhould make 'a ſacrifice of my temporal (and, who 'knows? of my eternal) happineſs, to 'promote a plan formed upon *chimerical*, 'at leaſt upon *unlikely* contingencies; as 'I will undertake to demonſtrate, if I 'may be permitted to examine it?

'I am afraid you will condemn my 'warmth: but does not the occaſion re-'quire it? To the want of a greater 'degree of earneſtneſs in my oppoſition, 'it ſeems, it is owing, that ſuch ad-'vances have been made, as have been 'made. Then, dear Sir, allow ſome-'thing, I beſeech you, for a ſpirit 'raiſed and embittered by diſgraces, 'which (knowing my own heart) I am 'confident to ſay, are unmerited.

'But why have I ſaid ſo much, in 'anſwer to the ſuppoſed charge of pre-'poſſeſſion, when I have declared to 'my mamma, as now, Sir, I do to 'you, that if it be not inſiſted upon 'that I ſhall marry any other perſon, 'particularly this Mr. Solmes, I will 'enter into any engagements never to 'have the other, nor any man elſe, 'without their conſents; that is to ſay, 'without the conſents of my father and 'mother, and of you my uncle, and my 'elder uncle, and my couſin Morden, 'as he is one of the truſtees for my 'grandfather's bounty to me?—As to 'my brother indeed, I cannot ſay, that 'his treatment of me has been of late 'ſo brotherly, as to entitle him to more 'than civility from me: and for *this*, 'give me leave to add, he would be 'very much my debtor.

'If I have not been explicit enough 'in declaring my diſlike to Mr. Solmes, '(that the *prepoſſeſſion* which is charged 'upon me may not be ſuppoſed to in-'fluence me againſt him) I do declare 'ſolemnly, that, were there no ſuch 'man as Mr. Lovelace in the world, I 'would not have Mr. Solmes. It is 'neceſſary, in ſome *one* of my letters to

'my

'my dear friends, that I ſhould write 'ſo clearly as to put this matter out of 'all doubt: and to whom can I better 'addreſs myſelf with an explicitneſs 'that can admit of no miſtake, than to 'that uncle who profeſſes the higheſt 'regard for plain-dealing and ſincerity?

'Let me then, for theſe reaſons, be 'ſtill more particular in ſome of my 'exceptions to him.

'Mr. Solmes appears to me (to all 'the world indeed) to have a very nar-'row mind, and no great capacity: he 'is coarſe and indelicate; as rough in 'his manners as in his perſon. He is 'not only narrow, but covetous: be-'ing poſſeſſed of great wealth, he en-'joys it not; nor has the ſpirit to com-'municate to a diſtreſs of any kind. 'Does not his own ſiſter live unhappi-'ly, for want of a little of his ſuperflui-'ties? And ſuffers he not his aged 'uncle, the brother of his own mother, 'to owe to the generoſity of ſtrangers 'the poor ſubſiſtence he picks up from 'half-a-dozen families?—You know, 'Sir, my open, free, communicative 'temper: how unhappy muſt I be, 'circumſcribed in his narrow, ſelfiſh 'circle! out of which, being withheld 'by this diabolical parſimony, he dare 'no more ſtir, than a conjuror out of 'his; nor would let me.

'Such a man as this, *love!*—Yes, per-'haps he may, my grandfather's eſtate; 'which he has told ſeveral perſons (and 'could not reſiſt hinting the ſame thing 'to me, with that ſort of pleaſure which 'a low mind takes, when it intimates it's '*own intereſt* as a ſufficient motive for it 'to expect *another's favour*) lies ſo ex-'tremely convenient for him, that it 'would double the value of a conſidera-'ble part of his own. That eſtate, and 'an alliance which would do credit to 'his obſcurity and narrowneſs, may 'make him think he *can* love, and in-'duce him to believe he *does:* but at 'moſt, it is but a ſecond-place love. 'Riches were, are, and always will be, 'his predominant paſſion. *His* were left 'him by a miſer, on this very account: 'and I muſt be obliged to forego all the 'choice delights of my life, and be as 'mean as he, or elſe be quite unhappy. 'Pardon, Sir, this ſeverity of expreſſion '—One is apt to ſay more than one 'would, of a perſon one diſlikes, when 'more is ſaid in his favour than he can 'poſſibly deſerve; and when he is urged 'to my acceptance with ſo much vehe-'mence, that there is no choice left me.

'Whether theſe things be perfectly 'ſo, or not, while I *think* they are, it 'is impoſſible I ſhould ever look upon 'Mr. Solmes in the light he is offered 'to me. Nay, were he to be proved 'ten times better than I have repreſent-'ed him, and ſincerely think him: yet 'would he be ſtill ten times more diſa-'greeable to me than any other man I 'know in the world. Let me therefore 'beſeech you, Sir, to become an advo-'cate for your niece, that ſhe may not 'be made a victim to a man ſo highly 'diſguſtful to her.

'You and my other uncle can do a 'great deal for me, if you pleaſe, with 'my papa. Be perſuaded, Sir, that I 'am not governed by obſtinacy in this 'caſe; but by an averſion; an averſion 'I cannot overcome: for, if I have 'but *endeavoured* to reaſon with myſelf, '(out of regard to the duty I owe to my 'father's will) my heart has recoiled, 'and I have been averſe to myſelf, for 'offering but to argue with myſelf, in 'behalf of a man who, in the light he 'appears to me, has no one merit; and 'who, knowing this averſion, could not 'perſevere as he does, if he had the ſpi-'rit of a man.

'If, Sir, you can think the contents 'of this letter reaſonable, I beſeech you 'to ſupport them with your intereſt: if 'not—I ſhall be moſt unhappy!—Ne-'verthleſs, it is but juſt in me ſo to 'write, as that Mr. Solmes may know 'what he has to truſt to.

'Forgive, dear Sir, this tedious let-'ter; and ſuffer it to have weight with 'you; and you will for ever oblige *your* 'dutiful and affectionate niece,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

MR. ANTONY HARLOWE, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE.

'NIECE CLARY,

'YOU had better not write to us, or 'to any of us. To me, particularly, 'you had better never to have ſet pen to 'paper, on the ſubject whereupon you 'have written. *He that is firſt in his own 'cauſe*, ſaith the wiſe man, *ſeemeth juſt: 'but his neighbour cometh and ſearcheth him.* 'And ſo, in this reſpect, I will be your '*neighbour*; for I will ſearch your heart 'to the bottom; that is to ſay, if your 'letter be written from your heart. Yet 'do I know what a taſk I have under-'taken, becauſe of the knack you are 'noted for at writing: but in defence of 'a father's authority, in behalf of the 'good, and honour, and proſperity of a 'family one comes of, what a hard thing 'would it be, if one could not beat 'down

'down all the arguments a *rebel* child '(How loth I am to write down that 'word of Miſs Clary Harlowe!) can 'bring, in behalf of her obſtinacy!

'In the firſt place, don't you declare '(and that contrary to your declarations 'to your mother; remember that, girl!) 'that you prefer the man we all hate, 'and who hates us as bad?—Then what 'a character have you given of a worthy 'man! I wonder you dare write ſo 'freely of one we all reſpect—But poſ-'ſibly it may be for that very reaſon.

'How you begin your letter!—Be-'cauſe I value Mr. Solmes as my friend, 'you treat him the worſe—That's the 'plain dunſtable of the matter, Miſs!—'I am not ſuch a fool but I can ſee that. '—And ſo a noted whoremonger is to 'be choſen before a man who is a mo-'ney-lover!—Let me tell you, niece, 'this little becomes ſo nice a one as you 'have been always reckoned. Who, 'think you, does moſt injuſtice, a pro-'digal man or a ſaving man?—The one 'ſaves his own money; the other ſpends 'other people's. But your favourite is 'a ſinner in grain, and upon record.

'The devil's in your ſex! God forgive 'me for ſaying ſo—The niceſt of them 'will prefer a vile rake and wh—— I 'ſuppoſe I muſt not repeat the word:—'the *word* will offend, when the *vicious* 'denominated by that word will be cho-'ſen! I had not been a batchelor to this 'time, if I had not ſeen ſuch a maſs of 'contradictions in you all.—Such *gnat-'ſtrainers* and *camel-ſwallowers*, as vene-'rable holy writ has it.

'What names will perverſeneſs call 'things by!—A prudent man, who in-'tends to be juſt to every-body, is a co-'vetous man!—While a vile, profligate 'rake, is chriſtened with the appella-'tion of a gallant man; and a polite 'man, I'll warrant you!

'It is my firm opinion, Lovelace 'would not have ſo much regard for you 'as he profeſſes; but for two reaſons. 'And what are theſe?—Why, out of 'ſpite to all of us—one of them: the 'other, becauſe of your independent 'fortune. I wiſh your good grandfa-'ther had not left what he did ſo much 'in your own power, as I may ſay. But 'little did he imagine his beloved grand-'daughter would have turned upon all 'her friends as ſhe has done!

'*What has Mr. Solmes to hope for, if you 'are prepoſſeſſed!* Hey-day! Is this *you*, 'couſin Clary!—Has he then nothing to 'hope for from your father's, and mo-'ther's, and our recommendations?—'No, nothing at all, it ſeems!—O brave! '—I ſhould think that *this*, with a duti-'ful child, as we took you to be, was '*enough*. Depending on this your du-'ty, we proceeded: and now there is 'no help for it. For we will not be 'balked: neither ſhall our friend Mr. 'Solmes, I can tell you that.

'If your *eſtate is convenient for him*, 'what then? Does that (pert couſin) 'make it out that he does not love you? 'He had need to expect ſome good *with* 'you, that has ſo little good to hope for '*from* you; mind that. But, pray, is 'not this eſtate *our* eſtate, as we may 'ſay? Have we not *all* an intereſt in it, 'and a prior right, if right were to have 'taken place? And was it more than a 'good old man's dotage, God reſt his 'ſoul! that gave it you before us all?—'Well, then, ought we not to have a 'choice who ſhall have it in marriage 'with you? And would you have the 'conſcience to wiſh us to let a vile fel-'low who hates us all, run away with 'it?—You bid me weigh what you 'write: do you weigh this, girl; and 'it will appear we have more to ſay for 'ourſelves than you was aware of.

'As to your hard treatment, as you 'call it, thank yourſelf for that. It may 'be over when you will: ſo I reckon 'nothing upon that. You was not ba-'niſhed and confined till all entreaty and 'fair ſpeeches were tried with you: mind 'that. And Mr. Solmes cannot help '*your* obſtinacy.—Let that be obſerved 'too.

'*As to being viſited, and viſiting*; you 'never was fond of either: ſo that is a 'grievance put into the ſcale to make 'weight.—As to diſgrace, that is as bad 'to us as to you: ſo fine a young crea-'ture! So much as we uſed to brag of 'you!—And too-beſides, this is all in 'your power, as the reſt.

'But your heart recoils, when you 'would perſuade yourſelf to obey your 'parent—Finely deſcribed, is it not!—'Too truly deſcribed, I own, as you go 'on. I know, that you may love him 'if you will. I had a good mind to bid 'you hate him; then, perhaps, you 'would like him the better: for I have 'always found a moſt horrid romantick 'perverſeneſs in your ſex. To *do* and 'to *love* what you ſhould not, is meat, 'drink, and veſture, to you all.

'I am abſolutely of your brother's 'mind, *That reading and writing*, though 'not too much for the wits of you young 'girls, are too much for your judgments. '—You ſay, you *may be* conceited, cou-

'ſin;

'ſin; you *may be* vain!—And ſo you *are*, 'to deſpiſe this gentleman as you do. 'He can read and write as well as *moſt* 'gentlemen, I can tell you *that*. Who 'told you Mr. Solmes cannot read and 'write? *But you muſt have a huſband who 'can learn you ſomething!*—I wiſh you 'knew but your *duty* as well as you do 'your talents—That, niece, you have 'of late days to learn; and Mr. Solmes 'will therefore find ſomething to inſtruct 'you in. I will not ſhew him this letter 'of yours, though you ſeem to deſire 'it, leſt it ſhould provoke him to be too 'ſevere a ſchoolmaſter, when you are 'his'n.

'But when I think of it, ſuppoſe you '*are* readier at your pen than he—You 'will make the more uſeful wife to him; 'won't you? For who ſo good an œco-'nomiſt as you?—And you may keep 'all his accounts, and ſave yourſelves 'a ſteward.—And, let me tell you, this 'is a fine advantage in a family: for 'thoſe ſtewards are often ſad dogs, and 'creep into a man's eſtate before he 'knows where he is; and not ſeldom 'is he forced to pay them intereſt for his 'own money.

'I know not why a good wife ſhould 'be above theſe things. It is better than 'lying abed half the day, and junket-'ing and card playing all the night, 'and mak ng yourſelves wholly uſeleſs 'to every good purpoſe in your own fa-'milies, as is now the faſhion among 'ye—The deuce take you all that do ſo, 'ſay I!—Only that, thank my ſtars, I 'am a batchelor.

'Then this is a province you are ad-'mirably verſed in: you grieve that it 'is taken from you *here*, you know. So 'here, Miſs, with Mr. Solmes you will 'have ſomething to keep account of, 'for the ſake of you and your children: 'with the other, perhaps, you will have 'an account to keep, too—But an ac-'count of what will go over the left-'ſhoulder: only of what he ſquanders, 'what he borrows, and what he owes, 'and never will pay. Come, come, cou-'ſin, you know nothing of the world; a 'man's a man; and you may have many 'partners in a handſome man, and coſt-'ly ones too, who may laviſh away all 'you ſave. Mr. Solmes, therefore, for 'my money, and I hope for yours.

'*But Mr. Solmes is a coarſe man.* He 'is not delicate enough for your nice-'neſs; becauſe I ſuppoſe he dreſſes not 'like a fop and a coxcomb, and becauſe 'he lays not himſelf out in complimen-'tal nonſenſe, the poiſon of female 'minds. He is a man of ſenſe, I can 'tell you. No man talks more to the 'purpoſe to *us:* but you fly him ſo, that 'he has no opportunity given him to ex-'preſs it to *you*; and a man who loves, 'if he have ever ſo much ſenſe, looks 'like a fool; eſpecially when he is de-'ſpiſed, and treated as you treated him 'the laſt time he was in your company.

'*As to his ſiſter*; ſhe threw herſelf 'away (as you want to do) againſt his 'full warning: for he told her what ſhe 'had to truſt to, if ſhe married where 'ſhe did marry. And he was as good 'as his word; and ſo an honeſt man 'ought: offences againſt warning ought 'to be ſmarted for. Take care this be 'not your caſe. Mind that.

'His *uncle* deſerves no favour from '*him*; for he would have circumvented 'Mr. Solmes, and got Sir Oliver to 'leave to himſelf the eſtate he had al-'ways deſigned for him his nephew; and 'brought him up in the hope of it. *Too 'ready forgiveneſs does but encourage offences:* 'that's your good father's maxim; and 'there would not be ſo many headſtrong 'daughters as there are, if this maxim 'were kept in mind.—Puniſhments are 'of ſervice to offenders; rewards ſhould 'be only to the meriting: and I think 'the former are to be dealt out rigor-'ouſly, in wilful caſes.

'*As to his love*; he ſhews it but too 'much for your deſervings, as they have 'been of late; let me tell you that: and 'this is *his* misfortune; and may in time 'perhaps be *yours*.

'*As to his parſimony*, which you wick-'edly call diabolical, [very free word in 'your mouth, let me tell ye] little rea-'ſon have *you* of all people for this, on 'whom he propoſes, of his own accord, 'to ſettle all he has in the world: a proof, 'let him love *riches* as he will, that he 'loves *you* better. But that you may be 'without excuſe on this ſcore, we will 'tie him up to your own terms. and o-'blige him by the marriage-articles to 'allow you a very handſome quarterly 'ſum to do what you pleaſe with. And 'this has been told you before; and I 'have ſaid it to Mrs. Howe (that good 'and worthy lady) before her proud 'daughter, that you might hear of it 'again.

'To contradict the charge of prepoſ-'ſeſſion to Lovelace, you offer never to 'have him without our conſents: and 'what is this ſaying, but that you will 'hope on for our conſents, and to whee-'dle and tire us out? Then he will al-'ways be in expectation while you are

'single: and we are to live on at this 'rate, (are we?) vexed by you, and continually watchful about you; and as 'continually exposed to his insolence and 'threats. Remember last Sunday, girl! '—What *might* have happened, had 'your brother and he met?—Moreover, 'you cannot do with such a spirit as his, 'as you can with worthy Mr. Solmes: 'the one you make tremble; the other 'will make you quake—Mind that— 'And you will not be able to help your'self. And remember, that if there 'should be any misunderstanding be'tween *one* of them and you, we should 'all interpose; and with effect no doubt: 'but with the *other*, it would be *self-do, self-have*; and who would either care or dare 'to put in a word for you? Nor let the 'supposition of matrimonial differences 'frighten you: honey-moon lasts not 'now-a-days above a fortnight; and 'Dunmow Flitch, as I have been inform'ed, was *never* claimed; though some 'say *once* it was. Marriage is a queer 'state, child, whether paired by the par'ties or by their friends. Out of three 'brothers of us, you know, there was 'but one had courage to marry. And 'why was it, do you think? We were 'wise by other peoples experience.

'Don't despise money so much; you 'may come to know the value of it: that 'is a piece of *instruction* that you *are to learn*; and which, according to your 'own notions, Mr. Solmes will be *able to teach you*.

'I do indeed *condemn your warmth*. I 'will not *allow for disgraces you bring upon yourself*. If I thought them *unmerited*, 'I would be your advocate. But it was 'always my notion, that children should 'not dispute their parents authority. 'When your grandfather left his estate 'to you, though his three sons, and a 'grandson, and your elder sister, were 'in being, we all acquiesced: and why? 'Because it was our father's doing. Do 'you imitate that example: if you will 'not, those who set it you have the more 'reason to hold you inexcusable. Mind 'that, cousin.

'You mention your brother too scorn'fully: and, in your letter to him, are 'very disrespectful; and so indeed you 'are to your sister, in the letter you 'wrote to her. Your brother, Madam, 'is your brother; a third older than 'yourself; and a *man:* and pray be so 'good as not to forget what is due to a 'brother, who (next to us three bro'thers) is the head of the family; and 'on whom the name depends—As upon 'your dutiful compliance depends the 'success of the noblest plan that ever 'was laid down for the honour of the 'family you are come of. And pray 'now let me ask you, If the honour of 'that will not be an honour to you?— 'If you don't think so, the more un'worthy you. You shall see the plan, if 'you promise not to be prejudiced a'gainst it, right or wrong. If you are 'not besotted to that man, I am sure you 'will like it. If you are, were Mr. 'Solmes an angel, it would signify no'thing: for the devil is love, and love 'is the devil, when it gets into any of 'your heads. Many examples have I 'seen of that.

'*If there were no such man as Lovelace in 'the world, you would not have Mr. Solmes.* '—You *would not*, Miss!—Very pretty, 'truly!—We *see* how your spirit is *em'bittered* indeed.—Wonder not, since it 'is come to your *will not's*, that those 'who have authority over you, say, *You 'shall have the other.* And I am one. 'Mind that. And if it behoves YOU *to 'speak out* Miss, it behoves US not to '*speak in*. What's *sauce for the goose is 'sauce for the gander:* take that in your 'though too.

'I humbly apprehend, that Mr. 'Solmes *has the spirit of a man, and a gen'tleman*. I would admonish you, there'fore, not to provoke it. He pities you 'as much as he loves you. He says, he 'will convince you of his love by deeds, 'since he is not permitted by you to ex'press it by words. And all his depend'ence is upon your generosity hereafter. 'We hope he *may* depend upon that: 'we encourage him to think he may. 'And this heartens him up. So that you 'may lay his constancy at your parents 'and your uncles doors; and this will be 'another mark of your duty, you know.

'You must be sensible, that you re'flect upon your parents and all of us, 'when you tell me you cannot in *justice* 'accept of the settlements proposed you. 'This reflection we should have won'dered at from you once; but now we 'don't.

'There are many other very censur'able passages in this free letter of yours; 'but we must place them to the account 'of your *embittered* spirit. I am glad you 'mentioned that word, because we 'should have been at a loss what to have 'called it.—I should much rather, ne'vertheless, have had reason to give it 'a better name.

'I love you dearly still, Miss. I think 'you, though my niece, one of the finest

young

'young gentlewomen I ever saw. But, 'upon my conscience, I think you ought 'to obey your parents, and oblige me, 'and my brother John: for you know 'very well, that we have nothing but 'your good at heart; consistently indeed 'with the good and honour of *all* of us. 'What must we think of any one of it, 'who would not promote the good of 'the whole? and who would set one part 'of it against another?—Which God 'forbid say I!—You see I am for the 'good of *all*. What shall *I* get by it, 'let things go as they will? Do I want 'any-thing of any-body for my own 'sake?—Does my brother John?—'Well, then, cousin Clary, what would 'you be at, as I may say?

'O but you can't love Mr. Solmes!—'But, I say, you know not *what* you can 'do. You *encourage* yourself in your 'dislike. You *permit* your heart (little 'did I think it was such a froward one) 'to *recoil*. Take it to task, niece; *drive it* 'on as fast as it *recoils*, [we do so in all our 'sea-fights, and land-fights too, by our 'sailors and soldiers, or we should not 'conquer] and we are all sure you will 'overcome it. And why? because you 'ought. So *we* think, whatever *you* think: 'and whose thoughts are to be preferred? You may be *wittier* than we; but, 'if you are *wiser*, we have lived some of 'us, let me tell you, to very little purpose thirty or forty years longer than 'you.

'I have written as long a letter as 'yours. I may not write in so lively, or 'so polite a stile as my niece: but I think 'I have all the argument on my side: 'and you will vastly oblige me, if you 'will shew me by your compliance with 'all our desires, that you think so too. 'If you do not, you must not expect an 'advocate, or even a friend, in me, dearly as I love you. For then I shall be 'sorry to be called *your uncle*,

'ANTONY HARLOWE.

'TUESDAY, TWO IN THE MORNING.

'P. S. You must send me no more letters: but a compliable one you may 'send. But I need not have forbid 'you; for I am sure, this, by fair argument, is unanswerable—I know it 'is. I have written day and night, I 'may say, ever since Sunday morning, 'only church time, or the like of that: 'but this is the last, I can tell you, 'from

'ANT. H.'

LETTER XXXIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16.

HAVING met with such bad success in my application to my relations, I have taken a step that will surprize you. It is no other than writing a letter to Mr. Solmes himself. I sent it; and have his answer. He had certainly help in it. For I have seen a letter of his; as indifferently worded, as poorly spelt. Yet the superscription, is of *his* dictating, I dare say; for he is a formal wretch. With these, I shall inclose one from my brother to me, on occasion of mine to Mr. Solmes. I did think that it was possible to discourage the man from proceeding; and if I could have done that, it would have answered all my wishes. It was worth the trial. But you'll see nothing will do. My brother has taken his measures too securely.

'TO ROGER SOLMES, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15.

'SIR,

'YOU will wonder to receive a letter 'from me; and more still at the uncommon subject of it. But the necessity 'of the case will justify me, at least in my 'own apprehension; and I shall therefore make no other apology for it.

'When you first came acquainted with 'our family, you found the writer of 'this one of the happiest creatures in the 'world; beloved by the best and most 'indulgent of parents; and rejoicing in 'the kind favour of two affectionate uncles, and in the esteem of every one.

'But now is this happy scene now 'changed!—You was pleased to cast a 'favourable eye upon me. You addressed 'yourself to my friends: your proposals 'were approved of by them—approved 'of without consulting me, as if my 'choice and happiness were of the least 'signification. Those who had a right 'to all reasonable obedience from me, 'insisted upon it without reserve. I had 'not the felicity to think as they did; 'almost the first time my sentiments differed from theirs. I besought them 'to indulge me in a point so important 'to my future happiness: but, alas, in 'vain! And then (for I thought it was 'but honest) I told *you* my mind; and 'that even my affections were engaged. 'But, to my mortification and surprize, 'you persisted, and still persist.

'The consequence of all is too grievous

'ous for me to repeat: you, who have 'such free access to the rest of the fami-'ly, know it too well—too well you 'know it, either for the credit of your 'own generosity, or for my reputation. 'I am used, on your account, as I never 'before was used, and never before was 'thought to deserve to be used; and 'this was the hard, the impossible con-'dition of their returning favour, that I 'must prefer a man *to* all others, that *of* 'all others I cannot prefer.

'Thus distressed, and made unhappy, 'and all for your sake, and through your 'cruel perseverance, I write, Sir, to de-'mand of you the peace of mind you 'have robbed me of: to demand of you 'the love of so many dear friends, of 'which you have deprived me; and, if 'you have the generosity that should dis-'tinguish a man, and a gentleman, to 'adjure you not to continue an address 'that has been attended with such cruel 'effects to the creature you profess to 'esteem.

'If you really value me, as my friends 'would make me believe, and as you 'have declared you do, must it not be a 'mean and selfish value? A value that 'can have no merit with the unhappy 'object of it, because it is attended with 'effects so grievous to her? It must be 'for *your own sake* only, not for *mine*. 'And even in this point you must be 'mistaken; for, would a prudent man 'wish to marry one who has not a heart 'to give? Who cannot esteem him? Who 'therefore must prove a bad wife!— 'And how cruel would it be to make a 'poor creature a bad wife, whose pride 'it would be to make a good one?

'If I am capable of judging, our tem-'pers and inclinations are vastly differ-'rent. Any other of my sex will make 'you happier than I can. The treatment 'I meet with, and the obstinacy, as it is 'called, with which I support myself un-'der it, ought to convince you of this; 'were I *not* able to give so good a reason 'for this my supposed perverseness, as 'that I cannot consent to marry a man 'whom I cannot value.

'But if, Sir, you have not so much 'generosity in your value for me, as to 'desist for *my own* sake, let me conjure 'you, by the regard due to *yourself*, and 'to your own future happiness, to dis-'continue your suit, and place your af-'fections on a worthier object: for why 'should you make *me* miserable, and 'yourself not happy? By this means you 'will do all that is now in your power to 'restore to me the affection of my friends; 'and, if that can be, it will leave me in 'as happy a state as you found me in. 'You need only to say, that you see 'there are no HOPES, as you will per-'haps complaisantly call it, of succeed-'ing with me; [and indeed, Sir, there 'cannot be a greater truth] and that you 'will therefore no more think of me; 'but turn your thoughts another way.

'Your compliance with this request 'will lay me under the highest obligation 'to your generosity, and make me ever 'your *well-wisher, and humble servant*,

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

'TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'THESE MOST HUMBLY PRESENT.

'DEAREST MISS,

'YOUR letter has had a very contra-'ry effect upon me, to what you seem to 'have expected from it. It has double 'convinced me of the excellency of your 'mind, and of the honour of your dis-'position. Call it *selfish*, or what you 'please, I must persist in my suit; and 'happy shall I be, if by patience and per-'severance, and a steady and unalterable 'devoir, I may at last overcome the dif-'ficulty laid in my way.

'As your good parents, your uncles, 'and other friends, are absolutely deter-'mined you shall never have Mr. Love-'lace, if they can help it; and as I pre-'sume no other person is in the way, I 'will contentedly wait the issue of this 'matter. And forgive me, dearest Miss; 'but a person should sooner persuade 'me to give up to him my estate, as an 'instance of my generosity, because *he* 'could not be happy without it, than I 'would a much more valuable treasure, 'to promote the felicity of another, and 'make his way easier to circumvent 'myself.

'Pardon me, dear Miss; but I must 'persevere, though I am sorry you suf-'fer on my account, as you are pleased 'to think; for I never before saw the 'woman I could love: and while there 'is any hope, and that you remain un-'disposed of to some happier man, I 'must and will be *your faithful and obse-'quious admirer*,

'ROGER SOLMES.

'MARCH 16.'

MR. JAMES HARLOWE, TO MISS CL. HARLOWE.

'MARCH 16.

'WHAT a fine whim you took into 'your head, to write a letter to Mr. 'Solmes, to persuade him to give up his

'pretenſions to you!—Of *all* the pretty 'romantick flights you have delighted 'in, this was certainly one of the moſt ex-'traordinary But to ſay nothing] of 'what fires us all with indignation a-'gainſt you; (your owning your prepoſ-'ſeſſion in a villain's favour, and your 'impertinence to me, and your ſiſter, 'and your uncles; one of which has 'given it you home, child) how can you 'lay at Mr. Solmes's door the uſage you 'ſo bitterly complain of?—You know, 'little fool as you are, that it is your 'fondneſs for Lovelace that has brought 'upon you all theſe things; and which 'would have happened whether Mr. 'Solmes had honoured you with his ad-'dreſſes or not.

'As you muſt needs know this to be 'true, conſider, pretty witty Miſs, if your 'fond love-ſick heart can let you conſi-'der, what a fine figure all your expoſtu-'lations with Us, and charges upon Mr. 'Solmes, make!—With what propriety 'do you *demand* of *him* to reſtore to you 'your former happineſs, (as you call it, 'and *merely* call it; for if you thought 'our favour ſo, you would reſtore it to 'yourſelf) ſince it is yet in your own 'power to do ſo? Therefore, Miſs Pert, 'none of your patheticks, except in the 'right place. Depend upon it, whether 'you have Mr. Solmes, or not, you 'ſhall never have your heart's delight, 'the vile rake Lovelace, if your parents, 'if our uncles, if I, can hinder it. No! 'you fallen angel, you ſhall not give 'your father and mother ſuch a *ſon*, nor 'me ſuch a *brother*, in giving yourſelf 'that profligate wretch for a *huſband*. 'And ſo ſet your heart at reſt, and lay 'aſide all thoughts of him, if ever you 'expect forgiveneſs, reconciliation, or a 'kind opinion from any of your family; 'but eſpecially from him, who at pre-'ſent, ſtyles himſelf *your brother*,

'JAMES HARLOWE.

'*P. S.* I know your knack at letter-'writing. If you ſend me an anſwer 'to this, I will return it unopened; 'for I will not argue with your per-'verſeneſs in ſo plain a caſe.—Only 'once for all, I was willing to put you 'right as to Mr. Solmes; whom I 'think to blame to trouble his head 'about you.'

LETTER XXXIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17.

I Receive, with great pleaſure, the early and cheerful aſſurance of your loyalty and love. And let our principal and moſt truſty friends named in my laſt know that I do.

I would have thee, Jack, come down, as ſoon as thou canſt. I believe I ſhall not want the others ſo ſoon. Yet they may come down to Lord M.'s. I will be there, if not to receive them, to ſatisfy my lord, that there is no new miſchief in hand, which will require his ſecond intervention.

For thyſelf, thou muſt be conſtantly with me: not for my *ſecurity*; the family dare do nothing but bully; they bark only at a diſtance; but for my *entertainment*; that thou mayſt, from the Latin and Engliſh claſſicks, keep my love-ſick ſoul from drooping.

Thou hadſt beſt come to me here, in thy old corporal's coat: thy ſervant out of livery; and to be upon a familiar foot with me, as a diſtant relation, to be provided for by thy intereſt above—I mean not in Heaven, thou mayſt be ſure. Thou wilt find me at a little alehouſe; they call it an inn: the White Hart; moſt terribly wounded (but by the weather only) the ſign—In a ſorry village; within five miles from Harlowe Place. Every-body knows Harlowe Place; for, like Verſailles, it is ſprung up from a dunghill, within every elderly perſon's remembrance. Every poor body, particularly, knows it. But that only for a few years paſt, ſince a certain angel has appeared there among the ſons and daughters of men.

The people here at the Hart are poor, but honeſt; and have gotten it into their heads, that I am a man of quality in diſguiſe; and there is no reining in their officious reſpect. Here is a pretty little ſmirking daughter; ſeventeen ſix days ago. I call her my roſe-bud. Her grandmother, (for there is no mother) a good neat old woman, as ever filled a wicker chair in a chimney-corner, has beſought me to be merciful to her.

This is the right way with me. Many and many a pretty rogue had I ſpared, whom I did *not* ſpare, had my power been acknowledged, and my mercy in time implored. But the *debellare ſuperbos* ſhould be my motto, were I to have a new one.

This ſimple chit (for there is a ſimplicity in her thou wouldſt be highly pleaſed with: all humble; all officious; all innocent—I love her for her humility, her officiouſneſs, and even for her *innocence*) will be pretty amuſement to thee; while I combat with the weather, and dodge and creep about the walls and purlieus of Harlowe-Place. Thou

wilt

wilt ſee in her mind, all that her ſuperiors have been taught to conceal, in order to render themſelves leſs natural, and of conſequence leſs pleaſing.

But I charge thee, that thou do not (what I would not permit myſelf to do for the world—I charge thee that thou do not) crop my roſe-bud. She is the only flower of fragrance, that has blown in this vicinage for ten years paſt; or will for ten years to come: for I have looked backwards to the *have-been's*, and forward to the *will-be's*; having but too much leiſure upon my hands in my preſent waiting.

I never was ſo honeſt for ſo long together ſince my matriculation. It behoves me ſo to be—Some way or other, my receſs at this little inn may be found out; and it will then be thought that my roſe-bud has attracted me. A report in my favour, from ſimplicities ſo amiable, may eſtabliſh me; for the grandmother's relation to my roſe-bud may be ſworn to: and the father is an honeſt poor man; has no joy, but in his roſe-bud.—O Jack! ſpare thou therefore (for I ſhall leave thee often alone with her, ſpare thou) my roſe-bud!—Let the rule I never departed from, but it coſt me a long regret, be obſerved to my roſe-bud! Never to ruin a poor girl, whoſe ſimplicity and innocence were all ſhe had to truſt to; and whoſe fortunes were too low to ſave her from the rude contempts of worſe minds than her own, and from an indigence extreme: ſuch a one will only pine in ſecret; and at laſt, perhaps, in order to refuge herſelf from ſlanderous tongues and virulence, be induced to tempt ſome guilty ſtream, or ſeek her end in the knee-encircling garter, that, peradventure, was the firſt attempt of abandoned love.—No defiances will my roſe-bud breathe; no *ſelf*-dependent, *thee*-doubting watchfulneſs, (indirectly challenging thy inventive machinations to do their worſt) will ſhe aſſume. Unſuſpicious of her danger, the lamb's throat will hardly ſhun thy knife!—O be not thou the butcher of my lambkin!

The leſs be thou ſo, for the reaſon I am going to give thee—The gentle heart is touched by love: her ſoft boſom heaves with a paſſion ſhe has not yet found a name for. I once caught her eye following a young carpenter, a widow neighbour's ſon, living [to ſpeak in her dialect] *at the little white houſe over the way*. A gentle youth he alſo ſeems to be, about three years older than herſelf: play-mates from their infancy, till his eighteenth and her fifteenth year furniſhed a reaſon for a greater diſtance in ſhew, while their hearts gave a better for their being nearer than ever—For I ſoon perceived the love reciprocal. A ſcrape and a bow at firſt ſeeing his pretty miſtreſs; turning often to ſalute her following eye; and, when a winding-lane was to deprive him of her ſight, his whole body turned round, his hat more reverently d'offed than before. This anſwered (for, unſeen, I was behind her) by a low curtſey, and a ſigh that Johnny was too far off to hear!—'Hap-'py whelp!' ſaid I to myſelf!—I withdrew; and in tript my roſe-bud, as if ſatisfied with the dumb ſhew, and nothing beyond it.

I have examined the little heart. She has made me her confidante. She owns, ſhe could love Johnny Barton very well: and Johnny Barton has told her, he could love her better than any maiden he ever ſaw—'But, alas! it muſt not be 'thought of.'—'Why not be thought 'of!'—She don't know!—And then ſhe ſighed: but Johnny has an aunt, who will give him an hundred pounds, when his time is out: and her father cannot give her but a few things, or ſo, to ſet her out with; and though Johnny's mother ſays, ſhe knows not where Johnny would have a prettier, or notabler wife, yet—and then ſhe ſighed again—'What 'ſignifies talking?—I would not have 'Johnny be unhappy and poor for me! '—For what good would that do *me*, 'you know, Sir!'

What would I give [by my ſoul my angel will indeed reform me, if her friends implacable folly ruin us not both! What would I give] to have ſo innocent and ſo good a heart, as either my roſe-bud's, or Johnny's!

I have a confounded miſchievous one—by *nature* too, I think!—A good motion now-and-then riſes from it: but it dies away preſently—A love of intrigue—An invention for miſchief—A triumph in ſubduing—Fortune encouraging and ſupporting—And a conſtitution—What ſignifies palliating? But I believe I had been a rogue, had I been a plough-boy.

But the devil's in this ſex. Eternal miſguiders. Who, that has once treſpaſſed with them, ever recovered his virtue? And yet where there is not virtue, which nevertheleſs we free-livers are continually plotting to deſtroy, what is there even in the ultimate of our wiſhes with them?—*Preparation* and *expectation* are

are in a manner every-thing; *reflection* indeed may be ſomething, if the mind be hardened above feeling the guilt of a paſt *treſpaſs*; but the *fruition*, what is there in that? And yet that being the end, nature will be ſatisfied with it.

See what grave reflections an innocent ſubject will produce! It gives me ſome pleaſure to think, that it is not out of my *power* to reform: but then, Jack, I am afraid I muſt keep better company than I do at preſent—For we certainly harden one another. But be not caſt down, my boy; there will be time enough to give the whole fraternity warning to chuſe another leader: and I fancy thou wilt be the man.

Mean time, as I make it my rule, whenever I have committed a very capital enormity, to do ſome good by way of atonement; and as I believe I am a pretty deal indebted on that ſcore: I intend, before I leave theſe parts, (ſucceſsfully ſhall I leave them I hope, or I ſhall be tempted to double the miſchief by way of revenge, though not to my roſe-bud any) to join an hundred pounds to Johnny's aunt's hundred pounds, to make one innocent couple happy.—I repeat therefore, and for half-a-dozen more *thereſores*, ſpare thou my roſe-bud.

An interruption — Another letter anon; and both ſhall go together.

LETTER XXXV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Have found out by my *watchful ſpy* almoſt as many of my charmer's motions, as of thoſe of the reſt of her relations. It delights me to think how the raſcal is careſſed by the uncles and nephew; and let into *their* ſecrets; yet it proceeds all the time by *my* line of direction. I have charged him, however, on forfeiture of his preſent weekly ſtipend, and my future favour, to take care, that neither my beloved, nor any of the family, ſuſpect him: I have told him that he may indeed watch her egreſſes and regreſſes; but that only keep off other ſervants from her paths; yet not to be ſeen by her himſelf.

The dear creature has tempted him, he told *them*, with a bribe [*which ſhe never offered*] to convey a letter [*which ſhe never wrote*] to Miſs Howe; *he believes*, with one incloſed, (*perhaps to me:*) but he declined it; and he begged they would take no notice of it to *her*. This brought him a ſtingy ſhilling; great applauſe; and an injunction followed it to all the ſervants, for the ſtricteſt look-out, leſt ſhe ſhould contrive ſome way to ſend it—And, about an hour after, an order was given him to throw himſelf in her way; and (expreſſing his concern for denying her requeſt) to tender his ſervice to her, and to bring them her letter: which it will be *proper for him to report* that ſhe has refuſed to give him.

Now, ſeeſt thou not how many good ends this contrivance anſwers?

In the firſt place, the lady is ſecured by it, againſt her own knowledge, in the liberty allowed her of taking her private walks in the garden; for *this attempt* has confirmed them in their belief, that now they have turned off her maid, ſhe has no way to ſend a letter out of the houſe: if ſhe had, ſhe would not have run the riſque of tempting a fellow who had not been in her ſecret—So that ſhe can proſecute unſuſpectedly her correſpondence with me, and Miſs Howe.

In the next place, it will perhaps afford me an opportunity of a private interview with her, which I am meditating, let her take it as ſhe will; having found out by my *ſpy* (who can keep off every-body elſe) that ſhe goes every morning and evening to a wood-houſe remote from the dwelling-houſe, under pretence of viſiting and feeding a ſet of bantam-poultry, which were produced from a breed that was her grandfather's, and of which, for that reaſon, ſhe is very fond; as alſo of ſome other curious fowls brought from the ſame place. I have an account of all her motions here.—And as ſhe has owned to me in one of her letters that ſhe correſponds privately with Miſs Howe, I preſume it is by this way.

The interview I am meditating, will produce her conſent, I hope, to other favours of the like kind: for, ſhould ſhe not chuſe the place in which I am expecting to ſee her, I can attend her anywhere in the rambling, Dutch-taſte garden, whenever ſhe will permit me that honour; for my implement, *high Joſeph Leman*, has procured me the opportunity of getting two keys made to the garden-door, (one of which I have given him, for reaſons good;) which door opens to the haunted coppice, as tradition has made the ſervants think it; a man having been found hanging in it about twenty years ago: and Joſeph, upon proper notice, will leave it unbolted.

But I was obliged previouſly to give him my honour, that no miſchief ſhould happen to any of my adverſaries from this liberty; for the fellow tells me, he loves all his maſters: and, only that he knows

knows I am a man of honour; and that my alliance will do credit to the family; and after prejudices are overcome, everybody will think so; or he would not for the world act the part he does.

There never was a rogue, who had not a salve to himself for being so.—What a praise to *honesty*, that every man pretends to it, even at the instant that he knows he is pursuing the methods that will perhaps prove him a knave to the whole world, as well as to his own conscience!

But what this stupid family can mean, to make all this necessary, I cannot imagine. My REVENGE and my LOVE are uppermost by turns. If the latter succeed not, the gratifying of the former will be my only consolation: and, by all that's good, they shall feel it; although for it I become an exile from my native country for ever!

I will throw myself into my charmer's presence. I have twice already attempted it in vain. I shall then see what I may depend upon from her favour. If I thought I had no prospect of that, I should be tempted to carry her off.—That would be a rape worthy of a Jupiter!

But all gentle shall be my movements: all respectful, even to reverence, my address to her—Her hand shall be the only witness to the pressure of my lip—my trembling lip: I *know* it will tremble, if I do not *feel* it tremble. As soft my sighs, as the sighs of my gentle rose-bud. By my humility will I invite *her* confidence; the loneliness of the place shall give me no advantage: to dissipate her fears, and engage her reliance upon my honour for the future, shall be my whole endeavour; but little will I complain of, not at all will I threaten, those who are continually threatening me; but yet with a view to act the part of Dryden's lion; to secure my love, or to let loose my vengeance upon my hunters.

'What tho' his mighty soul his grief contains?
'He meditates revenge who *least* complains:
'And like a lion slumb'ring in his way,
'Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
'His fearless foes within his distance draws;
'Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws:
'Till at the last, his time for fury found,
'He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground:
'The prostrate vulgar passes o'er, and spares;
'But, with a lordly rage, his hunters tears.'

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS CL. HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

I Have been frighted out of my wits—Still am in a manner out of breath—Thus occasioned—I went down, under the usual pretence, in hopes to find something from you. Concerned at my disappointment, I was returning from the wood-house, when I heard a rustling as of somebody behind a stack of wood. I was extremely surprized: but still more, to behold a man coming from behind the furthermost stack. 'O,' thought I, at that moment, 'the sin of a prohibited 'correspondence!'

In the same point of time that I saw him, he besought me not to be frighted: and, still nearer approaching me, threw open a horseman's coat; and who should it be but Mr. Lovelace!—I could not scream out, (yet attempted to scream, the moment I saw a man; and again, when I saw who it was;) for I had no voice: and had I not caught hold of a prop which supported the old rouf, I should have sunk.

I had hitherto, as you know, kept him at a distance: and now, as I recovered myself, judge of my first emotions, when I recollected his character from every mouth of my family; his enterprizing temper; and found myself alone with him, in a place so near a bye-lane, and so remote from the house.

But his respectful behaviour soon dissipated these fears, and gave me others; lest we should be seen together, and information of it given to my brother: the consequences of which, I could readily think, would be, if not further mischief, an imputed assignation, a stricter confinement, a forfeited correspondence with you, my beloved friend, and a pretence for the most violent compulsion; and neither the one set of reflections, nor the other, acquitted him to me for his bold intrusion.

As soon, therefore, as I could speak, I expressed with the greatest warmth my displeasure; and told him, that he cared not how much he exposed me to the resentment of all my friends, provided he could gratify his own impetuous humour. I then commanded him to leave the place that moment; and was hurrying from him, when he threw himself in the way at my feet, beseeching my stay for one moment; declaring, that he suffered himself to be guilty of this rashness, as I thought it, to avoid one much greater—For, in short, he could not bear the hourly insults he received from my family, with the thoughts of having so little interest in my favour, that he could not promise himself that his patience and forbearance would be attended with any other view than to

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Mr. Hogg's New Novelist's Magazine.



LOVELACE *surprises* CLARISSA *in her Return from the* WOOD-HOUSE.

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loſe me for ever, and be triumphed over and inſulted upon it.

This man, you know, has very ready knees. You have ſaid, that he ought, in ſmall points, frequently to offend, on purpoſe to ſhew what an addreſs he is maſter of.

He ran on, expreſſing his apprehenſions that a temper ſo gentle and obliging, as he ſaid mine was, to every-body but him, (and a dutifulneſs ſo exemplary inclined me to do my part to others, whether they did theirs or not by me) would be wrought upon in favour of a man ſet up in part to be revenged upon myſelf, for my grandfather's envied diſtinction of me; and in part to be revenged upon him, for having given life to one who would have taken his; and now ſought to deprive him of hopes dearer to him than life.

I told him he might be aſſured, that the ſeverity and ill-uſage I met with would be far from effecting the propoſed end: that although I could, with great ſincerity, declare for a ſingle life, (which had always been my choice;) and particularly, that if ever I married, if they would not inſiſt upon the man I had an averſion to, it ſhould not be with the man they diſliked.

He interrupted me here: he hoped I would forgive him for it; but he could not help expreſſing his great concern, that, after ſo many inſtances of his paſſionate and obſequious devotion—

'And pray, Sir,' ſaid I, 'let me in-'terrupt you in my turn—Why don't 'you aſſert, in ſtill plainer words, the 'obligation you have laid me under by 'this your boaſted devotion? Why don't 'you let me know, in terms as high as 'your implication, that a perſeverance I 'have not wiſhed for, which has ſet all 'my relations at variance with me, is a 'merit that throws upon me the guilt of 'ingratitude for not anſwering it as you 'ſeem to expect?'

I muſt forgive him, he ſaid, if he, who pretended only to a comparative merit, (and otherwiſe thought no man living could deſerve me) had preſumed to hope for a greater ſhare in my favour, than he had hitherto met with, when ſuch men as Mr. Symmes, Mr. Wyerley, and now, laſtly, ſo vile a reptile as this Solmes, however diſcouraged by myſelf, were made his competitors. As to the perſeverance I mentioned, it was impoſſible for him *not* to perſevere: but I muſt needs know, that were *he* not in being, the terms Solmes had propoſed were ſuch, as would have involved me in the ſame difficulties with my relations that I now laboured under. He therefore took the liberty to ſay, that my favour to him, far from increaſing thoſe difficulties, would be the readieſt way to extricate me from them. They had made it impoſſible [he told me, with too much truth] to oblige them any way, but by ſacrificing myſelf to Solmes. They were well apprized beſides of the difference between the two; one, whom they hoped to manage as they pleaſed; the other, who could and would protect me from every inſult; and who had *natural* proſpects much ſuperior to my brother's *fooliſh* views of a title.

How comes this man to know ſo well all our foibles? But I more wonder, how he came to have a notion of meeting me in this place?

I was very uneaſy to be gone; and the more as the night came on apace. But there was no getting from him, till I had heard a great deal more of what he had to ſay.

As he hoped, that I would one day make him the happieſt man in the world, he aſſured me, that he had ſo much regard for my fame, that he would be as far from adviſing any ſtep that was likely to caſt a ſhade upon my reputation (although that ſtep was to be ever ſo much in his own favour) as I would be to follow ſuch advice. But ſince I was not to be permitted to live ſingle, he would ſubmit it to my conſideration, whether I had any way but *one* to avoid the intended violence to my inclinations—My father ſo jealous of his authority; both my uncles in my father's way of thinking; my couſin Morden at a diſtance; my uncle and aunt Hervey awed into *inſignificance*, was his word; my brother and ſiſter inflaming every one; Solmes's offers captivating; Miſs Howe's mother rather of a party with them, for motives reſpecting example to her own daughter.

And then he aſked me, if I would receive a letter from Lady Betty Lawrance, on this occaſion: for Lady Sarah Sadleir, he ſaid, having lately loſt her only child, hardly looked into the world, or thought of it farther than to wiſh him married, and preferably to all the women in the world, with me.

To be ſure my dear, there is a great deal in what the man ſaid—I may be allowed to ſay this, without an imputed *glow* or *throb*.—But I told him nevertheleſs, that although I had great honour for the ladies he was related to, yet I ſhould not chuſe to receive a letter on a ſubject that had a tendency to

promote an end I was far from intending to promote: that it became me, ill as I was treated at preſent, to *hope* every-thing, to *bear* every-thing, and to *try* every-thing. When my father ſaw my ſtedfaſtneſs, and that I would die rather than have Mr. Solmes, he would perhaps recede.

Interrupting me, he repreſented the unlikelihood there was of that, from the courſes they had entered upon; which he thus enumerated:—Their engaging Mrs. Howe againſt me, in the firſt place, as a perſon I might have thought to fly to, if puſhed to deſperation—my brother continually buzzing in my father's ears, that my couſin Morden would ſoon arrive, and then would inſiſt upon giving me poſſeſſion of my grandfather's eſtate, in purſuance of the will; which would render me independent of my father—their diſgraceful confinement of me—their diſmiſſing ſo ſuddenly my ſervant, and ſetting my ſiſter's over me—their engaging my mother, contrary to her own judgment, againſt me; theſe, he ſaid, were all ſo many flagrant proofs that they would ſtick at nothing to carry their point; and were what made him inexpreſſibly uneaſy.

He appealed to me, whether ever I knew my father recede from any reſolution he had once fixed; eſpecially, if he thought either his prerogative, or his authority, concerned in the queſtion. His acquaintance with our family, he ſaid, enabled him to give ſeveral inſtances (but they would be too grating to me) of an arbitrarineſs that had few examples even in the families of princes: an arbitrarineſs, which the moſt excellent of women, my mother, too ſeverely experienced.

He was proceeding, as I thought, with reflections of this ſort; and I angrily told him, I would not permit my father to be reflected upon; adding, That his ſeverity to me, however unmerited, was not a warrant for me to diſpenſe with my duty to him.

He had no pleaſure, he ſaid, in urging any-thing that could be *ſo* conſtrued; for, however well warranted *he* was to make ſuch reflections from the provocations they were continually giving him, he knew how offenſive to *me* any liberties of this ſort would be.—And yet he muſt own, that it was painful to *him*, who had youth and paſſions to be allowed for, as well as others, and who had always valued himſelf upon ſpeaking his mind; to curb himſelf under ſuch treatment. Nevertheleſs, his conſideration for me would make him confine himſelf, in his obſervations, to facts that were too flagrant, and too openly avowed, to be diſputed. It could not therefore *juſtly* diſpleaſe, he would venture to ſay, if he made this natural inference from the premiſes, That if ſuch were my father's behaviour to a *wife* who diſputed not the imaginary *prerogative* he was ſo unprecedently fond of aſſerting, what room had a *daughter* to hope, that he would depart from an *authority* he was ſo earneſt, and ſo much more concerned to maintain?—Family-intereſts at the ſame time engaging; an averſion, however cauſeleſsly conceived, ſtimulating; my brother's and ſiſter's reſentments and ſelfiſh views co-operating; and my baniſhment from their preſence depriving me of all *perſonal* plea or entreaty in my own favour.

How unhappy, my dear, that there is but too much reaſon for theſe obſervations, and for this inference; made likewiſe, with more coolneſs and reſpect to my family than one would have apprehended from a man ſo much provoked, and of paſſions ſo high, and generally thought uncontroulable!

Will you not queſtion me about *throbs* and *glows*, if, from ſuch inſtances of a command over his fiery temper, for my ſake, I am ready to infer, that were my friends capable of a reconciliation with him, he might be affected by arguments apparently calculated for his preſent and future good! Nor is it a very bad indication that he has ſuch moderate notions of that very high prerogative in huſbands, of which we in our family have been accuſtomed to hear ſo much.

He repreſented to me, that my preſent diſgraceful confinement was known to all the world: that neither my ſiſter nor brother ſcrupled to repreſent me as an obliged and favoured child in a ſtate of actual rebellion—that, nevertheleſs, every-body who knew me was ready to juſtify me for an averſion to a man whom every-body thought utterly unworthy of *me*, and more fit for my *ſiſter*. That unhappy as he was, in not having been able to make any greater impreſſion upon me in his favour, all the world gave me to him: nor was there but one objection made to him, by his very enemies; (his birth, his fortune, his proſpects, all unexceptionable, and the latter ſplendid) and that objection, he thanked God, and my example, was in a fair way of being removed for ever; ſince he had ſeen his error, and was heartily ſick of the courſes he had followed; which, however, were

far leſs enormous than malice and envy had repreſented them to be. But of this he ſhould ſay the leſs, as it were much better to juſtify himſelf by his actions, than by the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations and promiſes. And then complimenting my *perſon*, he aſſured me (for that he always *loved* virtue, although he had not followed it's rules as he ought) that he was ſtill more captivated with the graces of my *mind*: and would frankly own, that till he had the honour to know *me*, he had never met with an inducement ſufficient to enable him to overcome an unhappy kind of prejudice to matrimony; which had made me before impenetrable to the wiſhes and recommendations of all his relations.

You ſee, my dear, he ſcruples not to ſpeak of himſelf, as his enemies ſpeak of him. I can't ſay, but his openneſs in theſe particulars gives a credit to his other profeſſions. I ſhould eaſily, I think, detect an hypocrite: and *this* man particularly, who is ſaid to have allowed himſelf in great liberties, were he to pretend to *inſtantaneous* lights and convictions—at this time of life too—Habits, I am ſenſible, are not ſo eaſily changed. You have always joined with me in remarking, that he will ſpeak his mind with freedom, even to a degree of unpoliteneſs ſometimes; and that his very treatment of my family is a proof that he cannot make a mean court to any-body for intereſt-ſake—What pity, where there are ſuch laudable traces, that they ſhould have been ſo mired, and choaked up, as I may ſay!—We have heard, that the man's head is better than his heart: but do you really think Mr. Lovelace can have a *very* bad heart? Why ſhould not there be ſomething in *blood* in the human creature, as well as in the ignobler animals? None of his family are exceptionable—but himſelf, indeed. The characters of the ladies are admirable—But I ſhall incur the imputation I wiſh to avoid. Yet what a look of cenſorioufneſs does it carry in an unſparing friend, to take one to taſk for doing that juſtice, and making thoſe charitable inferences in favour of a particular perſon, which one ought without ſcruple to do, and to make, in the behalf of any other man living?

He then again preſſed me to receive a letter of offered protection from Lady Betty. He ſaid, that people of birth ſtood a little too much upon punctilio; as people of virtue alſo did: (But indeed birth, worthily lived up to, was virtue; virtue, birth; the inducements of a decent punctilio the ſame; the origin of both, one) [How came this notion from him?]—Elſe, Lady Betty would write to *me*. But ſhe would be willing to be firſt apprized, that her offer would be well received—as it would have the appearance of being made againſt the liking of one part of my family; and which nothing would induce her to make but the degree of unworthy perſecution which I actually laboured under, and had reaſon further to apprehend.

I told him, that, however greatly I thought myſelf obliged to Lady Betty Lawrance, if this offer came from herſelf; yet it was eaſy to ſee to what it led. It might look like vanity in me perhaps to ſay, That this urgency in him, on this occaſion, wore the face of art, in order to engage me into meaſures from which I might not eaſily extricate myſelf. I ſaid, that I ſhould not be affected by the ſplendor of even a royal title. *Goodneſs*, I thought, was *greatneſs*: that the excellent characters of the ladies of his family weighed more with me, than the conſideration that they were half-ſiſters to Lord M. and daughters of an earl; that he would not have found encouragement from me, had my friends been *conſenting* to his addreſs, if he he had only a *mere* relative merit to thoſe ladies; ſince, in that caſe, the very reaſons that made me admire *them*, would have been ſo many objections to their *kinſman*.

I then aſſured him, that it was with infinite concern, that I had found myſelf drawn into an epiſtolary correſpondence with him; eſpecially ſince that correſpondence had been prohibited:—and the only agreeable uſe I could think of making of this unexpected and undeſired interview, was, to let him know, that I ſhould from henceforth think myſelf obliged to diſcontinue it. And I hoped, that he would not have the *thought* of engaging me to carry it on by menacing my relations.

There was light enough to diſtinguiſh that he looked very grave upon this. He ſo much valued my *free* choice, he ſaid, and my *unbiaſſed* favour, (ſcorning to ſet himſelf upon a footing with Solmes in the compulſory methods uſed in that man's behalf) that he ſhould hate himſelf, were he capable of a view of intimidating me by ſo very poor a method. But, nevertheleſs, there were two things to be conſidered: firſt, that the continual outrages he was treated with; the ſpies ſet over him, one of which he had detected; the indignities all his family were likewiſe treated with; as alſo, myſelf;

ſelf; avowedly in malice to him, or he ſhould not preſume to take upon himſelf to reſent for me, without my leave [The artful wretch ſaw he would have lain open here, had he not thus guarded]—All theſe conſiderations called upon him to ſhew a proper reſentment; and he would leave it to me to judge, whether it would be reaſonable for him, as a man of ſpirit, to bear ſuch inſults, if it were not for my ſake. I would be pleaſed to conſider, in the next place, whether the ſituation I was in (a priſoner in my father's houſe, and my whole family determined to compel me to marry a man unworthy of me; and that ſpeedily, and whether I conſented or not) admitted of delay in the preventive meaſures he was deſirous to put me upon, *in the laſt reſort only*. Nor was there a neceſſity, he ſaid, if I were actually in Lady Betty's protection, that I ſhould be his, if, afterwards, I ſhould ſee any-thing objectible in his conduct.

But what would the world conclude would be the end, I demanded, were I, in the laſt reſort, as he propoſed, to throw myſelf into the protection of *his* friends, but that it was with ſuch a view?

And what leſs did the world think *now*, he aſked, than that I was confined that I *might not*? 'You are to conſider, 'Madam, you have not now an option; 'and to whom is it owing that you have 'not; and that you are in the power of 'thoſe (parents why ſhould I call them?) 'who are determined, that you ſhall *not* 'have an option. All I propoſe is, that 'you will embrace ſuch a protection;—'but not till you have tried every way, 'to avoid the neceſſity for it.

'And give me leave to ſay,' proceeded he, 'that if a correſpondence on which 'I have founded all my hopes, is, at 'this critical conjuncture, to be broken 'off; and if you are reſolved not to be '*provided againſt* the worſt; it muſt be 'plain to me that you will at laſt yield 'to that worſt—Worſt to *me* only—It 'cannot be to *you*—And *then!*' [and he put his hand clenched to his forehead] 'how ſhall I bear the ſuppoſition? *Then* 'will you be that Solmes's!—But, by all 'that's ſacred, neither he, nor your bro-'ther, nor your uncles, ſhall enjoy their 'triumph—Perdition ſeize my ſoul, if 'they ſhall!'

The man's vehemence frightened me: yet, in reſentment, I would have left him; but throwing himſelf at my feet again, 'Leave me not thus—I beſeech 'you, deareſt Madam, leave me not thus, 'in deſpair. I kneel not, repenting of 'what I have vowed in ſuch a caſe as 'that I have ſuppoſed. I revow it, at 'your feet.'—*And ſo he did*. But think 'not it is by way of menace, or to in-'timidate you to favour me. If your 'heart inclines you' [and then he aroſe] 'to obey your father, (your *brother* ra-'ther) and to have Solmes; although I 'ſhall avenge myſelf on thoſe who have 'inſulted me, for their inſults to myſelf 'and family; yet will I tear out my 'heart from this boſom, (if poſſible with 'my own hands) were it to ſcruple to 'give up it's ardors to a woman capable 'of ſuch a preference.'

I told him, that he talked to me in very high language; but he might aſſure himſelf, that I never would have Mr. Solmes, (yet that this I ſaid not in favour to him) and I had declared as much to my relations, were there not ſuch a man as himſelf in the world.

Would I declare, that I would ſtill honour him with my correſpondence?—He could not bear, that, hoping to obtain *greater* inſtances of my favour, he ſhould forfeit the *only one* he had to boaſt of.

I bid him forbear raſhneſs or reſentment to any of my family, and I would, for ſome time at leaſt, till I ſaw what iſſue my preſent trials were likely to have, proceed with a correſpondence, which, nevertheleſs, my heart *condemned*—

And his ſpirit him, the impatient creature ſaid, interrupting me, for bearing what he did; when he conſidered, that the neceſſity of it was impoſed upon him, not by *my* will, (for then he would bear it cheerfully, and a thouſand times more) but by creatures—And there he ſtopt.

I told him plainly that he might thank himſelf (whoſe indifferent character, as to his morals, had given ſuch a handle againſt him) for all. It was but juſt, that a man ſhould be ſpoken evil of, who ſet no value upon his reputation.

He offered to vindicate himſelf: but I told him, I would judge him by his own rule—by his *actions*, not by his *profeſſions*.

Were not his enemies, he ſaid, ſo powerful, and ſo determined; and had they not already ſhewn their intentions in ſuch high acts of even *cruel* compulſion; but would leave me to my choice, or to my deſire of living ſingle; he would have been content to undergo a twelvemonth's probation, or more: but he was confident, that one month would either complete all their purpoſes, or render them abortive; and I beſt knew what hopes I had of my *father's* receding—He did not know him, if I had *any*.

I ſaid,

I ſaid, I would try every method, that either my duty or my influence upon any of them ſhould ſuggeſt, before I would put myſelf into any other protection: and, if nothing elſe would do, would reſign the envied eſtate; and that I dared to ſay *would*.

He was contented, he ſaid, to abide that iſſue. He ſhould be far from wiſhing me to embrace any other protection, but, as he had frequently ſaid, in the laſt neceſſity. 'But, deareſt creature,' ſaid he, catching my hand with ardor, and preſſing it to his lips, 'if the yielding up 'that eſtate will do—Reſign it—and be 'mine—And I will corroborate, with 'all my ſoul, your reſignation!'

This was not ungenerouſly ſaid: but what will not theſe men ſay to obtain belief, and a power over one?

I made many efforts to go; and now it was ſo dark, that I began to have great apprehenſions. I cannot ſay from his behaviour: indeed, he has a good deal raiſed himſelf in my opinion by the perſonal reſpect, even to reverence, which he paid me during the whole conference; for although he flamed out once, upon a ſuppoſition that Solmes might ſucceed, it was upon a ſuppoſition that would excuſe paſſion, if any-thing could, you know, in a man pretending to love with fervour; although it was ſo levelled, that I could not avoid reſenting it.

He recommended himſelf to my favour at parting, with great earneſtneſs, yet with as great ſubmiſſion; not offering to condition any-thing with me; although he hinted his wiſhes for another meeting; which I forbade him ever attempting again in the ſame place.—And I will own to you, from whom I ſhould be really blameable to conceal any-thing, that his arguments (drawn from the diſgraceful treatment I meet with) of what I *am* to expect, make me begin to apprehend, that I ſhall be under an obligation to be either the one man's or the other's—And if ſo, I fancy I ſhall not incur your blame, were I to ſay, *which* of the two it muſt be. You have ſaid, which it muſt *not* be. But, O my dear, the ſingle life is by far the moſt eligible to me: *indeed* it is. And I hope yet to be permitted to make that option.

I got back without obſervation: but the apprehenſion that I ſhould not, gave me great uneaſineſs; and made me begin my letter in a greater flutter than he gave me cauſe to be in, except at the firſt ſeeing him; for then indeed my ſpirits failed me; and it was a particular felicity, that, in ſuch a place, in ſuch a fright, and alone with him, I fainted not away.

I ſhould add, that after having reproached him with his behaviour the laſt Sunday at church, he ſolemnly aſſured me, that it was not what had been repreſented to me: that he did not *expect* to ſee me there; but hoped to have an opportunity to addreſs himſelf to my father, and to be permitted to attend him home. But that the good Dr. Lewen had perſuaded him not to attempt ſpeaking to any of the family, at that time; obſerving to him the emotions into which his preſence had put every-body. He intended no pride or haughtineſs of behaviour, he aſſured me; and that the attributing ſuch to him was the effect of that ill-will which he had the mortification to find inſuperable: adding, that when he bowed to my mother, it was a compliment he intended generally to every one in the pew, as well as to *her*, whom he ſincerely venerated.

If he may be believed, (and I ſhould think he would not have come purpoſely to defy my family, yet expect favour from me) one may ſee, my dear, the force of hatred, which miſrepreſents all things—yet why ſhould Shorey (except officiouſly to pleaſe her principals) make a report in his diſfavour? He told me, that he would appeal to Dr. Lewen for his juſtification on this head; adding, that the whole converſation between the doctor and him turned upon his deſire to attempt to reconcile himſelf to us all, in the *face of the church*; and upon the doctor's endeavouring to diſſuade him from making ſuch a publick overture, till he knew how it would be accepted. But to what purpoſe his appeal, when I am debarred from ſeeing that good man, or any one who would adviſe me what to do in my preſent difficult ſituation!

I fancy, my dear, however, that there would hardly be a guilty perſon in the world, were each *ſuſpected* or *accuſed* perſon to tell his or her own ſtory, and be allowed any degree of credit.

I have written a very long letter.

To be ſo particular as you require in ſubjects of converſation, it is impoſſible to be ſhort.

I will add to it only the aſſurance, that I am, and ever will be, *your affectionate and faithful friend and ſervant*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

You'll be ſo good, my dear, as to remember, that the date of your laſt letter to me, was the 9th.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19.

I Beg your pardon, my deareſt friend, for having given you occaſion to remind me of the date of my laſt. I was willing to have before me as much of the workings of your *wiſe* relations as poſſible; being verily perſuaded, that one ſide or the other would have yielded by this time: and then I ſhould have had ſome degree of certainty to found my obſervations upon. And indeed what can I write that I have not already written?—You know, that I can do nothing but rave at your ſtupid perſecutors: and that you don't like. I have adviſed you to reſume your own eſtate: that you won't do. You cannot bear the thoughts of having their Solmes: and Lovelace is reſolved you ſhall be his, let who will ſay to the contrary. I think you muſt be either the one man's or the other's. Let us ſee what their *next* ſtep will be.

As to Lovelace, while he tells his own ſtory (having alſo behaved ſo handſomely on his intruſion in the wood-houſe; and intended ſo well at church) who can ſay that the man is the *leaſt* blameworthy?—*Wicked people!* to combine againſt ſo *innocent* a man!—But, as I ſaid, 'Let us ſee what *their next* ſtep 'will be,' and what courſe *you* will take upon it; and then we may be the more enlightened.

As to your change of ſtile to your uncles, and brother and ſiſter, ſince they were ſo fond of attributing to you a regard for Lovelace, and would not be perſuaded to the contrary; and, ſince you only ſtrengthened their arguments againſt yourſelf by denying it; you did but juſt as I would have done, in giving way to their ſuſpicions, and trying what that would do—But if—But if—Pray, my dear, indulge me a little—You *yourſelf* think it was neceſſary to apologize to *me* for that change of ſtile to *them*—And till you will ſpeak out like a friend to her *unqueſtionable* friend, I muſt teaze you a little—Let it run therefore; for it will run—

If, then, there be not a reaſon for this change of ſtile, which you have not thought fit to give me, be ſo good as to watch, as I once before adviſed you, how the cauſe for it will come on—Why ſhould it be permitted to ſteal upon you, and you know nothing of the matter?

When we get a great cold, we are apt to puzzle ourſelves to find out when it began, and how we got it; and when that is accounted for, down we ſit contented, and let it have it's courſe; or, if it be very troubleſome, take a ſweat, or uſe other means to get rid of it—So, my dear, before the malady you wot of, yet wot *not* of, grows ſo importunate, as that you muſt be obliged to ſweat it out, let me adviſe you to mind how it comes on. For I am perſuaded, as ſurely as that I am now writing to *you*, that the indiſcreet violence of your friends on one hand, and the inſinuating addreſs of Lovelace on the other, (if the man be not a greater fool than any-body thinks him) will effectually bring it to this, and do all his work for him.

But let it—If it muſt be Lovelace or Solmes, the choice cannot admit of debate. Yet if all be true that is reported, I ſhould prefer almoſt any of your other lovers to either; unworthy as *they* alſo are. But who can be worthy of a Clariſſa?

I wiſh you are not *indeed* angry with me for harping ſo much on one ſtring. I muſt own, that I ſhould think myſelf inexcuſable ſo to do, (the rather, as I am bold enough to imagine it a point out of all doubt from fifty places in your letters, were I to labour the proof) if you would ingenuouſly own—

'Own what?' you'll ſay. 'Why, 'my Anna Howe, I hope, you don't 'think, that I am already in love!'

No, to be ſure! How can your Anna Howe have ſuch a thought?—What then ſhall we call it? You have helped me to a phraſe.—A *conditional kind of liking!*—that's it.—O my friend! Did I not know how much you deſpiſe prudery; and that you are too young, and too lovely, to be a prude—

But, avoiding ſuch hard names, let me tell you one thing, my dear, (which nevertheleſs I have told you before) and that is *this*; that I ſhall think I have reaſon to be highly diſpleaſed with you, when you write to me, you endeavour to keep from me any ſecret of your heart.

Let me add, that if you would clearly and implicitly tell me, how far Lovelace *has*, or has *not*, a hold in your affections, I could better adviſe you what to do, than at preſent I can. You, who are ſo famed for *preſcience*, as I may call it; and than whom no young lady ever had ſtronger pretenſions to a ſhare of it; have had, no doubt, reaſonings in your heart about him, ſuppoſing you *were* to be

be one day his; [no doubt but you have had the same in Solmes's case: whence the ground for the hatred of the one; and for the *conditional liking* of the other] will you tell me, my dear, what you have thought of Lovelace's *best* and of his *worst*?—How far eligible for the *first*; and how far rejectible for the *last*?—Then weighing both parts in opposite scales, we shall see which is likely to preponderate; or rather which *does* preponderate. Nothing less than the knowledge of the inmost recesses of your heart can satisfy my love and my friendship. Surely, you are not afraid to trust *yourself* with a secret of this nature: if you are, then you may the *more* allowably doubt *me*. But I dare say, you will not own either—Nor is there, I hope, cause for either.

Be pleased to observe one thing, my dear, that whenever I have given myself any of those airs of raillery, which have seemed to make you look about you, (when, likewise, your case may call for a more serious turn from a sympathizing friend) it has not been upon those passages which are written, though perhaps not *intended*, with such explicitness [don't be alarmed, my dear!] as leaves little cause to doubt: but only when you affect reserve; when you give new words for common things; when you come with your *curiosities*, with your *conditional likings*, and with your PRUDE-encies, [mind how I spell the word] in a case that with every other person defies all prudence—Overt acts of treason all these, against the sovereign friendship we have avowed to each other!

Remember, that you found *me* out in a moment. You challenged me. I owned directly, that there was only my pride between the man and me; for I could not endure, I told you, to think it in the power of any fellow living to give me a moment's uneasiness. And then my man, as I have elsewhere said, was not such a one as yours: so I had reason to impute full as much to my own inconsideration, as to his *power* over me: nay, *more*. But still more to *yours*. For you reasoned me out of the *curiosity* first; and when the liking was brought to be *conditional*—why then, you know, I *throbbed* no more about him.

O! *pray now*, as you say, now I have mentioned that my fellow was not such a charming fellow as yours, let Miss Biddulph, Miss Lloyd, Miss Campion, and me, have your opinion, how far *figure* ought to engage us: with a view to your own case, however—*Mind that*—as Mr. Tony says—And whether *at all*, if the man be vain of it; since, as you observe in a former, that vanity is a *stop-short pride* in such a one, that would make one justly doubt the *worthiness of his interior*. You, our pattern, so lovely in feature, so graceful in person, have none of it; and have therefore with the *best* grace always held, that it is not excusable even in a woman.

You must know, that this subject was warmly debated among us in our last conversation: and Miss Lloyd wished me to write to you upon it for your opinion; to which, in every debated case, we always paid the greatest deference. I hope you will not be so much engrossed by your more weighty cares, as not to have freedom of spirits enough to enter upon the task.—You know how much we all admire your opinion on such topicks; which ever produces something new and instructive, as you handle the subjects. And pray tell us, to what you think it owing, that your man seems so careful to adorn that self-adorned person of his! yet so manages, that one cannot for one's heart think him a coxcomb?—Let this question, and the above tasks, divert, and not displease you, my dear.—One subject, though ever so important, could never yet engross your capacious mind. If they *should* displease you, you must recollect the many instances of my impertinence which you have forgiven, and then say, 'This is a mad girl—But yet I 'love her!—And she is my own'

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

MONDAY, MARCH 20.

YOUR last so sensibly affects me, that I must postpone every other consideration, however weighty, to reply to it: and this I will do very distinctly, and with all the openness of heart which our mutual friendship demands.

But let me observe, in the first place, *gratefully* observe, That if I have in *fifty passages* of my letters given you such *undoubted* proofs of my value for Mr. Lovelace, that you have spared me for the sake of my *explicitness*, it is acting by me with a generosity worthy of yourself.

But lives the man, think you, who is so

ſo very bad, that he does not give even a doubting mind reaſon at *one* time to be better pleaſed with him than at *another*? And when that reaſon offers, is it not juſt to expreſs one's ſelf accordingly? I would do the man who addreſſes me as much *juſtice* as if he did *not* addreſs me: it has ſuch a look of tyranny, it appears ſo ungenerous, methinks, in our ſex, to uſe a man worſe for his reſpect to us, (no other cauſe for diſreſpect occurring) that I would not by any means be that perſon who ſhould do ſo.

But, although I may intend no more than juſtice, it will perhaps be difficult to hinder thoſe who know the man's views, from conſtruing it as a partial favour: and eſpecially if the eager-eyed obſerver has been formerly touched herſelf, and would triumph that her friend had been no more able to eſcape than ſhe. Noble minds, emulative of perfection, (and yet the paſſion properly directed, I do not take to be an *imperfection* neither) may be allowed a little generous envy, I think.

If I meant by this a reflection, by way of revenge, it is but a revenge, my dear, in the *ſoft* ſenſe of the word. I love, as I have told you, your pleaſantry. Although at the time your reproof may pain me a little; yet, on recollection, when I find in it more of the cautioning friend, than of the ſatirizing obſerver, I ſhall be all gratitude upon it. All the buſineſs will be this; I ſhall be ſenſible of the pain in the preſent letter perhaps; but I ſhall thank you in the next, and ever after.

In this way, I hope, my dear, you will account for a little of that ſenſibility which you will find above, and perhaps ſtill more, as I proceed.—You frequently remind me, by an excellent *example*, your own to *me*, that I muſt not ſpare *you!*

I am not conſcious, that I have written any-thing of this man, that has not been more in his diſpraiſe than in his favour. Such *is* the man, that I think I muſt have been faulty, and ought to take myſelf to account, if I had not: but if you think otherwiſe, I will not put you upon *labouring the proof*, as you call it. My conduct muſt then have a faulty *appearance* at leaſt, and I will endeavour to rectify it. But of this I aſſure you, That whatever interpretation my words were capable of, I *intended not* any reſerve to you. I wrote my heart at the time—If I had had thoughts of diſguiſing it, or been conſcious that there was *reaſon* for doing ſo, perhaps I had not given you the opportunity of remarking upon my *curioſity* after his relations eſteem for me; nor upon my *conditional liking*, and ſuch-like. All I intended by the firſt, I believe, I honeſtly told you at the time: to that letter I therefore refer, whether it make for me, or againſt me; and by the other, that I might bear in mind what it became a perſon of my ſex and character to *be* and to *do*, in ſuch an unhappy ſituation, where the imputed love is thought an undutiful, and therefore a criminal paſſion; and where the ſuppoſed object of it is a man of faulty morals too. And I am ſure you will excuſe my deſire of appearing at thoſe times the perſon I ought to be; had I no other view in it but to merit the continuance of your good opinion.

But that I may acquit myſelf of having reſerves—O, my dear, I muſt here break off!—

LETTER XXXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

MONDAY, MARCH 20.

THIS letter will account to you, my dear, for my abrupt breaking off in the anſwer I was writing to yours of yeſterday; and which, poſſibly, I ſhall not be able to finiſh, and ſend you, till to-morrow or next day; having a great deal to ſay to the ſubjects you put to me in it. What I am now to give you are the particulars of another effort made by my friends, through the good Mrs. Norton.

It ſeems they had ſent to her yeſterday, to be here this day, to take their inſtructions, and to try what *ſhe* could do with me. It would, at leaſt, I ſuppoſe they thought have this effect; to render me inexcuſable with *her*; or to let *her* ſee, there was no room for the expoſtulations ſhe had often wanted to make in my favour to my mother.

The declaration, that my heart was *free*, afforded them an argument to prove obſtinacy and perverſeneſs upon me; ſince it could be nothing elſe that governed me in my oppoſition to their wills, if I had no particular eſteem for another man: and now, that I have given them reaſon (in order to obviate this argument) to ſuppoſe that I *have* a preference to another, they are reſolved to carry their ſchemes into execution as ſoon as poſſible. And in order to this, they ſent for this good woman, for whom they know I have even a filial regard.

She

She found assembled my father and mother, my brother and sister, my two uncles, and my aunt Hervey.

My brother acquainted her with all that had passed since she was last permitted to see me; with the contents of my letters avowing my regard for Mr. Lovelace, (as they all interpreted them;) with the substance of their answers to them; and with their resolutions.

My mother spoke next; and delivered herself to this effect, as the good woman told me.

After reciting how many times I had been indulged in my refusals of different men, and the pains she had taken with me, to induce me to oblige my whole family in one instance out of five or six, and my obstinacy upon it; 'O 'my good Mrs. Norton,' said the dear lady, 'could you have thought that *my* 'Clarissa and *your* Clarissa was capable 'of so determined an opposition to the 'will of parents so indulgent to her? 'But see what *you* can do with her. 'The matter is gone too far to be re-'ceded from on our parts. Her fa-'ther had concluded every-thing with 'Mr. Solmes, not doubting her com-'pliance. Such noble settlements, Mrs. 'Norton, and such advantages to the 'whole family!—In short, she has it in 'her power to lay an obligation upon 'us all. Mr. Solmes, knowing she has 'good principles, and hoping by his 'patience *now*, and good treatment *here-'after*, to engage her gratitude and by 'degrees her love, is willing to over-'look all!'—

[*Overlook* all, my dear! Mr. Solmes to *overlook* all! There's a word!]

'So, Mrs. Norton, if you are con-'vinced that it is a child's duty to sub-'mit to her parents authority, in the 'most important point as well as in 'the least, I beg you will try *your* in-'fluence over her; *I* have none; her '*father* has none; her *uncles* neither; 'although it is her apparent interest to 'oblige us all; for, on that condition, 'her grandfather's estate is not half of 'what, living and dying, is purposed 'to be done for her. If any-body 'can prevail with her, it is *you*; and 'I hope you will *heartily* enter upon 'this task.'

The good woman asked, Whether she was permitted to expostulate with them upon the occasion, before she came up to me?

My arrogant brother told her, she was sent for to expostulate with his *sister*, and not with *them*. 'And *this*, 'Goody Norton,' [she is always *Goody* with him!] 'you may tell her, that the 'treaty with Mr. Solmes is concluded; 'that nothing but her compliance with 'her duty is wanting; of consequence, 'that there is no room for *your* expos-'tulation, or *hers* either.'

'Be assured of this, Mrs. Norton,' said my father, in an angry tone, 'that 'we will not be baffled by her. We 'will not appear like fools in this mat-'ter, and as if we had no authority over 'our own daughter. We will not, in 'short, be bullied out of our child by 'a cursed rake, who had like to have 'killed our only son!—And so she had 'better make a merit of her obedience: 'for comply she shall, if I live; inde-'pendent as she thinks my father's in-'discreet bounty has made her of me, 'her father. Indeed, since that, she has 'never been what she was before. An 'unjust bequest!—And it is likely to 'prosper accordingly!—But if she mar-'ry that vile Lovelace, I will litigate 'every shilling with her: tell her so; 'and that the will *may* be set aside, 'and *shall*.'

My uncles joined, with equal heat.

My brother was violent in his declarations.

My sister put in with vehemence, on the same side.

My aunt Hervey was pleased to say, There was no article so proper for parents to govern in as this of marriage; and it was very fit, mine should be obliged.

Thus instructed, the good woman came up to me. She told me all that had passed, and was very earnest with me to comply; and so much justice did she to the task imposed upon her, that I more than once thought, that her own opinion went with theirs. But when she saw what an immoveable aversion I had to the man, she lamented with me their determined resolution: and then examined into the sincerity of my declaration, that I would gladly compound with them by living single. Of this being satisfied, she was so convinced that this offer, which, carried into execution, would exclude Lovelace effectually, *ought* to be accepted, that she would go down, (although I told her it was what I had tendered over-and-over to no purpose) and undertake to be guaranty for me on that score.

She went accordingly; but soon returned in tears; being used harshly for urging this alternative—They had a *right* to my obedience upon their own terms,

they said: my proposal was an artifice, only to gain time; nothing but marrying Mr. Solmes *should* do; they had told me so before; they should not be at rest till it was done; for they knew what an interest Lovelace had in my heart; I had as good as owned it in my letters to my uncles, and brother and sister, although I had most disingenuously declared otherwise to my mother. I depended, they said, upon *their* indulgence, and my *own power* over them: they would not have banished me from their presence, if they had not known that their consideration for *me* was greater than mine for *them*. And they *would* be obeyed or I never should be restored to their favour, let the consequence be what it would.

My brother thought fit to tell the good woman, that her whining nonsense did but harden me. There was a perverseness, he said, in female minds, a tragedy-pride, that would make a romantick young creature, such a one as me, risk any-thing to obtain pity. I was of an age, and a turn [the insolent said] to be fond of a lover-like distress: and my grief (which she pleaded) would never break my heart; I should sooner break that of the best and most indulgent of mothers. He added, that she might once more go up to me; but that, if she prevailed not, he should suspect, that the man they all hated had found a way to attach *her* to his interest.

Every-body blamed him for this unworthy reflection, which greatly affected the good woman. But, nevertheless, he said, and nobody contradicted him, that if she could not prevail upon her *sweet child*, [as it seems she had fondly called me] she had best withdraw to her own home, and there tarry till she was sent for; and so leave her *sweet child* to her father's management.

Sure nobody ever had so insolent, so hard-hearted a brother, as I have! So much resignation to be expected from me! So much arrogance, and to so good a woman, and of so fine an understanding, to be allowed in him!

She nevertheless told him, that however she might be ridiculed for speaking of the sweetness of my disposition, she must take upon her to say, that there never was a sweeter in the sex: and that she had ever found, that by mild methods, and gentleness, I might at any time be prevailed upon, even in points against my own judgment and opinion.

My aunt Hervey hereupon said, It was worth while to consider what Mrs. Norton said: and that she had sometimes allowed *herself* to doubt, whether I had been *begun* with by such methods as generous tempers are only to be influenced by, in cases where their hearts are supposed to be opposite to the will of their friends.

She had both my brother and sister upon her for this: who referred to my mother, whether she had not treated me with an indulgence that had hardly any example?

My mother said, she must own, that no indulgence had been wanting from *her*; but she must needs say, and had *often* said it, that the reception I met with on my return from Miss Howe, and the manner in which the proposal of Mr. Solmes was made to me, (which was such as left nothing to my choice) and before I had had an opportunity to converse with him, were not what she had by any means approved of.

She was silenced, you will guess by whom—with 'My dear!—my dear!—'You have *ever* something to say, some-'thing to palliate, for this rebel of a 'girl!—Remember her treatment of 'you, of me!—Remember, that the 'wretch, whom we so justly hate, would 'not dare to persist in his purposes, but 'for her encouragement of *him*, and ob-'stinacy to *us*.—Mrs. Norton,' [angrily to her] 'go up to her once more—And 'if you think gentleness will do, you 'have a commission to be gentle.—If it 'will not, never make use of that plea 'again.'

'Aye, my good woman,' said my mother, 'try *your* force with her. My sister 'Hervey and I will go up to her, and 'bring her down in our hands, to re-'ceive her father's blessing, and assur-'ances of every-body's love, if she will 'be prevailed upon: and, in that case, 'we will all love you the better for your 'good offices.'

She came up to me and repeated all these passages with tears: but I told her, that after what had passed between us, she could not hope to prevail upon me to comply with measures so wholly my brother's; and so much to my aversion.—And then folding me to her maternal bosom, 'I leave you, my dearest Miss,' said she—'I leave you, because I *must!*—But 'let me beseech you to do nothing rash-'ly; nothing unbecoming your charac-'ter. If all be true that is said, Mr. 'Lovelace cannot deserve you. If you '*can* comply, remember it is your *duty* 'to comply. They take not, I own, the 'right method with so generous a spirit. 'But remember, that there would not

'be

'be any merit in your compliance, if it 'were *not* to be againſt your own liking. 'Remember alſo, what is expected from 'a character ſo extraordinary as yours: 'remember, it is in your power to unite 'or diſunite your whole family for ever. 'Although it ſhould at *preſent* be diſa-'greeable to you to be thus compelled, 'your prudence, I dare ſay, when you 'conſider the matter ſeriouſly, will en-'able you to get over all prejudices 'againſt the one, and all prepoſſeſ-'ſions in favour of the other: and then 'the obligation you will lay all your fa-'mily under, will be not only meritori-'ous in you, with regard to *them*, but in 'a few months very probably, highly ſa-'tisfactory, as well as reputable, to *your-'ſelf*.

'Conſider, my dear Mrs. Norton,' ſaid I, 'only conſider, that it is not a ſmall 'thing that is inſiſted upon; nor for a 'ſhort duration; it is for my *life*: con-'ſider too, that all this is owing to an 'over bearing brother, who governs e-'very-body. Conſider how deſirous I 'am to oblige them, if a *ſingle life*, and 'breaking all correſpondence with the 'man they hate becauſe my brother 'hates him, will do it.'

'I conſider every thing, my deareſt 'Miſs: and, added to what I have ſaid, 'do *you* only conſider, that if by purſu-'ing your *own* will, and rejecting *theirs*, 'you *ſhould* be unhappy, you will be de-'prived of all that conſolation which 'thoſe have, who have been directed by 'their *parents*, although the event prove 'not anſwerable to their wiſhes.

'I *muſt* go,' repeated ſhe—'your bro-'ther will ſay' [and ſhe wept] 'that I 'harden you by my *whining nonſenſe*. It 'is indeed hard, that ſo much regard 'ſhould be paid to the *humours* of one 'child; and ſo little to the inclination of 'another. But let me repeat, that it is 'your *duty* to acquieſce. if you *can* ac-'quieſce: your father has given your 'brother's ſchemes *his* ſanction; and 'they are now *his*. Mr. Lovelace, I 'doubt, is not a man that will juſtify 'your choice ſo much as he will *their* diſ-'like. It is eaſy to ſee that your bro-'ther has a *view* in diſcrediting you with 'all your friends, with your uncles in 'particular: but for that very reaſon, 'you ſhould comply, if poſſible, in order 'to diſconcert his ungenerous meaſures. 'I will pray for you; and that is all I 'can do for you. I muſt now go down, 'and make a report, that you are re-'ſolved never to have Mr. Solmes—'Muſt I?—Conſider, my dear Miſs 'Clary—*Muſt* I?'

'Indeed you muſt!—But of this I do 'aſſure you, that I will do nothing to 'diſgrace the part you have had in my 'education. I will bear every-thing 'that ſhall be ſhort of forcing my hand 'into *his* who never can have any ſhare 'in my heart. I will try by patient du-'ty, by humility, to overcome them. 'But death will I chuſe, in any ſhape, 'rather than that man.'

'I dread to godown,' ſaid ſhe, 'with 'ſo determined an anſwer: they will 'have no patience with me.—But let me 'leave you with one obſervation, which 'I beg you always to bear in mind.

'That perſons of prudence, and diſ-'tinguiſhed talents, like yours, ſeem to 'be ſprinkled through the world, to give 'credit, by their example, to religion and 'virtue. When ſuch perſons *wilfully* 'err, how great muſt be the fault! How 'ungrateful to that God, who bleſſed 'them with ſuch talents! What a loſs 'likewiſe to the world! What a wound 'to virtue!—But this, I hope, will ne-'ver be to be ſaid of Miſs Clariſſa Har-'lowe!'

I could give her no anſwer, but by my tears. And I thought, when ſhe went away, the better half of my heart went with her.

I liſtened to hear what reception ſhe would meet with below; and found it was juſt ſuch a one as ſhe had appre-hended.

'*Will* ſhe, or will ſhe *not*, be Mrs. 'Solmes? None of your whining circum-'locutions, Mrs. Norton!' [You may 'gueſs who ſaid this] '*Will* ſhe, or will 'ſhe *not*, comply with her parents will?'

This cut ſhort all ſhe was going to ſay.

'If I *muſt* ſpeak ſo briefly, Miſs will 'ſooner die, than have—'

'Any-body but Lovelace!' interrupt-ed my brother.—'This, Madam—this, 'Sir—is your meek daughter! this is Mrs. 'Norton's *ſweet child!*—Well, Goody, 'you may return to your own habitation. 'I am empowered to forbid you to have 'any correſpondence with this perverſe 'girl for a month to come, as you value 'the favour of our whole family, or of 'any individual of it.'

And ſaying this, uncontradicted by any-body, he himſelf ſhewed her to the door—No doubt, with all that air of cruel inſult, which the haughty rich can put on to the unhappy low, who have not pleaſed them.

So here, my dear Miſs Howe, am I deprived of the advice of one of the moſt prudent and conſcientious women in the world, were I to have ever ſo much occaſion for it. I might

I might indeed write (as I preſume, under your cover) and receive *her* anſwers to what I ſhould write. But ſhould ſuch a correſpondence be charged upon her, I know ſhe would not be guilty of a falſhood for the world; nor even of an equivocation: and ſhould ſhe own it after this prohibition, ſhe would forfeit my mother's favour for ever. And in my dangerous fever, ſome time ago, I engaged my mother to promiſe me, that, if I died before I could do any-thing for the good woman, ſhe would ſet her above want for the reſt of her life, ſhould her eyes fail her, or ſickneſs befall her, and ſhe could not provide for herſelf, as ſhe now ſo prettily does by her fine needle-works.

What meaſures will they fall upon next?—Will they not recede when they find that it muſt be a rooted antipathy, and nothing elſe, that could make a temper not naturally inflexible, ſo ſturdy?

Adieu, my dear. Be you happy!—To *know* that it is in your power to be ſo, is all that ſeems wanting to make you ſo.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XL.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

[IN CONTINUATION OF THE SUBJECT IN LETTER XXXVIII.]

I Will now, though midnight, (for I have no ſleep in my eyes) reſume the ſubject I was forced ſo abruptly to quit; and will obey yours, Miſs Lloyd's, Miſs Campion's, and Miſs Biddulph's call, with as much temper as my divided thoughts will admit. The dead ſtillneſs of this ſolemn hour will I hope contribute to calm my diſturbed mind.

In order to acquit myſelf of ſo heavy a charge as that of having reſerves to ſo dear a friend, I will acknowledge (and I thought I had over and over) that it is owing to my particular ſituation, if Mr. Lovelace appears to me in a tolerable light: and I take upon me to ſay, that had they oppoſed him to a man of ſenſe, of virtue, of generoſity; one who enjoyed his fortune with credit; who had a tenderneſs in his nature for the calamities of others, which would have given a moral aſſurance, that he would have been ſtill leſs wanting in grateful returns to an obliging ſpirit—had they oppoſed ſuch a man as this to Mr. Lovelace, and been as earneſt to have me married, as now they are, I do not know myſelf, if they would have had reaſon to tax me with that invincible obſtinacy which they lay to my charge. And this whatever had been the *figure* of the man; ſince the *heart* is what we women ſhould judge by in the choice we make, as the beſt ſecurity for the party's good behaviour in every relation of life.

But, ſituated as I am, thus perſecuted and driven; I own to you, that I have now-and-then had a little more difficulty than I wiſhed for, in paſſing by Mr. Lovelace's tolerable qualities, to keep up my diſlike to him for his others.

You ſay, I muſt have argued with myſelf in his favour, and in his diſfavour, on a ſuppoſition, that I might poſſibly be one day his. I own that I have: and thus called upon by my deareſt friend, I will ſet before you both parts of the argument.

And firſt, *what occurred to me in his favour.*

At his introduction into our family, his negative virtues were inſiſted upon:—he was no gameſter; no horſe-racer; no fox-hunter; no drinker. My poor aunt Hervey had, in confidence, given us to apprehend much diſagreeable evil (eſpecially to a wife of the leaſt delicacy) from a wine lover: and common ſenſe inſtructed us, that ſobriety in a man is no ſmall point to be ſecured, when ſo many miſchiefs happen daily from exceſs. I remember, that my ſiſter made the moſt of this favourable circumſtance in his character while ſhe had any hopes of him.

He was never thought to be a niggard; not even ungenerous: nor when his conduct came to be enquired into, an extravagant, a ſquanderer; his pride [So far was it a laudable pride] ſecured him from that. Then he was ever ready to own his errors. He was no jeſter upon ſacred things: poor Mr. Wyerley's fault; who ſeemed to think, that there was wit in ſaying bold things, which would ſhock a ſerious mind. His converſation with us was always unexceptionable; even chaſtely ſo; which, be his actions what they would, ſhewed him capable of being influenced by *decent* company; and that he might probably therefore be a *led* man, rather than a *leader*, in other company. And one late inſtance, ſo late as laſt Saturday evening, has raiſed him not a little in my opinion, with regard to this point of good (and at the ſame time, of manly) behaviour.

As to the advantage of birth, that is of his ſide, above any man who has been found out for me. If we may judge by that expreſſion of his, which

you

you were pleaſed with at the time; That upon *true* quality, and *hereditary* diſtinction, if good ſenſe were not wanting, *honour ſat as eaſy as his glove*; That, with *as* familiar an air, was his familiar expreſſion; while none but the proſperous upſtart, MUSHROOMED into rank (another of his peculiars) was arrogantly proud of it.—If, I ſay, we may judge of him by this, we ſhall conclude in his favour, that he knows what ſort of behaviour is to be expected from perſons of birth, whether he act up to it or not. Conviction is half way to amendment.

His fortunes in poſſeſſion are handſome; in expectation, ſplendid: ſo nothing need be ſaid on that ſubject.

But it is impoſſible, ſay ſome, that he ſhould make a tender or kind huſband. Thoſe who are for impoſing upon me ſuch a man as Mr. Solmes, and by methods ſo violent, are not intitled to make this objection. But now, on this ſubject, let me tell you how I have argued with myſelf—For ſtill you muſt remember, that I am upon the extenuating part of his character.

A great deal of the treatment a wife may expect from him, will poſſibly depend upon herſelf. Perhaps ſhe muſt *practiſe* as well as *promiſe* obedience, to a man ſo little uſed to controul; and muſt be careful to oblige. And what huſband expects not this?—The *more* perhaps if he had not reaſon to aſſure himſelf of the preferable love of his wife before ſhe became ſuch. And how much eaſier and pleaſanter to obey the man of her choice, if he ſhould be even unreaſonable ſometimes, than one ſhe would not have had, could ſhe have avoided it? Then, I think, as the men were the framers of the matrimonial office, and made *obedience* a part of the woman's vow, ſhe ought not, even in *policy*, to ſhew him, that ſhe can break through *her* part of the contract, (however lightly ſhe may think of the inſtance) leſt *he* ſhould take it into his head (himſelf is judge) to think as lightly of other points, which ſhe may hold more important—But indeed no point ſo ſolemnly vowed can be ſlight.

Thus principled, and *acting* accordingly, what a wretch muſt that huſband be, who could treat ſuch a wife brutally!—Will Lovelace's *wife* be the only perſon to whom he will not pay the grateful debt of civility and good-manners? He is allowed to be brave: who ever knew a brave man, if a man of *ſenſe*, an univerſally baſe man? And how much the gentleneſs of our ſex, and the manner of our training up and education, make us need the protection of the brave, and the countenance of the generous, let the general approbation which we are all ſo naturally inclined to give to men of that character, teſtify.

At worſt, will he confine me priſoner to my chamber? Will he deny me the viſits of my deareſt friend, and forbid me to correſpond with her? Will he take from me the miſtreſſly management, which I had not faultily diſcharged? Will he ſet a ſervant over me, with licence to inſult me? Will he, as he has not a *ſiſter*, permit his couſins Montague, or would either of thoſe ladies *accept* of a permiſſion, to inſult and tyrannize over me?—It cannot be.—'Why then,' think I often, 'do you 'tempt me, O my cruel friends, to try 'the difference?'

And then has the ſecret pleaſure intruded itſelf, to be able to reclaim ſuch a man to the paths of virtue and honour: to be a *ſecondary* means, if I were to be his, of ſaving him, and preventing the miſchiefs ſo enterprizing a creature might otherwiſe be guilty of, if he be ſuch a one.

When I have thought of him in theſe lights, (and that as a man of ſenſe he will ſooner ſee his errors, than another) I own to you that I have had ſome difficulty to avoid taking the path they ſo violently endeavour to make me ſhun: and all that command of my paſſions which has been attributed to me as my greateſt praiſe, and, in ſo young a creature, as my diſtinction, has hardly been ſufficient for me.

And let me add, that the favour of his relations (all but himſelf unexceptionable) has made a good deal of additional weight thrown into the ſame ſcale.

But now, in his diſfavour. When I have reflected upon the prohibition of my parents; the giddy appearance, diſgraceful to our ſex, that ſuch a preference would have; that there is no manner of likelihood, enflamed by the rencounter, and upheld by art and ambition on my brother's ſide, that ever the animoſity will be got over; that I muſt therefore be at perpetual variance with all my own family; that I muſt go to *him*, and to *his*, as an obliged and half-fortuned perſon; that his averſion to them all is as ſtrong as theirs to him; that his whole family are hated for his ſake; they hating ours in return: that he has a very immoral character as to women;

women; that knowing this, it is a high degree of impurity to think of joining in wedlock with such a man; that he is young, unbroken, his passions unsubdued; that he is violent in his temper, yet artful; I am afraid vindictive too; that such an husband might unsettle me in all my own principles, and hazard my future hopes; that his own relations, two excellent aunts, and an uncle, from whom he has such large expectations, have no influence upon him; that what tolerable qualities he has, are founded more in pride than in virtue: that allowing, as he does, the excellency of moral precepts, and believing the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, he can live as if he despised the one, and defied the other; the probability that the taint arising from such free principles, may go down into the manners of posterity; that I knowing these things, and the importance of them, should be more inexcusable than one who knows them not, since an error *against* judgment is worse, infinitely worse, than an error *in* judgment.—Reflecting upon these things, I cannot help conjuring you, my dear, to pray *with* me, and to pray *for* me, that I may not be pushed upon such indiscreet measures, as will render me inexcusable to myself: for that is the test, after all. The world's opinion ought to be but a secondary consideration.

I have said in his praise, that he is extremely ready to *own his errors*: but I have sometimes made a great drawback upon this article, in his disfavour; having been ready to apprehend, that this ingenuousness may possibly be attributable to two causes, neither of them, by any means, creditable to him. The one, that his vices are so much his masters, that he *attempts* not to conquer them; the other, that he may think it policy, to give up *one half* of his character, to save the *other*, when the *whole* may be blameable: by this means, silencing by acknowledgment the objections he cannot answer; which may give him the praise of ingenuousness, when he can obtain no other; and when the *challenged* proof might bring out, upon discussion, other evils. These, you will allow, are severe constructions; but every-thing his enemies say of him cannot be false.

I will proceed by-and-by.

SOMETIMES we have both thought him one of the most undesigning *merely* witty men we ever knew; at other times one of the deepest creatures we ever conversed with. So that when in one visit we have imagined we fathomed him, in the next he has made us ready to give him up as impenetrable. This impenetrableness, my dear, is to be put among the shades in his character.—Yet, upon the whole, you have been so far of his party, that you have contested, that his principal fault is overfrankness, and too much regardlessness of appearances, and that he is too giddy to be very artful: you would have it, that at *the time* he says any thing good, he means what he speaks; that his variableness and levity are constitutional, owing to sound health, and to a soul and body [that was your observation] fitted for and pleased with each other. And hence you concluded, that could this *consentaneousness* [as you call it] of corporal and animal faculties be pointed by discretion; that is to say, could his vivacity be confined within the pale of *but* moral obligations; he would be far from rejectible as a companion for life.

But I used then to say, and I still am of opinion, that he wants a *heart*: and if he does, he wants every-thing. A wrong *head* may be convinced, may have a right turn given it: but who is able to give a *heart*, if a heart be wanting? Divine Grace, working a miracle, or next to a miracle, can only change a bad heart. Should not one fly the man who is but *suspected* of such a one? What, O what, do parents do, when they endeavour to force a child's inclination, but make her think better than otherwise she would think of a man obnoxious to themselves, and perhaps whose character will not stand examination?

I have said, that I think Mr. Lovelace a vindictive man: upon my word, I have sometimes doubted, whether his perseverance in his addresses to me has not been the more obstinate, since he has found himself so disagreeable to my friends. From that time I verily think he has been the more fervent in them; yet courts them not, but sets them at defiance. For this indeed he pleads disinterestedness; [I am sure he cannot politeness] and the more plausibly, as he is apprized of the ability they have to make it worth his while to court them. It is true he has declared, and with too much reason, (or there would be no bearing him) that the lowest submissions on his part would not be accepted; and to oblige me, has offered to seek a reconciliation with them, if I would give him hope of success.

As to his behaviour at church, the Sunday before laſt, I lay no ſtreſs upon that, becauſe I doubt there was too much *outward pride* in his *intentional humility*, or Shorey, who is not his enemy, could not have miſtaken it.

I do not think him ſo deeply learned in human nature, or in ethicks, as ſome have thought him. Don't you remember how he ſtared at the following trite obſervations, which every moraliſt could have furniſhed him with? Complaining as he did, in a half-menacing ſtrain, of the obloquies raiſed againſt him—That if he were innocent, he ſhould deſpiſe the obloquy: if not, revenge would not wipe off his guilt.—That nobody ever thought of turning a ſword into a ſponge!—That it was in his own power by reformation of an error laid to his charge by an enemy, to make that enemy one of his beſt friends; and (which was the nobleſt revenge in the world) *againſt his will*; ſince an enemy would not *wiſh* him to be without the faults he taxed him with.

But the *intention*, he ſaid, was the wound.

How ſo, I aſked him, when *that* cannot wound without the *application?* That the adverſary only held the ſword: he himſelf pointed it to his breaſt—And why ſhould he mortally reſent that malice, which he might be the better for as long as he lived?—What could be the reading he has been ſaid to be maſter of, to wonder, as he did, at theſe obſervations?

But, indeed, he muſt take pleaſure in revenge; and yet holds others to be inexcuſable for the ſame fault. He is not, however, the only one who can ſee how truly blameable thoſe errors are in another, which they hardly think ſuch in themſelves.

From theſe conſiderations; from theſe *over-balances*; it was, that I ſaid, in a former, that I would not be in love with this man for the world: and it was going further than prudence would warrant, when I was for compounding with you, by the words *conditional liking*; which you ſo humorouſly rally.

Well, but, methinks you ſay, what is all this to the purpoſe? This is ſtill but reaſoning; but, if you *are* in love, you *are*; and love, like the vapours, is the deeper rooted for having no ſufficient cauſe aſſignable for it's hold. And ſo you call upon me again, to have no reſerves, and ſo-forth.

Why then, my dear, if you will have it, I think, that, with all his preponderating faults, I like him better than I ever thought I ſhould like him; and, thoſe faults conſidered, better perhaps than *I ought* to like him. And I believe, it is poſſible for the perſecution I labour under, to induce me to like him ſtill more—Eſpecially while I can recollect to his advantage our laſt interview, and as every day produces ſtronger inſtances of *tyranny*, I will call it, on the other ſide.—In a word, I will frankly own, (ſince you cannot think any thing I ſay too explicit) that were he *now* but a moral man, I would prefer him to all the men I ever ſaw.

So that this is but *conditional liking* ſtill, you'll ſay.—Nor, I hope, is it more. I never was in *love*, as it is called; and whether this be *it*, or not, I muſt ſubmit to *you*. But will venture to think it, if it be, no ſuch *mighty* monarch, no ſuch unconquerable power, as I have heard it repreſented; and it muſt have met with greater encouragement than I think I have given it, to be abſolutely unconquerable—Since I am perſuaded, that I could yet, without a *throb*, moſt willingly give up the *one* man to get rid of the *other*.

But now to be a little more ſerious with you: if, my dear, my particularly unhappy ſituation *had* driven (or *led*, if you pleaſe) me into a *liking* of the man; and if that liking *had*, in your opinion, inclined me to *love* him; ſhould *you*, whoſe mind is ſuſceptible of the moſt friendly impreſſions; who have ſuch high notions of the delicacy which ought to be obſerved by our ſex in theſe matters; and who actually *do* enter ſo deeply into the diſtreſſes of one you love—ſhould *you* have puſhed ſo far that unhappy friend on ſo very nice a ſubject?—Eſpecially, when I aimed not (as you could *prove by fifty* inſtances, it ſeems) to guard *againſt being found out*. Had you rallied me by word of mouth in the manner you do, it might have been more in character; eſpecially, if your friend's diſtreſſes had been ſurmounted; and if ſhe had affected prudiſh airs in revolving the ſubject: but to ſit down to *write* it, as methinks I ſee you, with a gladdened eye, and with all the archneſs of exultation—Indeed, my dear, (and I take notice of it, rather for the ſake of your own generoſity, than for my ſake; for, as I have ſaid, I love your raillery) it is not ſo *very* pretty; the delicacy of the ſubject, and the delicacy of your own mind, conſidered.

I lay down my pen here, that you may conſider of it a little, if you pleaſe.

I RESUME, to give you my opinion of the force which *figure* or *perſon* ought to have upon our ſex: and this I ſhall do both *generally* as to the other ſex, and *particularly* as to this man; whence you will be able to recollect how far my friends are in the right, or in the wrong, when they attribute a good deal of prejudice in favour of one man, and in diſfavour of the other, on the ſcore of figure. But, firſt, let me obſerve, That they ſee abundant reaſon, on comparing Mr. Lovelace and Mr. Solmes together, to believe that this *may* be a conſideration with me; and therefore they believe it *is*.

There is certainly ſomething very plauſible and attractive, as well as creditable to a woman's *choice* in *figure*. It gives a favourable impreſſion at firſt ſight, in which we wiſh to be confirmed: and if, upon further acquaintance, we find reaſon ſo to be, we are pleaſed with our judgment, and like the perſon the better, for having given us cauſe to compliment our own ſagacity, in our firſt-ſighted impreſſions. But, nevertheleſs, it has been generally a rule with me, to ſuſpect a fine figure, both in man and woman; and I have had a good deal of reaſon to approve my rule—With regard to *men* eſpecially; who ought to value themſelves rather upon their intellectual than perſonal qualities. For, as to our ſex, if a fine woman ſhould be led by the opinion of the world, to be vain and conceited upon her form and features; and that to ſuch a degree, as to have neglected the more material and more *durable* recommendations; the world will be ready to excuſe her; ſince a pretty fool, in all ſhe ſays, and in all ſhe does, will pleaſe, we know not why.

But who would grudge this pretty fool her ſhort day! Since, with her ſummer's ſun, when her butterfly flutters are over, and the winter of age and furrows arrives, ſhe will feel the juſt effects of having neglected to cultivate her better faculties: for then, like another Helen, ſhe will be unable to bear the reflexion even of her own glaſs; and being ſunk into the inſignificance of a *mere old woman*, ſhe will be entitled to the contempts which follow that character. While the *diſcreet matron*, who carries *up* [we will not, in ſuch a one's caſe, ſay *down*] into advanced life, the ever-amiable character of virtuous prudence, and uſeful experience, finds ſolid veneration take place of airy admiration, and more than ſupply the want of it.

But for a *man* to be vain of his perſon, how effeminate! If ſuch a one happens to have genius, it ſeldom ſtrikes deep into intellectual ſubjects. His outſide uſually runs away with him. To adorn, and, perhaps, *intending* to adorn, to render ridiculous, that perſon, takes up all his attention. All he does is *perſonal*; that is to ſay, *for* himſelf, all he admires, *is* himſelf: and in ſpite of the correction of the ſtage, which ſo often and ſo juſtly expoſes a coxcomb, he uſually dwindles down, and ſinks into that character; and, of conſequence, becomes the ſcorn of one ſex, and the jeſt of the other.

This is generally the caſe of your fine figures of men, and of thoſe who value themſelves on dreſs and outward appearance: whence it is, that I repeat, that *mere perſon* in a man is a deſpicable conſideration. But if a man, *beſides* figure, has learning, and ſuch talents, as *would* have diſtinguiſhed him, whatever were his form; then indeed *perſon* is an addition: and if he has not run too egregiouſly into ſelf-admiration, and if he has preſerved his morals, he is truly a valuable being.

Mr. Lovelace has certainly taſte; and, as far as I am able to determine, he has judgment in moſt of the politer arts. But although he has a humorous way of carrying it off, yet one may ſee, that he values himſelf not a little, both on his perſon and his parts, and even upon his *dreſs*; and yet he has ſo happy an eaſe in the latter, that it ſeems to be the leaſt part of his ſtudy. And as to the former, I ſhould hold myſelf inexcuſable, if I were to add to his vanity by ſhewing the *leaſt regard* for what is too evidently ſo *much his*.

And now, my dear, let me aſk you; Have I come up to your expectation? If I have not, when my mind is more at eaſe, I will endeavour to pleaſe you better. For, methinks, my ſentences drag; my ſtile creeps; my imagination is ſunk; my ſpirits ſerve me not; only to tell you, That whether I have more or leſs, I am wholly devoted to the commands of my dear Miſs Howe.

P. S. The inſolent Betty Barnes has juſt now fired me anew, by reporting to me the following expreſſions of the hideous creature, Solmes—That he is *ſure* of the coy girl; and that *with little labour to himſelf*. That be I ever ſo averſe to him beforehand, he can depend upon my principles; and it would be a pleaſure to him to ſee by what pretty degrees I ſhall come to. [Horrid wretch!] That it was Sir Oliver's obſervation, who knew the world perfectly well, that *fear* was a better

ter ſecurity than *love*, for a woman's good behaviour to her huſband; although, for his part, to ſuch a fine creature [truly] he would try what love would do; for a few weeks at leaſt: being unwilling to believe what the old knight uſed to aver, That fondneſs ſpoils more wives than it makes good.

What think you, my dear, of ſuch a wretch as this! tutored, too, by that old ſurly *miſogyniſt*, as he was deemed, Sir Oliver?

LETTER XLI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21.

HOW willingly would my dear mother ſhew kindneſs to me, were ſhe permitted! None of this perſecution ſhould I labour under, I am ſure, if that regard were paid to her prudence and fine underſtanding, which they ſo well deſerve. Whether owing to her, or to my aunt, or to both, that a new trial was to be made upon me, I cannot tell; but this morning her Shorey delivered into my hand the following condeſcending letter.

MY DEAR GIRL,

'FOR ſo I muſt ſtill call you; ſince 'dear you may be to me, in every ſenſe 'of the word—We have taken into par-'ticular conſideration, ſome hints that 'fell yeſterday from your good Norton, 'as if we had not, at Mr. Solmes's firſt 'application, treated you with that con-'deſcenſion, wherewith we have in all 'other inſtances treated you. If it even '*had been ſo*, my dear, you were not ex-'cuſeable to be wanting in *your* part, and 'to ſet yourſelf to oppoſe your father's 'will in a point into which he had 'entered too far, to recede with honour. 'But all yet may be well. On your ſingle 'will, my child, depends all our happineſs.

'Your father permits me to tell you, 'that if you now at laſt comply with his 'expectations, all paſt diſobligations 'ſhall be buried in oblivion, as if they 'had never been: but withal, that this 'is the laſt time that that grace will be 'offered you.

'I hinted to you, you muſt remember, that patterns of the richeſt ſilks 'were ſent for. They are come. And 'as they *are* come, your father, to ſhew 'how much he is determined, will have 'me ſend them up to you. I could 'have wiſhed they might not have 'accompanied this letter—But there is 'no great matter in *that*. I muſt tell 'you, that your delicacy is not to be 'quite ſo much regarded, as I had once 'thought it deſerved to be.

'Theſe are the neweſt, as well as richeſt, that we could procure; anſwerable 'to our ſtation in the world; anſwerable 'to the fortune, additional to your grandfather's eſtate, deſigned you; and to 'the noble ſettlements agreed upon.

'Your father intends you ſix ſuits '(three of them dreſſed ſuits) at his own 'expence. You have an entire new ſuit; 'and one beſides, which I think you 'never wore but twice. As the new ſuit 'is rich, if you chuſe to make that one 'of the ſix, your father will preſent you 'with an hundred guineas in lieu.

'Mr. Solmes intends to preſent you 'with a ſet of jewels. As you have your 'grandmother's and your own, if you 'chuſe to have the former new ſet, and 'to make them ſerve, his preſent will be 'made in money; a very round ſum—'which will be given in full property to 'yourſelf; beſides a fine annual allowance for pin-money, as it is called. 'So that your objection againſt the ſpirit 'of a man you think worſe of than it deſerves, will have no weight; but you 'will be more independent than a wife 'of leſs diſcretion than we attribute to 'you, perhaps *ought* to be. You know 'full well, that I, who firſt and laſt 'brought a ſtill larger fortune into the 'family than you will carry to Mr. 'Solmes, had not a proviſion made me 'of near this that we have made for you. '—Where people marry to their liking, 'terms are the leaſt things ſtood upon—'Yet ſhould I be ſorry if you cannot (to 'oblige us all) overcome a diſlike.

'Wonder not, Clary, that I write to 'you thus plainly and freely upon this 'ſubject. Your behaviour hitherto has 'been ſuch, that we have had no opportunity of entering minutely into the 'ſubject with you. Yet, after all that 'has paſſed between you and me in converſation, and between you and your 'uncles by letter, you have no room to 'doubt what is to be the conſequence. '—Either, child, we muſt give up *our* 'authority, or you *your* humour. You 'cannot expect the one. We have all 'the reaſon in the world to expect the 'other. You know I have told you more 'than once, that you muſt reſolve to have 'Mr. Solmes, or never to be looked 'upon as our child.

'The draught of the ſettlements you 'may ſee whenever you will. We think 'there can be no room for objection to 'any of the articles. There is ſtill more

'in them in our family's favour, than 'was ſtipulated at firſt, when your aunt 'talked of them to you. More ſo, in-'deed, than we could have aſked. If, 'upon peruſal of them, you think any 'alteration neceſſary, it ſhall be made. 'Do, my dear girl, ſend to me within 'this day or two, or rather *aſk* me, for 'the peruſal of them.

'As a certain perſon's appearance at 'church ſo lately, and what he gives out 'every where, make us extremely un-'eaſy, and as that uneaſineſs will con-'tinue while you are ſingle, you muſt 'not wonder that a ſhort day is intended. 'This day-fortnight we deſign it to be, 'if you have no objection to make that 'I ſhall approve of. But if you deter-'mine as we would have you, and ſignify 'it to us, we ſhall not ſtand with you for 'a week or ſo.

'Your ſightlineſs of perſon may per-'haps make ſome think this alliance diſ-'paraging. But I hope you will not put 'ſuch a perſonal value upon yourſelf: if 'you do, it will indeed be the leſs won-'der that *perſon* ſhould weigh with you '(however weak the conſideration!) in 'another man.

'Thus we parents, in juſtice, ought 'to judge: that our two daughters are '*equally* dear and valuable to us; if ſo, 'why ſhould *Clariſſa* think that a diſpa-'ragement, which *Arabella* would not '(nor *we* for her) have thought any, had 'the addreſs been made to her?—You 'will know what I mean by this, with-'out my explaining myſelf farther.

'Signify to us, now, therefore, your 'compliance with our wiſhes. And 'then there is an end of your confine-'ment. An act of oblivion, as I may 'call it, ſhall paſs upon all your former 'refractorineſs: and you will once more 'make us happy in you, and in one ano-'ther. You may, in this caſe, directly 'come down to your father and me, in 'his ſtudy; where we will give you our 'opinions of the patterns, with our 'hearty forgiveneſs and bleſſings.

'Come, be a good child, as you uſed 'to be, my Clariſſa. I have (notwith-'ſtanding your paſt behaviour, and the 'hopeleſſneſs which ſome have expreſſed 'in your compliance) undertaken this 'one time more for you. Diſcredit not 'my hopes, my dear girl. I have pro-'miſed never more to interfere between 'your *father* and *you*, if this my moſt 'earneſt application ſucceed not. I ex-'pect you down, love. Your father ex-'pects you down. But be ſure don't let 'him ſee any thing uncheerful in your 'compliance. If you come, I will claſp 'you to my fond heart, with as much 'pleaſure as ever I preſſed you to it in 'my whole life. You don't know what 'I have ſuffered within theſe few weeks 'paſt; nor ever will be able to gueſs, 'till you come to be in my ſituation; 'which is that of a fond and indulgent 'mother, praying night and day, and 'ſtruggling to preſerve, againſt the at-'tempts of more ungovernable ſpirits, 'the peace and union of her family.

'But you know the terms. Come 'not near us, if you reſolve to be undu-'tiful: but this, after what I have writ-'ten, I hope you cannot be.

'If you come directly, and, as I ſaid, '*cheerfully*, as if your heart were in your 'duty, (and you told me it was *free*, you 'know) I ſhall then, as I ſaid, give you 'the moſt tender proofs, how much I am '*your truly affectionate mother.*'

Think for me, my deareſt friend, how I muſt be affected by this letter; the contents of it are ſo ſurprizingly terrifying, yet ſo ſweetly urged!—'O 'why,' cried I to myſelf, 'am I obliged 'to undergo this ſevere conflict between 'a command that I cannot obey, and 'language ſo condeſcendingly moving! '—Could I have been ſure of being 'ſtruck dead at the altar before the ce-'remony had given the man I hate a title 'to my vows, I think I could have ſub-'mitted to have been led to it. But to 'think of living *with* and living *for* a 'man one abhors, what a ſad thing is 'that?'

And then, how could the glare of habit and ornament be ſuppoſed an inducement to one, who has always held, that the principal view of a good wife in the adorning of her perſon, ought to be, to *preſerve* the affection of her huſband, and to *do credit* to his choice; and that ſhe ſhould be even fearful of attracting the eyes of *others*?—In this view, muſt not the very richneſs of the patterns add to my diſguſts?—Great encouragement, indeed, to think of adorning one's ſelf to be the wife of Mr. *Solmes!*

Upon the whole, it was not poſſible for me to go down upon the preſcribed condition. Do you think it was?—And to *write*, if my letter would have been *read*, what could I write that would be admitted, and after what I had written and ſaid to ſo little effect?

I walked backward and forward. I threw down with diſdain the patterns. Now to my cloſet retired I; then quitting it, threw myſelf upon the ſettee;

then upon this chair, then upon that; then into one window, then into another—I knew not what to do!—And while I was in this ſuſpence, having again taken up the letter to re-peruſe it, Betty came in, and reminded me, by order, that my papa and mamma waited for me in my father's ſtudy.

'Tell my mamma,' ſaid I, 'that I 'beg the favour of ſeeing her here for 'one moment; or to permit me to at-'tend her any-where by herſelf.'

I liſtened at the ſtairs-head—'You 'ſee, my dear, how it is,' cried my father, very angrily: 'all your conde-'ſcenſion (as your indulgence hereto-'fore) is thrown away. *You blame your 'ſon's violence*, as you call it;' [*I had ſome pleaſure in hearing this*] 'but nothing elſe 'will do with her. You ſhall *not* ſee 'her alone. Is my preſence an excep-'tion to the bold creature?'

'Tell her,' ſaid my mother to Betty, 'ſhe knows upon what terms ſhe may 'come down to us. Nor will I ſee her 'upon any other.'

The maid brought me this anſwer. I had recourſe to my pen and ink; but I trembled ſo, that I could not write, nor knew I what to ſay, had I had ſteadier fingers. At laſt Betty brought me theſe lines from my father.

'UNDUTIFUL AND PERVERSE CLARISSA,

'NO condeſcenſion, I ſee, will move 'you. Your mother ſhall *not* ſee you; 'nor will I. Prepare, however, to 'obey. You know our pleaſure. Your 'uncle Antony, your brother, and your 'ſiſter, and your favourite Mrs. Norton, 'ſhall ſee the ceremony performed pri-'vately at your uncle's chapel. And 'when Mr. Solmes can introduce you 'to us, in the temper we wiſh to behold 'you in, we may perhaps forgive *his* 'wife, although we never can, in any '*other* character, our perverſe daughter. 'As it will be ſo privately performed, 'cloaths and equipage may be provi-'ded afterwards. So prepare to go to 'your uncle's for an early day in next 'week. We will not ſee you till all is 'over: and we will have it over the 'ſooner, in order to ſhorten the time of 'your deſerved confinement, and our 'own trouble in contending with ſuch 'a rebel as you have been of late. I will 'hear no pleas. I will receive no letter, 'nor expoſtulation. Nor ſhall you hear 'from me any more till you have changed 'your name to my liking. This from

'*Your incenſed father.*'

If this reſolution be adhered to, then will my father never ſee me more!—For I will never be the wife of that Solmes!—I will die firſt!

TUESDAY EVENING.

HE, this Solmes, came hither ſoon after I had received my father's letter. He ſent up to beg leave to wait upon me—I wonder at his aſſurance!

I ſaid to Betty, who brought me this meſſage, 'Let him reſtore an unhappy 'creature to her father and mother, and 'then I may hear what he has to ſay. 'But if my friends will not ſee *me* on '*his* account, I will not ſee *him* upon his '*own*.'

'I hope, Miſs,' ſaid Betty, 'you will 'not ſend me down with this anſwer. 'He is with your papa and mamma.

'I am driven to deſpair,' ſaid I. 'I can-'not be uſed worſe. I will not ſee him.'

Down ſhe went with my anſwer. She pretended, it ſeems, to be loth to repeat it: ſo was *commanded* out of her affected reſerves, and gave it in it's full force.

O how I heard my father ſtorm!

They were all together, it ſeems, in his ſtudy. My brother was for having me turned out of the houſe that moment, to Lovelace, and my evil deſtiny. My mother was pleaſed to put in a gentle word for me; I know not what it was; but thus ſhe was anſwered—'My dear, 'this is the moſt provoking thing in the 'world in a woman of your good ſenſe! '—To love a rebel, as well as if ſhe were 'dutiful. What encouragement for du-'ty is this?—Have I not loved her as 'well as ever you did? And *why* am I 'changed? Would to the Lord, your 'ſex knew how to diſtinguiſh! It is 'plain, that ſhe relies upon her power 'over you. The fond mother ever 'made a hardened child!'

She was pleaſed, however, to blame Betty, as the wench owned, for giving my anſwer it's full force. But my father praiſed her for it.

The wench ſays, that he would have come up in his wrath, at my refuſing to ſee Mr. Solmes, had not my brother and ſiſter prevailed upon him to the contrary.

I wiſh he had!—And, were it not for his own ſake, that he had killed me!

Mr. Solmes condeſcended [I am mightily obliged to him, truly!] to plead for me.

They are all in tumults! How it will end, I know not—I am quite weary of my life—So happy, till within theſe few weeks!—So miſerable now!

Well, indeed, might my mother ſay, that I ſhould have ſevere trials.

P. S. The

P. S. The *idiot* [ſuch a one am I treated like!] is *begged*, as I may ſay, by my brother and ſiſter. They have deſired, that I may be conſigned over entirely to their management. If it be granted, [it *is* granted, on my father's part, I underſtand, but not *yet* on my mother's] what cruelty may I not expect from their envy, jealouſy, and ill-will!—I ſhall ſoon ſee, by it's effects, if I am to be ſo conſigned—This is a written intimation privately dropt in my woodhouſe-walk, by my couſin Dolly Hervey. The dear girl longs to ſee me, ſhe tells me: but is forbidden till ſhe ſee me as Mrs. Solmes, or as conſenting to be his. I will take example by *their* perſeverance!—Indeed I will!

LETTER XLII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

AN angry dialogue, a ſcolding-bout rather, has paſſed between my ſiſter and me. Did you think I could ſcold, my dear?

She was ſent up to me, upon my refuſal to ſee Mr. Solmes—Let looſe upon me, I think!—No intentton on their parts, to conciliate! It ſeems evident that I am given up to my brother and her, by general conſent.

I will do juſtice to every-thing ſhe ſaid againſt me, which carried any force with it. As I aſk for your approbation or diſapprobation of my conduct, upon the facts I lay before you, I ſhould think it the ſign of a very bad cauſe, if I endeavoured to miſlead my judge.

She began with repreſenting to me the danger I had been in, had my father come up, as he would have done had he not been hindered—by Mr. *Solmes*, among the reſt. She reflected upon my Norton, as if ſhe encouraged me in my perverſeneſs. She ridiculed me for my ſuppoſed eſteem for Mr. Lovelace.—'Was ſurprized that the *witty*, the *prudent*, nay, the *dutiful* and *pi—ous* [ſo ſhe ſneeringly pronounced the word] Clariſſa Harlowe, ſhould be ſo ſtrangely fond of a profligate man, that her parents were forced to lock her up, in order to hinder her from running into his arms. 'Let me aſk you, my dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'how you now keep your account of the 'diſpoſition of your time? *How many* 'hours in the *twenty-four* do you devote 'to your needle? How many to your 'prayers? How many to letter-writing? 'And how many to love?—I doubt, I 'doubt, my little dear,' was her arch expreſſion, 'the latter article is like 'Aaron's rod, and ſwallows up all the 'reſt!—Tell me; is it not ſo?'

To theſe I anſwered, that it was a double mortification to me to owe my ſafety from the effects of my father's indignation to a man I could never thank for any-thing. I vindicated the good Mrs. Norton with a warmth that was due to her merit.—With equal warmth I reſented her reflections upon me on Mr. Lovelace's account. As to the diſpoſition of my time in the twenty-four hours, I told her it would better have become her to pity a ſiſter in diſtreſs, than to exult over her—Eſpecially, when I could too juſtly attribute to the diſpoſition of ſome of her wakeful hours no ſmall part of that diſtreſs.

She raved extremely at this laſt hint: but reminded me of the gentle treatment of all my friends, my mother's in particular, before it came to this: ſhe ſaid, that I had diſcovered a ſpirit they never had expected; that, if they had *thought* me ſuch a championeſs, they would hardly have ventured to engage with me; but that now, the ſhort and the long was, that the matter had gone too far to be given up; that it was become a contention between *duty* and *wilfulneſs*; whether a parent's authority were to yield to a daughter's obſtinacy, or the contrary: that I muſt therefore bend or break; that was all, child.

I told her, that I wiſhed the ſubject were of ſuch a nature, that I could return her pleaſantry with equal lightneſs of heart: but that, if Mr. Solmes had ſuch merit in every-body's eyes, in *hers* particularly, why might he not be a *brother* to me, rather than a *huſband*?

'O child,' ſays ſhe, 'methinks you are 'as pleaſant to the full as I am: I be'gin to have ſome hopes of you now. 'But do you think I will rob my ſiſter 'of her humble ſervant? Had he firſt 'addreſſed himſelf to me,' proceeded ſhe, 'ſomething might have been ſaid: but to 'take my younger ſiſter's refuſal! No, 'no, child; it is not come to that nei'ther! Beſides, that would be to leave 'the door open in your heart for you 'know who, child; and we would fain 'bar him out, if poſſible. In ſhort,' [and then ſhe changed both her tone, and her looks] 'had I been as forward as ſome'body, to throw myſelf into the arms 'of one of the greateſt profligates in 'England, who had endeavoured to ſup'port his claim to me through the blood 'of my brother, then might all my fa-

'mily

'mily join together to save me from 'such a wretch, and to marry me as fast 'as they could, to some worthy man, 'who might *opportunely* offer himself. 'And now Clary, all's out, and make the 'most of it.'

Did not this deserve a severe return? Do say it did, to justify my reply.—'Alas! for my poor sister!' said I—'The 'man was not always so great a profli-'gate. How true is the observation, '*That unrequited love turns to deepest hate!*'

I thought she would have beat me. But I proceeded—'I have heard often 'of my brother's danger, and my bro-'ther's murderer. When so little cere-'mony is made with me, why should I 'not speak out?—Did he not seek to kill 'the *other*, if he could have done it? 'Would my brother have given Love-'lace *his* life, had it been in his power? '—The *aggressor* should not *complain*.—'And, as to *opportune* offers, would to 'Heaven some one had offered *oppor-'tunely* to somebody! It is not my fault, 'Bella, the *opportune* gentleman don't 'come!'

Could *you*, my dear, have shewn more spirit? I expected to feel the weight of her hand. She did come up to me, with it held up: then, speechless with pas-sion, ran down half way of the stairs, and came up again.

When she could speak—'God give 'me patience with you!'

'Amen,' said I: 'but you see, Bella, 'how ill you bear the retort you pro-'voke. Will you forgive me; and let 'me find a sister in *you*, as *I* am sorry, if 'you have reason to think me unsisterly 'in what I have said?'

Then did she pour upon me, with greater violence; considering my gentleness as a triumph of temper over her. She was resolved, she said, to let every-body know how I took the wicked Lovelace's part against my brother.

I wished, I told her, I could make the plea for *myself*, which she might for *her-self*; to wit, That my anger was more inexcusable than my judgment. But I presumed she had some other view in coming to me, than she had hitherto ac-quainted me with. 'Let me,' said I, 'but know (after all that has passed) if 'you have any-thing to propose that I '*can* comply with; any-thing that can 'make my *only* sister once more my 'friend?'

I had before, upon her ridiculing me on my supposed character of *meekness*, said, that although I wished to be thought *meek*, I would not be *abject*; although *humble*, not *mean*: and here, in a sneering way, she cautioned me on that head.

I replied, that her pleasantry was much more agreeable than her anger. But I wished she would let me know the end of a visit that had hitherto [*between us*] been so unsisterly.

She desired to be informed, in the name of *every-body*, was her word, what I was determined upon? And whether to comply or not?—One word for all: my friends were not to have patience with so perverse a creature for ever.

This then I told her I would do: ab-solutely break with the man they were all so determined against; upon condition, however, that neither Mr. Solmes, nor any other, were urged to me with the force of a command.

And what was this, more than I had offered before? What, but ringing my changes upon the same bells, and neither receding nor advancing one tittle?

If I knew what other proposals I could make, I told her, that would be accept-able to them all, and free me from the address of a man so disagreeable me, I *would* make them. I had indeed before offered, never to marry without my fa-ther's consent.

She interrupted me, That was because I depended upon my whining tricks to bring my father and mother to what I pleased.

'A *poor* dependence!' I said.—*She* knew those who would make that de-pendence vain—

And I *should* have brought them to my own beck, very probably, and my uncle Harlowe too, as also my aunt Hervey, had I not been forbidden their sight, and thereby hindered from play-ing my pug's tricks before them.

'At least, Bella,' said I, 'you have 'hinted to me *to whom* I am obliged, 'that my father and mother, and every 'body else, treat me thus harshly. But 'surely you make them all very weak. 'Indifferent persons, judging of us two 'from what *you* say, would either think '*me* a very artful creature, or *you* a very 'spiteful one.'

'You are *indeed* a very artful one, for 'that matter,' interrupted she in a pas-'sion: 'one of the artfullest I ever 'knew!' And then followed an accusa-tion so low! so unsisterly!—That I half-bewitched people by my insinuating ad-dress: that nobody could be valued or respected, but must stand like cyphers wherever I came. 'How often,' said she. 'have I and my brother been talk-'ing upon a subject, and had every-bo-'dy's

'dy's attention, till *you* came in, with 'your bewitching *meek* pride, and *humble* 'significance? And then have we either 'been ſtopped by references to Miſs 'Clary's opinion, forſooth; or been 'forced to ſtop ourſelves, or muſt have 'talked on unattended to by every-'body.'

She pauſed: 'Dear Bella proceed.'

She indeed ſeemed only gathering breath.

'And ſo I *will*,' ſaid ſhe—'Did you 'not bewitch my grandfather? Could 'any-thing be pleaſing to him, that you 'did not ſay or do? How did he uſe to 'hang, till he ſlabbered again, poor 'doating old man! on your ſilver tongue! 'Yet what did *you* ſay, that *we* could not 'have ſaid? What did *you* do, that *we* 'did not endeavour to do?—And what 'was all this for? Why, truly, his laſt 'will ſhewed what effect your *ſmooth* o-'bligingneſs had upon him!—To leave 'the *acquired part* of his eſtate from the 'next heirs, his own ſons, to a grand-'child; to his *youngeſt* grandchild! a 'daughter too!—To leave his family-'pictures from his ſons to you, becauſe 'you could *tiddle* about them, and, 'though you now neglect their examples, 'could wipe and clean them with your 'dainty hands! The family-plate too, in 'ſuch quantities, of two or three gene-'rations ſtanding, muſt not be changed, 'becauſe his *precious child*, humouring 'his old *fallal* taſte, admired it, to make 'it all her own.'

This was too low to move me: 'O 'my poor ſiſter!' ſaid I; 'not to be able, 'or at leaſt willing, to diſtinguiſh be-tween 'art and nature! If I *did* oblige, I was 'happy in it: I looked for no further 'reward; my mind is above art, from 'the dirty motives you mention. I wiſh 'with all my heart my grandfather had 'not thus diſtinguiſhed me: he ſaw my 'brother likely to be amply provided 'for *out* of the family, as well as *in* it; 'he deſired that *you* might have the 'greater ſhare of my father's favour for 'it; and no doubt but you *both* will. 'You know, Bella, that the eſtate my 'grandfather bequeathed *me* was not half 'the real eſtate he left.'

'What's all that to an eſtate in poſ-'ſeſſion, and left you with ſuch diſtinc-'tions, as gave you a reputation of great-'er value than the eſtate itſelf?

'Hence my misfortune, Bella, in your 'envy, I doubt!—But have I not given 'up that poſſeſſion in the beſt manner I 'could?'

'Yes,' interrupting me, ſhe hated me for that *beſt manner*. Specious little witch! ſhe called me: 'Your *beſt manner*, ſo full 'of art and deſign, had never been ſeen 'through, if you, with your blandiſhing 'ways, had not been put out of ſight, 'and reduced to poſitive declarations! '—Hindered from playing your little 'whining tricks; curling, like a ſerpent, 'about your mamma; and making her 'cry to deny you any-thing your little 'obſtinate heart was ſet upon!'

'Obſtinate heart, Bella!'

'Yes, obſtinate heart! For did you 'ever give up any-thing? Had you not 'the art to make them think all was 'right you aſked, though my brother 'and I were frequently refuſed favours 'of no greater import?'

'I know not, Bella, that I ever aſked 'any-thing unfit to be granted. I ſel-'dom aſked favours for *myſelf*, but for '*others*.'

I was a reflecting creature for this.

'All you ſpeak of, Bella, was a long 'time ago. I cannot go ſo far back into 'our childiſh follies. Little did I think 'of how *long ſtanding* this your *late-ſhewn* 'antipathy is.'

I was a reflecter again! Such a *ſaucy meekneſs*; ſuch a *beſt manner*; and ſuch venom in words!—'O Clary! Clary! 'Thou wert always a *two-faced* girl!'

'Nobody thought I had two faces 'when I gave up all into my father's ma-'nagement; taking from his bounty, as 'before, all my little pocket-money, 'without a ſhilling addition to my ſti-'pend, or deſiring it.'

'Yes, cunning creature!—And that 'was another of your *fetches!*—For did 'it not engage my fond father (as no 'doubt you thought it would) to tell 'you, that, ſince you had done ſo grate-'ful and dutiful a thing, he would keep 'entire, for your uſe, all the produce of 'the eſtate left you, and be but your ſtew-'ard in it; and that you ſhould be en-'titled to the ſame allowances as before? 'Another of your *hook-in's*, Clary!—So 'that all your extravagances have been 'ſupported gratis.'

'My extravagances, Bella!—But did 'my father ever give me any-thing he 'did not give you?'

'Yes, indeed; I got more by that 'means, than I ſhould have had the con-'ſcience to aſk. But I have ſtill the great-'er part to ſhew! But *you!* What have '*you* to ſhew!—I dare ſay, not fifty 'pieces in the world!'

'Indeed I have not!'

'I believe you!—Your mamma Nor-'ton, I ſuppoſe—But mum for that!'

'Unworthy

'Unworthy Bella!—The good wo-
'man, although low in circumſtance, is
'great in mind! Much greater than
'thoſe who would impute meanneſs to a
'ſoul incapable of it.'

'What then have you done with the
'ſums given you from infancy to ſquan-
'der?—Let me aſk you,' [affecting archneſs] 'Has, has, has Lovelace, has your
'rake put it out at intereſt for you?'

'O that my ſiſter would not make me
'bluſh for her! It *is*, however, out at
'intereſt!—And I hope it will bring me
'intereſt upon intereſt!—Better than to
'lie uſeleſs in my cabinet.'

She underſtood me, ſhe ſaid. Were I a man, ſhe ſhould ſuppoſe I was aiming to carry the county—Popularity! A crowd to follow me with their bleſſings as I went to and from church, and nobody elſe to be regarded, were agreeable things. Houſe-top proclamations! I *hid not my light under a buſhel*, ſhe would ſay that for me. But was it not a little hard upon me, to be kept from blazing on a Sunday?—And to be hindered from my charitable oſtentations?

'This, indeed, Bella, is cruel in *you*,
'who have ſo largely contributed to my
'confinement.—But go on. You'll be
'out of breath by-and-by. I cannot
'wiſh to be *able* to return this uſage.—
'*Poor* Bella!' And I believe I ſmiled a little too contemptuouſly for a ſiſter to a ſiſter.

'None of your ſaucy contempts,' [riſing in her voice:] 'none of your *poor*
'*Bella's* with that air of ſuperiority in a
'younger ſiſter!'

'Well, then, *rich* Bella!' curtſeying—
'that will pleaſe you better—And it is
'due likewiſe to the hoards you boaſt of.'

'Look-ye, Clary,' holding up her hand, 'if you are not a little more *ab-*
'*ject* in your *meekneſs*, a little more *mean*
'in your *humility*, and treat me with the
'reſpect due to an elder ſiſter—you ſhall
'find—'

'Not that you will treat me worſe
'than you *have done*, Bella!—That can-
'not be; unleſs you were to let fall your
'uplifted hand upon me—And that
'would leſs become you to *do*, than me
'to *bear*.'

'Good, meek creature—But you were
'upon your overtures juſt now!—I ſhall
'ſurprize every-body by tarrying ſo
'long. They will think ſome good may
'be done with you—And ſupper will be
'ready.'

A tear would ſtray down my cheek—'How happy have I been,' ſaid I, ſighing, 'in the ſupper-time converſations,
'with all my dear friends in my eye
'round their hoſpitable board!'

I met only with inſult for this—Bella has not a *feeling* heart. The higheſt joy in this life ſhe is not capable of: but then ſhe ſaves herſelf many griefs, by her impenetrableneſs—Yet, for ten times the pain that ſuch a ſenſibility is attended with, would I not part with the pleaſure it brings with it.

She aſked me, upon my turning from her, If ſhe ſhould ſay any-thing *below* of my *compliance*?

'You may ſay, That I will do every-
'thing they would have me do, if they
'will free me from Mr. Solmes's addreſs.'

'This is all you deſire at preſent, *creep-*
'*er on! inſinuator!*' [What words ſhe has!] 'But will not t'other man flame
'out, and roar moſt horribly, upon the
'ſnatching from his paws a prey he
'thought himſelf ſure of?'

'I muſt let you talk in your own way,
'or we ſhall never come to a point. I
'ſhall not matter his *roaring*, as you call
'it. I will promiſe him, that, if I ever
'marry any other man, it ſhall not be till
'*he* is married. And if he be not ſatis-
'fied with ſuch a condeſcenſion, I ſhall
'think he *ought*: and I will give any aſ-
'ſurances, that I will neither correſpond
'with him, nor ſee him. Surely this
'will do.'

'But I ſuppoſe then you will have no
'objection to ſee and converſe, on a ci-
'vil foot, with Mr. Solmes—as your fa-
'ther's friend, or ſo?'

'No! I muſt be permitted to retire to
'my apartment whenever he comes. I
'would no more converſe with the one,
'than correſpond with the other. That
'would be to make Mr. Lovelace guil-
'ty of ſome raſhneſs, on a belief, that I
'broke with him, to have Mr. Solmes.'

'And ſo, that wicked wretch is to be
'allowed ſuch a controul over you, that
'you are not to be civil to your father's
'friends, at his own houſe, for fear of
'incenſing *him!*—When this comes to
'be repreſented, be ſo good as to tell
'me, what is it you expect from it?

Every-thing, I ſaid, or *nothing*, as ſhe was pleaſed to repreſent it.—'Be ſo
'good as to give it your intereſt, Bella,
'and ſay, further, that I will by any
'means I can, in the law or otherwiſe,
'make over to my father, to my uncles,
'or even to my brother, all I am en-
'titled to by my grandfather's will, as a
'ſecurity for the performance of my
'promiſes. And as I ſhall have no rea-
'ſon to expect any favour from my fa-
'ther, if I break them, I ſhall not be
'worth

'worth any-body's having. And further still, unkindly as my brother has 'used me, I will go down to Scotland 'privately, as his houſekeeper, [I now 'ſee I may be ſpared here] if he will pro-'miſe to treat me no worſe than he would 'do an hired one.—Or I will go to Flo-'rence, to my couſin Morden, if his ſtay 'in Italy will admit of it. In *either caſe*, 'it may be given out, that I am gone to 'the *other*; or to the world's end. I care 'not whither it is ſaid I am gone, or do 'go.'

'Let me aſk you, child, if you will 'give your pretty propoſal in writing?'

'Yes, with all my heart.' And I ſtepped to my cloſet, and wrote to the purpoſe I have mentioned; and, moreover, the following lines to my brother.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,

'I HOPE I have made ſuch propoſals 'to my ſiſter, as will be accepted. I am 'ſure they will, if you pleaſe to give 'them your ſanction. Let me beg of 'you for God's ſake, that you will. I 'think myſelf very unhappy in having 'incurred your diſpleaſure. No ſiſter can 'love a brother better than I love you. 'Pray do not put the worſt, but the beſt 'conſtructions upon my propoſals, when 'you have them reported to you. In-'deed I mean the beſt. I have no ſub-'terfuges, no arts, no intentions, but to 'keep to the letter of them. You ſhall 'yourſelf draw up every-thing into writ-'ing, as ſtrong as you can; and I will 'ſign it; and what the *law* will not do to 'enforce it, my *reſolution* and my *will* 'ſhall: ſo that I ſhall be worth nobody's 'addreſs, that has not my papa's con-'ſent; nor ſhall any perſon, nor any con-'ſideration, induce me to revoke it. You 'can do more than any-body to recon-'cile my parents and uncles to me. Let 'me owe this deſirable favour to your 'brotherly interpoſition, and you will for 'ever oblige *your afflicted ſiſter*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

And how do you think Bella employed herſelf while I was writing?—Why, playing gently upon my harpſichord: and *humming* to it, to ſhew her unconcernedneſs.

When I approached her with what I had written, ſhe aroſe with an air of levity—'Why, love, you have not written 'already!—You have, I proteſt!—O 'what a ready penwoman!—And may I 'read it?'

'If you pleaſe. And let me beſeech 'you, my dear Bella, to back theſe pro-'poſals with your good offices: and,' [folding my uplifted hands; tears, I believe, ſtanding in my eyes] 'I will love 'you as never ſiſter loved another.'

'Thou art a ſtrange creature,' ſaid ſhe; 'there is no withſtanding thee.'

She took the propoſals and letter: and having read them, burſt into an affected laugh: 'How wiſe ones may be 'taken in!—Then you did not know, 'that I was jeſting with you all this 'time!—And ſo you would have me 'carry down this pretty piece of non-'ſenſe?'

'Don't let me be ſurprized at your 'ſeeming unſiſterlineſs, Bella. I hope 'it is *but* ſeeming. There can be *no* wit 'in ſuch a jeſting as this.'

'The folly of the creature!—How 'natural is it for people, when they ſet 'their hearts upon any-thing, to think 'every-body muſt ſee with their eyes! '—Pray, dear child, what becomes of 'your father's authority *here*?—Who 'ſtoops *here*, the *parent*, or the *child*?—'How does *this* ſquare with the engage-'ments actually agreed upon between 'your father and Mr. Solmes? What 'ſecurity, that your rake will not fol-'low you to the *world's end*?—Ne-'verthleſs, that you may not think 'that I ſtand in the way of a reconcili-'ation on ſuch fine terms as theſe, I 'will be your meſſenger this once, and 'hear what my papa will ſay to it; al-'though beforehand I can tell you, theſe 'propoſals will not anſwer the princi-'pal end.'

So down ſhe went. But, it ſeems, my aunt Hervey and my uncle Harlowe were not gone away: and as they have all engaged to act in concert, meſſengers were diſpatched to my uncle and aunt to deſire them to be there to breakfaſt in the morning.

MONDAY NIGHT, 11 O'CLOCK.

I AM afraid I ſhall not be thought worthy—

Juſt as I began not to fear I ſhould be thought worthy of an anſwer, Betty rapped at my door, and ſaid, if I were not in bed, ſhe had a letter for me. I had but juſt done writing the above dialogue, and ſtepped to the door, with the pen in my hand—'Always writing, 'Miſs!' ſaid the bold wench: 'it is 'admirable how you can get away what 'you write—But the fairies, they ſay, 'are always at hand to help lovers.'—She retired in ſo much haſte, that had I been diſpoſed, I could not take the notice of this inſolence which it deſerved.

I incloſe my brother's letter. He was reſolved to let me ſee, that I ſhould have

nothing to expect from his kindness. But surely he will not be permitted to carry every point. The assembling of my friends to-morrow is a good sign: and I will hope something from that, and from proposals so reasonable. And now I will try if any repose will fall to my lot for the remainder of this night.

'TO MISS CLARY HARLOWE.'

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

'YOUR proposals will be considered 'by your father and mother, and all 'your friends, to-morrow morning. 'What trouble does your shameful for-'wardness give us all! I wonder you 'have the courage to write to me, upon 'whom you are so continually emptying 'your *whole female quiver*. I have no 'patience with you, for reflecting upon 'me as the aggressor in a quarrel which 'owed it's beginning to my consider-'ation for *you*.

'You have made such confessions in 'a villain's favour, as ought to cause 'all your relations to renounce you for 'ever. For my part, I will not believe 'any woman in the world, who pro-'mises against her *avowed* inclination. 'To put it out of your *power* to ruin 'yourself is the only way left to prevent 'your ruin. I did not intend to write; 'but your *too-kind* sister has prevailed 'upon me. As to your going into Scot-'land, that day of grace is over.—Nor 'would I advise, that you should go to '*grandfather-up* your cousin Morden. 'Besides, that worthy gentleman might 'be involved in some fatal dispute upon 'your account; and then be called the '*aggressor*.

'A fine situation you have brought 'yourself to, to propose to hide your-'self from your rake, and to have 'falsehoods told, to conceal you!— 'Your confinement, at this rate, is the 'happiest thing that could befal you. 'Your bravo's behaviour at church, 'looking out for you, is a sufficient in-'dication of his power over you, had 'you *not* so shamelessly acknowledged it.

'One word for all—Your parents and 'uncles may do as they will: but if, 'for the honour of the family, I cannot 'carry this point, I will retire to Scot-'land and never see the face of any one 'of it more. JA. HARLOWE.'

There's a brother!—There's flaming duty to a father, and mother, and uncles!—But he sees himself valued, and made of consequence; and he gives himself airs accordingly!—Nevertheless, as I said above, I will hope better things from those who have not the interest my brother has to keep open these unhappy differences.

LETTER XLIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21.

WOULD you not have thought, my dear Miss Howe, as well as I, that my proposal must have been accepted: and that my brother, by the last article of his unbrotherly letter, (where he threatens to go to Scotland if it should be hearkened to) was of opinion that it *would*?

For my part, after I had read the unkind letter over and over, I concluded, upon the whole, that a reconciliation upon terms so disadvantageous to myself, as hardly any other person in my case, I dare say, would have proposed, must be the result of this morning's conference. And in that belief I had begun to give myself new trouble in thinking (this difficulty over) how I should be able to pacify Lovelace on that part of my engagement, by which I undertook to break off all correspondence with him, unless my friends should be brought by the interposition of his powerful friends, and any offers they might make, (which it was rather *his* part to suggest, than *mine* to intimate) to change their minds.

Thus was I employed, not very agreeably, you may believe, because of the vehemence of the tempers I had to conflict with; when breakfasting-time approached, and my judges began to arrive.

And oh! how my heart fluttered on hearing the chariot of the one, and then of the other, rattle through the court-yard, and the hollow-sounding footstep giving notice of each person's stepping out, to take his place on the awful bench which my fancy had formed for them and my other judges!

'That,' thought I, 'is my aunt Her-'vey's! That my uncle Harlowe's! Now 'comes my uncle Antony!' And my imagination made a fourth chariot for the odious Solmes, although it happened that he was not there.

'And now,' thought I, 'are they 'all assembled: and now my brother 'calls upon my sister to make *her* re-'port! Now the hard-hearted Bella in-'terlards her speech with invectives! 'Now has she concluded her report!

'Now they debate upon it!—Now does 'my brother flame! Now threaten to 'go to Scotland! Now is he chidden, 'and now ſoothed!'

And then I ran through the whole conference in my imagination, forming ſpeeches for this perſon and that, *pro* and *con.* till all concluded, as I flattered myſelf, in an acceptance of my conditions, and in giving directions to have an inſtrument drawn to tie me up to my good behaviour: while I ſuppoſed all agreed to give Solmes a wife every way more worthy of him, and with *her* the promiſe of my grandfather's eſtate, in caſe of my forfeiture, or dying unmarried, on the righteous condition he propoſes to entitle himſelf to it with me.

'And now,' thought I, 'am I to be 'ordered down to recognize my own 'propoſals. And how ſhall I look upon my awful judges? How ſhall I 'ſtand the queſtions of ſome, the ſet 'ſurlineſs of others, the returning love 'of one or two? How greatly ſhall I 'be affected!'

Then I wept. Then I dried my eyes: then I practiſed at my glaſs for a look more cheerful than my heart.

'And now' [as any-thing ſtirred] 'is my ſiſter coming to declare the iſ'ſue of all?' Tears guſhing again, my heart fluttering as a bird againſt it's wires; drying my eyes again and again to no purpoſe.

And thus, my Nancy, [Excuſe the fanciful prolixity] was I employed, and ſuch were my thoughts and imaginations, when I found a very different reſult from the hopeful conference.

For about ten o'clock up came my ſiſter, with an air of cruel triumph, waving her hand with a light flouriſh.

'Obedience without reſerve is re'quired of you, Clary. My papa is 'juſtly incenſed, that you ſhould *pre'ſume* to diſpute his will, and to make 'conditions with him. He knows what 'is beſt for you: and as you own mat'ters are gone a great way between this 'hated Lovelace and you, they will 'believe nothing you ſay; except you 'will give the one *only* inſtance, that 'will put them out of doubt of the ſin'cerity of your promiſes.

'What, child, are you ſurprized?—'Cannot you ſpeak?—Then, it ſeems, 'you had expected a different iſſue, 'had you?—Strange that you could! '—With all your acknowledgments and 'confeſſions, ſo creditable to your 'noted prudence!'

I was indeed ſpeechleſs for ſome time: my eyes were even fixed, and ceaſed to flow. But upon the hard-hearted Bella's proceeding with her airs of inſult, 'Indeed I *was* miſtaken,' ſaid I; 'indeed I was!—For in you, 'Bella, I expected, I hoped for, a 'ſiſter.'

'What!' interrupted ſhe, 'with all 'your mannerly flings, and your de'ſpiſing airs, did you expect, that I 'was capable of telling ſtories for you? '—Did you think, that when I was 'aſked my own opinion of the ſincerity 'of your declarations, I could not tell 'them, *how far matters had gone between 'you and your fellow?*—When the inten'tion is to bend that ſtubborn will of 'yours to your duty, do you think I 'would deceive them?—Do you think I 'would encourage them to call you 'down, to contradict all that I ſhould 'have *invented* in your favour?'

'Well, well, Bella; I am the leſs 'obliged to you; that's all. I was wil'ling to think, that I had ſtill a brother 'and ſiſter. But I find I am miſtaken.'

'*Pretty mopſa-eyed ſoul!*'—was her expreſſion—'And was it willing to think 'it had ſtill a *brother* and *ſiſter?* And 'why don't you go on, Clary?' [mocking my half-weeping accent] 'I thought 'too I had a *father* and *mother*, *two un'cles*, and an *aunt*: *but I am miſ—taken, 'that's all*—Come, Clary, ſay this, and 'it will in part be true, becauſe you 'have thrown off their authority, and 'becauſe you reſpect one vile wretch 'more than them all.'

'How have I deſerved this at your 'hands, ſiſter?—But I will only ſay, I 'pity you.'

'And with that diſdaining air too, 'Clary!—none of that bridled neck! 'None of your ſcornful pity, girl!—I 'beſeech you!'

'This ſort of behaviour is natural to 'you, ſurely, Bella!—What *new* talents 'does it diſcover in you!—But proceed '—If it be a pleaſure to you, proceed, 'Bella. And ſince I muſt not pity *you*, 'I will pity *myſelf:* for nobody elſe will.'

'Becauſe you don't—' ſaid ſhe.

'Huſh, Bella,' interrupting her; '*Becauſe I don't deſerve it*—I know you 'were going to ſay ſo. I will ſay as you 'ſay in every-thing; and that's the way 'to pleaſe you.'

'Then ſay, Lovelace is a villain.'

'So I will, when I think him ſo.'

'Then you don't think him ſo?

'Indeed I don't. *You* did not always, 'Bella.'

'And what, Clary, mean you by that?'

[briſtling

[briſtling up to me]—'Tell me what you 'mean by that reflection?

'Tell me, why you call it a reflection? '—What did I ſay?

'Thou art a provoking creature—'But what ſay you to two or three duels 'of that wretch's?

'I can't tell what to ſay, unleſs I knew 'the occaſions.'

'Do you juſtify duelling at all?'

'I do not: neither can I help his 'duelling.'

'Will you go down, and humble 'that ſtubborn ſpirit of your's to your 'mamma?'

I ſaid nothing.

'Shall I conduct your ladyſhip down?' [offering to take my declined hand.]

'What! not vouchſafe to anſwer me?' I turned from her in ſilence.

'What! turn your back upon me 'too!—Shall I bring up your mamma 'to you, love?' [following me, and taking my ſtruggling hand] 'What! 'not ſpeak yet! Come, my ſullen, ſilent 'dear, ſpeak one word to me—You muſt 'ſay *two* very ſoon to Mr. Solmes, I can 'tell you that.'

'Then' [guſhing out into tears, which I could not hold in longer] 'they ſhall 'be the laſt two I will ever ſpeak.'

'Well, well,' [inſultingly wiping my averted face with her handkerchief, while her other hand held mine in a ridiculing tone] 'I am glad any-thing 'will make thee ſpeak: then you think 'you may be brought to ſpeak the *two* 'words—Only they are to be the laſt! '—How like a gentle *lovyer* from it's 'tender bleeding heart was that!'

'Ridiculous Bella!'

'Saucy Clary!' [changing her ſneering tone into an imperious one] 'But 'do you think you can humble yourſelf 'to go down to your mamma?'

'I am tired with ſuch ſtuff as this. 'Tell me, Bella, if my mamma will 'condeſcend to ſee me?'

'Yes, if you can be dutiful at laſt.'

'I can. I will.'

'But what call you dutiful?'

'To give up my own *inclinations*— 'That's ſomething more for you to tell 'of—in obedience to my parent's com-'mands; and to beg I may not be made 'miſerable with a man that is fitter for '*any-body* than for me.'

'For *me*, do you mean, Clary?'

'Why not, ſince you have put the 'queſtion. You have a better opinion 'of him than I have. My friends, I 'hope, would not think him too good 'for *me*, and not good *enough* for *you*.

'But cannot you tell me, Bella, what 'is to become of me, without inſulting 'over me thus?—If I muſt be thus 'treated, remember, that if I am guilty 'of any raſhneſs, the uſage I meet with 'will juſtify it.'

'So, Clary, you are contriving an '*excuſe*, I find, for ſomewhat that we 'have not doubted has been in your 'head a great while.'

'If it were ſo, you ſeem reſolved, for 'your part, and ſo does my brother for '*his*, that I ſhall not want one.—But 'indeed, Bella, I can bear no longer 'this repetition of the worſt part of yeſ-'terday's converſation: I deſire I may 'throw myſelf at my father's and mo-'ther's feet, and hear from them what 'their ſentence is. I ſhall at leaſt avoid, 'by that means, the unmiſterly inſults I 'meet with from you.'

'Hey-dey! What, is this you? Is it 'you, my meek ſiſter Clary?

'Yes, it is I, Bella; and I will 'claim the protection due to a child of 'the family, or to know why I am to 'be thus treated, when I offer only to 'preſerve to myſelf the liberty of *re-'fuſal*, which belongs to my ſex, and, 'to pleaſe my parents, would give up 'my *choice*. I have contented myſelf 'till now to take *ſecond-hand* meſſengers, 'and *firſt-hand* inſults: you are but my 'ſiſter; my brother is not my ſove-'reign. And while I have a father and 'a mother living, I will not be thus 'treated by a brother and ſiſter, and 'their ſervants, all ſetting upon me, as 'it ſhould ſeem, to make me deſperate, 'and to do a raſh thing.—I will know, 'in ſhort, ſiſter Bella, *why* I am to be 'conſtrained thus?—What is intended 'by it?—And whether I am to be con-'ſidered as a *child* or a *ſlave*?'

She ſtood aghaſt all this time, partly with real, partly with affected ſurprize.

'And it it *you*? Is it *indeed* you?— 'Well, Clary, you amaze me! But 'ſince you are ſo deſirous to refer your-'ſelf to your father and mother, I will 'go down, and tell them what you ſay. 'Your friends are not yet gone, I be-'lieve: they ſhall aſſemble again; and 'then you may come down, and plead 'your own cauſe in perſon.'

'Let me then. But let my *brother* and '*you* be abſent. You have made your-'ſelves too much *parties* againſt me, to 'ſit as my judges. And I deſire to have 'none of yours or his interpoſitions. 'I am ſure you could not have repre-'ſented what I propoſed fairly: I am '*ſure* you could not. Nor is it poſſible

'you

'you should be *commissioned* to treat me 'thus.'

'Well, well, I'll call up my brother 'to you.—I will indeed.—He shall justify himself, as well as me.'

'I desire not to see my brother, except he will come *as* a brother, laying 'aside the authority he has unjustly assumed over me.'

'And so, Clary, it is nothing to him, 'or to me, is it, that our sister shall disgrace her whole family?'

'As how, Bella, disgrace it?—The 'man whom you thus freely treat, is a 'man of birth and fortune: he is a man 'of parts, and nobly allied.—He was 'once thought worthy of you; and I 'wish to Heaven you had had him. I 'am sure it was not my fault you had 'not, although you treat me thus!'

This set her into a flame: I wish I had forborn it. O how the poor Bella raved! I thought she would have beat me once or twice: and she vowed, her fingers itched to do so—But I was not worth her *anger*. Yet she flamed on.

We were heard to be high.—And Betty came up from my mother to command my sister to attend her.—She went down accordingly, threatening me with letting every-one know what a violent creature I had shewn myself to be.

TUESDAY NOON, MARCH 21.

I HAVE as yet heard no more of my sister: and have not courage enough to insist upon throwing myself at the feet of my father and mother, as I thought in my heat of temper I should be able to do. And I am now grown as calm as ever; and were Bella to come up again, as fit to be played upon as before.

I am indeed sorry that I sent her from me in such disorder. But my papa's letter threatening me with my uncle Antony's house and chapel, terrifies me strangely; and by their silence I am afraid some new storm is gathering.

But what shall I do with this Lovelace? I have just now, by the unsuspected hole in the wall, *(that I told you of in my letter by Hannah)* got a letter from him—So uneasy is he for fear I should be prevailed upon in Solmes's favour; so full of menaces, if I am; so relenting the usage I receive; [for, how I cannot tell; but he has undoubtedly intelligence of all that is done in the family] such protestations of inviolable faith and honour; such vows of reformation; such pressing arguments to escape from this disgraceful confinement —O my Nancy, what shall I do with this Lovelace?

LETTER XLIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 9 O'CLOCK.

MY aunt Hervey lay here last night, and is but just gone from me. She came up to me with my sister. They would not trust my aunt without this ill-natured witness. When she entered my chamber, I told her, That this visit was a high favour to a poor prisoner, in her hard confinement. I kissed her hand. She, kindly saluting me, said, 'Why 'this distance to your aunt, my dear, 'who loves you so well?'

She owned, That she came to expostulate with me, for the peace-sake of the family: for that she could not believe it possible, if I did not conceive myself unkindly treated, that I, who had ever shewn such a sweetness of temper, as well as manners, should be thus resolute, in a point so *very near* to my father, and all my friends. My mother and she were both willing to impute my resolution to the manner I had been begun with; and to my supposing that my brother had originally more of a hand in the proposals made by Mr. Solmes, than my father or other friends. In short, fain would my aunt have furnished me with an excuse to come off my opposition; Bella all the while humming a tune, and opening this book and that, without meaning; but saying nothing.

After having shewed me that my opposition could not be of signification, my father's honour being engaged, my aunt concluded with enforcing upon me my duty, in stronger terms than I believe she would have done, (the circumstances of the case considered) had not my sister been present.

It would but be repeating what I have so often mentioned, to give you the arguments that passed on both sides.—So I will only recite what she was pleased to say, that carried with it a new face.

When she found me inflexible, as she was pleased to call it, she said, For her part, she could not but say, that if I were not to have either Mr. Solmes or Mr. Lovelace, and yet, to make my friends easy, *must* marry, she should not think amiss of Mr. Wyerley. What did I think of Mr. Wyerley?

'Aye, Clary,' put in my sister, 'what 'say you to Mr. Wyerley?'

I saw through this immediately. It was said, on purpose, I doubted not, to have an argument against me of absolute

prepos-

prepoſſeſſion in Mr. Lovelace's favour: ſince Mr. Wyerley every-where avows his value, even to veneration, for me; and is far leſs exceptionable, both in perſon and mind, than Mr. Solmes: and I was willing to turn the tables, by trying how far Mr. Solmes's terms might be diſpenſed with; ſince the ſame terms could not be expected from Mr. Wyerley.

I therefore deſired to know, whether my anſwer, if it ſhould be in favour of Mr. Wyerley, would releaſe me from Mr. Solmes?—For I owned, that I had not the averſion to *him*, that I had to the *other*.

Nay, ſhe had no commiſſion to propoſe ſuch a thing. She only knew, that my father and mother would not be eaſy till Mr. Lovelace's hopes were entirely defeated.

'Cunning creature!' ſaid my ſiſter.

And this, and her joining in the queſtion before, convinced me, that it was a deſigned ſnare for me.

'Don't YOU, dear Madam,' ſaid I, 'put queſtions that can anſwer no end, 'but to ſupport my brother's ſchemes 'againſt me.—But are there any hopes 'of an end to my ſufferings and diſ'grace, without having this hated man 'impoſed upon me? Will not what I 'have offered be accepted? I am ſure it '*ought*—I will venture to ſay that.'

'Why, niece, if there be *not* any ſuch 'hopes, I preſume you don't think your'ſelf abſolved from the duty due from 'a child to her parents?'

'Yes,' ſaid my ſiſter, 'I do not doubt 'but it is Miſs Clary's aim, if ſhe does 'not fly to her Lovelace, to get her 'eſtate into her own hands, and go to 'live at *The Grove*, in that independence 'upon which ſhe builds all her perverſe'neſs. And, dear heart! my little love, 'how you will then blaze away! Your 'mamma Norton, your oracle, with 'your poor at your gates, mingling ſo '*proudly* and ſo *meanly* with the ragged 'herd! Reflecting, by your oſtentation, 'upon all the ladies in the county who 'do not do as you do. This is known 'to be your ſcheme! And the poor '*without*-doors, and Lovelace *within*, 'with one hand building up a name, 'pulling it down with the other!—O 'what a charming ſcheme is this!—But 'let me tell you, my pretty little flighty 'one, that your father's *living* will ſhall 'controul your grandfather's *dead* one; 'and that eſtate will be diſpoſed of as 'your fond grandfather would have diſ'poſed of it, had he lived ſo ſee ſuch a 'change in his favourite. In a word, 'Miſs, it will be kept out of your hands, 'till my father ſees you diſcreet enough 'to have the management of it, or till 'you can *dutifully*, by law, tear it from 'him.'

'Fie, Miſs Harlowe!' ſaid my aunt; 'this is not pretty to your ſiſter.'

'O Madam, let her go on. This 'is nothing to what I have borne from 'Miſs Harlowe. She is either com'miſſioned to treat me ill by her *envy*, or 'by an *higher* authority, to which I muſt 'ſubmit.—As to revoking the eſtate, 'what hinders, if I pleaſed? I know 'my power; but have not the leaſt 'thought of exerting it. Be pleaſed to 'let my father know, that, whatever be 'the conſequence to myſelf, were he to 'turn me out of doors, (which I ſhould 'rather he would do, than to be con'fined and inſulted as I am) and were I 'to be reduced to indigence and want, I 'would ſeek no relief that ſhould be 'contrary to his will.

'For that matter, child,' ſaid my aunt, 'were you to marry, you muſt 'do as your *huſband* will have you. If 'that huſband be Mr. Lovelace, he will 'be glad of any opportunity of farther 'embroiling the families. And, let me 'tell you, niece, if he had the reſpect 'for you which he pretends to have, he 'would not throw out defiances as he 'does. He is known to be a very re'vengeful man; and were I *you*, Miſs 'Clary, I ſhould be afraid he would 'wreak upon me that vengeance, though 'I had not offended him, which he is 'continually threatening to pour upon 'the family.'

'Mr. Lovelace's threatened venge'ance is in *return* for threatened venge'ance. It is not every-body will bear 'inſult, as of late, I have been forced 'to bear it.'

O how my ſiſter's face ſhone with paſſion!

'But Mr. Lovelace,' proceeded I, 'as I have ſaid twenty and twenty times, 'would be quite out of the queſtion with 'me, were I to be generouſly treated!'

My ſiſter ſaid ſomething with great vehemence: but only raiſing my voice, to be heard, without minding her, 'Pray, Madam,' (provokingly interrogated I) 'was he not known to have 'been as wild a man, when he was *at 'firſt* introduced into our family, as he '*now* is ſaid to be? Yet *then*, the com'mon phraſes of *wild oats*, and *black ox'en*, and ſuch-like, were qualifiers; and 'marriage, and the wife's diſcretion,

'were

'were to perform wonders—But,' (turning to my ſiſter) 'I find I have ſaid too 'much.'

'O thou wicked reflecter!—And what 'made *me* abhor him, think you, but the 'proof of thoſe villainous freedoms that 'ought to have had the ſame effect upon 'you, were you but half ſo good a crea'ture as you pretend to be?'

'*Proof*, did you ſay, Bella! I thought 'that you had not *proof?*—But *you know* '*beſt.*'

Was not this very ſpiteful, my dear?

'Now, Clary,' ſaid ſhe, 'would I give 'a thouſand pounds to know all that is 'in thy little rancorous and reflecting 'heart, at this moment.'

'I might let you know for a much leſs ſum, and not be afraid of being 'worſe treated than I have been.'

'Well, young ladies, I am ſorry to 'ſee paſſion run ſo high between you.—'You know, niece,' (to me) 'you had 'not been confined thus to your apart'ment, could your mother by condeſcenſion, or your father by authority, 'have been able to move you. But how 'can you expect, when there muſt be a 'conceſſion on *one* ſide, that it ſhould be 'on theirs? If *my* Dolly, who has not 'the hundredth part of your underſtanding, were thus to ſet herſelf up in abſolute contradiction to my will, in a 'point *ſo* material, I ſhould not take it 'well of her—Indeed I ſhould not.'

'I believe not, Madam: and if Miſs 'Hervey had juſt ſuch a brother, and 'juſt ſuch a ſiſter, [you *may* look, Bella!] 'and if both were to aggravate her pa'rents, as my brother and ſiſter do mine '—Then, perhaps, you might uſe her 'as I am uſed: and if ſhe hated the man 'you propoſed to her, and with as much 'reaſon as I do Mr. Solmes—'

'And loved a rake and libertine, Miſs, 'as you do Lovelace,' ſaid my ſiſter.

'Then might ſhe' [continued I, not minding her] 'beg to be excuſed from 'obeying. But yet if ſhe did, and would 'give you the moſt ſolemn aſſurances, 'and ſecurity beſides, that ſhe never 'would have the man you diſliked, againſt 'your conſent—I dare ſay, Miſs Her'vey's father and mother would ſit 'down ſatisfied, and not endeavour to 'force her inclinations.'

'So!'—[ſaid my ſiſter, with uplifted hands] '*father* and *mother* now come in 'for their ſhare!'

'But if, child,' replied my aunt, 'I 'knew ſhe *loved a rake*, and ſuſpected 'that ſhe ſought only to gain time, in 'order to wire-draw me into a conſent—'

'I beg pardon, Madam, for inter'rupting you: but if Miſs Hervey could 'obtain *your* conſent, what farther would 'be to be ſaid?'

'True, child; but ſhe never ſhould.'

'Then, Madam, it never would be.'

'That I doubt, niece.'

'If you do, Madam, can you think 'confinement and ill-uſage is the way 'to prevent the apprehended raſhneſs?'

'My dear, this ſort of intimation 'would make one but too apprehenſive 'that there is no truſting to yourſelf, 'when one knows your inclination.'

'That apprehenſion, Madam, ſeems 'to have been conceived before this in'timation, or the leaſt cauſe for it, was 'given. Why elſe the diſgraceful con'finement I have been laid under?—Let 'me venture to ſay, that my ſufferings 'ſeem to be rather owing to a concerted 'deſign to intimidate me,' [*Bella held up her hands*] '(knowing there were too 'good grounds for my oppoſition) than 'to doubt of my conduct; for when 'they were inflicted firſt, I had given no '*cauſe* of doubt: nor ſhould there now 'be room for any, if my diſcretion might 'be truſted to.'

My aunt, after a little heſitation, ſaid, 'But, conſider, my dear, what confu'ſion will be perpetuated in your family, 'if you marry this hated Lovelace?'

'And let it be conſidered, what mi'ſery to me, Madam, if I marry that 'hated Solmes?'

'Many a young creature has thought 'ſhe could not love a man, with whom ſhe 'has afterwards been very happy. Few 'women, child, marry their firſt loves.'

'That may be the reaſon there are ſo 'few happy marriages.'

'But there are few firſt impreſſions *fit* 'to be encouraged.'

'I am afraid ſo too, Madam. I have 'a very indifferent opinion of light and 'firſt impreſſions. But, as I have often 'ſaid, all I wiſh for, is, to have leave 'to live *ſingle*.'

'Indeed you muſt not, Miſs. Your 'father and mother will be unhappy till 'they ſee you married, and out of Love'lace's reach.—I am told that you pro'poſe to condition with him (ſo far are 'matters gone between you) never to 'have *any* man, if you have not *him*.'

'I know no better way to prevent 'miſchief on all ſides, I freely own it '—And there is not, if *he* be out of the 'queſtion, another man in the world, I 'can think favourably of.—Nevertheleſs, I would give all I have in the 'world, that he were married to ſome

'other

other perſon—Indeed, I would, Bella, 'for all you put on that ſmile of incre-'dulity.'

'May be ſo, Clary: but I will ſmile 'for all that.'

'If *he* be out of the queſtion!' repeated my aunt—'So, Miſs Clary, I 'ſee how it is—I will go down—[Miſs 'Harlowe, ſhall I follow you?]—And 'I will endeavour to perſuade your fa-'ther to let my ſiſter herſelf come up: 'and a happier event may then reſult.'

'Depend upon it, Madam,' ſaid my ſiſter, 'this will be the caſe: my mother 'and ſhe will be both in tears; but with 'this different effect; my mother will 'come down ſoftened, and cut to the 'heart; but will leave her favourite 'hardened, from the advantages ſhe will 'think ſhe has over my mother's ten-'derneſs—Why, Madam, it is for this 'very reaſon the girl is not admitted into 'her preſence.'

Thus ſhe ran on, as ſhe went down ſtairs.

LETTER XLV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE *to* MISS HOWE.

MY heart fluttered with the hope and the fear of ſeeing my mother, and with the ſhame and the grief of having given her ſo much uneaſineſs. But it needed not: ſhe was not permitted to come. But my aunt was ſo good as to return; yet not without my ſiſter: and, taking my hand, made me ſit down by her.

She came, ſhe muſt own, *officiouſly*, ſhe ſaid, this *once* more; though againſt the opinion of my father: but knowing and dreading the conſequence of my oppoſition, ſhe could not *but* come.

She then ſet forth to me my friends expectations from me: Mr. Solmes's riches; (three times as rich he came out to be, as any-body had thought him) the ſettlements propoſed; Mr. Lovelace's bad character; their averſion to him; all in a very ſtrong light; but not in a ſtronger than my mother had before placed them in. My mother, ſurely, could not have given the particulars of what had paſſed between herſelf and me: if ſhe had, my aunt would not have repeated many of the ſame ſentiments, as you will find ſhe did, that had been ſtill more ſtrongly urged, without effect, by her venerable ſiſter.

She ſaid it would break the heart of my father to have it imagined, that he had not a power over his child; and that, as *he* thought, for my own good: a child too, whom they had always doated upon!—'Deareſt, deareſt Miſs,' concluded ſhe, claſping her fingers with the moſt condeſcending earneſtneſs, 'let 'me beg of you, for *my* ſake, for *your* 'own ſake, for a *hundred* ſakes, to get 'over this averſeneſs, to give up your 'prejudices, and make every-one happy 'and eaſy once more.—I would kneel to 'you, my deareſt niece—Nay, I *will* 'kneel to you!'

And down ſhe dropt, and I with her, kneeling to her, and beſeeching her not to kneel; claſping my arms about her, and bathing her worthy boſom with my tears.

'O riſe! riſe! my beloved aunt,' ſaid I: 'you cut me to the heart with this 'condeſcending goodneſs.'

'Say then, my deareſt niece, ſay then, 'that you will oblige all your friends! '—If you love us, I *beſeech* you do—'

'How can I promiſe what I can ſoon-'er chuſe to die than perform!'

'Say then, my dear, you will *conſider* 'of it. Say you will but *reaſon* with 'yourſelf. Give us but hopes. Don't 'let me entreat, and *thus* entreat, in 'vain.' For ſtill ſhe kneeled, and I by her.

'What a hard caſe is mine!—Could 'I but *doubt*, I know I could *conquer*.—'That which is an inducement to my 'friends, is none at all to me—How of-'ten, my deareſt aunt, muſt I repeat 'the ſame thing?—Let me but be ſingle '—Cannot I live ſingle? Let me be 'ſent, as I have propoſed, to Scotland, 'to Florence; any-whither: let me be 'ſent a ſlave to the Indies; any-whi-'ther—Any of theſe I will conſent to. 'But I cannot, *cannot* think of giving 'my vows to a man I cannot endure!'

'Well then,' riſing, (Bella ſilently, with uplifted hands, reproaching my ſuppoſed perverſeneſs) 'I ſee nothing 'can prevail with you to oblige us.'

'What *can* I do, my deareſt aunt 'Hervey? What *can* I do? Were I ca-'pable of giving a hope I meant not to 'enlarge, then could I ſay, I would '*conſider* of your kind advice. But I 'would rather be thought *perverſe* than '*inſincere*. Is there, however, no *medi-'um*? Can *nothing* be thought of? Will 'nothing do, but to have a man who is 'the *more* diſguſtful to me, becauſe he is 'unjuſt in the very articles he offers?'

'Whom now, Clary,' ſaid my ſiſter, 'do you reflect upon? Conſider that.'

'Make not invidious applications of 'what I ſay, Bella. It may not be

'looked upon in the same light by every-one. The *giver* and the *accepter* are 'principally answerable in an unjust 'donation. While I think of it in this 'light, I should be inexcusable to be 'the latter. But why do I enter upon a '*supposition* of this nature?—My heart, 'as I have often, *often* said, recoils at 'the *thoughts* of the man, in every light. '—Whose father, but mine, agrees upon articles where there is no prospect 'of a liking? Where the direct contrary 'is avowed, all along avowed, without 'the least variation, or *shadow* of a change 'of sentiment?—But it is not my father's 'doing originally. O my cruel, cruel 'brother, to cause a measure to be 'forced upon me, which he would not 'behave tolerably under, were the like 'to be offered to him!'

'The girl has got into her altitudes, 'aunt Hervey,' said my sister. 'You 'see, Madam, she spares nobody. Be 'pleased to let her know what she has to 'trust to. Nothing is to be done with 'her. Pray, Madam, pronounce her 'doom.'

My aunt retired to the window, weeping, with my sister in her hand: 'I cannot, indeed I cannot, Miss Harlowe,' said she, softly: (but yet I heard every word she said) 'there is great hardship 'in her case.' She is a noble child after 'all. What pity things are gone so far! '—But Mr. Solmes ought to be told to 'desist.'

'O Madam,' said my sister, in a kind of loud whisper, 'are *you* caught too by 'the little syren?—My mother did well 'not to come up!—I question whether 'my father himself, after his first indignation, would not be turned round by 'her. Nobody but my brother can do 'any-thing with her, I am sure.'

'Don't think of your brother's coming up,' said my aunt, still in a low voice—'He is too furious. I see no 'obstinacy, no perverseness, in her manner; If your brother comes, I will 'not be answerable for the consequences: for I thought twice or thrice she 'would have gone into fits.'

'O Madam, she has a strong heart! '—And you see there is no prevailing 'with her, though you were upon your 'knees to her.'

My sister left my aunt musing at the window, with her back towards us: and took that opportunity to insult me still more barbarously: for, stepping to my closet, she took up the patterns which my mother had sent me up, and bringing them to me, she spread them upon the chair by me; and, offering one, and then another, upon her sleeve and shoulder, thus she ran on, with great seeming tranquillity; but whisperingly, that my aunt might not hear her. 'This, 'Clary, is a pretty pattern enough: 'but *this* is quite *charming!* I would advise you to make your appearance in 'it. And *this*, were I you, should be 'my wedding night-gown—And *this* 'my second dressed suit! Won't you 'give orders, love, to have your grandmother's jewels new-set?—Or will you 'think to shew away in the new ones 'Mr. Solmes intends to present to you? 'He talks of laying out two or three 'thousand pounds in presents, child! 'Dear heart!—How gorgeously will 'you be arrayed!—What! silent, my 'dear! Mamma Norton's *sweet dear!* 'What! silent still?—But, Clary, won't 'you have a velvet suit? It would cut 'a great figure in a country church you 'know: and the weather may bear it 'for a month yet to come. Crimson 'velvet, suppose! Such a fine complexion as yours, how it would be set off 'by it! What an agreeable blush would 'it give you—High ho!' (mocking me! for I sighed to be thus fooled with) 'And do you sigh, love? Well then, 'as it will be a solemn wedding, what 'think you of *black* velvet, child?—Silent still, Clary!—Black velvet, so 'fair as you are, with those charming 'eyes gleaming through a wintry cloud, 'like an April sun!—Does not Lovelace tell you they are charming eyes! '—How lovely will you appear to every 'one!—What! silent still, love!—But 'about your laces, Clary!'—

She would have gone on still further, had not my aunt advanced towards us, wiping her eyes—'What! whispering, 'ladies! You seem so easy and so pleased, 'Miss Harlowe, with your private conference, that I hope I shall carry down 'good news.'

'I am only giving her my opinion of 'her patterns, *here*.—Unasked, indeed; 'but she seems, by her silence, to approve of my judgment.'

'O Bella!' said I, 'that Mr. Lovelace had not taken you at your word! '—You had before now been exercising 'your judgment on your own account: 'and *I* had been happy, as well as *you!* 'Was it my fault, I pray you, that it 'was not so?'

O how she raved!

'To be so ready to *give*, Bella, and so 'loth to *take*, is not very fair in you.'

The poor Bella descended to call names.

'Why,

'Why, ſiſter,' ſaid I, 'you are as 'angry, as if there were more in the 'hint, than poſſibly might be deſigned. 'My wiſh is ſincere, for both our ſakes! '—for the whole family's ſake!—And 'what (good now) is there in it?—Do 'not, do not, dear Bella, give me cauſe 'to ſuſpect, that I have found a reaſon 'for your behaviour to me; and which 'till now was wholly unaccountable 'from ſiſter to ſiſter.'

'Fie, fie, Clary!' ſaid my aunt.

My ſiſter was more and more outrageous.

'O how much fitter,' ſaid I, 'to be a '*jeſt*, than a *jeſter!*—But now, Bella, 'turn the glaſs to you, and ſee how 'poorly fits the robe upon your own 'ſhoulders, which you have been ſo un'mercifully fixing upon mine!'

'Fie, fie, Miſs Clary!' repeated my aunt.

'And fie, fie, likewiſe, good Madam, 'to Miſs Harlowe, you would ſay, 'were you to have heard her barbarous 'inſults!'

'Let us go, Madam,' ſaid my ſiſter, with great violence; 'let us leave the 'creature to ſwell till ſhe burſts with 'her own poiſon.—The laſt time I will 'ever come near her, in the mind I am 'in!'

'It is ſo eaſy a thing,' returned I, 'were I to be mean enough to follow 'an example that is ſo cenſureable in 'the letter of it, to vanquiſh ſuch a 'teazing ſpirit as yours with its own 'blunt weapons, that I am amazed you 'will provoke me!—Yet, Bella, ſince 'you *will* go,' (for ſhe had hurried to 'the door) 'forgive me. I forgive you. 'And you have a double reaſon to do ſo, 'both from elderſhip, and from the of'fence ſo ſtudiouſly given to one in af'fliction.—But may *you* be happy, though 'I never ſhall! May *you* never have half 'the trials *I* have had! Be *this* your 'comfort, that you cannot have a ſiſter 'to treat *you*, as you have treated *me!*—'And ſo God bleſs you!'

'O thou art a ——' And down ſhe flung without ſaying what.

'Permit me, Madam,' ſaid I to my aunt, ſinking down, and claſping her knees with my arms, 'to detain you one 'moment—Not to ſay any-thing about 'my poor ſiſter—She is her own puniſh'er—Only to thank you for all your 'condeſcending goodneſs to me. I only 'beg of you not to impute to obſtinacy 'the immoveableneſs I have ſhewn to 'ſo tender a friend; and to forgive me 'every-thing I have ſaid or done amiſs 'in your preſence; for it has not pro'ceeded from inward rancour to the 'poor Bella. But I will be bold to ſay, 'that neither ſhe, nor my brother, nor 'even my father himſelf, knows what 'a heart they have ſet a bleeding.'

I ſaw, to my comfort, what effect my ſiſter's abſence wrought for me.—'Riſe, 'my noble-minded niece!—charming 'creature!'—[Thoſe were her kind 'words] 'kneel not me!—Keep to 'yourſelf what now I ſay to you.—I 'admire you more than I can expreſs—'And if you can forbear claiming your 'eſtate, and can reſolve to avoid Love'lace, you will continue to be the great'eſt miracle I ever knew at your years—'But I muſt haſten down after your 'ſiſter.—Theſe are my laſt words to 'you: Conform to your father's will, if 'you poſſibly can. How meritorious 'will it be in you to do ſo! Pray to 'God to *enable* you to conform. You 'don't know what may be done.'

'Only, my dear aunt, one word, *one* 'word more,' (for ſhe was going.)—'Speak all you can for my dear Mrs. 'Norton. She is but low in the world: 'ſhould ill health overtake her, ſhe 'may not know how to live without my 'mamma's favour. I ſhall have no 'means to help her: for I will want 'neceſſaries before I will aſſert my right: 'and I do aſſure you, ſhe has ſaid ſo 'many things to me in behalf of my 'ſubmitting to my father's will, that 'her arguments have not a little contri'buted to make me reſolve to avoid the 'extremities, which, nevertheleſs, I 'pray to God they do not at laſt force 'me upon. And yet they deprive me 'of her advice, and think unjuſtly of 'one of the moſt excellent of women.'

'I am glad to hear you ſay this: and 'take *this* and *this*, and *this*, my charm'ing niece,' (for ſo ſhe called me almoſt at every word; kiſſing me earneſtly, and claſping her arms about my neck:) 'and God protect you, and direct you! 'But you *muſt* ſubmit: indeed you *muſt*. 'Some *one day* in a month from *this*, is 'all the choice that is left you.'

And this, I ſuppoſe, was the doom my ſiſter called for; yet not worſe than what had been pronounced upon me before.

She repeated theſe laſt ſentences louder than the former. 'And remember, 'Miſs,' added ſhe, 'it is your *duty* to 'comply.'—And down ſhe went, leaving me with my heart full, and my eyes running over.

The very repetition of this, fills me

with almoſt equal concern, to that which I felt at the time.

I muſt lay down my pen. Miſtineſſes which give to my deluged eye the appearance of all the colours in the rainbow, will not permit me to write on.

WEDNESDAY, FIVE O'CLOCK.

I WILL now add a few lines—My aunt, as ſhe went down from me, was met at the foot of the ſtairs by my ſiſter, who ſeemed to think ſhe had ſtaid a good while after her: and hearing her laſt words preſcribing to me implicit duty, praiſed her for it, and exclaimed againſt my obſtinacy. 'Did you ever hear of 'ſuch perverſeneſs, Madam?' ſaid ſhe. 'Could you have thought, that *your* 'Clariſſa, and *every-body's* Clariſſa, was 'ſuch a girl!—And who, as *you* ſaid, '*is* to ſubmit, her *father* or *ſhe*?'

My aunt ſaid ſomething in anſwer to her, compaſſionating me, as I thought, by her accent: but I heard not the words.

Such a ſtrange perſeverance in a meaſure ſo unreaſonable!—But my brother and ſiſter are continually miſrepreſenting all I ſay and do: and I am deprived of the opportunity of defending myſelf!—My ſiſter ſays, that had they thought me ſuch a championeſs, they would not have engaged with me: and now, not knowing how to reconcile my ſuppoſed obſtinacy with my general character, and natural temper, they ſeem to hope to tire me out, and reſolve to vary their meaſures accordingly. My brother, you ſee, is determined to carry this point, or to abandon Harlowe-Place, and never to ſee it more.—So they are to loſe a ſon, or to conquer a daughter—the perverſeſt and moſt ungrateful that ever parents had!—This is the light he places things in: and has undertaken, it ſeems, to ſubdue me, if *his* advice be followed. It will be *further* tried; of *that* I am convinced; and what will be their next meaſure, who can divine?

I ſhall diſpatch, with this, my anſwer to yours of Sunday laſt, begun on Monday; but which is not yet quite finiſhed. It is too long to copy: I have not time for it. In it I have been very free with you, my dear, in more places than one. I cannot ſay, that I am pleaſed with all I have written—Yet will not now alter it.—My mind is not at eaſe enough for the ſubject.—Don't be angry with me. Yet, if you can excuſe one or two paſſages, it will be, becauſe they were written by *your*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LETTER I.

MISS HOWE. TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, MARCH 22.

ANGRY!—What ſhould I be angry for?—I am mightily pleaſed with your freedom, as you call it. I only wonder at your patience with me; that's all. I am ſorry I gave you the trouble of ſo long a letter upon the occaſion*, notwithſtanding the pleaſure I received in reading it.

I believe you did *not* intend reſerves to me; for two reaſons I believe you did not: firſt, becauſe you *ſay* you did not; next, becauſe you have not *as yet* been able to convince *yourſelf* how it is to be with you; and perſecuted as you are, how ſo to ſeparate the effects that ſpring from the two cauſes, [*perſecution* and *love*] as to give to each its particular due. But this I believe I hinted to you once before; and ſo will ſay no more upon this ſubject at preſent.

Robin ſays, you had but juſt depoſited your laſt parcel when he took it: for he was there but half an hour before, and found nothing. He had ſeen my impatience, and loitered about, being willing to bring me ſomething from you, if poſſible.

My couſin Jenny Fynnett is here, and deſires to be my bedfellow to-night. So I ſhall not have an opportunity to ſit down with that ſerioufneſs and attention which the ſubjects of yours require. For ſhe is all prate, you know, and loves to ſet *me* a prating; yet comes upon a very grave occaſion—To procure my mother to go with her to her grandmother Larkin, who has been long bedridden; and at laſt has taken it into her head that ſhe is mortal, and therefore will make her will; a work ſhe was till now extremely averſe to; but it muſt be upon condition that my mother, who is her diſtant relation, will go to her, and adviſe her as to the particulars of it: for ſhe has an high opinion, as every-one elſe has, of my mother's judgment in all matters relating to wills, ſettlements, and ſuch-like notable affairs.

Mrs. Larkin lives about ſeventeen miles off; and as my mother cannot endure to lie out of her own houſe, ſhe propoſes to ſet off early in the morning, that ſhe might be able to get back again at night. So, to-morrow I ſhall be at your devotion from day-light to day-light; nor will I be at home to anybody.

As to the impertinent man, I have put him upon eſcorting the two ladies, in order to attend my mother home at night. Such expeditions as theſe, and to give us women a little air of vanity and aſſuredneſs at public places, is all that I know theſe dangling fellows are good for.

I have hinted before, that I could almoſt wiſh my mother and Mr. Hickman would make a match of it: and I here repeat my wiſhes. What ſignifies a difference of fifteen or twenty years; eſpecially when the lady has ſpirits that will make her young a long time, and the lover is a *mighty* ſober man?—I think verily, I could like him better for a papa, than for a nearer relation:

* See Vol. I. Letter xxxvii. for the occaſion: and Letters xxxviii. xl. of the ſame volume, for the freedom Clariſſa apologizes for.

and

and they are *strange* admirers of one another.

But allow me perhaps a still better (and, as to *years*, more suitable and happier) disposal; for the *man* at least —What think you, my dear, of compromising with your friends, by rejecting *both* your men, and encouraging my parader?—If your liking one of the two go no farther than *conditional*, I believe it will do. A rich thought, if it obtain your approbation! In this light, I should have a prodigious respect for Mr. Hickman; more by half than I can have for the other. The vein is opened—Shall I let it flow? How difficult to withstand constitutional foibles!

Hickman is certainly a man more in your taste than any of those who have hitherto been brought to address you. He is mighty sober, mighty grave, and all that. Then you have told me, that he is your favourite. But that is because he is my mother's perhaps. The man would certainly rejoice at the transfer; or he must be a greater fool than I take him to be.

O but your fierce lover would knock him o' the head—I forgot that;—What makes me incapable of seriousness when I write about this Hickman?—Yet the man so good a sort of man in the main? —But who is perfect? This is one of my foibles. And it is something for you to chide me for.

You believe me to be very happy in my prospects in relation to him: because you are so very unhappy in the foolish usage you meet with, you are apt (as I suspect) to think *that* tolerable which otherwise would be far from being so. I dare say, you would not, with all your grave airs, like him for yourself; except, being addressed by Solmes and him, you were obliged to have one of them.—I have given you a test. Let me see what you will say to it.

For my own part, I confess to you, that I have great exceptions to Hickman. *He* and *wedlock* never yet once entered into my head at one time. Shall I give you my free thoughts of him?—Of his *best* and his *worst*; and that as if I were writing to one who knows him not?—I think I will. Yet it is impossible I should do it gravely. The subject won't bear to be so treated in my opinion. We are not come so far as that yet, if ever we shall: and to do it in another strain, ill becomes my present real concern for you.

Here I was interrupted on the honest man's account. He has been here these two hours—courting the mother for the daughter, I suppose—Yet she wants no courting neither: it is well one of us does; else the man would have nothing but halcyon; and be remiss, and saucy of course.

He was going. His horses at the door. My mother sent for me down, pretending to want to say something to me.

Something she said when I came that signified nothing—Evidently, for no reason called me, but to give me an opportunity to see what a fine bow her man could make; and that she might wish me a good-night. She knows I am not over-ready to oblige him with my company, if I happen to be otherwise engaged. I could not help an air a little upon the fretful, when I found she had nothing of moment to say to me, and when I saw her intention.

She smiled off the visible fretfulness, that the man might go away in good humour with himself.

He bowed to the ground, and would have taken my hand, his whip in the other. I did not like to be so companioned: I withdrew my hand, but touched his elbow with a motion, as if from his low bow I had supposed him falling, and would have helped him up—'A sad slip, it might have been!' said I.

'A mad girl!' smiled it off my mother.

He was put quite out; took his horse-bridle, stumped back, back, back, bowing till he run against his servant. I laughed. He mounted his horse. I mounted up stairs, after a little lecture. —And my head is so filled with him, that I must resume my intention; in hopes to divert you for a few moments.

Take it then—His *best* and his *worst*, as I said before.

Hickman is a sort of fiddling, busy, yet, to borrow a word from you, *unbusy* man; has a great deal to do, and seems to me to dispatch nothing. Irresolute and changeable in every-thing, but in teazing me with his nonsense; which yet, it is evident, he must continue upon my mother's interest more than upon his own hopes; for none have I given him.

Then I have a quarrel against his face, though in his person, for a well-thriven man, tolerably genteel—Not to his features so much neither; for what, as you have often observed, are features in a man?—But Hickman, with strong lines, and big cheek and chin-bones, has not the manliness in his aspect, which

which Lovelace has with the moſt regular and agreeable features.

Then what a ſet and formal mortal he is in ſome things!—I have not been able yet to laugh him out of his long bib and beads. Indeed, that is, becauſe my mother thinks they become him; and I would not be ſo free with him, as to own I ſhould *chuſe* to have him leave it off. If he did, ſo particular is the man, he would certainly, if left to himſelf, fall into a King-William's-Cravat, or ſome ſuch antique chin-cuſhion, as by the pictures of that prince one ſees was then the faſhion.

As to his dreſs in general, he cannot indeed be called a ſloven, but ſometimes he is too gaudy, at other times too plain, to be uniformly elegant. And for his manners, he makes ſuch a buſtle with them, and about them, as would induce one to ſuſpect that they are more ſtrangers than familiar to him. You, I know, lay this to his fearfulneſs of diſobliging or offending. Indeed your *over-doers* generally give the offence they endeavour to avoid.

The man however is honeſt; is of family; has a clear and good eſtate; and may one day be a baronet, an't pleaſe you. He is humane and benevolent, tolerably generous, as people ſay; and as *I* might ſay too, if I would accept of his bribes; which he offers in hopes of having them all back again, and the *bribed* into the bargain. A method taken by all corrupters, from old Satan, to the loweſt of his ſervants. Yet, to ſpeak in the language of a perſon I am bound to honour, he is deemed a *prudent* man; that is to ſay, a *good manager*.

Then I cannot but confeſs, that now I like not any-body better, whatever I did once.

He is no fox-hunter: he keeps a pack indeed; but prefers not his hounds to his fellow-creatures. No bad ſign for a wife, I own. He loves his horſe; but diſlikes racing in a gaming way, as well as all ſorts of gaming. Then he is ſober; modeſt; they *ſay*, virtuous; in ſhort, has qualities that mothers would be fond of in a huſband for their daughters; and for which perhaps their daughters would be the happier could they judge as well for themſelves, as experience poſſibly may teach *them* to judge for their *future* daughters.

Nevertheleſs, to own the truth, I cannot ſay I love the man; nor, I believe, ever ſhall.

Strange! that theſe ſober fellows cannot have a decent ſprightlineſs, a modeſt aſſurance with them! Something debonnaire; which need not be ſeparated from that awe and reverence, when they addreſs a woman, which ſhould ſhew the ardor of their paſſion, rather than the ſneepiſhneſs of their nature; for who knows not that love delights in taming the lion-hearted? That thoſe of the ſex, who are moſt conſcious of their own defect in point of courage, naturally *require*, and therefore *as* naturally *prefer*, the man who has moſt of it, as the moſt able to give them the requiſite protection? That the greater their own cowardice, as it would be called in a man, the greater is their delight in ſubjects of heroiſm? As may be obſerved in their reading; which turns upon difficulties encountered, battles fought, and enemies overcome, four or five hundred by the proweſs of a ſingle hero, the *more* improbable the *better*: in ſhort, that *their* man ſhould be a hero to every-one living but themſelves; and to them know no bound to his humility. A woman has ſome glory in ſubduing a heart no man living can appall; and hence too often the bravo, aſſuming the hero, and making himſelf paſs for one, ſucceeds as only a hero ſhould.

But as for honeſt Hickman, the good man is ſo *generally* meek, as I imagine, that I know not whether I have any *preference* paid me in his obſequiouſneſs. And then, when I rate him, he ſeems to be ſo naturally fitted for rebuke, and ſo much expects it, that I know not how to diſappoint him, whether he juſt then deſerves it, or not. I am ſure, he has puzzled me many a time when I have ſeen him look penitent for faults he has not committed, whether to pity or laugh at him.

You and I have often *retroſpected* the faces and minds of grown people; that is to ſay, have formed images from their preſent appearances, outſide and in, (as far as the manners of the perſons would juſtify us in the latter) what ſort of figures they made when boys and girls. And I'll tell you the lights in which HICKMAN, SOLMES, and LOVELACE, our three heroes, have appeared to me, ſuppoſing them boys at ſchool.

Solmes I have imagined to be a little ſordid pilfering rogue, who would purloin from every-body, and beg every boy's bread and butter from him; while, as I have heard a reptile brag, he would in a winter-morning ſpit upon his thumbs, and ſpread his own with it, that he might keep it all to himſelf.

Hickman, a great overgrown, lank-haired,

haired, chubby boy, who would be bunched and punched by every-body; and go home with his finger in his eye, and tell his mother.

While Lovelace I have ſuppoſed a curl-pated villain, full of fire, fancy, and miſchief; an orchard-robber, a wall-climber, a horſe-rider without ſaddle or bridle, neck or nothing: a ſturdy rogue, in ſhort, who would kick and cuff, and do no right, and take no wrong of any-body; would get his head broke, then a plaiſter for it, or let it heal of itſelf; while he went on to do more miſchief, and if not to get, to deſerve broken bones. And the ſame diſpoſitions have grown up with them, and diſtinguiſh them as *men*, with no very material alteration.

Only, that all men are monkeys more or leſs, or elſe that you and I ſhould have ſuch baboons as theſe to chuſe out of, is a mortifying thing my dear.

I am ſenſible, that I am a little out of ſeaſon in treating thus ludicrouſly the ſubject I am upon, while you are ſo unhappy; and if my manner does not divert you, as my flightineſs uſed to do, I am inexcuſable both to you, and to my own heart: which, I do aſſure you, notwithſtanding my ſeeming levity, is wholly in your caſe.

As this letter is entirely whimſical, I will not ſend it until I can accompany it with ſomething more ſolid and better ſuited to your unhappy circumſtances; that is to ſay, to the preſent ſubject of our correſpondence. To-morrow, as I told you, will be wholly my own, and of conſequence yours. Adieu, therefore, till then.

LETTER II.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY MORN. 7 O'CLOCK.

MY mother and couſin are already gone off in our chariot and four, attended by their doughty ſquire on horſeback, and by two of his own ſervants, and one of my mother's. They both love parade when they go abroad, at leaſt in compliment to one another; which ſhews, that each *thinks* the other does. Robin is your ſervant and mine, and nobody's elſe—And the day is all my own.

I muſt begin with blaming you, my dear, for your reſolution not to litigate for your right, if occaſion were to be given you. Juſtice is due to ourſelves, as well as to every-body elſe. Still more muſt I blame you for declaring to your aunt and ſiſter, that you will *not:* ſince (as they will tell it to your father and brother) the declaration muſt needs give advantage to ſpirits who have ſo little of that generoſity for which you are ſo much diſtinguiſhed.

There never was a ſpirit in the world that would inſult where it *dared*, but it would creep and cringe where it dared *not*. Let me remind you of a ſentence of your own, the occaſion for which I have forgotten: That little ſpirits will always accommodate themſelves to the temper of thoſe they would work upon—Will fawn upon a ſturdy-tempered perſon—Will inſult the meek—And another given to Miſs Biddulph, upon an occaſion you cannot forget—If we aſſume a dignity in what we ſay and do, and take care not to diſgrace by arrogance our own aſſumption, every-body will treat us with reſpect and deference.

I remember that you once made an obſervation, which you ſaid, you was obliged to Mrs. Norton for, and ſhe to her father, upon an excellent preacher, who was but an indifferent liver: That to excel in theory, and to excel in practice, generally required different talents; which did not always meet, in the ſame perſon. Do you, my dear, (to whom theory and practice are the ſame thing in almoſt every laudable quality) apply the obſervation to yourſelf, in this particular caſe, where reſolution is required; and where the performance of the will of the defunct is the queſtion—No more to be diſpenſed with by *you* in whoſe favour it was made, than by any-body elſe who have only themſelves in view by breaking through it.

I know how much you deſpiſe riches in the main: but it behoves you to remember, that in one inſtance you yourſelf have judged them valuable—In that they put it into our power to *lay* obligations; while the want of that power puts a perſon under the neceſſity of receiving favours—Receiving them perhaps from grudging and narrow ſpirits, who know not how to confer them with that grace, which gives the principal merit to a beneficent action.—Reflect upon this, my dear, and ſee how it agrees with the declaration you have made to your aunt and ſiſter, that you would not reſume your eſtate, were you to be turned out of doors, and reduced to indigence and want. Their very fears that you *will* reſume, point out to you the *neceſſity* of reſuming upon the treatment you meet with.

I own, that (at firſt reading) I was much

much affected with your mother's letter ſent with the patterns. A ſtrange meaſure however from a mother; for *ſhe* did not intend to inſult you; and I cannot but lament that ſo ſenſible and ſo fine a woman ſhould ſtoop to ſo much art as that letter is written with: and which alſo appears in ſome of the converſations you have given me an account of. See you not in her paſſiveneſs, what boiſterous ſpirits can obtain from gentler, merely by teazing and ill-nature?

I know the pride they have always taken in calling you a Harlowe—*Clariſſa Harlowe*, ſo *formal* and ſo *ſet*, at every word, when they are grave or proudly ſolemn.—Your mother has learnt it of them—And as in *marriage*, ſo in *will*, has been taught to bury her own ſuperior name and family in theirs: I have often thought that the ſame ſpirit governed them, in this piece of affectation, and others of the like nature, (as *Harlowe* Place, and ſo-forth, though not the elder brother's or paternal ſeat) as governed the tyrant Tudor, (Henry VII.) who marrying Elizabeth, the heireſs of the houſe of York, made himſelf a title to a throne, which he would not otherwiſe have had; (being but a baſe deſcendant of the Lancaſter line) and proved a gloomy and vile huſband to her; for no other cauſe, than becauſe ſhe had laid him under obligations which his pride would not permit him to own.—Nor would the unprincely wretch marry her till he was in poſſeſſion of the crown, that he might not be ſuppoſed to owe it to her claim.

You have chidden me, and again will, I doubt not, for the liberties I take with ſome of your relations. But, my dear, need I tell *you*, that pride in *ourſelves* muſt, and for ever will, provoke contempt, and bring down upon us abaſement from *others*?—Have we not, in the caſe of a celebrated bard, obſerved, that thoſe who aim at *more* than their due, will be refuſed the honours they may juſtly claim?—I am very loth to offend you; yet I cannot help ſpeaking of your relations, as well as of others, as I think they deſerve. *Praiſe* or *diſpraiſe*, is the reward or punithment which the world confers or inflicts on *merit* or *demerit*; and for my part, I neither can nor will confound them in the application. I deſpiſe them all, but your mother: indeed I do. And as for her—But I will ſpare the good lady for your ſake—And one argument, indeed, I think may be pleaded in her favour, in the preſent contention—She who has for ſo many years, and with ſuch abſolute reſignanation, borne what ſhe has borne, to the ſacrifice of her own will, may think it an eaſier taſk than another perſon can imagine it, for her daughter to give up *her's*. But to think to whoſe inſtigation all this is originally owing—God forgive me; but with ſuch uſage I ſhould have been with Lovelace before now! Yet remember, my dear, that the ſtep which would not be wondered at from ſuch an haſty-tempered creature as me, would be inexcuſable in ſuch a conſiderate perſon as you.

After your mother has been thus drawn in againſt her judgment, I am the leſs ſurprized, that your aunt Hervey ſhould go along with her; ſince the two ſiſters never ſeparate. I have enquired into the nature of the obligation which Mr. Hervey's indifferent conduct in his affairs has laid him under—It is only, it ſeems, that your brother has paid off for him a mortgage upon one part of his eſtate, which the mortgagee was about to foreclooſe; and taken it upon himſelf. A ſmall favour (as he has ample ſecurity in his hands) from kindred to kindred: but ſuch a one, it is plain, as has laid the whole family of the Herveys under obligation to the ungenerous lender, who has treated him, and his aunt too, (as Miſs Dolly Hervey has privately complained) with the leſs ceremony ever ſince.

Muſt I, my dear, call ſuch a creature your *brother*?—I believe I muſt—Becauſe he is your *father's ſon*. There is no harm, I hope, in ſaying that.

I am concerned, that you ever wrote at all to him. It was taking too much notice of him: it was adding to his ſelf-ſignificance; and a call upon him to treat you with inſolence.—A call which you might have been aſſured he would not fail to anſwer.

But ſuch a pretty maſter as this, to run riot againſt ſuch a man as Lovelace; who had taught him to put his ſword into his ſcabbard, when he had pulled it out by accident!—Theſe in-door inſolents, who, turning themſelves into bugbears, frighten women, children, and ſervants, are generally cravens among men. Were he to come fairly croſs me, and ſay to my face ſome of the free things which I am told he has ſaid of me behind my back, or that (as by your account) he has ſaid of our ſex, I would take upon myſelf to aſk him two or three queſtions; although he were to ſend *me* a challenge likewiſe.

I repeat, You know that I will ſpeak

my mind, and *write* it too. He is not *my* brother. Can you ſay, he is *yours?*—So, for your life, if you are juſt, you can't be angry with me: for would you ſide with a *falſe brother* againſt a *true friend?* A brother may *not* be a friend: but a friend will be *always* a brother—*Mind that*, as your uncle *Tony* ſays!

I cannot deſcend ſo low, as to take very particular notice of the epiſtles of theſe poor ſouls you call *uncles*. Yet I love to divert myſelf with ſuch groteſque characters too. But I know *them*, and love *you*; and ſo cannot make the jeſt of them which their abſurdities call for.

You chide me, my dear, for my freedoms with relations ſtill nearer and dearer to you, than either uncles or brother or ſiſter. You had better have permitted me (uncorrected) to have taken my own way. Do not thoſe freedoms naturally ariſe from the ſubject before us? And from *whom* ariſes that ſubject, I pray you? Can you for one quarter of an hour put yourſelf in my place, or in the place of thoſe who are ſtill more indifferent to the caſe than I can be—If you *can*—But although I have you not often at advantage, I will not puſh you.

Permit me, however, to ſubjoin, That well may your father love your mother, as you ſay he does. A wife who has no will but his! But were there not, think you, ſome ſtruggle between them at firſt, gout out of the queſtion?—Your mother, when a maiden, had, as I have heard, (and it is very likely) a good ſhare of thoſe lively ſpirits which ſhe liked in your father. She has none of them now. How came they to be diſſipated?—Ah! my dear!—She has been too long reſident in Trophonius's Cave, I doubt.

Let me add one reflection upon this ſubject, and ſo entitle myſelf to your correction for all at once.—It is upon the conduct of thoſe wives (for you and I know more than *one* ſuch) who can ſuffer themſelves to be out-bluſtered and out-gloomed of their own wills, inſtead of being fooled out of them by acts of tenderneſs and complaiſance.—I wiſh, that it does not demonſtrate too evidently, that with ſome of the ſex, inſolent controul is a more efficacious ſubduer than kindneſs or conceſſion. Upon my life, my dear, I have often thought, that many of us are mere babies in matrimony: perverſe fools, when too much indulged and humoured; creeping ſlaves, when treated harſhly. But ſhall it be ſaid, that *fear* makes us more gentle obligers than *love?*—Forbid it, honour! forbid it, gratitude! forbid it, juſtice! that any woman of ſenſe ſhould give occaſion to have this ſaid of her!

Did I think you would have any manner of doubt, from the ſtyle or contents of this letter, whoſe ſaucy pen it is that has run on at his rate, I would write my name at length; ſince it comes too much from my heart to diſavow it: but at preſent the initials ſhall ſerve; and I will go on again directly.

A. H.

LETTER III.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY MORN. 10 O'CLOCK, (MAR. 23.)

I Will poſtpone, or perhaps paſs by, ſeveral obſervations which I had to make on other parts of your letters; to acquaint you, that Mr. Hickman, when in London, found an opportunity to enquire after Mr. Lovelace's town life and converſation.

At the Cocoa Tree in Pall Mall he fell in with two of his intimates, the one named Belton, the other Mowbray; both very free of ſpeech, and probably as free in their lives: but the waiters paid them great reſpect; and on Mr. Hickman's enquiry after their characters, called them men of fortune and honour.

They began to talk of Mr. Lovelace of their own accord; and upon ſome gentlemen in the room aſking, When they expected him in town, anſwered, That very day. Mr. Hickman (as they both went on praiſing Lovelace) ſaid, He had indeed heard, that Mr. Lovelace was a very fine gentleman—and was proceeding, when one of them, interrupting him, ſaid, 'Only, Sir, the fineſt 'gentleman in the world; that's all.'

And ſo he led them on to expatiate more particularly on his qualities; which they were very fond of doing: but ſaid not one ſingle word in behalf of his morals—*Mind that* alſo, in your uncle's ſtyle.

Mr. Hickman ſaid, That Mr. Lovelace was very happy, as he underſtood, in the eſteem of the ladies; and ſmiling, to make them believe he did not think amiſs of it, that he puſhed his good fortune as far as it would go.

'Well put, Mr. Hickman!' thought I; equally grave and ſage—'Thou 'ſeemeſt not to be a ſtranger to their 'dialect, as I ſuppoſe this is.' But I ſaid nothing; for I have often tried to find out this *mighty* ſober man of my mother's: but hitherto have only to

ſay,

ſay, that he is either very moral, or very cunning.

'No doubt of it,' replied one of them; and out came an oath, with a 'Who 'would not?'—That he did as every young fellow would do.

'Very true!' ſaid my mother's puritan—'But I hear he is in treaty with 'a fine lady.'

So he was, Mr. Belton ſaid—'The 'devil fetch her!' [Vile brute!] for ſhe engroſſed all his time—But that the lady's family ought to be—ſomething—[Mr. Hickman deſired to be excuſed repeating what—though he had repeated what was worſe] and might dearly repent their uſage of a man of his family and merit.

'Perhaps they may think him too 'wild,' cried Hickman: 'and theirs is, 'I hear, a very ſober family.'

'SOBER!' ſaid one of them: 'a good 'honeſt word, Dick!—Where the de'vil has it lain all this time?—D—me 'if I have heard of it in this ſenſe, ever 'ſince I was at college! And then!' ſaid he, 'we bandied it about among 'twenty of us, as an obſolete.'

Theſe, my dear, are Mr. Lovelace's companions: you'll be pleaſed to take *notice of that!*

Mr. Hickman ſaid, This put him out of countenance.

I ſtared at him, and with ſuch a meaning in my eyes, as he knew how to take; and ſo was out of countenance again.

Don't you remember, my dear, who it was that told a young gentleman deſigned for the gown, who owned that he was apt to be too eaſily put out of countenance when he came into free company; That it was a bad ſign; that it looked as if his morals were not proof; but that his good diſpoſition ſeemed rather the effect of accident and education, than of ſuch a choice as was founded upon principle? And don't you know the leſſon the very ſame young lady gave him, To endeavour to ſtem and diſcountenance vice, and to glory in being an advocate in all companies for virtue; particularly obſerving, That it was natural for a man to ſhun or to give up what he was aſhamed of? Which ſhe ſhould be ſorry to think *his* caſe on this occaſion: adding, that vice was a coward, and would hide it's head, when oppoſed by ſuch a virtue as had preſence of mind, and a full perſuaſion of it's own rectitude to ſupport it. The lady, you may remember, modeſtly put her doctrine into the mouth of a worthy preacher, Dr. Lewen, as ſhe uſes to do, when ſhe has a mind not to be thought to be what ſhe is at ſo early an age; and that it may give more weight to any-thing *ſhe hit upon, that might appear tolerable*, was her modeſt manner of ſpeech.

Mr. Hickman, upon the whole, profeſſed to me, upon his *ſecond recovery*, that he had no reaſon to think well of Mr. Lovelace's morals, from what he heard of him in town: yet his two intimates talked of his being *more regular* than he *uſed to be:* that he had made a very good reſolution, *that* of old Tom Wharton was the expreſſion, That he would never *give* a challenge, nor *refuſe* one; which they praiſed in him highly: that, in ſhort, he was a very brave fellow, and the moſt agreeable companion in the world; and would one day make a great figure in his country; ſince there was nothing he was not capable of.

I am afraid that his laſt aſſertion is too true. And this, my dear, is all that Mr. Hickman could pick up about him: and is it not enough to determine ſuch a mind as yours, if not *already* determined?

Yet it muſt be ſaid too, that if there be a woman in the world that can reclaim him, it is you. And, by your account of his behaviour in the interview between you, I own I have ſome hope of him. At leaſt, this I will ſay, that all the arguments he then uſed with you, ſeem to be juſt and right: and if you *are* to be his—But no more of that: he cannot, after all, deſerve you.

LETTER IV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY AFTER NOON, MARCH 23.

AN unexpected viſitor has turned the courſe of my thoughts, and changed the ſubject I had intended to purſue. The only one for whom I would have diſpenſed with my reſolution not to ſee any-body all the dedicated day: a viſitor, whom, according to Mr. Hickman's report from the expectations of his libertine friends, I ſuppoſed to be in town.—Now, my dear, have I ſaved myſelf the trouble of telling you, that it was your too-agreeable rake. Our ſex is ſaid to love to trade in ſurprizes: yet have I, by my promptitude, ſurprized myſelf out of mine. I had intended, you muſt know, to run twice the length, before I had ſuffered you ſo much as to gueſs who, and whether man or woman, my viſitor was: but

ſince you have the diſcovery at ſo cheap a rate, you are welcome to it.

The end of his coming was, to engage my intereſt with my *charming friend*; and as he was ſure that I knew all your mind, to acquaint him what he had to truſt to.

He mentioned what had paſſed in the interview between you: but could not be ſatisfied with the reſult of it, and with the little ſatisfaction he had obtained from you; the malice of your family to him increaſing, and their cruelty to you not abating. His heart, he told me, was in tumults, for fear you ſhould be prevailed upon in favour of a man deſpiſed by every-body.

He gave me freſh inſtances of indignities caſt upon himſelf by your uncles and brother; and declared, that if you ſuffered yourſelf to be forced into the arms of the man for whoſe ſake he was loaded with undeſerved abuſes, you ſhould be one of the youngeſt, as you would be one of the loveliеſt widows in England: and that he would moreover call your brother to an account for the liberties he takes with his character to every-one he meets with.

He propoſed ſeveral ſchemes, for you to chuſe ſome one of them, in order to enable you to avoid the perſecutions you labour under: one I will mention, That you will reſume your eſtate; and if you find difficulties that can be no otherwiſe ſurmounted, that you will, either avowedly or privately, as he had propoſed to you, accept of Lady Betty Lawrance's or Lord M.'s aſſiſtance to inſtate you in it. He declared, that if you did, he would leave abſolutely to your own pleaſure afterwards, and to the advice which your couſin Morden on his arrival ſhould give you, whether to encourage his addreſs, or not, as you ſhould be convinced of the ſincerity of the reformation which his enemies make him ſo much want.

I had now a good opportunity to ſound him, as you wiſhed Mr. Hickman would Lord M. as to the continued or diminiſhed favour of the ladies, and of his lordſhip, towards you, upon their being acquainted with the animoſity of your relations to them, as well as to their kinſman. I laid hold of the opportunity, and he ſatisfied me, by reading ſome paſſages of a letter he had about him, from Lord M. That an alliance with you, and that on the foot of your own ſingle merit, would be the moſt deſirable event to them that could happen: and ſo far to the purpoſe of your wiſhed enquiry does his lordſhip go in this letter, that he aſſures him, that whatever you ſuffer in fortune from the violence of your relations on *his* account, he and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty will join to make it up to him. And yet that the reputation of a family ſo ſplendid, would, no doubt, in a caſe of ſuch importance to the honour of both, make them prefer a general conſent.

I told him, as you yourſelf I knew had done, that you were extremely averſe to Mr. Solmes; and that, might you be left to your own choice, it would be the ſingle life. As to himſelf, I plainly ſaid, That you had great and juſt objections to him on the ſcore of his careleſs morals: that it was ſurprizing, that men who gave themſelves the liberties he was ſaid to take, ſhould preſume to think, that, whenever they took it into their heads to marry, the moſt virtuous and worthy of the ſex were to fall to their lot: that as to the reſumption, it had been very ſtrongly urged by myſelf, and would be ſtill further urged; though you had been hitherto averſe to that meaſure: that your chief reliance and hopes were upon your couſin Morden: and that to ſuſpend or gain time till he arrived, was, as I believed, your principal aim.

I told him, That with regard to the miſchief he threatened, neither the act nor the menace could ſerve any end but theirs who perſecuted you; as it would give them a pretence for carrying into effect their compulſory projects; and that with the approbation of all the world; ſince he muſt not think the publick would not give it's voice in favour of a violent young man, of no extraordinary character as to morals, who ſhould ſeek to rob a family of eminence of a child ſo valuable; and who threatened, if he could not obtain her in preference to a man choſen by themſelves, that he would avenge himſelf upon them all by acts of violence.

I added, That he was very much miſtaken, if he thought to intimidate *you* by ſuch menaces: for that, though your diſpoſition was all ſweetneſs, yet I knew not a ſteadier temper in the world than yours: nor one more inflexible, (as your friends had found, and would ſtill farther find, if they continued to give occaſion for its exertion) whenever you thought yourſelf in the right; and that you were ungenerouſly dealt with in matters of too much moment to be indifferent about. 'Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, 'Mr. Lovelace, let me tell you,' ſaid I, 'timid

I, 'timid as her foreſight and prudence 'may make her in ſome caſes, where 'ſhe apprehends dangers to thoſe ſhe 'loves, is above fear, in points where 'her honour, and the true dignity of 'her ſex, are concerned.—In ſhort, Sir, 'you muſt not think to frighten Miſs 'Clariſſa Harlowe into ſuch a mean or 'unworthy conduct as only a weak or 'unſteady mind can be guilty of.'

He was ſo very far from intending to intimidate you, he ſaid, that he beſought me not to mention one word to you of what had paſſed between us: that what he had hinted at, which carried the air of a menace, was owing to the fervor of his ſpirits, raiſed by his apprehenſions of loſing all hope of you for ever; and on a ſuppoſition, that you were to be actually forced into the arms of a man you hated: that were this to be the caſe, he muſt own, that he ſhould pay very little regard to the world or its cenſures; eſpecially as the menaces of ſome of your family now, and their triumph over him afterwards, would both provoke and warrant all the vengeance he could take.

He added, that all the countries in the world were alike to him, but on your account: ſo that whatever he ſhould think fit to do, were you loſt to *him*, he ſhould have nothing to apprehend from the laws of this.

I did not like the determined air he ſpoke this with: he is certainly capable of great raſhneſs.

He palliated a little this fierceneſs, (which by the way I warmly cenſured) by ſaying, That while you remain ſingle, he will bear all the indignities that ſhall be caſt upon him by your family. But would you throw yourſelf, if you were ſtill farther driven, into any *other* protection, if not Lord M.'s, or that of the ladies of his family, into my mother's*, ſuppoſe; or would you go to London to private lodgings, where he would never viſit you, unleſs he had your leave, (and from whence you might make your own terms with your relations;) he would be entirely ſatisfied; and would as he had ſaid before, wait the effect of your couſin's arrival, and your free determination as to his own fate.—Adding, That he knew the family ſo well, and how much fixed they were upon their meaſures, as well as the abſolute dependence they had upon your temper and principles, that he could not but apprehend the worſt, while you remained in their power, and under the influence of their perſuaſion and menaces.

We had a great deal of other diſcourſe: but as the reciting of the reſt would be but a repetition of many of the things that paſſed between you and him in the interview between you in the Wood Houſe, I refer myſelf to your memory on that occaſion †.

And now, my dear, upon the whole, I think it behoves you to make yourſelf independent: all then will fall right. This man is a violent man. I ſhould wiſh, methinks, that you ſhould not have either him or Solmes. You will find, if you get out of your brother's and ſiſter's way, what you *can* or *cannot* do, with regard to either. If your relations perſiſt in their fooliſh ſcheme, I think I will take his hint, and at a proper opportunity, found my mother. Mean time, let me have your clear opinion of the reſumption, which I join with Lovelace in adviſing. You can but ſee how your demand will work. To *demand*, is not to *litigate*. But be your reſolution what it will, do not by any means repeat to them, that you will not aſſert your right. If they go on to give you provocation, you may have ſufficient reaſon to change your mind: and let them expect that you *will* change it. They have not the generoſity to treat you the better for diſclaiming the power they know you have. *That*, I think, need not now be told you. I am, my deareſt friend, and will be ever, *your moſt affectionate and faithful*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER V.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDN. NIGHT, MARCH 22.

ON the report made by my aunt and ſiſter of my *obſtinacy*, my aſſembled relations have taken an *unanimous* reſolution (as Betty tells me it is) againſt me. This reſolution you will find ſignified to me in the incloſed letter from my brother, juſt now brought me. Be pleaſed

* Perhaps it will be unneceſſary to remind the reader, that although Mr. Lovelace propoſes (as above) to Miſs Howe, that her fair friend ſhould have recourſe to the protection of Mrs. Howe, if farther driven; yet he had artfully taken care, by means of his agent in the Harlowe family, not only to inflame the family againſt her, but to deprive her of Mrs. Howe's, and of every other protection, being from the firſt reſolved to reduce her to an abſolute dependence upon himſelf. See Vol. I. Letter XXXI.

† See Vol. I. Letter XXXVI.

to return it, when perused. I may have occasion for it, in the altercations between my relations and me.

'MISS CLARY,

'I AM commanded to let you know, 'that my father and uncles having heard 'your aunt Hervey's account of all that 'has passed between her and you: having heard from your sister what sort of 'treatment she has had from you: having recollected all that has passed between your mother and you: having weighed all your pleas and proposals: having taken into consideration their 'engagements with Mr. Solmes; that 'gentleman's patience, and great affection for you; and the little opportunity you have given yourself to be acquainted either with his merit or his 'proposals: having considered two 'points more; to wit, the wounded authority of a father; and Mr. Solmes's 'continual entreaties, (little as you have 'deserved regard from him) that you 'may be freed from a confinement to 'which he is desirous to attribute your 'perverseness to him, [*averseness* I should have said, but let it go] he being unable to account otherwise for so strong a 'one, supposing you told truth to your 'mother, when you asserted that your 'heart *was free*; and which Mr. Solmes 'is willing to believe, though nobody 'else does—For all these reasons, it is 'resolved, that you shall go to your uncle Antony's: and you must accordingly prepare yourself so to do. You 'will have but short notice of the day, 'for obvious reasons.

'I will honestly tell you the motive 'for your going: it is a double one; 'first, That they may be sure, that you 'shall not correspond with any-body 'they do not like, (for they find from 'Mrs. Howe, that, by some means or 'other, you *do* correspond with her 'daughter; and, through her, perhaps 'with somebody else:) and next, That 'you may receive the visits of Mr. 'Solmes; which you have thought fit to 'refuse to do here; by which means you 'have deprived yourself of the opportunity of knowing *whom* and *what* you 'have hitherto refused.

'If after one fortnight's conversation 'with Mr. Solmes, and after you have 'heard what your friends shall further 'urge in his behalf, unhardened by 'clandestine correspondences, you shall 'convince them, that Virgil's *Amor omnibus idem* (for the application of which 'I refer you to the Georgic as translated 'by Dryden) is verified in you, as well 'as in the rest of the animal creation; 'and that you cannot, or will not, forego 'your prepossession in favour of the *moral*, the *virtuous*, the *pious* Lovelace, [I 'would please you if I could!] it will 'then be considered, whether to humour 'you, or to renounce you for ever.

'It is hoped, that as you *must* go, you 'will go cheerfully. Your uncle Antony will make every-thing at his house 'agreeable to you. But indeed he won't 'promise, that he will not, at *proper* 'times, draw up the bridge.

'Your visitors, besides Mr. Solmes, 'will be myself, if you permit me that 'honour, Miss Clary; your sister; and, 'as you behave to Mr. Solmes, your 'aunt Hervey, and your uncle Harlowe; 'and yet the two latter will hardly come 'neither, if they think it will be to hear 'your *whining vocatives*.—Betty Barnes 'will be your attendant: and I must 'needs tell you, Miss, that we none of 'us think the worse of the faithful maid, 'for your dislike of her; although Betty, who would be glad to oblige you, 'laments it as a misfortune.

'Your answer is required, whether 'you *cheerfully* consent to go? And your 'indulgent mother bids me remind you 'from her, That a fortnight's visits 'from Mr. Solmes, are all that is meant 'at present.

'I am, as your shall be pleased to deserve, *yours*, &c.

'JAMES HARLOWE, JUN.'

So here is the master-stroke of my brother's policy! Called upon to consent to go to my uncle Antony's, *avowedly* to receive Mr. Solmes's visits!—A chapel! A moated-house!—Deprived of the opportunity of corresponding with you!—or of any possibility of escape, should violence be used to compel me to be that odious man's*!

Late as it was when I received this insolent letter, I wrote an answer to it directly, that it might be ready for the writer's time of rising. I inclose the rough draught of it. You will see by it how much his vile hint from the Georgick, and his rude one of my *whining vocatives*, have set me up. Besides, as the command to get ready to go to my uncle's is in the name of my father and uncles,

* These violent measures, and the obstinate perseverance of the whole family in them, will be the less wondered at, when it is considered, that all the time, they were but as so many puppets danced upon Mr. Lovelace's wires, as he boasts, Vol. I. Letter XXXI.

cles, it is but to shew a piece of the art they accuse me of, to resent the vile hint I have so much reason to resent in order to palliate my refusal of preparing to go to my uncle's; which refusal would otherwise be interpreted an act of rebellion by my brother and sister: for it seems plain to me, *that they will work but half their ends, if they do not deprive me of my father's and uncles favour, even although it were possible for me to comply with their own terms.*

'YOU might have told me, brother, 'in three lines, what the determination 'of my friends was; only, that then 'you would not have had room to dis-'play your pedantry by so detestable an 'allusion or reference to the Georgick. 'Give me leave to tell you, Sir, that if '*humanity* were a branch of your studies 'at the university, it has not found a 'genius in you for mastering it. Nor is 'either my sex or myself, though a sister, 'I see, entitled to the least decency from 'a brother, who has studied, as it seems, 'rather to cultivate the malevolence of 'his natural temper, than any tendency 'which one would have hoped his pa-'rentage, if not his education, might 'have given him to a tolerable polite-'ness.

'I doubt not, that you will take amiss 'my freedom: but as you have deserved 'it from me, I shall be less and less con-'cerned on that score, as I see you are 'more and more intent to shew your wit 'at the expence of justice and compas-'sion.

'The time is indeed come that I can 'no longer bear those contempts and 'reflections which a brother least of all 'men is entitled to give. And let me 'beg of you one favour, officious Sir— 'It is *this*, That you will not give your-'self any concern about a husband for '*me*, till I shall have the forwardness to 'propose a wife to *you*. Pardon me, 'Sir; but I cannot help thinking, that 'could I have the art to *get my father* of 'my side, I should have as much right 'to prescribe for you, as you have for me.

'As to the communication you make 'me, I must take upon me to say, that 'although I will receive, as becomes 'me, any of my father's commands; 'yet, as this signification is made by a 'brother, who has shewn of late so much 'of an unbrotherly animosity to me, '(for no reason in the world that I know 'of, but that he believes he has, in me, '*one* sister too many for his interest) I 'think myself entitled to conclude, that 'such a letter as you have sent me, is 'all your own—And of course to declare, 'as I do, that I will not receive any more 'of your letters, unless commanded to 'do so by an authority I never will dis-'pute; except in a case where I think 'my *future* as well as *present* happiness 'concerned—And were such a case to 'happen, I am sure my father's harsh-'ness will be less owing to himself than 'to you; and to the specious absurdities 'of your ambitious and selfish schemes. '—Very true, *Sir*!

'One word more, provoked as I am, 'I will add: that had I been thought 'as really obstinate and perverse as of 'late I am said to be, I should not have 'been so disgracefully treated as I have 'been—Lay your hand upon your heart, 'brother, and say, By whose instiga-'tions—And examine what I have done 'to deserve to be made thus unhappy, 'and to be obliged to stile myself *your* '*injured sister*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

When, my dear, you have read my answer to my brother's letter, tell me what you think of me?—It *shall go!*

LETTER VI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 23.

MY letter has set them *all* in tumults: for, it seems, none of them went home last night; and they all were de-sired to be present to give their advice, if I should refuse compliance with a com-mand thought so reasonable as it seems this is.

Betty tells me, That at first my father, in a rage, was for coming up to me him-self, and for turning me out of his doors directly. Nor was he restrained, till it was hinted to him, that that was no doubt my wish, and would answer all my perverse views. But the result was, That my brother (having really, as my mother and aunt insisted, taken wrong measures with me) should write again in a more *moderate* manner: for nobody else was permitted or cared to write to such a *ready scribbler*. And, I having declared, that I would not receive any more of his letters, without command from a superior authority, my mother was to give it *hers*: and accordingly has done so in the following lines, written on the superscription of his letter to me; which letter also follows; together with my reply.

'CLARY

'CLARY HARLOWE,

'RECEIVE and read this, with the 'temper that becomes your ſex, your 'character, your education, and your 'duty: and return an anſwer to it, di-'rected to your brother.

'CHARLOTTE HARLOWE.'

'TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'THURSDAY MORNING.

'ONCE more I write, although im-'periouſly prohibited by a younger ſiſter. 'Your mother will have me do ſo, that 'you may be deſtitute of all defence, if 'you perſiſt in your *pervicacy*. Shall I be 'a pedant, Miſs, for this word? She is 'willing to indulge in you the *leaſt* ap-'pearance of that delicacy for which ſhe 'once, as well as every-body elſe, ad-'mired you—before you knew Love-'lace; I cannot, however, help ſaying '*that*: and ſhe, and your aunt Hervey, 'will have it—[They would fain favour 'you, if they could] that I may have 'provoked from you the anſwer they 'nevertheleſs own to be ſo exceedingly '*unbecoming*. I am now learning, you 'ſee, to take up the ſofter language, 'where you have laid it down. This 'then is the caſe.

'They *entreat*, they *pray*, they *beg*, 'they *ſupplicate*, [Will either of theſe do, 'Miſs Clary?] That you will make no 'ſcruple to go to your uncle Antony's: 'and fairly I am to tell you, for the very 'purpoſe mentioned in my laſt—or, it is 'preſumable, they need not *entreat*, *beg*, '*pray*, *ſupplicate*. Thus much is promiſ-'ed to Mr. Solmes, who is your advo-'cate, and very uneaſy that you ſhould 'be under conſtraint, ſuppoſing that 'your diſlike to him ariſes from that. 'And, if he finds that you are not to be 'moved in his favour, when you are ab-'ſolutely freed from what you call a '*controul*, he will forbear thinking of you, 'whatever it coſts him. He loves you 'too well: and in *this*, I really think, 'his underſtanding, which you have re-'flected upon, is to be queſtioned.

'Only for one fortnight, therefore, 'permit his viſits. Your *education* [you 'tell me of *mine*, you know] ought to 'make you incapable of rudeneſs to any-'body. He will not, I hope, be the firſt 'man, myſelf excepted, whom you ever 'treated rudely, purely becauſe he is eſ-'teemed by us all. I am, what you have 'a mind to make me, friend, brother, 'or ſervant—I wiſh I could be ſtill *more* 'polite, to ſo polite, ſo delicate, a ſiſter.

'JA. HARLOWE.

'You muſt ſtill write to *me*, if you con-'deſcend to reply. Your mother 'will not be permitted to be diſturb-'ed with your nothing-meaning 'vocatives!—*Vocatives*, once more, 'Madam Clary, repeats the *pedant* 'your brother!'

'TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUNIOR, ESQ.

'THURSDAY, MARCH 23.

'PERMIT me, my ever-dear and 'honoured papa and mamma, in this 'manner to ſurprize you into an *audience*, '(preſuming this will be read to you) 'ſince I am denied the honour of writ-'ing to you directly. Let me beg of 'you to believe, that nothing but the 'moſt unconquerable diſlike could make 'me ſtand againſt your pleaſure. What 'are riches, what are ſettlements, to 'happineſs? Let me not thus cruelly be 'given up to a man my very ſoul is 'averſe to. Permit me to repeat, that 'I cannot *honeſtly* be his. Had I a ſlight-'er notion of the matrimonial duty than 'I have, perhaps I might. But when I 'am to bear all the miſery, and that for '*life*; when my *heart* is leſs concerned in 'this matter, than my *ſoul*; my *tempo-'rary*, perhaps, than my *future* good; 'why ſhould I be denied the liberty of '*refuſing?* That liberty is all I aſk.

'It were eaſy for me to give way to 'hear Mr. Solmes talk for the mention-'ed fortnight, although it is impoſſible 'for me, ſay what he would, to get over 'my diſlike to him. But the moated-'houſe, the chapel there, and the little 'mercy my brother and ſiſter, who are 'to be there, have hitherto ſhewn me, 'are what I am extremely apprehenſive 'of. And why does my brother ſay, my 'reſtraint is to be taken off, (and that too 'at Mr. Solmes's deſire) when I am to 'be a ſtill cloſer priſoner than before; 'the bridge threatened to be drawn up; 'and no dear papa and mamma near me 'to appeal to, in the laſt reſort?

'Tranſfer not, I beſeech you, to a 'brother and ſiſter your own authority, 'over your child—To a brother and ſiſ-'ter, who treat me with unkindneſs and 'reproach; and, as I have too much rea-'ſon to apprehend, miſrepreſent my 'words and behaviour; or, greatly fa-'voured as I uſed to be, it is impoſſible 'I ſhould be ſunk ſo low in your opini-'ons, as I unhappily am!

'Let but this my hard, my diſgrace-'ful confinement be put an end to. Per-'mit me, my dear mamma, to purſue 'my needleworks in your preſence, as

'one

'one of your maidens; and you shall be 'witness, that it is not either wilfulness 'or prepossession that governs me. Let 'me not, however, be put out of your 'own house. Let Mr. Solmes come and 'go, as my papa pleases: let me but 'stay or retire when he comes, as I can; 'and leave the rest to Providence.

'Forgive me, brother, that thus, with 'an appearance of art, I address myself 'to my father and mother, to whom I 'am forbidden to approach, or to write. 'Hard it is to be reduced to such a con-'trivance! Forgive likewise the plain 'dealing I have used in the above, with 'the nobleness of a gentleman, and the 'gentleness due from a brother to a sis-'ter. Although of late you have given 'me but little room to hope either for 'your favour or compassion; yet, hav-'ing not deserved to forfeit *either*, I pre-'sume to claim *both*: for I am confident 'it is at present much in your power, 'although but my brother, (my ho-'noured parents both, I bless God, in 'being) to give peace to the greatly dis-'turbed mind of *your unhappy sister*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

Betty tells me, my brother has taken my letter all in pieces; and has under-taken to write such an answer to it, as shall confirm the *wavering*—So, it is plain, that I should have moved some-body by it, but for this hard-hearted brother—God forgive him!

LETTER VII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY NIGHT, MARCH 23.

I Send you the boasted confutation-letter, just now put into my hands—My brother and sister, my uncle Antony and Mr. Solmes, are, I understand, ex-ulting over the copy of it below, as an unanswerable performance.

'TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'ONCE again, my inflexible sister, 'I write to you. It is to let you know, 'that the pretty piece of art you found 'out to make me the vehicle of your 'whining patheticks to your father and 'mother, has not had the expected 'effect.

'I do assure you, that your behaviour 'has not been misrepresented—Nor need 'it. Your mother, who is solicitous to 'take all opportunities of putting the 'most favourable constructions upon all 'you do, has been forced, as you well 'know, to give you up, upon full trial: 'no need then of the expedient of pur-'suing your needleworks in her sight. 'She cannot bear your whining pranks! 'and it is for *her* sake, that you are not 'permitted to come into her presence—'Nor will be, but upon her own terms.

'You had like to have made a simple-'ton of your aunt Hervey yesterday: she 'came down from you, pleading in your 'favour; but when she was asked, What 'concession she had brought you to? she 'looked about her, and knew not what 'to answer. So your mother, when 'surprized into the beginning of your 'cunning address to her and to your fa-'ther, under my name, (for I had be-'gun to read it, little suspecting such an '*ingenious* subterfuge) and would then 'make me read it through, wrung her 'hands, Oh! her dear child, her dear 'child, must not be so compelled!—But 'when she was asked, Whether she would 'be willing to have for *her* son-in-law 'the man who bids defiance to her whole 'family; and who had like to have mur-'dered her son? And what concessions 'she had gained from her dear child to 'merit this tenderness? And that for 'one who had apparently deceived her, 'in assuring her that her heart *was free*? '—Then could she look about her, as 'her sister had done before: then was 'she again brought to herself, and to a 'resolution to assert her authority [not 'to *transfer* it, witty presumer!] over 'the rebel who of late has so ingratefully 'struggled to throw it off.

'You seem, child, to have a high no-'tion of the matrimonial duty; and I'll 'warrant, like the rest of your sex, (one 'or two, whom I have the honour to 'know, excepted) that you will go to 'church to promise what you will never 'think of afterwards. But, *sweet* child! 'as your *worthy* mamma Norton calls 'you, think a little less of the *matrimo-'nial* (at least till you come into that state) 'and a little more of the *filial* duty.

'How can you say, you are to bear '*all the misery*, when you give so large a 'share of it to your parents, to your 'uncles, to your aunt, to myself, and to 'your sister; who all, for eighteen years 'of your life, loved you so well?

'If of late I have not given you room 'to hope for my favour or compassion, 'it is because of late you have not de-'served either. I know what you mean, 'little reflecting fool, by saying, it is 'much in my power, although *but* your 'brother, (a very slight degree of rela-'tionship with you) to give you that

'peace

'peace which you can give yourself whenever you please.

'The liberty of *refusing*, pretty Miss, is denied you, because we are all sensible, that the liberty of *chusing*, to every-one's dislike, must follow. The vile wretch you have set your heart upon speaks this plainly to every-body, though you won't. He says you are *his*, and shall be *his*, and he will be the death of any man who robs him of his PROPERTY. So, Miss, we have a mind to try this point with him. My father, supposing he has the right of a father in his child, is absolutely determined not to be bullied out of that right. And what must that child be, who prefers the rake to a father?

'This is the light in which this whole debate ought to be taken. Blush, then, Delicacy, that cannot bear the poet's *amor omnibus idem!*—Blush, then, Purity! Be ashamed, Virgin Modesty! And, if capable of conviction, surrender your whole will to the will of the honoured pair, to whom you owe your being: and beg of all your friends to forgive and forget the part you have of late acted.

'I have written a longer letter than ever I designed to write to you, after the insolent treatment and prohibition you have given me: and now I am commissioned to tell you, that your friends are as weary of confining you, as you are of being confined. And therefore you must prepare yourself to go in a very few days, as you have been told before, to your uncle Antony's; who, notwithstanding your apprehensions, will draw up his bridge when he pleases; will see what company he pleases, in his own house; nor will he demolish his chapel to cure you of your foolish late-commenced antipathy to a place of divine worship.—The more foolish, as, if we intended to use force, we could have the ceremony pass in your chamber, as well as any-where else.

'Prejudice against Mr. Solmes has evidently blinded you, and there is a *charitable* necessity to open your eyes: since no one but you thinks the gentleman so contemptible in his *person*; nor, for a plain country gentleman, who has too much solid sense to appear like a coxcomb, justly blameable in his *manners*.—And as to his *temper*, it is necessary you should speak upon fuller knowledge, than at present it is plain you can have of him.

'Upon the whole, it will not be amiss, 'that you prepare for your speedy removal, as well for the sake of your own conveniency, as to shew your readiness, in *one* point, at least, to oblige your friends; one of whom you may, if you please to deserve it, reckon, though *but* a brother,

'JAMES HARLOWE.'

'*P. S.* If you are disposed to see Mr. Solmes, and to make some excuses to him for your past conduct, in order to be able to meet him *somewhere else* with the less concern to yourself for your freedoms with him; he shall attend you where you please.

'If you have a mind to read the settlements, before they are read to you for your signing, they shall be sent you up—Who knows, but they will help you to some fresh objections?—Your heart is *free*, you know—It *must*—For, did you not tell your mother it was? And will the *pious* Clarissa fib to her mamma?

'I desire no reply. The case requires none. Yet I will ask you, Have you, Miss, no more proposals to make?'

I was so vexed when I came to the end of this letter, (the postscript to which, perhaps, might be written after the others had seen the letter) that I took up my pen, with an intent to write to my uncle Harlowe about resuming my own estate, in pursuance of your advice: but my heart failed me, when I recollected, that I had not one friend to stand by or support me in my claim; and that it would but the more incense them, without answering any good end. O that my cousin were but come!

Is it not a sad thing, beloved as I thought myself so lately by every-one, that now I have not one person in the world to plead for me, to stand by me, or who would afford me refuge, were I to be under the necessity of seeking for it!—I who had the vanity to think I had as many friends as I saw faces, and flattered myself too, that it was not altogether unmerited, because I saw not my Maker's image, either in man, woman, or child, high or low, rich or poor, whom, comparatively, I loved not as myself—Would to Heaven, my dear, that you were married! Perhaps, then, you could have induced Mr. Hickman to afford me protection, till these storms were over-blown. But then this might have involved *him* in difficulties and dangers; and that I would not have done for the world.

I don't know what to do, not I!—God forgive

forgive me, but I am very impatient! I wiſh—but I don't know what to wiſh, without a ſin!—Yet I wiſh it would pleaſe God to take me to his mercy!—I can meet with none here—What a world is this! What is there in it deſireable? The good we hope for, ſo ſtrangely mixed, that one knows not what to wiſh for! And one half of mankind tormenting the other, and being tormented themſelves in tormenting!—For here in this my particular caſe, my relations cannot be happy, though they make me unhappy!—Except my brother and ſiſter, indeed—and they ſeem to take delight in and enjoy the miſchief they make.

But it is time to lay down my pen, ſince my ink runs nothing but gall.

LETTER VIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY MORNING, SIX O'CLOCK.

MRS. Betty tells me, there is now nothing talked of but of my going to my uncle Antony's. She has been ordered, ſhe ſays, to get ready to attend me thither: and, upon my expreſſing my averſeneſs to go, had the confidence to ſay, That having heard me often praiſe the *romantickneſs* of the place, ſhe was aſtoniſhed (her hands and eyes lifted up) that I ſhould ſet myſelf againſt going to a houſe ſo much in *my taſte*.

I aſked, if this was her own inſolence, or her young miſtreſs's obſervation?

She half-aſtoniſhed *me* by her anſwer; That it was hard ſhe could not ſay a *good* thing, without being robbed of the merit of it.

As the wench looked as if ſhe really thought ſhe had ſaid a good thing, without knowing the boldneſs of it, I let it paſs. But, to ſay the truth, this creature has ſurprized me on many occaſions with her ſmartneſs: for, ſince ſhe has been employed in this controuling office, I have diſcovered a great deal of wit in her aſſurance, which I never ſuſpected before. This ſhews, that inſolence is her talent; and that Fortune, in placing her as a ſervant to my ſiſter, had not done ſo kindly by her as Nature; for that ſhe would make a better figure as her *companion*. And indeed I can't help thinking ſometimes, that I myſelf was better fitted by *Nature* to be the ſervant of *both*, than the *miſtreſs* of the *one*, or the *ſervant* of the *other*. And within theſe few months paſt, *Fortune* has acted by me, as if ſhe were of the ſame mind.

FRIDAY, TEN O'CLOCK.

GOING down to my poultry-yard, juſt now, I heard my brother and ſiſter and that Solmes laughing and triumphing together. The high yew-hedge between us, which divides the yard from the garden, hindered them from ſeeing me.

My brother, as I found, had been reading part, or the whole perhaps, of the copy of his laſt letter—Mighty prudent and conſiſtent, you'll ſay, with their views to make me the wife of a man from whom they conceal not what, were I to be ſuch, it would be kind in them to endeavour to conceal, out of regard to my future peace!—But I have no doubt, that they hate me heartily.

'Indeed you was up with her there, 'brother,' ſaid my ſiſter. 'You need not 'have bid her not write to you. I'll 'engage, with all her wit, ſhe'll never 'pretend to anſwer it.'

'Why, indeed,' ſaid my brother, with an air of college-ſufficiency, with which he abounds, (for he thinks nobody writes like himſelf) 'I believe I have given her 'a *choak-pear*.—What ſay you, Mr. 'Solmes?'

'Why, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I think it is un-'anſwerable. But will it not exaſperate 'her more againſt me?'

'Never fear, Mr. Solmes,' ſaid my brother, 'but we'll carry our point, if 'ſhe do not tire *you* out firſt. We have 'gone too far in this method to recede. 'Her couſin Morden will ſoon be here: 'ſo all muſt be over before that time, 'or ſhe'll be made independent of us all.'

There, Miſs Howe, is the reaſon given for their Jehu-driving!

Mr. Solmes declared, that he was determined to perſevere while my brother gave him any hopes, and while my father ſtood firm.

My ſiſter told my brother, that he *hit me charmingly* on the reaſon why I ought to converſe with Mr. Solmes: but that he ſhould not be ſo ſmart upon the *ſex*, for the faults of *this perverſe girl*.

Some lively, and I ſuppoſe, witty anſwer, my brother returned; for he and Mr. Solmes laughed outrageouſly upon it, and Bella, laughing too, called him a naughty man: but I heard no more of what they ſaid; they walked on into the garden.

If you think, my dear, that what I have related did not again fire me, you will find yourſelf miſtaken when you read at this place the incloſed copy of my letter to my brother; ſtruck off—while the iron was red-hot.

No more call me meek and gentle, I beſeech you.

'TO MR. JAMES HARLOWE.

'SIR, 'FRIDAY MORNING.

'IF, notwithstanding your prohibition, 'I should be silent, on occasion of your 'last, you would, perhaps conclude, 'that I was consenting to go to my uncle 'Antony's upon the condition you men- 'tion. My father must do as he pleases 'with his child. He may turn me out 'of his doors, if he thinks fit, or give 'you leave to do it; but (loth as I am to 'say it) I should think it very hard to be 'carried by force to any-body's house 'when I have one of *my own* to go to.

'Far be it from me, notwithstanding 'yours and my sister's provocations, to 'think of taking my estate into my own 'hands, without my father's leave: but 'why, if I must not stay any longer here 'may I not be permitted to go thither: 'I will engage to see nobody they would 'not have me see, if this favour be per- 'mitted. *Favour* I call it, and am ready 'to receive and acknowledge it as such, 'although my grandfather's will has 'made it matter of right.

'You ask me, in a very unbrotherly 'manner, in the postscript to your letter, if 'I have not some new proposals to make? 'I HAVE (since you put the question) 'three or four; *new ones* all, I think; 'though I will be bold to say, that, 'submitting the case to any one person 'whom *you* have not set against me, my '*old* ones ought not to have been re- 'jected. I *think* this; why then should 'I not *write* it?—Nor have you any more 'reason to storm at your *sister* for telling 'it you, (since you seem in your letter 'to make it your boast how you turned 'my mother and my aunt Hervey against 'me) than I have to be angry with my '*brother*, for treating me as no brother 'ought to treat a sister.

'These, then, are my new proposals.

'That, as above, I may not be hin- 'dered from going to reside (under such 'conditions as shall be prescribed to me, 'which I will most religiously observe) 'at my grandfather's late house. I will 'not again in this place call it *mine*. I 'have reason to think it a great misfor- 'tune, that ever it was so—*Indeed* I 'have.

'If this be not permitted, I desire 'leave to go for a month, or for what 'time shall be thought fit, to Miss 'Howe's. I dare say her mother will 'consent to it, if I have my father's per- 'mission to go.

'If this, neither, be allowed, and I am 'to be turned out of my father's house 'I beg I may be suffered to go to my 'aunt Hervey's, where I will inviolably 'observe her commands, and those of 'my father and mother.

'But if this, neither, is to be granted, 'it is my humble request, that I may be 'sent to my uncle Harlowe's instead of 'my uncle Antony's. I mean not by this 'any disrespect to my uncle Antony: but 'his moat, with his bridge threatened to 'be drawn up, and perhaps the chapel 'there, terrify me beyond expression, 'notwithstanding your *witty* rid cule up- 'on me for that apprehension.

'If this likewise be refused, and if I '*must* be carried to the moated-house, 'which used to be a delightful one to 'me, let it be promised me, that I shall 'not be compelled to receive Mr. 'Solmes's visits there; and then I will 'as cheerfully go, as ever I did.

'So here, Sir, are my new proposals. 'And if none of them answer your end, 'as each of them tends to the exclusion 'of that ungenerous *persister*'s visits, be 'pleased to know, that there is no mis- 'fortune I will not submit to, rather 'than yield to give my hand to the man 'to whom I can allow no share in my 'heart.

'If I write in a style different from my 'usual, and different from what I wished 'to have occasion to write, an impartial 'person, who knew what I have acci- 'dentally within this hour past, heard 'from your mouth, and my sister's, and 'a third person's, (particularly the rea- 'son you give for driving on at this vio- 'lent rate; to wit, my cousin Morden's 'soon-expected arrival) would think I 'have but too much reason for it. Then 'be pleased to remember, Sir, that when 'my *whining vocatives* have subjected me 'to so much scorn and ridicule, it is 'time, were it but to *imitate* examples so 'excellent as *you* and my *sister* set me, 'that I should endeavour to assert my 'character, in order to be thought *less* 'an alien, and *nearer of kin to you both*, 'than either of you have of late seemed 'to suppose me.

'Give me leave, in order to *empty my* 'female quiver at once, to add, that I 'know no other reason which you can 'have for forbidding me to reply to you, 'after you have written what you pleased 'to me, than that you are conscious you 'cannot answer to reason and to justice 'the treatment you give me.

'If it be otherwise, I, an unlearned, 'un-logical girl, younger by near a third 'than yourself, will venture (so assured 'am I of the justice of my cause) to put

'my

'my fate upon an iſſue with *you*: with *you*, Sir, who have had the advantage of an academical education; whoſe mind muſt have been ſtrengthened by obſervation, and learned converſation, and who, pardon my going ſo *low*, have been accuſtomed to give *cheek-pears* to thoſe you vouchſafe to write againſt.

'Any impartial perſon, your late tutor, for inſtance, or the pious and worthy Dr. Lewen, may be judge between us: and if either give it againſt me, I will promiſe to reſign to my deſtiny; provided, if it be given againſt you, that my father will be pleaſed only to allow of my negative to the perſon ſo violently ſought to be impoſed upon me.

'I flatter myſelf, brother, that you will the readier come into this propoſal, as you ſeem to have a *high* opinion of your talents for argumentation; and not a *low* one of the cogency of the arguments contained in your laſt letter. And as I can poſſibly have no advantage in a contention with you, if the juſtice of my cauſe affords me not any; (as you have no opinion it will) it behoves you, methinks, to ſhew to an impartial moderator, that *I* am wrong, and *you* not ſo.

'If this be accepted, there is a neceſſity for it's being carried on by the pen; the facts to be ſtated, and agreed upon by both; and the deciſion to be given, according to the force of the arguments each ſhall produce in ſupport of their ſide of the queſtion: for, give me leave to ſay, I know too well the *manlineſs* of your temper, to offer at a *perſonal* debate with you.

'If it be not accepted, I ſhall conclude, that you cannot defend your conduct towards me; and ſhall only beg of you, that, for the future, you will treat me with the reſpect due to a ſiſter from a brother who would be thought as polite as learned.

'And now, Sir, if I have ſeemed to ſhew ſome ſpirit, not quite foreign to the relation I have the honour to bear to *you*, and to my *ſiſter*; and which may be deemed not altogether of a piece with that part of my character which once, it ſeems, gained me every-one's love; be pleaſed to conſider to *whom*, and to *what* it is owing; and that this part of that character was not diſpenſed with, till it ſubjected me to that ſcorn, and to thoſe inſults, which a brother, who has been *ſo tenacious of an independence voluntarily* given up by me, and who has appeared *ſo exalted* upon it, ought not to have ſhewn to *any-body*, much leſs to a *weak* and *defenceleſs* ſiſter: who is, notwithſtanding, an affectionate and reſpectful one, and would be glad to ſhew herſelf to be ſo upon all future occaſions; as ſhe has in every action of her paſt life, although of late ſhe has met with ſuch unkind returns.

'CL. HARLOWE.'

See, my dear, the force, and volubility, as I may ſay, of paſſion; for the letter I ſend you is my firſt draught, ſtruck off without a blot or eraſure.

FRIDAY, THREE O'CLOCK.

As ſoon as I had tranſcribed it, I ſent it down to my brother by Mrs. Betty.

The wench came up ſoon after, all aghaſt, with a 'Lord *Miſs!* What *have* 'you done?—What *have* you written? 'For you have ſet them all in a *joyful* 'uproar!'

MY ſiſter is but this moment gone from me: ſhe came up all in a flame; which obliged me abruptly to lay down my pen.—She ran to me—

'O ſpirit!' ſaid ſhe; tapping my neck a little *too* hard. 'And is it come to this 'at laſt!'

'Do you beat me, Bella?'

'Do you call this beating you? Only 'tapping your ſhoulder *thus*,' ſaid ſhe; tapping again more gently—'This is 'what we *expected* it would come to—'You want to be independent—My father has lived too long for you!'

I was going to ſpeak with vehemence; but ſhe put her handkerchief before my mouth, very rudely—'You have done 'enough with your pen, mean liſtener, 'as you are! But, *know*, that neither 'your independent ſcheme, nor any of 'your viſiting ones, will be granted you. 'Take your courſe, perverſe one! Call 'in your rake to help you to an *inde-'pendence* upon your parents, and a *de-'pendence* upon him!—Do ſo!—Prepare 'this moment—Reſolve what you will 'take with you—To-morrow you go—'Depend upon it to-morrow you go!—'No longer ſhall you ſtay here, watching and creeping about to hearken to 'what people ſay—'Tis determined, 'child!—you go to-morrow—My brother would have come up to tell you 'ſo; but I perſuaded him to the contrary—For I know not what had become of you, if he had—Such a letter! 'ſuch an inſolent, ſuch a *conceited* challenger!—O thou vain creature! But 'prepare yourſelf, I ſay—To-morrow 'you go—My brother will accept of 'your bold challenge; but it muſt be

'*perſonal*; and at my uncle Antony's—
'Or perhaps at Mr. Solmes's—'

Thus ſhe ran on, almoſt foaming with paſſion, till quite out of patience, I ſaid, 'No more of your violence, Bella—Had 'I known in what a way you deſigned to 'come up, you ſhould not have found 'my chamber-door open.—Talk to your '*ſervant* in this manner. Unlike *you*, as 'I bleſs God I am, I am nevertheleſs 'your ſiſter—And let me tell you, that 'I won't go to-morrow, nor next day, 'nor next day to that—except I am 'dragged away by violence.'

'What! not if your father or your 'mother command it—*Girl?*' ſaid ſhe, intending another word by her pauſe and manner before it came out.

'Let it come to *that*, Bella, then I 'ſhall know what to ſay. But it ſhall 'be from their own mouths, if I do—'Not from yours, nor your Betty's—'And ſay another word to me, in this 'manner, and be the conſequence what 'it may, I will force myſelf into their 'preſence; and demand what I have 'done to be uſed thus!'

'Come along, child! Come along, 'meekneſs!'—taking my hand and leading me towards the door—'Demand it 'of them now—You'll find both your 'deſpiſed parents together!—'What! 'Does your heart fail you?'—for I reſiſted, being thus inſolently offered to be led, and pulled my hand from her.

'I want not to be led,' ſaid I; 'and 'ſince I can plead your invitation, I *will* 'go:' and was poſting to the ſtairs accordingly in my paſſion—But ſhe got between me and the door, and ſhut it—

'Let me firſt, bold one,' ſaid ſhe, 'apprize them of your viſit—For your own 'ſake let me—For my brother is with 'them.' But yet opening it again, ſeeing me ſhrink back—'Go, if you will! '—Why don't you go? Why don't you 'go, Miſs?'—following me to my cloſet, whither I retired, with my heart full, and pulled the ſaſh door after me; and could no longer hold in my tears.

Nor would I anſwer one word to her repeated aggravations, nor to her demands upon me to open my door; (for the key was on the inſide) nor ſo much as turn my head towards her, as ſhe looked through the glaſs at me. And at laſt, which vexed her to the heart, I drew the ſilk curtain, that ſhe ſhould not ſee me, and down ſhe went muttering all the way.

Is not this uſage enough to provoke a raſhneſs never before thought of?

As it is but too probable that I may be hurried away to my uncle's without being able to give you previous notice of it; I beg that as ſoon as you ſhall hear of ſuch a violence, you would ſend to the uſual place, to take back ſuch of your letters as may not have reached my hands, or to fetch any of mine that may be there.

May you, my dear, be always happy, prays your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

I have received your four letters. But am in ſuch a ferment, that I cannot at preſent write to them.

LETTER IX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY NIGHT, MARCH 24.

I Have a moſt provoking letter from my ſiſter. I might have ſuppoſed, ſhe would reſent the contempt ſhe brought upon herſelf in my chamber. Her conduct ſurely can only be accounted for by the rage inſtigated by a ſuppoſed rivalry.

'TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'I AM to tell you, that your mother 'has begged you off for the morrow: 'but that you have effectually done your 'buſineſs with her, as well as with 'every-body elſe.

'In your propoſals, and letter to 'your brother, you have ſhewn your'ſelf ſo ſilly, and wiſe; ſo young, and 'ſo old; ſo gentle, and ſo obſtinate; ſo 'meek, and ſo violent; that never was 'there ſo mixed a character.

'We all know *of whom* you have bor'rowed this new ſpirit. And yet the 'ſeeds of it muſt be in your heart, or it 'could not all at once ſhew itſelf ſo ram'pant. It would be doing Mr. Solmes 'a ſpite to wiſh him ſuch a *ſhy, un-ſhy* 'girl; another of your contradictory 'qualities—I leave you to make out 'what I mean by it.

'*Here*, Miſs, your mother will not let 'you remain: ſhe cannot have any 'peace of mind while ſuch a rebel of a 'child is ſo near her; your aunt Hervey 'will not take a charge which all the 'family put together cannot manage; 'your uncle Harlowe will not ſee you 'at his houſe, till you are married—So, 'thanks to your own ſtubbornneſs, you 'have nobody that will receive you but 'your uncle Antony. Thither you 'muſt go in a very few days; and when 'there, your brother will ſettle with 'you in my preſence, all that relates to

'your

'your modeſt challenge:—for it is ac-
'cepted, I aſſure you. Dr. Lewen will
'poſſibly be there, ſince you make choice
'of him. *Another* gentleman likewiſe,
'were it but to convince you, that he is
'another ſort of man than you have ta-
'ken him to be. Your two uncles will
'*poſſibly* be there too, to ſee that the *poor*,
'*weak*, and *defenceleſs* ſiſter, has fair
'play. So, you ſee, Miſs, what com-
'pany your ſmart challenge will draw
'together.

'Prepare for the day. You'll ſoon
'be called upon. Adieu, mamma
'Norton's *ſweet child!*

'ARAB. HARLOWE.'

I tranſcribed this letter, and ſent it to my mother with theſe lines—

'A VERY FEW WORDS, MY EVER-
'HONOURED MAMMA!

'IF my ſiſter wrote the incloſed by
'my father's direction, or yours, I muſt
'ſubmit to the uſage ſhe gives me in it.
'with this *only* obſervation, That it is
'ſhort of the perſonal treatment I have
'received from her. If it be of her
'own head—Why then, Madam—But
'I *knew*, that when I was baniſhed
'from your preſence—Yet, till I know
'if ſhe has or has not authority for this
'uſage, I will only write further, that
'I am *your* very *unhappy child*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

This anſwer I received in an open ſlip of paper; but it was wet in one place. I kiſſed the place; for I am ſure it was bliſtered, as I may ſay, by a mother's tear!—She muſt (*I hope* ſhe muſt) have written it reluctantly.

'TO apply for protection, where au-
'thority is defied, is bold. Your ſiſter,
'who would not in *your* circumſtances
'have been guilty of *your* perverſeneſs,
'may allowably be angry at you for it.
'However, we have told her to mode-
'rate her *zeal* for our inſulted authority.
'See if you can deſerve another behavi-
'our, than that you complain of: which
'cannot however, be ſo grievous to *you*,
'as the *cauſe* of it is to

'*Your* more *unhappy Mother.*

'*How often muſt I forbid you any ad-*
'*dreſs to me!*'

Give me, my deareſt Miſs Howe, your opinion, what I *can*, what I *ought* to do. Not what you would do (puſhed as I am puſhed) in *reſentment* or *paſſion*—ſince, ſo inſtigated, you tell me, that you ſhould have been with ſomebody before now—And ſteps taken in paſſion hardly ever fail of giving cauſe for repentance: but acquaint me with what you think cool judgment, and after reflection, whatever were to be the event, will juſtify.

I doubt not your *ſympathizing* love: but yet you cannot poſſibly feel indignity and perſecution ſo very ſenſibly as the immediate ſufferer feels them—Are *ſitter* therefore to adviſe me, than I am myſelf.

I will here reſt my cauſe. Have I, or have I not, ſuffered or borne enough? And if they will ſtill perſevere; if that ſtrange perſiſter againſt an antipathy ſo ſtrongly avowed, will *ſtill* perſiſt; ſay, what *can* I do?—What courſe purſue? Shall I fly to London, and endeavour to hide myſelf from Lovelace, as well as from all my own relations, till my couſin Morden arrives? Or ſhall I embark for Leghorn in my way to my couſin? Yet, my ſex, my youth, conſidered, how full of danger is this laſt meaſure!—And may not my couſin be ſet out for England, while I am getting thither?—What *can* I do?—Tell me, tell me, my deareſt Miſs Howe, [for I dare not truſt myſelf] tell me, what I *can* do.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

I HAVE been forced to try to compoſe my angry paſſions at my harpſichord; having firſt ſhut cloſe my doors and windows, that I might not be heard below. As I was cloſing the ſhutters of the windows, the diſtant whooting of the bird of Minerva, as from the often-viſited Wood Houſe, gave the ſubject in that charming ODE to WISDOM, which does honour to our ſex, as it was written by one of it. I made an eſſay, a week ago, to ſet the three laſt ſtanzas of it, as not unſuitable to my unhappy ſituation; and after I had re-peruſed the ode, thoſe were my leſſon: and, I am ſure, in the ſolemn addreſs they contain to the All-wiſe and All-powerful Deity, my heart went with my fingers.

I incloſe the ode, and my effort with it. The ſubject is ſolemn: my circumſtances are affecting; and I flatter myſelf, that I have not been quite unhappy in the performance. If it obtain your approbation, I ſhall be out of doubt: and ſhould be ſtill more aſſured, could I hear it tried by *your* voice and finger.

'ODE

'ODE TO WISDOM. BY A LADY.

I.

'THE ſolitary bird of night
'Through the thick ſhades now wings his flight,
'And quits his time-ſhook tower;
'Where ſhelter'd from the blaze of day,
'In philoſophick gloom he lay,
'Beneath his ivy-bower.

II.

'With joy I hear the ſolemn ſound,
'Which midnight echoes waft around,
'And ſighing gales repeat.
'Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
'And, faithful to thy ſummons, bend
'At Wiſdom's awful ſeat.

III.

'She loves the cool, the ſilent eve,
'Where no falſe ſhews of life deceive,
'Beneath the lunar ray.
'Here folly drops each vain diſguiſe;
'Nor ſport her gaily colour'd dyes,
'As in the beam of day.

IV.

'O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art
'That glads the ſenſe and mends the heart,
'Bleſt ſource of purer joys!
'In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
'That captivates the *mortal* ſight
'With pleaſure and ſurprize;

V.

'To thy unſpotted ſhrine I bow:
'Attend thy modeſt ſuppliant's vow,
'That breathes no wild deſires;
'But, taught by thy unerring rules,
'To ſhun the fruitleſs wiſh of fools,
'To nobler views aſpires.

VI.

'Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
'Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
'Be objects of my prayer:
'Let *avarice*, *vanity*, and *pride*,
'Thoſe envy'd glitt'ring toys divide,
'The dull rewards of care.

VII.

'To *me* thy *better* gifts impart,
'Each moral beauty of the heart,
'By ſtudious thought refin'd;
'For Wealth, the ſmiles of glad content;
'For Power, it's ampleſt, beſt extent,
'An empire o'er my mind.

VIII.

'When *Fortune* drops her gay parade,
'When *Pleaſure's* tranſient roſes fade,
'And wither in the tomb,
'Unchang'd is thy immortal prize;
'Thy ever-verdant laurels riſe
'In undecaying bloom.

IX.

'By *thee* protected, I defy
'The coxcomb's ſneer the ſtupid lye
'Of ignorance and ſpite:
'Alike contemn the leaden fool,
'And all the pointed ridicule
'Of undiſcerning *wit*.

X.

'From envy, hurry, noiſe, and ſtrife,
'The dull impertinence of life,
'In *thy* retreat I reſt:
'Purſue thee to the peaceful groves,
'Where Plato's ſacred ſpirit roves,
'In all thy beauties dreſt.

XI.

'He bade Ilyſſus' tuneful ſtream
'Convey thy philoſophick theme
'Of PERFECT, FAIR, and GOOD:
'Attentive Athens caught the ſound,
'And all her liſt'ning ſons around
'In awful ſilence ſtood:
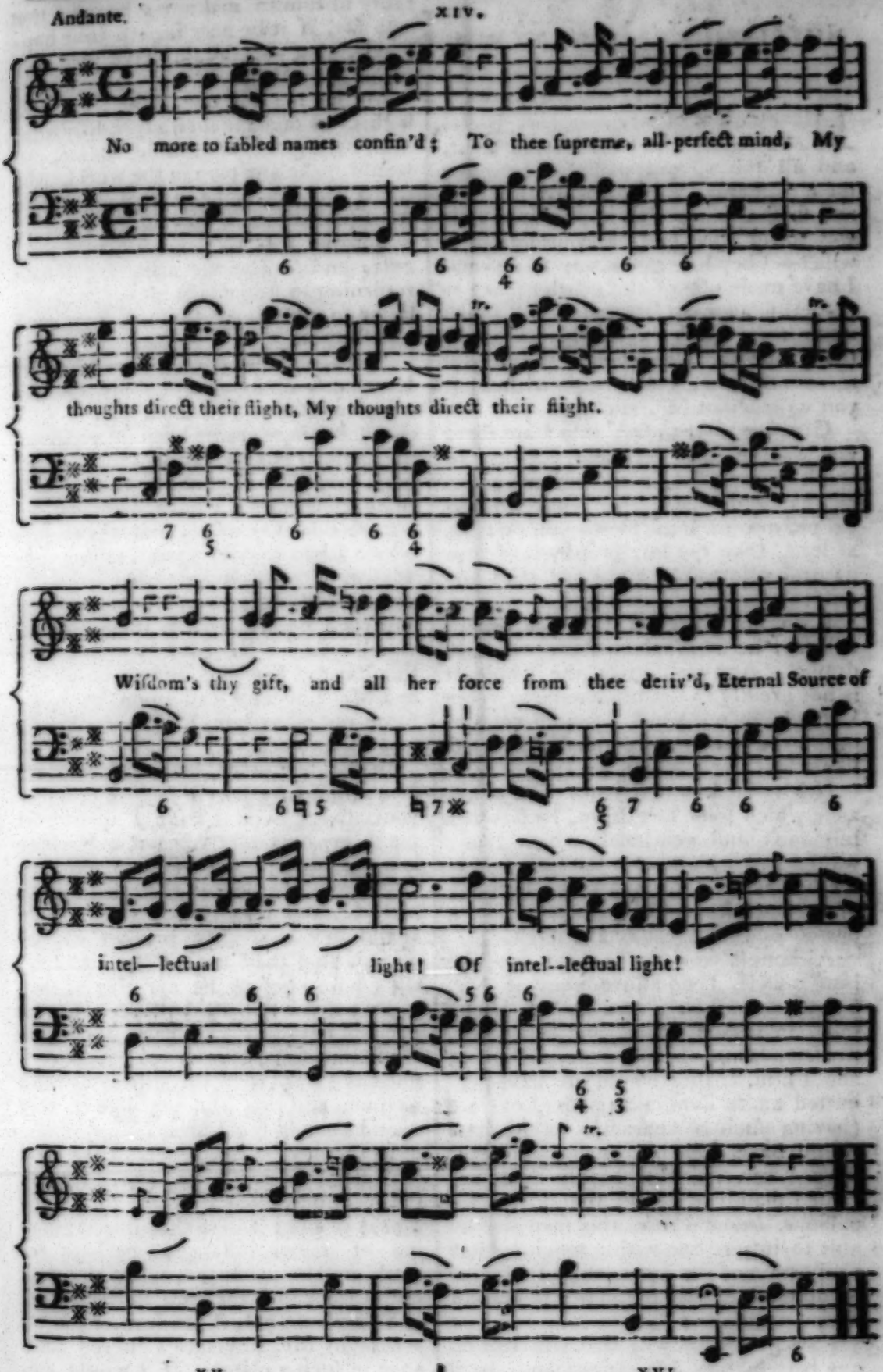
XII.

'Reclaim'd her wild licentious youth,
'Confeſs'd the potent voice of Truth,
'And felt it's juſt controul.
'The *Paſſions* ceas'd their loud alarms,
'And *Virtue's* ſoft perſuaſive charms
'O'er all their ſenſes ſtole.

XIII.

'*Thy* breath in ſpires the POET'S ſong,
'The PATRIOT'S free, unbiaſs'd tongue,
'The HERO'S gen'rous ſtrife;
'*Thine* are RETIREMENT'S ſilent joys,
'And all the ſweet engaging ties
'Of STILL, DOMESTICK life.'

Andante. XIV.



XV.

' O ſend her ſure, her ſteady ray,
' To regulate my doubtful way
' Thro' life's perplexing road:
' The miſts of error to controul,
' And thro' it's gloom direct my ſoul
' To happineſs and good.

No. 40.

XVI.

' Beneath her clear diſcerning eye
' The viſionary ſhadows fly
' Of Folly's painted ſhow.
' She ſees thro' ev'ry fair diſguiſe,
' That all but VIRTUE's ſolid joys
' Is vanity and woe.'

LETTER X.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, MIDNIGHT.

I Have now a calmer moment. Envy, ambition, high and ſelfiſh reſentment, and all the violent paſſions, are now, moſt probably, aſleep all around me; and ſhall not my own angry ones give way to the ſilent hour, and ſubſide likewiſe?—They *have* given way to it; and I have made uſe of the gentler ſpace to re-peruſe your laſt letters I will touch upon ſome paſſages in them. And that I may the leſs endanger the but juſt recovered calm, I will begin with what you write about Mr. Hickman.

Give me leave to ſay, that I am ſorry you cannot yet perſuade yourſelf to think better, that is to ſay, *more juſtly*, of that gentleman, than your whimſical picture of him ſhews you do; or, at leaſt, than the humerouſneſs of your natural vein would make one *think* you do.

I do not imagine, that *you yourſelf* will ſay, he ſat for the picture you have drawn. And yet, upon the whole, it is not greatly to his diſadvantage. Were I at eaſe in my mind, I would venture to draw a much more amiable and juſt likeneſs.

If Mr. Hickman has not that aſſurance which ſome men have, he has that humanity and gentleneſs which many want: and which, with the infinite value he has for you, will make him one of the fitteſt huſbands in the world for a perſon of your vivacity and ſpirit.

Although you ſay I would not like him myſelf, I do aſſure you, if Mr. Solmes were ſuch a man as Mr. Hickman, in perſon, mind, and behaviour, my friends and I had never diſagreed about him, if they would not have permitted me to live ſingle; Mr. Lovelace (having ſuch a character as he has) would have ſtood no chance with me. This I can the more boldly aver, becauſe I plainly perceive, that of the two paſſions, *love* and *fear*, this man will be able to inſpire one with a much greater proportion of the *latter*, than I imagine is compatible with the *former* to make a happy marriage.

I am glad you own, that you like no one better than Mr. Hickman. In a little while, I make no doubt, you will be able, if you challenge your heart upon it, to acknowledge, that you like not any man ſo well: eſpecially, when you come to conſider, that the very faults you find in Mr. Hickman, admirably fit him to make *you* happy; that is to ſay, if it be neceſſary to your happineſs, that you ſhould have *your own will in every thing*.

But let me add one thing: and that is this.—You have ſuch a ſprightly turn, that, with your admirable talents, you would make any man in the world, who loved you, look like a fool, except he were ſuch a one as Lovelace.

Forgive me, my dear, for my frankneſs: and forgive me alſo, for ſo ſoon returning to ſubjects ſo immediately relative to myſelf, as thoſe I now muſt touch upon.

You again inſiſt (ſtrengthened by Mr. Lovelace's opinion) upon my *aſſuming* my own eſtate: [I cannot call it *reſuming*, having never been in poſſeſſion of it] and I have given you room to expect, that I will conſider this ſubject more cloſely than I have done before. I muſt however own, that the reaſons which I had to offer againſt taking your advice, were ſo obvious, that I thought you would have ſeen them yourſelf, and been determined by them, againſt your own haſtier counſel.—But ſince this has not been ſo, and that both you and Mr. Lovelace call upon me to aſſume my own eſtate, I will enter briefly into the ſubject.

In the firſt place, let me aſk you, my dear, ſuppoſing I were *inclined* to follow your advice, whom have I to ſupport me in my demand? My uncle Harlowe is one of my truſtees—He is againſt me. My couſin Morden is the other—He is in Italy, and very probably may be ſet againſt me too. My brother has declared, that they are reſolved to carry their point before he arrives: ſo that, as they drive on, all will probably be decided before I can have an anſwer from him, were I to write. And, confined as I am, were the anſwer to come in time, and they did not like it, they would keep it from me.

In the next place, parents have great advantages in every eye over the child, if ſhe diſpute their pleaſure in the diſpoſing of her: and ſo they ought; ſince out of *twenty* inſtances, perhaps *two* could not be produced, when *they* were not in the right, the *child* in the wrong.

You would not, I am ſure, have me accept of Mr. Lovelace's offered aſſiſtance in ſuch a claim. If I would embrace any *other* perſon's, who elſe would care to appear for a child againſt parents, ever, till of late, ſo affectionate? —But were ſuch a protector to be found, what a length of time would it take up in a courſe of litigation? The will and the deeds

deeds have flaws in them, they ſay. My brother ſometimes talks of going to reſide at *the Grove*: I ſuppoſe, with a deſign to make ejectments neceſſary, were I to offer at aſſuming; or, were I to marry Mr. Lovelace, in order to give him all the oppoſition and difficulty the law would help him to give.

Theſe caſes I have put to myſelf, for argument-ſake: but they are all out of the queſtion, although any-body *were* to be found who would eſpouſe my cauſe: for I do aſſure you, I would ſooner beg my bread, than litigate for my right with my father; ſince I am convinced, that whether the parent do his duty by the child or not, the child cannot be excuſed from doing hers to him. And to go to law with my *father*, what a ſound has that? You will ſee, that I have mentioned my wiſh (as an alternative, and as a favour) to be permitted, if I *muſt* be put out of his houſe, to go thither: but not one ſtep further can I go. And you ſee how this is reſented.

Upon the whole, then, what have I to hope for, but a change in my father's reſolution?—And is there any probability of *that*; ſuch an aſcendency as my brother and ſiſter have obtained over every-body; and ſuch an intereſt to purſue the enmity they have now openly avowed againſt me?

As to Mr. Lovelace's approbation of your aſſumption-ſcheme, I wonder not at. He very probably penetrates the difficulties I ſhould have to bring it to effect, without *his* aſſiſtance. Were I to find myſelf as free as I would wiſh myſelf to be, perhaps Mr. Lovelace would ſtand a worſe chance with me than his vanity may permit him to imagine; notwithſtanding the pleaſure you take in rallying me on his account. How know you, but all that appears to be ſpecious and reaſonable in his offers; ſuch as, ſtanding his chance for my favour, after I became *independent*, as I may call it; [by which I mean no more, than to have the liberty of refuſing for my huſband a man whom it hurts me but to think of in that light] and ſuch as his not viſiting me but by my leave; and till Mr. Morden come; and till I am ſatisfied of his reformation—How know you, I ſay, that he gives not himſelf theſe airs purely to ſtand better in *your* graces as well as *mine*, by offering of his own accord conditions which he muſt needs think would be inſiſted on, were the caſe to happen?

Then am I utterly diſpleaſed with him. To threaten as he threatens; yet to pretend, that it is not to intimidate me; and to beg of you *not to tell me*, when he muſt know you *would*, and no doubt *intended* that you *ſhould*, is ſo meanly artful!—The man muſt think he has a frighted fool to deal with.—I, to join my hands with ſuch a man of violence! my own brother the man whom he threatens!—And what has Mr. Solmes done to him?—Is *he* to be blamed, if he thinks a perſon would make a wife worth having, to endeavour to obtain her?—O that my friends would but leave me to my own way in this one point! For have I given the man ſufficient encouragement to ground theſe threats upon? Were Mr. Solmes a man to whom I could be but *indifferent*, it might be found, that to have the merit of a *ſufferer* given him from ſuch a flaming ſpirit, would very little anſwer the views of that ſpirit. It is my fortune to be treated as a fool by my brother: but Mr. Lovelace ſhall find—Yet I will let *him* know my mind; and then it will come with a better grace to your knowledge.

Mean time, give me leave to tell you, that it goes againſt me, in my cooler moments, unnatural as my brother is to me, to have you, my dear, who are my other ſelf, write ſuch very ſevere reflections upon him, in relation to the advantage Lovelace had over him. He is not indeed *your* brother: but remember, that you write to *his* ſiſter.—Upon my word, my dear Miſs Howe, you dip your pen in gall whenever you are offended: and I am almoſt ready to queſtion, when I read ſome of your expreſſions againſt *others* of my relations as well as him, (although *in my favour*) whether you are ſo thoroughly warranted by *your own* patience, as you think yourſelf, to call other people to account for *their* warmth. Should we not be particularly careful to keep clear of the faults we cenſure?—And yet I am ſo angry at my brother and ſiſter, that I ſhould not have taken this liberty with my dear friend, notwithſtanding I know you *never* loved them, had you not made ſo light of ſo ſhocking a tranſaction, where a brother's life was at ſtake: when his credit in the eye of the miſchievous ſex has received a ſtill deeper wound than he *perſonally* ſuſtained; and when a revival of the ſame wicked reſentments (which may end more fatally) is threatened.

His credit, I ſay, in the eye of the *miſchievous ſex*: who is not warranted to call it ſo; when it is reckoned among the men ſuch an extraordinary piece of ſelf-conqueſt (as the two libertines his

companions gloried) to reſolve never to give a challenge; and among whom duelling is ſo faſhionable a part of brutal bravery, that the man of *temper*, who is, moſtly, I believe, the *truly* brave man, is often at a loſs ſo to behave as to avoid incurring either a mortal guilt, or a general contempt?

To enlarge a little upon this ſubject, may we not infer, that thoſe who would be guilty of throwing theſe contempts upon a man of temper, who would rather paſs by a verbal injury, than to embrue his hands in blood, know not the meaſure of true magnanimity? nor how much nobler it is to *forgive*, and even how much more *manly* to *deſpiſe*, than to *reſent* an injury? Were I a man, methinks, I ſhould have too much ſcorn for a perſon, who could wilfully do me a mean wrong, to put a value upon *his* life, equal to what I put upon *my own*. What an abſurdity, becauſe a man had done me a *ſmall* injury, that I ſhould put it in his power (at leaſt to an *equal* riſque) to do me, and thoſe who love me, an irreparable one?—Were it not a *wilful* injury, nor *avowed* to be ſo, there could not be *room* for reſentment.

How willingly would I run away from myſelf, and what moſt concerns myſelf, if I could! This digreſſion brings me back again to the occaſion of it.—And that to the impatience I was in, when I ended my laſt letter, for my ſituation is not altered. I renew therefore my former earneſtneſs, as the new day approaches, and will bring with it perhaps new trials, that you will (as undiveſtedly as poſſible of favour or reſentment) tell me what you would have me do:—for, if I am obliged to go to my uncle Antony's, all, I doubt, will be over with me. Yet how to avoid it—That's the difficulty!

I ſhall depoſit this the firſt thing. When you have it, loſe no time, I pray you, to adviſe (leſt it be too late) *your ever-obliged* CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XI.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

WHAT *can* I adviſe you to do, my noble creature? Your merit is your crime. You can no more change *your* nature, than your perſecutors can *theirs*. Your diſtreſs is owing to the vaſt diſparity between you and them. What would you have of them? Do they not act in character?—And to whom? To an alien. You are not one of them. They have two dependencies in their hope to move you to compliance—Upon their *impenetrableneſs* one; [I'd give it a more proper name, if I dared] the other, on the regard you have always had for your *character*, [Have they not heretofore owned as much?] and upon your apprehenſions from *that* of Lovelace, which would diſcredit you, ſhould you take any ſtep by his means to extricate yourſelf. Then they know, that reſentment and unperſuadableneſs are not natural to you; and that the anger they have wrought you up to, will ſubſide; as all *extraordinaries* ſoon do; and that once married, you will make the beſt of it.

But ſurely your *father's* ſon and eldeſt daughter have a view (by communicating to ſo narrow a ſoul all they know of your juſt averſion to him) to entail unhappineſs for life upon you, were you to have the man who is already more nearly related to them, than ever he can be to you, although the ſhocking compulſion ſhould take place.

As to that wretch's perſeverance, thoſe only, who know not the man, will wonder at it. He has not the leaſt delicacy. His principal view to marriage is not to the mind. How ſhall thoſe beauties be valued, which cannot be comprehended? Were you to be his, and ſhew a viſible want of tenderneſs to him, it is my opinion, he would not be much concerned at it. I have heard you well obſerve, from your Mrs. Norton, That a perſon who has any *overruling* paſſion, will compound by giving up twenty *ſecondary* or *under-ſatisfactions*, though more laudable ones, in order to have *that* gratified.

I'll give you the ſubſtance of a converſation [No fear you can be made to like him worſe than you do already] that paſſed between Sir Harry Downeton and this Solmes, but three days ago, as Sir Harry told it but yeſterday to my mother and me. It will confirm to you that what your ſiſter's inſolent Betty reported he ſhould ſay, of governing by *fear*, was not of her own head.

Sir Harry told him, he wondered he ſhould wiſh to obtain you ſo much againſt your inclination, as every-body knew it would be, if he did.

He mattered not that, he ſaid: coy maids made the fondeſt wives. [A ſorry fellow!] It would not at all grieve him to ſee a pretty woman make wry faces, if ſhe gave him cauſe to vex her. And your eſtate, by the convenience of it's ſituation,

ſituation, would richly pay him for all he could bear with your ſhyneſs.

He ſhould be ſure, he ſaid, after a while, of your complaiſance, if not of your love: and in that ſhould be happier that nine parts in ten of his married acquaintance.

What a wretch is this!

For the reſt, your known virtue would be as great a ſecurity to him, as he could wiſh for.

'She will look upon you,' ſaid Sir Harry, 'if ſhe be forced to marry you, 'as Elizabeth of France did upon Philip II. of Spain, when he received her 'on his frontiers as her huſband, who '*was* to have been but her father-in-'law: that is, with fear and terror, rather than with complaiſance and love. 'And you will perhaps be as ſurly to 'her, as that old monarch was to *his* 'young bride.'

Fear and terror, the wretch, the horrid wretch, ſaid, looked pretty in a bride as well as in a wife: and, laughing, [Yes, my dear, the hideous fellow laughed immoderately, as Sir Harry told us, when he ſaid it] It ſhould be his care to perpetuate the occaſion for that *fear*, if he could not think he had the *love*. And, truly, he was of opinion, that if LOVE and FEAR muſt be ſeparated in matrimony, the man who made himſelf *feared*, fared beſt.

If my eyes would carry with them the execution which the eyes of the baſiliſk are ſaid to do, I would make it my firſt buſineſs to *ſee* this creature.

My mother, however, ſays, it would be a prodigious merit in you, if you could get over your averſion to him. 'Where,' aſks ſhe, [as you have been aſked before] 'is the praiſe-worthineſs 'of obedience, if it be only paid in-in-'ſtances where we give up nothing?'

What a fatality, that you have no better an option—Either a *Scylla* or a *Charybdis*.

Were it not you, I ſhould know how (barbarouſly uſed as you are uſed) to adviſe you in a moment. But ſuch a noble character to ſuffer from a (ſuppoſed) raſhneſs and indiſcretion of ſuch a nature, would, as I have heretofore obſerved, be a wound to the ſex.

While I was in hope, that the aſſerting of your own independence would have helped you, I was pleaſed, that you had *one* reſource, as I thought: but now, that you have ſo well proved, that ſuch a ſtep would not avail you, I am entirely at a loſs what to ſay.

I will lay down my pen, and think.

I HAVE conſidered, and conſidered again; but, I proteſt, I know no more what to ſay now, than before Only this, that I am young, like yourſelf; and have a much weaker judgment, and ſtronger paſſions, than you have.

I have heretofore ſaid, that you have offered as much as you ought, in offering to live ſingle. If you were never to marry, the eſtate they are ſo loth ſhould go out of their name, would, in time, I ſuppoſe, revert to your brother: and *he* or *his* would have it, perhaps, much more certainly this way, than by the precarious reverſions which Solmes makes them hope for. Have you put this into their odd heads, my dear?—The tyrant word AUTHORITY, as they uſe it, can be the only objection againſt this offer.

One thing you muſt conſider, that, if you leave your parents, your duty and love will not ſuffer you to juſtify yourſelf by an appeal againſt them; and ſo you'll have the world againſt you. And ſhould Lovelace continue his wild life, and behave ungratefully to you, will not his baſeneſs ſeem to juſtify their cruel treatment of *you*, as well as their diſlike of *him*?

May Heaven direct you for the beſt!—I can only ſay, that, for my own part, I would do any-thing, go any-whither, rather than be compelled to marry the man I hate; and (were he ſuch a man as Solmes) muſt always hate—Nor could I have borne what you have borne, if from father and uncles, not from brother and ſiſter.

My mother will have it, that after they have tried their utmoſt efforts to bring you into their meaſures, and find them ineffectual, they will recede. But I cannot ſay I am of her mind. She does not own, ſhe has any other authority for this, but her own conjecture. I ſhould otherwiſe have hoped, that your uncle Antony and ſhe had been in one ſecret, and that favourable to you: woe be to one of them at leaſt [To your uncle to be ſure I mean] if they ſhould be in *any other!*

You muſt, if poſſible, avoid being carried to that uncle's. The man, the parſon, your brother and ſiſter preſent!—they'll certainly there marry you to the wretch. Nor will your newly-raiſed ſpirit ſupport you in your reſiſtance on ſuch an occaſion. Your meekneſs will return; and you will have nothing for it but tears [Tears deſpiſed by them all] and ineffectual appeals and lamentations:—and theſe tears, when the ceremony

mony is *profaned*, you muſt ſuddenly dry up; and endeavour to diſpoſe yourſelf to ſuch an humble frame of mind, as may induce your new-made lord to forgive all your paſt declarations of averſion.

In ſhort, my dear, you muſt then blandiſh him over with a confeſſion, that all your paſt behaviour was maidenly reſerve only: and it will be *your* part to convince him of the truth of his impudent ſarcaſm, *That the coyeſt maids make the fondeſt wives*. Thus will you enter the ſtate with a high ſenſe of obligation to his *forgiving goodneſs:* and if you will not be kept to it by that *fear*, by which he propoſes to govern, I am much miſtaken.

Yet, after all, I muſt leave the point undetermined, and only to be determined, as you find they recede from their avowed purpoſe, or reſolve to remove you to your uncle Antony's. But I muſt repeat my wiſhes, that ſomething may fall out, that *neither* of theſe men may call you *his!*—And may you live ſingle, my deareſt friend, till ſome man ſhall offer, that may be worthy of you, as man *can* be!

But yet, methinks, I would not, that you, who are ſo admirably qualified to adorn the married ſtate, ſhould be always ſingle. You know I am incapable of flattery; and that I always ſpeak and write the ſincere dictates of my heart. Nor can you, from what you muſt know of your own merit, (taken only in a comparative light with others) doubt my ſincerity. For why ſhould a perſon who delights to find out and admire every-thing that is praiſe-worthy in *another*, be ſuppoſed ignorant of like perfections in *herſelf*, when ſhe could not ſo much admire them *in* another, if ſhe had them *not* herſelf? And why may not I give *her* thoſe praiſes, which ſhe would give to any other, who had but half of her excellencies?—Eſpecially when ſhe is incapable of pride and vainglory; and neither deſpiſes *others* for the want of her fine qualities, nor overvalues *herſelf* upon them?—*Over*-values, did I ſay!—How can that be?

Forgive me, my beloved friend. My admiration of you (increaſed, as it is, by every letter you write) will not always be held down in ſilence; although, in order to avoid offending you, I generally endeavour to keep it from flowing to my pen, when I write to you, or to my lips, whenever I have the happineſs to be in your company.

I will add nothing (though I could an hundred things on account of your lateſt communications) but that I am *your ever affectionate and faithful,*

ANNA HOWE.

I hope I have pleaſed you with my diſpatch. I wiſh I had been able to pleaſe you with my requeſted advice.

You have given new beauties to the charming ode which you have tranſmitted to me. What pity that the wretches you have to deal with, put you out of your admirable courſe; in the purſuit of which, like the ſun, you was wont to cheer and illuminate all you ſhone upon!

LETTER XII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 26.

HOW ſoothing a thing is praiſe from thoſe we love!—Whether conſcious or not of deſerving it, it cannot but give us great delight, to ſee ourſelves ſtand high in the opinion of thoſe whoſe favour we are ambitious to cultivate. An ingenuous mind will make this farther uſe of it, that if he be ſenſible, that it does not *already* deſerve the charming attributes, it will haſten (before it's friend finds herſelf miſtaken) to obtain the graces it is complimented for: and this it will do, as well in honour to itſelf, as to preſerve it's friend's opinion, and juſtify her judgment. May this be always my aim!—And then you will not only give the *praiſe*, but the *merit*; and I ſhall be more worthy of that friendſhip, which is the only pleaſure I have to boaſt of.

Moſt heartily I thank you for the kind diſpatch of your laſt favour. How much am I indebted to you! and even to your honeſt ſervant!—Under what obligations does my unhappy ſituation lay me!

But let me anſwer the kind contents of it as well as I may.

As to getting over my diſguſts to Mr. Solmes, it is impoſſible to be done; while he wants generoſity, frankneſs of heart, benevolence, manners, and every qualification that diſtinguiſhes the worthy man. O my dear! what a degree of patience, what a greatneſs of ſoul, is required in the wife, not to deſpiſe a huſband who is more ignorant, more illiterate, more low-minded, than herſelf!—The wretch, veſted with prerogatives, who will claim rule in virtue of them; (and not to *permit* whoſe claim will be as diſgraceful to the *preſcribing* wife as to the *governed* huſband) how ſhall

ſhall ſuch a huſband as this be borne, were he, for reaſons of *convenience* and *intereſt*, even to be our CHOICE? But, to be compelled to have ſuch a one, and that compulſion to ariſe from motives as unworthy of the *preſcribers* as of the *preſcribed*, who can think of getting over an averſion ſo juſtly founded? How much eaſier to bear the *temporary* perſecutions I labour under, *becauſe* temporary, than to reſolve to be *ſuch* a man's for *life*? Were I to comply, muſt I not leave my relations, and go to him? *A month* will decide the one, perhaps: but what a *duration of woe* will the other be!—Every day, it is likely, riſing to witneſs to ſome new breach of an altar-vowed duty!

Then, my dear, the man ſeems already to be meditating vengeance againſt me for an averſion I cannot help: for yeſterday my fancy goalereſs aſſured me, That all my oppoſitions would not ſignify that *pinch of ſnuff*, holding out her genteel finger and thumb: that I *muſt* have Mr. Solmes: that, therefore, I had not beſt carry my jeſt too far; for that Mr. Solmes was a man of ſpirit, and had told HER, that as I ſhould ſurely be his, I acted very *unpolitely*; ſince, if he had not more *mercy* [that was *her* word; I know not if it were *his*] than I had, I might have cauſe to repent the uſage I gave him to the laſt day of my life.

But enough of this man; who by what you repeat from Sir Harry Downeton, has all the inſolence of his ſex, without any one quality to make that inſolence tolerable.

I have received two letters from Mr. Lovelace, ſince his viſit to you; which make three that I have not anſwered. I doubt not his being very uneaſy; but in his laſt he complains in high terms of my ſilence; not in the ſtill ſmall voice, or rather ſtile of an humble lover, but in a ſtile like that which would probably be uſed by a ſlighted protector. And his pride is again touched, that like a *thief*, or *eves-dropper*, he is forced to dodge about in hopes of a letter, and return five miles (and then to an inconvenient loding) without any.

His letters, and the copy of mine to him, ſhall ſoon attend you: till when, I will give you the ſubſtance of what I wrote him yeſterday.

I take him ſeverely to taſk for his freedom in threatening me, through you, with a viſit to Mr. Solmes, or to my brother. I ſay, That, ſurely, I muſt be thought to be a creature fit to bear *anything*; that violence and menaces from ſome of my *own family* are not enough for me to bear, in order to make me avoid *him*; but that I muſt have them from *him* too, if I oblige thoſe to whom it is both my *inclination* and *duty* to oblige in every-thing that is reaſonable, and in my power.

Very extraordinary, I tell him, that a violent ſpirit ſhall threaten to do a raſh and unjuſtifiable thing, which concerns *me* but a little, and himſelf a great deal, if I do not ſomething *as* raſh, my character and ſex conſidered, to divert him from it.

I even hint, that, however it would affect *me*, were any miſchief to happen on my account, yet there are perſons, as far as I know, who in my caſe would not think there would be reaſon for *much* regret, were ſuch a committed raſhneſs as he threatens Mr. Solmes with, to rid her of *two* perſons whom had ſhe never known, ſhe had never been unhappy.

This is plain-dealing, my dear: and I ſuppoſe he will put it into ſtill plainer Engliſh for me.

I take his pride to taſk, on his diſdaining to watch for my letters; and for his *eves-dropping* language: and ſay, That, ſurely he has the leſs reaſon to think ſo hardly of his ſituation; ſince his faulty morals are the cauſe of all; and ſince faulty morals deſervedly level all diſtinction, and bring down rank and birth to the *Canaille*, and to the neceſſity which he ſo much regrets, of appearing (if I muſt deſcend to his language) as an *eves-dropper* and a *thief*. And then I forbid him ever to expect another letter from me that is to ſubject him to ſuch diſgraceful hardſhips.

As to the ſolemn vows and proteſtations he is ſo ready, upon all occaſions, to make, they have the leſs weight with me, I tell him, as they give a kind of demonſtration, that he himſelf, from his own character, thinks there is *reaſon* to make them. *Deeds* are to be the only evidence of *intentions*. And I am more and more convinced of the neceſſity of breaking off a correſpondence with a perſon, whoſe addreſſes I ſee it is impoſſible either to expect my friends to encourage, or him to appear to wiſh that they ſhould think him worthy of encouragement.

What, therefore, I repeatedly deſire is, That ſince his birth, alliances, and expectations, are ſuch as will at any time, if his immoral character be not an objection, procure him at leaſt equal advantages in a woman whoſe taſte and inclinations

inclinations moreover might be better adapted to his own; I inſiſt upon it, as well as adviſe it, that he give up all thoughts of me: and the rather, as he has all along (by his threatening and unpolite behaviour to my friends, and whenever he ſpeaks of them) given me reaſon to conclude, that there is more malice to *them*, than regard to *me*, in his perſeverance.

This is the ſubſtance of the letter I have written to him.

The man, to be ſure, muſt have the penetration to obſerve, that my correſpondence with him hitherto is owing more to the ſeverity I meet with, than to a very high value for him. And ſo I would have him think. What a *worſe* than Moloch deity is that, which expects an offering of reaſon, duty, and diſcretion, to be made to it's ſhrine!

Your mother is of opinion, you ſay, that *at laſt* my friends will relent. Heaven grant that they may!—But my brother and ſiſter have ſuch an influence over every-body, and are ſo determined; ſo pique themſelves upon ſubduing me, and carrying their point; that I deſpair that they will—And yet, if they do not, I frankly own, I would not ſcruple to throw myſelf upon any not diſreputable protection, by which I might avoid my preſent perſecutions, on one hand, and not give Mr. Lovelace advantage over me, on the other—That is to ſay, were there manifeſtly *no other* way left me: for, if there *were*, I ſhould think the leaving my father's houſe, without his conſent, one of the moſt inexcuſeable actions I could be guilty of, were the protection to be ever ſo unexceptionable; and this notwithſtanding the independent fortune willed me by my grandfather. And indeed I have often reflected with a degree of indignation and diſdain, upon the thoughts of what a low, ſelfiſh creature that child muſt be, who is to be reined in only by the hopes of what a parent can or will do for her.

But notwithſtanding all this, I owe it to the ſincerity of friendſhip to confeſs, that I know not what I *ſhould* have done, had your advice been concluſive anyway. Had you, my dear, been witneſs to my different emotions, as I read your letter, when, in one place, you adviſe me of my danger, if I am carried to my uncle's; in another, when you own you could not bear what I bear, and would do any-thing rather than marry the man you hate; yet, in another, repreſent to me my reputation ſuffering in the world's eye; and the neceſſity I ſhould be under to juſtify my conduct, at the expence of my friends, were I take a raſh ſtep; in another, inſinuate the *diſhoneſt* figure I ſhould be forced to make, in ſo compelled a matrimony; endeavouring to cajole, fawn upon, and play the hypocrite with a man to whom I have an averſion; who would have reaſon to *believe* me an hypocrite, as well from my former avowals, as from the ſenſe he *muſt* have (if common ſenſe he has) of his own demerits—The neceſſity you think there would be for me, the more averſe I really was, to ſeem the fonder of him: a fondneſs (were I capable of ſo much diſſimulation) that would be imputable to diſgraceful motives; as it would be too viſible, that love, either of perſon or mind, could be neither of them—Then his undoubted, his even conſtitutional narrowneſs; his too probable jealouſy, and unforgivingneſs, bearing in his mind my declared averſion, and the unfeigned deſpights I took all opportunities to do him, in order to diſcourage his addreſs: a preference avowed againſt him from the *ſame* motive: with the pride he profeſſes to take in curbing and ſinking the ſpirits of a woman he had acquired a right to tyrannize over: had you, I ſay, been witneſs of my different emotions as I read; now leaning this way, now that; now perplexed; now apprehenſive; now angry at one, then at another; now reſolving; now doubting—you would have ſeen the power you have over me; and would have had reaſon to believe, that, had you given your advice in any determined or poſitive manner, I had been ready to have been concluded by it. So, my dear, you will find, from theſe acknowledgments, that you muſt juſtify me to thoſe laws of friendſhip, which require undiſguiſed frankneſs of heart; although your juſtification of me in that particular, will perhaps be at the expence of my prudence.

But, upon the whole, this I do repeat—That nothing but the *laſt* extremity ſhall make me abandon my father's houſe, if they will permit me to ſtay; and if I can, by any means, by any honeſt pretences, but keep off my evil deſtiny in it till my couſin Morden arrives. As one of my truſtees, *his* is a protection, into which I may without diſcredit throw myſelf, if my other friends ſhall remain determined. And this (although they ſeem too well aware of it) is all my hope: for, as to Lovelace, were I to be ſure of his tenderneſs, and even of his reformation, muſt not the thoughts of

embracing the offered protection of his family, be the same thing in the world's eye, as accepting of his own?—Could I avoid receiving his visits at his own relations? Must I not be his, whatever (on seeing him in a *nearer* light) I should find him out to be? For you know, it has always been my observation, that very few people in courtship see each other as they are. Oh! my dear! how wise have I endeavoured to be! how anxious to chuse, and to avoid everything, *precautiously*, as I may say, that might make me happy, or unhappy; yet all my wisdom now, by a strange fatality, likely to become foolishness!

Then you tell me, in your usual kindly-partial manner, what is expected of *me*, more than would be of some others. This should be a lesson to me. Whatever my motives were, the world would not know them: to complain of a brother's unkindness, *that*, indeed, I might do; differences between brothers and sisters, where interests clash, but too commonly arise; but where the severe father cannot be separated from the faulty brother; who could bear to lighten herself, by loading a father?—Then, in this particular case, must not the hatred Mr. Lovelace expresses to every one of my family, (although in return for *their* hatred of *him*) shock one extremely? Must it not shew, that there is something implacable, as well as highly unpolite in his temper?—And what creature can think of marrying so as to be out of all hopes ever to be well with her own nearest and tendrest relations?

But here, having tired myself, and I dare say you, I will lay down my pen.

Mr. Solmes is almost continually here: so is my aunt Hervey; so are my two uncles. Something is working against me, I doubt. What an uneasy state is suspence!—When a naked sword, too, seems hanging over one's head!

I hear nothing but what this confident creature Betty throws out in the wantonness of office. Now it is, 'Why, 'Miss, don't you look up your things? 'You'll be called upon, depend upon 'it, before you are aware.' Another time she intimates darkly, and in broken sentences, (as if on purpose to teaze me) what *one* says, what *another*; with their enquiries how I dispose of my time? And my brother's insolent question comes frequently in, Whether I am not writing a history of my sufferings?

But I am now used to her pertness; and as it is only through that, that I can hear of any-thing intended against me, before it is to be put in execution; and as, when she is most impertinent, she pleads a commission for it; I bear with her; yet, now-and-then, not without a little of the heart-burn.

I will depositt thus far. Adieu, my dear. Cl. Harlowe.

Written on the cover, after she went down, with a pencil:

On coming down, I found your second letter of yesterday's date. I have read it; and am in hopes that the inclosed will in a great measure answer your mother's expectations of me.

My most respectful acknowledgments to her for it, and for her very kind admonitions.

You'll read to her what you please of the inclosed.

LETTER XIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SAT. MARCH 25.

I Follow my last of this date by command. I mentioned in my former, my mother's opinion of the merit you would have, if you could oblige your friends against your own inclination. Our conference upon this subject was introduced by the conversation we had had with Sir Harry Downeton; and my mother thinks it of so much importance, that she enjoins me to give you the particulars of it. I the rather comply, as I was unable in my last to tell what to advise you to; and as you will in this recital have my mother's opinion at least; and, perhaps, in *hers*, what the *world's* would be, were it only to know what she knows; and not so much as I know.

My mother argues upon this case in a most discouraging manner for all such of our sex as look forward for happiness in marriage with the *man of their choice*.

Only, that I know, she has a side-view to her daughter; who, at the same time that she now prefers no one to another, values not the man her mother most regards, of one farthing; or I should lay it more to heart.

'What is there in it,' says she, 'that 'all this bustle is about? Is it such a 'mighty matter for a young woman to 'give up her inclinations to oblige her 'friends?'

'Very well, mamma!' thought I. 'Now, may you ask this—At FORTY,

'you may—But what would you have 'said at EIGHTEEN, is the queſtion?'

'Either,' ſaid ſhe, 'the lady muſt be 'thought to have very violent inclina-'tions, [and what nice young creature 'would have that ſuppoſed?] which ſhe '*could* not give up; or a very ſtubborn 'will, which ſhe *would* not; or, thirdly, 'have parents ſhe was indifferent about 'obliging.'

You know my mother now-and-then argues very notably; always very warmly at leaſt. I happen often to differ from her; and we both think ſo well of our own arguments, that we very ſeldom are ſo happy as to convince one another. A pretty common caſe, I believe, in all *vehement* debatings. She ſays, I am *too witty*; Anglicé, *too pert*: I, that ſhe is *too wiſe*; that is to ſay, being likewiſe put into Engliſh, *Not ſo young as ſhe has been*: in ſhort, is grown ſo much into *mother*, that ſhe has forgotten ſhe ever was a *daughter*. So, generally, we call another cauſe by conſent—Yet fall into the old one half a dozen times over, *without* conſent—Quitting and reſuming, with half-angry faces, forced into a ſmile, that there might be ſome room to piece together again: but go to-bed, if bed-time, a little ſullen nevertheleſs; or, if we ſpeak, her ſilence is broken with an 'Ah, Nancy! You are 'ſo lovely! ſo quick! I wiſh you were 'leſs like your papa, child!'

I pay it off with thinking, that my mother has no reaſon to diſclaim *her* ſhare in her Nancy: and if the matter go off with greater ſeverity on her ſide than I wiſh for, then her favourite Hickman fares the worſe for it next day.

I know I am a ſaucy creature. I know, if I do not *ſay* ſo, you will *think* ſo. So no more of this juſt now. What I mention it for, is to tell you, that on this ſerious occaſion I will omit, if I can, all that paſſed between us, that had an air of flippancy on my part, or quickneſs on my mother's, to let you into the *cool* and the *cogent* of the converſation.

'Look through the families,' ſaid ſhe, 'which we both know, where the man 'and woman have been ſaid to marry 'for love; which (at the time it is ſo 'called) is perhaps no more than a paſ-'ſion begun in folly or thoughtleſſneſs, 'and carried on from a ſpirit of perverſe-'neſs and oppoſition,' [Here we had a parenthetical debate, which I omit;] 'and ſee, if they appear to be happier 'than thoſe whoſe principal inducement 'to marry has been convenience, or to 'oblige their friends; or even whether 'they are generally *ſo* happy: for *conve-*

'*nience* and *duty*, where obſerved, will 'afford a *permanent* and even an *increaſ-*'*ing* ſatisfaction, (as well at the time, 'as upon the reflection) which ſeldom 'fail to reward themſelves: while *love*, 'if love *be* the motive, is an idle paſſion.' [*Idle in* ONE SENSE *my mother cannot ſay; for love is as buſy as a monkey, and as miſ-chievous as a ſchool-boy*]—'It is a *fervor*, 'that, like all other *fervors*, laſts but a 'little while after marriage; a bow over-'ſtrained, that ſoon returns to it's na-'tural bent.

'As it is founded generally upon mere '*notional* excellences, which were un-'known to the perſons themſelves till 'attributed to either by the other; one, 'two, or three months, uſually ſets all 'right on both ſides; and then with 'opened eyes they think of each other—'juſt as every-body elſe thought of them 'before.

'The lovers *imaginaries*' [her own notable word!] 'are by that time gone 'off; nature and old habits (painfully 'diſpenſed with or concealed) return: 'diſguiſes thrown aſide, all the moles, 'freckles, and defects in the minds of '*each*, diſcover themſelves; and 'tis 'well if each do not ſink in the opinion 'of the other, as much below the com-'mon ſtandard, as the blinded imagina-'tion of both had ſet them above it. 'And now,' ſaid ſhe, 'the fond pair, 'who knew no felicity out of each 'other's company, are ſo far from 'finding the never-ending variety each 'had propoſed in an unreſtrained con-'verſation with the other, (when they 'ſeldom were together; and always 'parted with ſomething *to ſay*; or, on 'recollection, when parted, wiſhing 'they *had* ſaid) that they are continually 'on the wing in purſuit of amuſements 'out of themſelves; and thoſe,' concluded my ſage mamma, [did you think her wiſdom ſo *very* modern?] 'will perhaps 'be the livelier to each, in which the 'other has no ſhare.'

I told my mother, that if *you* were to take any raſh ſtep, it would be owing to the indiſcreet violence of your friends. I was afraid, I ſaid, that theſe reflections upon the conduct of people in the married ſtate, who might ſet out with better hopes, were but too well grounded: but that this muſt be allowed me, that if children weighed not theſe matters ſo thoroughly as they ought, neither did parents make thoſe allowances for youth, inclination, and inexperience, which had been found neceſſary to be made for themſelves at their childrens time of life.

'I remembered

I remembered a letter, I told her, hereupon, which you wrote a few months ago, perſonating an anonymous elderly lady, (in Mr. Wyerley's day of plaguing you) to Miſs Drayton's mother, who, by her ſeverity and reſtraints, had like to have driven the young lady into the very fault againſt which her mother was moſt ſolicitous to guard her. And I dared to ſay, ſhe would be pleaſed with it.

I fetched the firſt draught of it, which, at my requeſt, you obliged me with at the time; and read the whole letter to my mother. But the following paſſage ſhe made me read twice. I think you once told me you had not a copy of this letter.

'Permit me, Madam,' [ſays the perſonated grave writer] 'to obſerve, that 'if perſons of your experience would 'have young people look *forward*, in 'order to be wiſer and better by their 'advice, it would be kind in them to 'look *backward*, and allow for their 'childrens youth, and natural vivacity; 'in other words, for their lively hopes, 'unabated by time, unaccompanied by 'reflection, and unchecked by diſap-'pointment. Things appear to us all 'in a very different light at our entrance 'upon a favourite party, or tour; when, 'with golden proſpects, and high ex-'pectations, we riſe vigorous and freſh, 'like the ſun beginning it's morning 'courſe; from what they do, when we 'ſit down at the end of our views, tired, 'and preparing for our journey home-'ward: for then we take into our *re-'flection*, what we had left out in *proſpect*, 'the fatigues, the checks, the hazards, 'we had met with; and make a true 'eſtimate of pleaſures, which from our 'raiſed expectations muſt neceſſarily 'have fallen miſerably ſhort of what we 'had promiſed ourſelves at ſetting out— 'Nothing but experience can give us a 'ſtrong and efficacious conviction of this 'difference: and when we would incul-'cate the fruits of *that* upon the minds 'of thoſe we love, who have not lived 'long enough to find thoſe fruits; and 'would hope, that our *advice* ſhould 'have as much force upon *them*, as *expe-'rience* has upon *us*; and which, per-'haps, *our* parents advice had not upon '*ourſelves* at our daughters time of life; 'ſhould we not proceed by patient rea-'ſoning and gentleneſs, that we may not 'harden, where we would convince? 'For, Madam, the tendereſt and moſt 'generous minds, when harſhly treated, 'become generally the moſt inflexible. 'If the young lady knows her *heart* to be 'right, however defective her *head* may 'be for want of years and experience, 'ſhe will be apt to be very tenacious. 'And if ſhe believes her friends to be 'wrong, although perhaps they may be 'only ſo in their methods of treating her, 'how much will every *unkind* circum-'ſtance on the parent's part, or *heedleſs* 'one on the child's, though ever ſo 'ſlight in itſelf, widen the difference! 'The parent's *prejudice* in diſ-favour, 'will confirm the daughter's in favour, 'of the ſame perſon; and the beſt reaſon-'ings in the world on either ſide, will 'be attributed to that prejudice. In 'ſhort, neither of them will be convinc-'ed: a perpetual oppoſition enſues; the 'parent grows impatient; the child deſ-'perate, and, as a too natural conſe-'quence, that falls out which the mo-'ther was moſt afraid of, and which 'poſſibly had not happened, if the child's 'paſſions had been only *led*, not *driven*.'

My mother was pleaſed with the whole letter; and ſaid, It *deſerved* to have the ſucceſs it met with. But aſked me what excuſe could be offered for a young lady capable of making ſuch reflections, (and who at her time of life could ſo well aſ-ſume the character of one of riper years) if ſhe ſhould ruſh into any fatal miſtake herſelf?

She then touched upon the moral cha-racter of Mr. Lovelace; and how rea-ſonable the averſion of your relations is, to a man who gives himſelf the liberties he is ſaid to take; and who indeed him-ſelf denies not the accuſation; having been heard to declare, that he will do all the miſchief he can to the ſex, in re-venge for the ill-uſage and broken vows of his firſt love, at a time when he was *too young* [his own expreſſion it ſeems] to be inſincere.

I replied, That I had heard every one ſay, that the lady meant, really uſed him ill; that it affected him ſo much at the time, that he was forced to travel upon it; and to drive her out of his heart, ran into courſes which he had ingenu-ouſneſs enough himſelf to condemn: that, however, he had denied that he had thrown out ſuch menaces againſt the ſex when charged with them by me in your preſence; and declared himſelf in-capable of ſo unjuſt and ungenerous a reſentment againſt *all*, for the perfidy of *one*.

You remember this, my dear; as I do your innocent obſervation upon it, That you could believe his ſolemn aſſe-veration and denial: 'For ſurely,' ſaid you, 'the man who would reſent, as the 'higheſt indignity that could be offered 'to a gentleman, the imputation of a

'*wilful* falſhood, would not be guilty of 'one.'

I inſiſted upon the extraordinary circumſtances in your caſe; particularizing them. I took notice, that Mr. Lovelace's morals were at one time no objection with your relations for Arabella: that then much was built upon his family, and more upon his parts and learning, which made it out of doubt, that he might be reclaimed by a woman of virtue and prudence: and [pray forgive me for mentioning it] I ventured to add, that although your family might be good ſort of folks, as the world went, yet nobody but you imputed to any of them, a *very* punctilious concern for religion or piety—therefore were they the leſs entitled to object to defects of that kind in others. Then, 'What an odious man,' ſaid I, 'have they picked out to ſupplant in a 'lady's affections one of the fineſt fi'gures of a man, and one noted for his 'brilliant parts, and other accompliſh'ments, whatever his morals may be!'

Still my mother inſiſted, that there was the greater merit in your obedience on that account; and urged, that there hardly ever was a very handſome and very ſprightly man who made a tender and affectionate huſband: for that they were generally ſuch Narciſſuſes, as to imagine every woman ought to think as highly of them, as they did of themſelves.

There was no danger from that conſideration *here*, I ſaid, becauſe the lady had ſtill greater advantages, both of perſon and mind, than the man; graceful and elegant, as he muſt be allowed to be, beyond moſt of his ſex.

She cannot endure to hear me praiſe any man but her favourite Hickman: upon whom, nevertheleſs, ſhe generally brings a degree of contempt which he would eſcape, did ſhe not leſſen the little merit he has, by giving him, on all occaſions, more than I think he can deſerve, and entering him into compariſons in which it is impoſſible but he muſt be a ſufferer. And now [prepoſterous partiality!] ſhe thought, for *her* part, that Mr. Hickman, 'bating that his *face* indeed was not ſo ſmooth, nor his complexion quite ſo good, and ſaying that he was not ſo preſuming and ſo bold, (which ought to be no fault with a modeſt woman) equalled Mr. Lovelace *at any hour of the day*.

To avoid entering further into ſuch an *incomparable* compariſon, I ſaid, I did not believe, had they left you to your own way, and treated you generouſly, that you would have had the thought of encouraging any man whom they diſliked.

'Then, Nancy,' catching me up, 'the 'excuſe is leſs—For, if ſo, muſt there 'not be more of *contradiction*, than *love*, 'in the caſe?'

'Not ſo, neither, Madam: for I 'know Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe would 'prefer Mr. Lovelace to all men, if 'morals—'

'IF, Nancy! —That *if* is every'thing.—Do you really think ſhe loves 'Mr Lovelace?'

What would you have had me to ſay, my dear?—I won't tell you what I *did* ſay: but had I *not* ſaid what I *did*, who would have believed me?

Beſides, I *know* you love him!—Excuſe me, my dear: yet, if you deny it, what do you but reflect upon yourſelf, as if you thought you *ought not* to allow yourſelf in what you cannot help doing?

'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid I, 'the man 'is worthy of any woman's love,'—[*if*, again, I *could* ſay] 'But her parents—'

'Her parents, Nancy!'—[You know, my dear, how my mother, who accuſes her daughter of quickneſs, is evermore interrupting one!]

'May take wrong meaſures,' ſaid I.

'Cannot do wrong—They have rea'ſon, I'll warrant,' ſaid ſhe.

'By which they may provoke a young 'woman,' ſaid I, 'to do raſh things, 'which otherwiſe ſhe would not do.'

'But if it *be* a raſh thing,' [returned ſhe] 'ſhould ſhe do it? A prudent 'daughter will not wilfully err, becauſe 'her parents err, if they *were* to err: 'if ſhe *do*, the world which blames the 'parents, will not acquit the child. All 'that can be ſaid, in extenuation of a 'daughter's error in this caſe, ariſes 'from a kind conſideration, which Miſs 'Clary's letter to Lady Drayton pleads 'for, to be paid to *her* daughter's youth 'and inexperience. And will ſuch an 'admirable young perſon as Miſs Cla'riſſa Harlowe, whoſe prudence, as we 'ſee, qualifies her to be an adviſer of 'perſons much older than herſelf, take 'ſhelter under ſo poor a covert?

'Let her know, Nancy, out of hand, 'what I ſay; and I charge you to repre'ſent farther to her, That let her diſ'like one man and approve of ano'ther ever ſo much, it will be expected 'of a young lady of her unbounded 'generoſity and greatneſs of mind, that 'ſhe ſhould *deny herſelf*, when ſhe can

'oblige

'*oblige all her family* by ſo doing—No 'leſs than ten or a dozen perhaps the 'neareſt and deareſt to her of all the 'perſons in the world, an indulgent 'father and mother at the head of them. 'It may be *fancy* only on her ſide; but 'parents look deeper: and will not 'Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe give up her '*fancy* to her parents *judgment?*'

I ſaid a great deal upon this *judgment* ſubject: all that you could wiſh I ſhould ſay; and all that your extraordinary caſe allowed me to ſay. And my mother was ſo ſenſible of the force of it, that ſhe charged me not to write to you any part of my anſwer to what ſhe ſaid; but only what ſhe herſelf had advanced; leſt, in ſo critical a caſe, it ſhould induce you to take meaſures which might give us both reaſon (me for giving it, you for following it) to repent it as long as we lived.

And thus, my dear, have I ſet my mother's arguments before you. And the rather, as I cannot myſelf tell what to adviſe you to do—You know beſt your own heart; and what that will let you do.

Robin undertakes to depoſit this very early, that you may have an opportunity to receive it by your firſt morning airing.

Heaven guide and direct you for the beſt, is the inceſſant prayer of *your ever-affectionate* ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

I AM in great apprehenſions. Yet cannot help repeating my humble thanks to your mother and you, for your laſt favour. I hope her kind end is anſwered by the contents of my laſt. Yet I muſt not think it enough to acknowledge her goodneſs to me, with a pencil only, on the cover of a letter ſealed up. A few lines give me leave to write with regard to my anonymous letter to Lady Drayton. If I did *not* at that time tell you, as I believe I *did*, that my excellent Mrs. Norton gave me her aſſiſtance in that letter, I now acknowledge that ſhe did.

Pray let your mother know this, for two reaſons: one, that I may not be thought to arrogate to myſelf a diſcretion which does not belong to me; the other, that I may not ſuffer by the ſevere, but juſt inference ſhe was pleaſed to draw; *doubling* my faults upon me, if I myſelf ſhould act unworthy of the advice I was ſuppoſed to give.

Before I come to what moſt nearly affects me, I muſt chide you, once more, for the ſevere, the *very* ſevere things you mention of our family, to the diſparagement of their MORALS. Indeed, my dear, I wonder at you!—A ſlighter occaſion might have paſſed me, after I have written to you ſo often to ſo little purpoſe, on this topick. But, affecting as my own circumſtances are, I cannot paſs by without animadverſion the reflection I need not repeat in words.

There is not a worthier woman in England than my mother, Nor is my father that man you ſometimes make him. Excepting in one point, I know not any family which lives up more to their duty, than the principals of ours. A little too *uncommunicative* for their great circumſtances—that is all.—Why, then, have they not reaſon to inſiſt upon unexceptionable morals in a man whoſe ſought-for relationſhip to them, by a marriage in their family, they have certainly a right either to allow of, or to diſallow?

Another line or two, before I am engroſſed by my own concerns—Upon your treatment of Mr. Hickman. Is it, do you think, generous to revenge upon an innocent perſon, the diſpleaſure you receive from another quarter, where I doubt you are a treſpaſſer too?—But one thing I could tell him; and you had not beſt provoke me to it: it is this, That no woman uſes ill the man ſhe does not abſolutely reject, but ſhe has it in her heart to make him amends when her tyranny has had it's run, and he has compleated the meaſure of his ſervices and patience. My mind is not enough at eaſe, to puſh this matter farther.

I will now give you the occaſion of my preſent apprehenſions.

I had reaſon to fear, as I mentioned in mine of this morning, that a ſtorm was brewing. Mr. Solmes came home from church this afternoon with my brother. Soon after, Betty brought me up a letter, without ſaying from whom. It was in a cover, and directed by a hand I never ſaw before; as if it were ſuppoſed that I would not receive and open it, had I known from whom it came.

Theſe are the contents—

'TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'SUNDAY, MARCH 26.

'DEAREST MADAM,

'I THINK myſelf a moſt unhappy 'man, in that I have never yet been 'able to pay my reſpects to you with

, your

'youre conſent, for one halfe-hour. I 'have ſomething to communicat to you 'that concernes you much, if you be 'pleaſed to admit me to youre ſpeech. 'Youre honour is concerned in it, and 'the honour of all youre familly. It 'relates to the deſignes of one whom 'you are ſed to valew more than he de-'ſarves; and to ſome of his reprobat 'actions; which I am reddie to give 'you convincing proofes of the truth of. 'I may appear to be intereſted in it: 'but nevertheleſſe, I am reddie to make 'oathe, that every tittle is true: and 'you will ſee what a man you are ſed to 'favour. But I hope not ſo, for your 'owne honour.

'Pray, Madam, vouchſafe me a hear-'ing, as you valew your honour and 'familly: which will oblidge, deareſt 'Miſs, *your moſt humble and moſt faithful* 'ſervant,' ROGER SOLMES.

'I waite below *for* the hope of ad-'mittance.'

I have no manner of doubt, that this is a poor device to get this man into my company. I would have ſent down a verbal anſwer; but Betty refuſed to carry any meſſage, which ſhould prohibit his viſiting me. So I was obliged either to ſee him, or to write to him. I wrote therefore an anſwer, of which I ſhall ſend you the rough draught. And now my heart aches for what may follow from it; for I hear a great hurry below.

'TO ROGER SOLMES, ESQ.

'SIR,

'WHATEVER you have to com-'municate to me, which concerns my 'honour, may as well be done by 'writing as by word of mouth. If Mr. 'Lovelace is any of *my* concern, I know 'not that *therefore* he ought to be *yours*: 'for the uſage I receive on *your* account '[I *muſt* think it ſo!] is ſo harſh, that were 'there not ſuch a man in the world as 'Mr. *Lovelace*, I would not wiſh to ſee 'Mr. *Solmes*, no, not for one half-hour, 'in the way he is pleaſed to be deſirous 'to ſee me. I never can be in any dan-'ger from Mr. Lovelace (and of conſe-'quence, cannot be affected by any of 'your diſcoveries) if the propoſal I 'made be accepted. You have been 'acquainted with it, no doubt. If not, 'be pleaſed to let my friends know, 'that if they will rid *me* of my appre-'henſions of one gentleman, I will rid 'them of *theirs* of another: and then of 'what conſequence to *them*, or to *me*, 'will it be, whether Mr. Lovelace be 'a good man, or a bad? And if not 'to *them*, nor to *me*, I ſee not how it can 'be of any to *you*. But if *you* do, I 'have nothing to ſay to that; and it will 'be a chriſtian part, if you will expoſ-'tulate with him upon the errors you 'have diſcovered, and endeavour to 'make him as good a man, as, no doubt, 'you are *yourſelf*, or you would not be 'ſo ready to detect and expoſe *him*.

'Excuſe me, Sir: but after my for-'mer letter to you, and your ungene-'rous perſeverance; and after this at-'tempt to avail yourſelf at the expence 'of another man's character, rather 'than by your own proper merit; I ſee 'not that you can blame any aſperity in 'her, whom you have ſo largely con-'tributed to make unhappy.

'CL. HARLOWE.'

SUNDAY NIGHT.

MY father was for coming up to me, in great wrath, it ſeems; but was perſuaded to the contrary. My aunt Hervey was permitted to ſend me this that follows.—Quick work, my dear!

'TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'NIECE,

'EVERY-BODY is now convinced, 'that nothing is to be done with you 'by way of gentleneſs or perſuaſion. 'Your mother will not permit you to 'ſtay in the houſe; for your father is ſo 'incenſed by your ſtrange letter to his 'friend, that ſhe knows not what will be 'the conſequence if you do. So, you are 'commanded to get ready to go to your 'uncle Antony's out of hand.

'Your uncle thinks he has not de-'ſerved of you ſuch an unwillingneſs as 'you ſhew to go to his houſe.

'You don't know the wickedneſs of 'the man for whoſe ſake you think it 'worth while to quarrel with all your 'friends.

'You muſt not anſwer me. There 'will be no end of that.

'You know not the affliction you give 'to every-body; but to none more than 'to *your affectionate aunt*,

'DOROTHY HERVEY.'

Forbid to write to my aunt, I took a bolder liberty. I wrote a few lines to my mother; beſeeching her to procure me leave to throw myſelf at my father's feet, and hers, if I *muſt* go, (nobody elſe preſent) to beg pardon for the trouble I had given them both, and their bleſſings; and to receive their commands as to my removal, and the time of it, from their own lips.

'What

'What new boldneſs this!—Take it 'back; and bid her learn to obey,' was my mother's angry anſwer, with my letter returned, unopened.

But that I might omit nothing, that had an appearance of duty, I wrote a few lines to my father himſelf to the ſame purpoſe; begging that he would not turn me out of his houſe without his bleſſing. But this, torn in two pieces, and unopened, was brought me up again by Betty, with an air, one hand held up, the other extended, the torn letter in her open palm; and a 'See here!—What a 'ſad thing this is! Nothing will do but 'duty, Miſs!—Your papa ſaid, "Let "her tell me of *deeds!*—I'll receive no "*words* from her:" and ſo he tore the 'letter, and flung the pieces at my head.'

So deſperate my caſe, I was reſolved not to ſtop even at this repulſe. I took my pen and addreſſed myſelf to my uncle Harlowe, incloſing that which my mother had returned unopened, and the torn unopened one ſent to my father; having firſt hurried off a tranſcript for you.

My uncle was going home, and it was delivered to him juſt as he ſtepped into his chariot. What may be the fate of it therefore I cannot know till to-morrow.

The following is a copy of it—

'TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ.

'MY DEAR AND EVER-HONOURED 'UNCLE,

'I HAVE nobody now, but you to 'whom I can apply, with hope, ſo much 'as to have my humble addreſſes opened 'and read. My aunt Hervey has given 'me commands which I want to have 'explained; but ſhe has forbid me writ-'ing to *her*. Hereupon I took the li-'berty to write to my father and mo-'ther: you will ſee, Sir, by the torn one, 'and by the other (both unopened) 'what has been the reſult. This, Sir, 'perhaps you already know: but, as 'you know not the *contents* of the diſ-'graced letters, I beſeech you to read 'them both, that you may be a witneſs 'for me, that they are not filled either 'with complaints or expoſtulations, nor 'contain any-thing undutiful. Give me 'leave to ſay, Sir, that if deaf-eared an-'ger will neither grant *me* a hearing, nor, '*what I write* a peruſal, ſome time hence 'the hard-heartedneſs may be regretted. 'I beſeech you, dear, good Sir, to let me 'know what is meant by ſending me to 'my uncle Antony's houſe, rather than 'to yours, or to my aunt Hervey's, or 'elſe-where? If it be for what I ap-'prehend it to be, life will not be ſup-'portable upon the terms. I beg alſo 'to know, WHEN I am to be turned out 'of doors!—My heart ſtrongly gives me, '*that if once I am compelled to leave this 'houſe, I ſhall never ſee it more.*

'It becomes me, however, to declare, 'that I write not this through perverſe-'neſs, or in reſentment. God knows 'my heart, I do not! But the treatment 'I apprehend I ſhall meet with, if car-'ried to my other uncle's will, in all 'probability, give the finiſhing ſtroke to 'the diſtreſſes, the undeſerved diſtreſſes 'I will be bold to call them, of *your once 'highly-favoured, but now unhappy,*

'CL. HARLOWE.'

LETTER XV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 27.

THIS morning early my uncle Harlowe came hither. He ſent up the incloſed very tender letter. It has made me wiſh I *could* oblige him. You will ſee how Mr. Solmes's ill qualities are gloſſed over in it. What blemiſhes does affection hide!—But perhaps they may ſay to me, 'What faults does antipathy 'bring to light!'

Be pleaſed to ſend me back this letter of my uncle by the firſt return.

'SUNDAY NIGHT, OR RATHER 'MONDAY MORNING.

'I MUST anſwer you, though againſt 'my own reſolution. Every-body loves 'you; and you know they do. The very 'ground you walk upon is dear to moſt 'of us. But how can we reſolve to ſee 'you? There is no ſtanding againſt your 'looks and language. It is our love 'makes us decline to ſee you. How *can* 'we, when you are reſolved *not* to do 'what we are reſolved you *ſhall* do? I 'never, for my part, loved any creature, 'as I loved you from your infancy till 'now. And indeed, as I have often 'ſaid, never was there a young creature 'ſo deſerving of love. But what is 'come to you now! Alas! alas! my dear 'kinſwoman, how you fail in the trial!

'I have read the letters you incloſed. 'At a proper time, I may ſhew them to 'my brother and ſiſter. But they will 'receive nothing from you at preſent.

'For my part, I could not read your 'letter to me, without being unmanned. 'How can you be ſo unmoved yourſelf, 'yet be ſo able to move every-body 'elſe? How could you ſend ſuch a letter 'to Mr. Solmes? Fie upon you! How 'ſtrangely are you altered!

'Then to treat your brother and ſiſ-

'ter

'ter as you did, that they don't care to 'write to you, or to ſee you! Don't you 'know where it is writ'en, That *ſoft an-'ſwers turn away wrath?* But if you will 'truſt to your ſharp-pointed wit, you 'may wound: yet a club will beat down 'a ſword. And how can you expect, 'that they who are hurt by you will not 'hurt you again? Was this the way you 'uſed to take to make us all adore you, 'as we did?—No, it was your gentle-'neſs of heart and manners, that made 'every-body, even ſtrangers, at firſt 'ſight, treat you as a lady, and call you 'a lady, though not born one, while 'your elder ſiſter had no ſuch diſtinc-'tions paid her. If you *were* envied, why 'ſhould you ſharpen Envy, and file up 'it's teeth to an edge?—You ſee I write 'like an impartial man, and as one that 'loves you ſtill.

'But ſince you have diſplayed your 'talents, and ſpared nobody, and moved 'every-body, without being moved, you 'have but made us ſtand the cloſer and 'firmer together. This is what I li-'kened to an *embattled phalanx*, once be-'fore. Your aunt Hervey forbids your 'writing, for the ſame reaſon that I muſt 'not countenance it. We are all afraid 'to ſee you, becauſe we know we ſhall 'be made as ſo many fools. Nay, your 'mother is ſo afraid of you, that once 'or twice, when ſhe thought you was 'coming to force yourſelf into her pre-'ſence, ſhe ſhut the door, and locked 'herſelf in, becauſe ſhe knew ſhe muſt 'not ſee you upon *your* terms, and you 'are reſolved you will not ſee her upon '*hers*.

'Reſolve but to oblige us all, my 'deareſt Miſs Clary, and you ſhall ſee 'how we will claſp you every-one by 'turns to our rejoicing hearts. If the 'one man has not the wit, and the parts, 'and the perſon, of the other, no one 'breathing has a worſe heart than that 'other: and is not the love of all your 'friends, and a ſober man (if he be *not* 'ſo poliſhed) to be preferred to a de-'bauchee, though ever ſo fine a man to 'look at? You have ſuch talents, that 'you will be adored by the one: but the 'other has as much advantage in thoſe 'reſpects, as you have yourſelf, and will 'not ſet by them one ſtraw. For huſ-'bands are ſometimes jealous of their 'authority with witty wives. You will 'have in one, a man of virtue. Had 'you not been ſo rudely affronting to 'him, he would have made you ears 'tingle with what he could have told 'you of the other.

'Come, my dear niece, let me have 'the honour of doing with you what no-'body elſe yet has been able to do. 'Your father, mother, and I, will di-'vide the pleaſure, and the *honour*, I will 'again call it, between us; and all paſt 'offences ſhall be forgiven; and Mr. 'Solmes, we will engage, ſhall take 'nothing amiſs hereafter, of what has 'paſſed.

'He knows, he ſays, what a jewel that 'man will have, who can obtain your 'favour; and he will think light of all 'he has ſuffered, or ſhall ſuffer, in ob-'taining you.

'Dear, ſweet creature, oblige us: 'and oblige us with a grace. It *muſt* be 'done, whether with a grace or not. I 'do aſſure you it *muſt*. You muſt not 'conquer father, mother, uncles, every-'body: depend upon that.

'I have ſat up half the night to write 'this. You do not know how I am 'touched at reading yours, and writing 'this. Yet will I be at Harlowe Place 'early in the morning. So, upon read-'ing this, if you will oblige us all, ſend 'me word to come up to your apart-'ment: and I will lead you down, and 'preſent you to the embraces of every-'one. And you will then ſee, you have 'more of a brother and ſiſter in them 'both, than of late your prejudices will 'let you think you have. This from 'one who uſed to love to ſtile himſelf, '*your paternal uncle*,

'JOHN HARLOWE.'

In about an hour after this kind letter was given me, my uncle ſent up to know, if he ſhould be a welcome viſitor, upon the terms mentioned in his letter? He bid Betty bring him down a verbal anſwer: a written one, he ſaid, would be a bad ſign; and he bid her therefore not bring a letter. But I had juſt finiſhed the incloſed tranſcription of one I had been writing. She made a difficulty to carry it; but was prevailed upon to oblige me by a token which theſe Mrs. Bettys cannot withſtand.

'DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

'HOW you rejoice me by your con-'deſcending goodneſs!—So kind, ſo pa-'ternal a letter!—ſo ſoothing to a 'wounded heart; and of late what I 'have been ſo little uſed to!—How am 'I affected with it! Tell me not, dear 'Sir, of my way of writing: your letter 'has more moved *me*, than I have been 'able to move *any-body!*—It has made 'me wiſh with all my heart, that I could 'entitle myſelf to be viſited upon your

'own

'own terms; and to be led down to my 'father and mother by ſo good and ſo 'kind an uncle.

'I will tell you, deareſt Sir, what I 'will do to make my peace. I have no 'doubt that Mr. Solmes, upon conſide-'ration, would greatly prefer my ſiſter 'to ſuch a ſtrange averſe creature as me. 'His chief, or one of his chief motives 'in his addreſs to me, is, as I have rea-'ſon to believe, the contiguity of my 'grandfather's eſtate to his own. I will 'reſign it; for ever I will reſign it: and 'the reſignation muſt be good, becauſe 'I will never marry at all. I will make 'it over to my ſiſter and her heirs for 'ever. I ſhall have no heirs, but my 'brother and her; and I will receive, 'as of my father's bounty, ſuch an an-'nuity (not in lieu of the eſtate, but as 'of his bounty) as he ſhall be pleaſed to 'grant me, if it be ever ſo ſmall: and 'whenever I diſoblige him, he to with-'draw it, at his pleaſure.

'Will not this be accepted?—Surely 'it muſt—Surely it will!—I beg of 'you, deareſt Sir, to propoſe it; and 'ſecond it with your intereſt. This will 'anſwer every end. My ſiſter has a 'high opinion of Mr. Solmes. I never 'can have *any* in the light he is propoſed 'to me. But as my ſiſter's huſband, he 'will be always entitled to my reſpect; 'and ſhall have it.

'If this be accepted, grant me, Sir, 'the honour of a viſit; and do me then 'the inexpreſſible pleaſure of leading me 'down to the feet of my honoured pa-'rents, and they ſhall find me the moſt 'dutiful of children; and to the arms of 'my brother and ſiſter, and they ſhall 'find me the moſt obliging and moſt af-'fectionate of ſiſters.

'I wait, Sir, for your anſwer to this 'propoſal, made with the whole heart 'of *your dutiful and moſt obliged niece*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

MONDAY NOON.

I HOPE this will be accepted: for Betty tells me, that my uncle Antony and my aunt Hervey are ſent for; and not Mr. Solmes; which I look upon as a favourable circumſtance. With what cheerfulneſs will I aſſign over this en-vied eſtate!—What a much more valu-able conſideration ſhall I part with it for!—The love and favour of all my relations! That love and favour which I uſed for eighteen years together to re-joice in, and be diſtinguiſhed by!—And what a charming pretence will this afford me of breaking with Mr. Lovelace! And how eaſy will it poſſibly make him to part with *me!*

I found this morning, in the uſual place, a letter from him, in anſwer, I ſuppoſe, to mine of Friday, which I de-poſited not till Saturday. But I have not opened it; nor will I, till I ſee what effect this new offer will have.

Let me but be permitted to avoid the man I *hate*; and I will give up with cheerfulneſs, the man I *could prefer*. To renounce the one, were I really to value him as much as you ſeem to ima-gine, can give but a *temporary* concern, which *time* and *diſcretion* will alleviate. *This* is a ſacrifice which a child owes to parents and friends, if they inſiſt upon it's being made. But the other, to marry a man one *cannot endure*, is not only a diſhoneſt thing, as to the man; but it is enough to make a creature who wiſhes to be a *good wife*, a bad or indif-ferent one, as I once wrote to the man himſelf: and then ſhe can hardly be ei-ther a *good miſtreſs*, or a *good friend*; or any-thing but a diſcredit to her family, and a bad example to all around her.

Methinks I am loth, in the *ſuſpence* I am in at preſent, to depoſit this, be-cauſe it will be leaving you in one as *great:* but having been prevented by Betty's officiouſneſs twice, I will now go down to my little poultry; and if I have an opportunity, will leave it in the uſual place, where I hope to find ſome-thing from you.

LETTER XVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 27.

I Have depoſited my narrative down to this day noon; but I hope ſoon to follow it with another letter, that I may keep you as little a while as poſſible in that ſuſpence which I am ſo much af-fected by at this moment: for my heart is diſturbed at every foot I hear ſtir; and at every door below that I hear open or ſhut.

They have been all aſſembled ſome time, and are in cloſe debate I believe: but can there be room for long debate upon a propoſal, which, if accepted, will ſo effectually anſwer all their views? —Can they inſiſt a moment longer upon my having Mr. Solmes, when they ſee what ſacrifices I am ready to make to be freed from his addreſſes?—O but I ſup-poſe the ſtruggle is, firſt, with Bella's nicety, to perſuade her to accept of the eſtate, and of the huſband; and next,

with her pride, to take her *ſiſter's refuſals*, as ſhe once phraſed it!—Or, it may be, my brother is inſiſting upon equivalents for his reverſion in the eſtate: and theſe ſort of things take up but too much the attention of ſome of our family. To theſe, no doubt, one or both, it muſt be owing, that my propoſal admits of conſideration.

I want, methinks, to ſee what Mr. Lovelace, in his letter ſays. But I will deny myſelf *this* piece of curioſity till that which is raiſed by my preſent ſuſpence is anſwered.—Excuſe me, my dear, that I thus trouble you with my uncertainties: but I have no employment, nor heart, if I had, to purſue any other but what my pen affords me.

MONDAY EVENING.

WOULD you believe it?—Betty, by anticipation, tells me, that I am to be refuſed. I am a vile, artful creature. Every-body is too good to me. My uncle Harlowe has been *taken-in*, that's the phraſe. They knew how it would be, if he either wrote to me, or ſaw me. He has, however, been made aſhamed to be ſo wrought upon. A pretty thing truly in the eye of the world would it be, were they to take me at my word! It would look as if they treated me thus hardly, as *I* think it, for this very purpoſe. My *peculiars*, particularly Miſs Howe, would give it that turn; and I myſelf could mean nothing by it, but to ſee if it would be accepted in order to ſtrengthen my own arguments againſt Mr. Solmes. It was amazing, that it could admit of a moment's deliberation: that any-thing could be *ſuppoſed* to be done in it. It was equally againſt law and equity: and a fine ſecurity Miſs Bella would have, or Mr. Solmes, when I could reſume it when I would!—My *brother* and *ſhe* my heirs! 'O the artful 'creature!'—*I* to reſolve to live ſingle, when Lovelace is ſo *ſure* of me—and every-where declares as much!—and can whenever he pleaſes, if my huſband, claim under the will!—Then the inſolence—the confidence—[as Betty mincingly told me, that *one* ſaid; you may eaſily gueſs who] that ſhe, who was ſo juſtly in diſgrace for downright rebellion, ſhould pretend to preſcribe to the whole family!—ſhould name a huſband for her elder ſiſter!—What a triumph would her obſtinacy go away with, to delegate her commands, not as from a priſon, as ſhe called it, but as from her throne, to her elders and betters; and to her father and mother too!—Amazing, perfectly amazing, that any-body could argue upon ſuch a propoſal as this!—It was a maſter-ſtroke of *fineſſe*—It was ME in perfection—Surely my uncle Harlowe will never again be ſo taken in!

All this was the readier told me, becauſe it was againſt me, and would teaze and vex me. But as ſome of this fine recapitulation implied, that ſomebody ſpoke up for me, I was curious to know who it was: but Betty would not tell me, for fear I ſhould have the conſolation to find that *all* were not againſt me.

But do you not ſee, my dear, what a ſad creature ſhe is whom you honour with your friendſhip?—You could not doubt your influence over me: why did you not let me know myſelf a little better?—Why did you not take the friendly liberty I have always taken with you, and tell me my faults, and what a ſpecious hypocrite I am? For if my brother and ſiſter could make ſuch diſcoveries, how is it poſſible, that faults ſo enormous [You could ſee *others*, you thought, of a *more ſecret* nature!] could eſcape your penetrating eye?

Well, but now, it ſeems, they are debating how and by whom to anſwer me: for they know not, nor *are* they to know, that Mrs. Betty has told me all theſe fine things. One deſires to be excuſed, it ſeems: another chuſes not to have any-thing to ſay to me; another has enough of me; and of writing to ſo ready a ſcribbler, there will be no end.

Thus are thoſe imputed qualifications, which uſed ſo lately to gain me applauſe, now become my crimes: ſo much do diſguſt and anger alter the property of things.

The reſult of their debate, I ſuppoſe, will ſomehow or other be communicated to me by-and-by. But let me tell you, my dear, that I am made ſo deſperate, that I am afraid to open Mr. Lovelace's letter, leſt, in the humour I am in, I ſhould do ſomething (if I find it not exceptionable) that may give me repentance as long as I live.

MONDAY NIGHT.

THIS moment the following letter is brought me by Betty.

'MONDAY, FIVE O'CLOCK.

'MISS CUNNING-ONES,

'YOUR fine new propoſal is thought 'unworthy of a particular anſwer. Your 'uncle Harlowe is aſhamed to be ſo ta-'ken-in. Have you no new fetch for 'your uncle Antony? Go round with 'us, child, now your hand's in. But I 'was bid to write only one line, that you

'might

'might not complain, as you did of your 'worthy ſiſter, for the freedoms you 'provoked: it is this—Prepare your-'ſelf. To-morrow you go to my un-'cle Antony's. That's all, child.

'JAMES HARLOWE.'

I was vexed to the heart at this: and immediately, in the warmth of reſentment, wrote the incloſed to my uncle Harlowe; who it ſeems ſtays here this night.

'TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ.

'MONDAY NIGHT.

'HONOURED SIR,

'I FIND I am a very ſad creature, 'and did not know it. I wrote not to 'my brother. To *you*, Sir, I wrote. 'From *you* I hope the honour of an an-'ſwer. No one reveres her uncle more 'than I do. Nevertheleſs, I will be 'bold to ſay, that the diſtance, great as 'it is, between uncle and niece, ex-'cludes not ſuch a hope: and I think I 'have not made a propoſal that deſerves 'to be treated with ſcorn.

'Forgive me, Sir—My heart is full. 'Perhaps one day you may think you 'have been *prevailed upon* (for that is 'plainly the caſe!) to join to treat me—'as I do not deſerve to be treated. If '*you* are aſhamed, as my brother hints, 'of having expreſſed any returning ten-'derneſs to me, God help me! I ſee I 'have no mercy to expect from any-'body! But, Sir, from *your* pen let me 'have an anſwer; I humbly implore it 'of you—Till my brother can recollect 'what belongs to a ſiſter, I will take 'from *him* no anſwer to the letter I 'wrote to *you*, nor any commands what-'ever.

'*I* move every-body!—This, Sir, is 'what you are pleaſed to mention—But 'whom have I moved?—One perſon in 'the family has more moving ways than 'I have, or he could never ſo undeſer-'vedly have made every-body aſhamed 'to ſhew tenderneſs to a poor diſtreſſed 'child of the ſame family.

'Return me not this with contempt, 'or torn, or unanſwered, I beſeech you. 'My father has a title to do that, or 'any-thing, by his child: but from no 'other perſon in the world of your ſex, 'Sir, ought a young creature of mine '(while ſhe preſerves a ſupplicating ſpi-'rit) to be ſo treated.

'When what I have before written 'in the humbleſt ſtrain has met with 'ſuch ſtrange conſtructions, I am afraid 'that this unguarded ſcrawl will be ve-'ry ill received. But I beg, Sir, you 'will oblige me with one line, be it ever 'ſo harſh, in anſwer to my propoſal. I 'ſtill think it ought to be attended to. I 'will enter into the moſt ſolemn engage-'ments to make it valid by a perpetual 'ſingle life. In a word, any thing I '*can* do, I *will* do, to be reſtored to all 'your favours. More I cannot ſay, 'but that I am, very undeſervedly,

'*A moſt unhappy Creature.*'

Betty ſcrupled again to carry this letter; and ſaid, ſhe ſhould have anger; and I ſhould but have it returned in ſcraps and bits.

'I muſt take that chance,' ſaid I: 'I 'only deſire that you will deliver it as 'directed.'

Sad doings! very ſad! ſhe ſaid, that young ladies ſhould ſo violently ſet themſelves againſt their duty.

I told her, ſhe ſhould have the liberty to ſay what ſhe pleaſed, ſo ſhe would but be my meſſenger that one time—And down ſhe went with it.

I bid her, if ſhe could, ſlide it into my uncle's hand, unſeen; at leaſt unſeen by my brother or ſiſter, for fear it ſhould meet, through *their* good offices, with the fate ſhe had beſpoken for it.

She would not undertake for that, ſhe ſaid.

I am now in expectation of the reſult. But having ſo little ground to hope for either favour or mercy, I opened Mr. Lovelace's letter.

I would ſend it to you, my dear, (as well as thoſe I ſhall incloſe) by this conveyance; but not being able at preſent to determine in what manner I ſhall anſwer it, I will give myſelf the trouble of abſtracting it here, while I am waiting for what may offer from the letter juſt carried down.

He laments, as uſual, my ill opinion of him, and readineſs to believe every-thing to his diſadvantage. He puts into plain Engliſh, as I ſuppoſed he would, my hint, that I might be happier, if, by any raſhneſs he might be guilty of to Solmes, he ſhould come to an untimely end himſelf.

He is concerned, he ſays, that the violence he had expreſſed on his extreme apprehenſiveneſs of loſing me, ſhould have made him guilty of any-thing I had ſo much reaſon to reſent.

He owns, that he is paſſionate: all good-natured men, he ſays, are ſo; and a ſincere man cannot hide it. But appeals to me, Whether, if any occaſion in the world could excuſe the raſhneſs

of his expreſſion, it would not be his preſent dreadful ſituation, through my indifference, and the malice of his enemies?

He ſays, he has more reaſon than ever, from the contents of my laſt, to apprehend, that I ſhall be prevailed upon by force, if not by fair means, to fall in with my brother's meaſures; and ſees but too plainly, that I am preparing him to expect it.

Upon this preſumption, he ſupplicates, with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, that I will not give way to the malice of his enemies.

Solemn vows of reformation, and everlaſting truth and obligingneſs, he makes; all in the ſtile of deſponding humility: yet calls it a cruel turn upon him, to impute his proteſtations to a conſciouſneſs of the neceſſity there is for making them from his bad character.

He deſpiſes himſelf, he ſolemnly proteſts, for his paſt follies: he thanks God he has ſeen his error; and nothing but my more particular inſtructions, is wanting to perfect his reformation.

He promiſes, that he will do everything that I ſhall think he can do with honour, to bring about a reconciliation with my father; and even will, if I inſiſt upon it, make the firſt overtures to my brother, and treat him as his own brother, becauſe he is mine, if he will not by new affronts revive the remembrance of the paſt.

He begs, in the moſt earneſt and humble manner, for one half-hour's interview; undertaking by a key, which he owns he has to the garden-door, leading into the *coppice*, as we call it, (if I will but unbolt the door) to come into the garden at night, and wait till I have an opportunity to come to him, that he may re-aſſure me of the truth of all he writes, and of the affection, and, if needful, protection, of all his family.

He preſumes not, he ſays, to write by way of menace to me; but, if I refuſe him this favour, he knows not (ſo deſperate have ſome ſtrokes in my letter made him) what his deſpair may make him do.

He aſks me, Determined as my friends are, and far as they have already gone, and declare they will go, what can I propoſe to do, to avoid having Mr. Solmes, if I am carried to my uncle Antony's; unleſs I reſolve to accept of the protection he has offered to procure me; or except I will eſcape to London, or elſewhere, while I *can* eſcape?

He adviſes me, to ſue to *your* mother, for her private reception of me; only till I can obtain poſſeſſion of my own eſtate, and procure my friends to be reconciled to me; which he is ſure they will be deſirous to *be*, the moment I am out of their power.

He apprizes me, [it is ſtill my wonder how he comes by his intelligence!] that my friends have written to my couſin Morden to repreſent matters to him in their own partial way; nor doubt they to influence him on their ſide of the queſtion.

That all this ſhews I have but *one* way; if none of my own friends or intimates will receive me.

If I will tranſport him with the honour of my choice of this *one* way, ſettlements ſhall be drawn, with proper blanks, which I ſhall fill up as I pleaſe. Let him but have my commands from my own mouth, all my doubts and ſcruples from my own lips; and only a repetition, that I will not, on any conſideration, be Solmes's wife; and he ſhall be eaſy. But, after ſuch a letter as I have written, nothing but an interview can make him ſo. He beſeeches me, therefore, to unbolt the door, *as that very night*; or, if I receive not this time enough, *this night*—and he will in a diſguiſe that ſhall not give a ſuſpicion who he is, if he ſhould be ſeen, come to the garden door, in hopes to open it with his key; nor will he have any other lodging than in the coppice both nights; watching every wakeful hour for the propitious unbolting, unleſs he has a letter with my orders to the contrary, or to make ſome other appointment.

This letter was dated yeſterday, ſo he was there laſt night, I ſuppoſe; and will be there this night; and I have not written a line to him; and now it is too late, were I determined *what* to write.

I hope he will not go to Mr. Solmes.—I hope he will not come hither.—If he do either, I will break with him for ever.

What have I to do with ſuch headſtrong ſpirits? I wiſh I had never—But what ſignifies wiſhing?—I am ſtrangely perplexed—But I need not have told you this, after ſuch a repreſentation of my ſituation.

LETTER XVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY MORNING, 7 O'CLOCK.

MY uncle has vouchſafed to anſwer me. Theſe that follow are the contents

contents of his letter; but juſt now brought me, although written laſt night—Late I ſuppoſe.

'MONDAY NIGHT.

'MISS CLARY,

'SINCE you are grown ſuch a bold 'challenger, and teach us all our duty, 'though you will not practice your own, 'I *muſt* anſwer you. Nobody wants your 'eſtate from you. Are *you*, who refuſe 'every-body's advice, to preſcribe a 'huſband to your *ſiſter*? Your letter to 'Mr. Solmes is inexcuſable. I blamed 'you for it before. Your parents *will* be 'obeyed. It is fit they *ſhould*. Your 'mother has, nevertheleſs, prevailed to 'have your going to your uncle Anto-'ny's put off till Thurſday: yet owns 'you deſerve not that, or any other fa-'vour from her. I will receive no more 'of your letters. You are too artful for 'me. You are an ungrateful and un-'reaſonable child: muſt you have your 'will paramount to every-body's? How 'are you altered! *Your diſpleaſed uncle*,

'JOHN HARLOWE.'

To be carried away on Thurſday—To the moated-houſe—To the chapel!—To Solmes!—How can I think of this!—They will make me deſperate.

TUESDAY MORNING, EIGHT O'CLOCK.

I HAVE another letter from Mr. Lovelace. I opened it with the expectation of it's being filled with bold and free complaints, on my not writing to prevent his two nights watching, in weather not extremely agreeable. But inſtead of complaints, he is full of tender concern leſt I may have been prevented by indiſpoſition, or by the cloſer confinement which he has frequently cautioned me that I may expect.

He ſays, he had been in different diſguiſes loitering about our garden and park-wall, all the day on Sunday laſt; and all Sunday night was wandering about the coppice, and near the back-door. It rained; and he has got a great cold, attended with feveriſhneſs, and ſo hoarſe, that he has almoſt loſt his voice.

Why did he not flame out in his letter?—Treated as I am treated by my friends, it is dangerous to be laid under the ſenſe of an obligation to an addreſſer's patience; eſpecially when ſuch a one ſuffers in health for my ſake.

He had no ſhelter, he ſays, but under the great overgrown ivy, which ſpreads wildly round the heads of two or three oaklings; and that was ſoon wet through.

You remember the ſpot. You and I, my dear, once thought ourſelves obliged to the natural ſhade which thoſe ivy-covered oaklings afforded us, in a ſultry day.

I can't help ſaying, I am ſorry he has ſuffered for my ſake—But it is his own ſeeking.

His letter is dated laſt night at eight: and indiſpoſed as he is, he tells me that he will watch till ten, in hopes of my giving him the meeting he ſo earneſtly requeſts. And after that, he has a mile to walk to his horſe and ſervant; and four miles then to ride to his inn.

He owns, that he has an intelligencer in our family; who has failed him for a day or two paſt: and not knowing how I do, or how I may be treated, his anxiety is increaſed.

This circumſtance gives me to gueſs who this intelligencer is; Joſeph Leman: the very creature employed and confided in, more than any other, by my brother.

This is not an honourable way of proceeding in Mr. Lovelace. Did he learn this infamous practice of corrupting the ſervants of other families at the French court, where he reſided a great while?

I have been often jealous of this Leman in my little airings and poultry viſits. Doubly obſequious as he was always to me, I have thought him my brother's ſpy upon me; and although he obliged me by his haſtening out of the garden and poultry-yard, whenever I came into either, have wondered, that from *his reports* my liberties of thoſe kinds have not been abridged. So, poſſibly, this man may be bribed by both, and yet betray both. Worthy views want not ſuch obliquities as theſe on either ſide. An honeſt mind muſt riſe into indignation both at the traitor-maker and the traitor.

He preſſes with the utmoſt earneſtneſs for an interview. He would not preſume, he ſays, to diſobey my laſt perſonal commands, that he ſhould not endeavour to attend me again in the Wood Houſe. But ſays, he can give me ſuch reaſons for my permiting him to wait upon my father or uncles, as he hopes will be approved by me: for he cannot help obſerving, that it is no more ſuitable to my own ſpirit than to his, that he, a man of fortune and family, ſhould be obliged to purſue ſuch a clandeſtine addreſs, as would only become a vile fortune-hunter. But, if I will give my conſent for his viſiting me like a man, and a gentleman, no ill-treatment ſhall provoke him to forfeit his temper.

Lord M. will accompany him, if I pleaſe: or, Lady Betty Lawrance will

firſt

firſt make the viſit to my mother, or to my aunt Hervey, or even to my uncles, if I chuſe it. And ſuch terms ſhall be offered, as *ſhall* have weight upon them.

He begs, that I will not deny him making a viſit to Mr. Solmes. By all that's good, he vows, that it ſhall not be with the leaſt intention either to hurt or affront him; but only to ſet before him, calmly, and rationally, the conſequences that may poſſibly flow from ſo fruitleſs a perſeverance, as well as the ungenerous folly of it, to a mind ſo noble as mine. He repeats his own reſolution to attend my pleaſure, and Mr. Morden's arrival and advice, for the reward of his own patience.

It is impoſſible, he ſays, but one of theſe methods *muſt* do. Preſence, he obſerves even of a diſliked perſon, takes off the edge of reſentments which abſence whets, and makes keen.

He therefore moſt earneſtly repeats his importunities for the ſupplicated interview. He ſays, he has buſineſs of conſequence in London: but cannot ſtir from the inconvenient ſpot where he has for ſome time reſided, in diſguiſes unworthy of himſelf, until he can be abſolutely certain, that I ſhall not be prevailed upon, either by force or otherwiſe; and until he find me delivered from the inſults of my brother. Nor ought this to be an indifferent point to one, for whoſe ſake all the world reports me to be uſed unworthily.—But *one* remark, he ſays, he cannot help making; That did my friends know the little favour I ſhew him, and the very great diſtance I keep him at, they would have no reaſon to confine me on his account: and *another*, that they *themſelves* ſeem to think him entitled to a different uſage, and expect that he receives it; when, in truth, what he meets with from me is exactly what they wiſh him to meet with, excepting in the favour of the correſpondence I honour him with; upon which, he ſays, he puts the higheſt value, and for the ſake of which he has ſubmitted to a thouſand indignities.

He renews his profeſſions of reformation: he is convinced, he ſays, that he has already run a long and dangerous courſe; and that it is high time to think of returning: it *muſt* be from proper convictions, he ſays, that a perſon who has lived too gay a life, reſolves to reclaim, before age or ſufferings come upon him.

All generous ſpirits, he obſerves, hate compulſion. Upon this obſervation he dwells; but regrets, that he is likely to owe all his hopes to this compulſion; this *injudicious* compulſion, he juſtly calls it; and none of my eſteem for him. Although he preſumes upon ſome merit—In his implicit regard to my will—In the hearing the daily indignities offered not only to him, but to his relations, by my brother—In the nightly watchings, and riſques which he runs, in all weathers; and which his preſent indiſpoſition makes him mention, or he had not debaſed the nobleneſs of his paſſion for me, by ſuch a ſelfiſh inſtance.

I cannot but ſay, I am ſorry the man is not well.

I am afraid to aſk you, my dear, what *you* would have done, thus ſituated. But what I *have* done, I *have* done. In a word, I wrote, That I would, if poſſible, give him a meeting to-morrow night, between the hours of nine and twelve, by the ivy ſummer-houſe, or in it, or near the great caſcade, at the bottom of the garden; and would unbolt the door, that he might come in by his own key. But that, if I found the meeting impracticable, or ſhould change my mind, I would ſignify as much by another line; which he muſt wait for until it were dark.

TUESDAY, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

I AM juſt returned from depoſiting my billet. How diligent is this man! It is plain he was in waiting: for I had walked but a few paces, after I had depoſited it, when, my heart miſgiving me, I returned, to have taken it back, in order to reconſider it as I walked, and whether I ſhould, or ſhould not, let it go. But I found it gone.

In all probability, there was but a brick-wall, of a few inches thick, between Mr. Lovelace and me, at the very time I put the letter under the brick.

I am come back diſſatisfied with myſelf. But I think, my dear, there can be no harm in meeting him. If I do *not*, he may take ſome violent meaſures. What he knows of the treatment I meet with in malice to him, and with the view to fruſtrate all his hopes, may make him deſperate. His behaviour laſt time I ſaw him, under the diſadvantages of time and place, and ſurprized as I was, gives me no apprehenſion of any thing but diſcovery. What he requires is not unreaſonable, and cannot affect my future choice and determination: it is only to aſſure him from my own lips, that I never will be the wife of a man I hate. If I have not an opportunity to meet without hazard or detection, he muſt once more bear the diſappointment. All his trouble, and mine too, is owing to his

faulty

faulty character. This, although I hate tyranny and arrogance in all ſhapes, makes me think leſs of the riſques he runs, and the fatigues he undergoes, than otherwiſe I ſhould do; and ſtill leſs, as my ſufferings (derived from the ſame ſource) are greater than his.

Betty confirms the intimation, that I muſt go to my uncle's on Thurſday. She was ſent on purpoſe to direct me to prepare myſelf for going, and to help me to get every-thing up in order for my removal.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY, THREE O'CLOCK, MARCH 28.

I Have mentioned ſeveral times the pertneſs of Mrs. Betty to me; and now, having a little time upon my hands, I will give you a ſhort dialogue that paſſed juſt now between us. It may, perhaps, be a little relief to you from the dull ſubjects with which I am perpetually teazing you.

As ſhe attended me at dinner ſhe took notice, That nature is ſatisfied with a very little nouriſhment: and thus ſhe complimentally proved it—'For, Miſs,' ſaid ſhe, 'you eat nothing; yet never 'looked more charmingly in your life.'

'As to the former part of your ſpeech, 'Betty,' ſaid I, 'you obſerve well; and 'I have often thought, when I have ſeen 'how healthy the children of the la-'bouring poor *look*, and *are*, with empty 'ſtomachs, and hardly a good meal in 'a week, that God Almighty is very 'kind to his creatures, in this reſpect, 'as well as in all others, in making *much* 'not neceſſary to the ſupport of life; 'when three parts in four of his crea-'tures, if it were, would not know how 'to obtain it. It puts me in mind of 'two proverbial ſentences, which are 'full of admirable meaning.'

'What, pray, Miſs, are they? I love 'to hear you talk, when you are ſo ſe-'date as you ſeem now to be.'

'The one is to the purpoſe we are 'ſpeaking of; *Poverty is the mother of* '*health*: and let me tell you, Betty, if 'I had a better appetite, and were to 'encourage it, with ſo little reſt, and 'ſo much diſtreſs and perſecution, I 'don't think I ſhould be able to pre-'ſerve my reaſon.'

'*There's no inconvenience but has it's con-*'*venience*,' ſaid Betty, giving me proverb for proverb. 'But what is the 'other, Madam?'

'That the *pleaſures of the mighty are* '*obtained by the tears of the poor*: it is 'but reaſonable, therefore, methinks, 'that the plenty of the one ſhould be 'followed by diſtempers; and that the 'indigence of the other ſhould be at-'tended with that health, which makes 'all it's other diſcomforts light on the 'compariſon. And hence a third pro-'verb, Betty, ſince you are an admirer 'of proverbs; *Better a bare foot than none* '*at all*, that is to ſay, than not to be 'able to walk.'

She was mightily taken with what I ſaid: 'See,' returned ſhe, 'what a fine 'thing ſcholarſhip is!—I,' ſaid ſhe, 'had always, from a girl, a taſte for 'reading, though it were but in *Mother* '*Gooſe*, and concerning the *Fairies*.' [And then ſhe took genteelly a pinch of ſnuff.] 'Could but my parents *have let* '*go as faſt as I pulled*, I ſhould have 'been a very happy creature.'

'Very likely, you would have made 'great improvements, Betty: but as it 'is, I cannot ſay, but ſince I had the 'favour of your attendance in this *in-*'*timate* manner, I have heard ſmarter 'things from you, than I have heard at 'table from ſome of my brother's fellow-'collegians.'

'Your ſervant, dear Miſs;' dropping me one of her beſt curtſeys: 'ſo fine a 'judge as you are!—it is enough to make 'one very proud.' Then, with another pinch—'I cannot indeed but ſay,' bridling upon it, 'that I have heard 'famous ſcholars often and often ſay 'very ſilly things: things I ſhould be 'aſhamed myſelf to ſay—But I thought 'they did it out of humility, and in 'condeſcenſion to thoſe who had not 'their learning.'

That ſhe might not be too proud, I told her, I could obſerve, that the live-lineſs or quickneſs ſhe ſo happily diſ-covered in herſelf, was not ſo much an honour to her, as what ſhe owed to her *ſex*; which, as I had obſerved in many inſtances, had great advantage over the other, in all the powers that related to imagination: 'And hence, Mrs. Betty, 'you'll take notice, as I have of late 'had opportunity to do, that your own 'talent at repartee and ſmartneſs, when 'it has *ſomething to work upon*, diſplays 'itſelf to more advantage, than could 'well be expected from one whoſe 'friends, to ſpeak in your own phraſe, 'could not *let go ſo faſt as you pulled*.'

The wench gave me a proof of the truth of my obſervation, in a manner ſtill more alert than I had expected:

'If,'

'If,' said she, 'our sex had so much advantage in *smartness*, it is the less to be wondered at, that *you*, Miss, who have had such an education should outdo all the men and *women* too, that come near you.'

'Bless me, Betty,' said I, 'what a proof do you give me of your wit and your courage at the same time! This is outdoing yourself. It would make young ladies less proud, and more apprehensive, were they generally attended by such smart servants, and their mouths permitted to be unlocked upon them as yours has been lately upon me.—But, take away, Mrs. Betty.'

'Why, Miss, you have eat nothing at all—I hope you are not displeased with your dinner for any-thing I have said.'

'No, Mrs. Betty, I am pretty well used to your freedoms now, you know. —I am not displeased in the main, to observe, that, were the succession of modern fine ladies to be extinct, it might be supplied from those whom they place in the next rank to themselves, their chambermaids and confidantes. Your young mistress has contributed a great deal to this quickness of yours. She always preferred your company to mine. As *you pulled, she let go*; and so, Mrs. Betty, you have gained by *her* conversation what I have lost.'

'Why, Miss, if you come to that, nobody says better things than Miss Harlowe. I could tell you one, if *I pleased*, upon my observing to her, that you lived of late upon the air, and had no stomach to any-thing; yet looked as charmingly as ever.'

'I dare say, it was a very good-natured one, Mrs. Betty! Do you then *please* that I shall hear it?'

'Only this, Miss, *That your stomachfulness had swallowed up your stomach*; and, *That obstinacy was meat, drink, and cloth to you.*'

'Aye, Mrs. Betty; and *did* she say this?—I hope she laughed when she said it, as she does at all her *good things*, as she call them. It was very smart, and very witty. I wish my mind were so much at ease, as to aim at being witty too. But if you admire such sententious sayings, I'll help you to another; and that is, *Encouragement and approbation make people shew talents they were never suspected to have*; and this will do both for mistress and maid: and another I'll furnish you with, the contrary of the former, that will do only for me; That *persecution and discouragement depress* ingenuous *minds, and blunt the edge of lively imaginations.* —And hence may my *sister's* brilliancy and *my* stupidity be both accounted for. *Ingenuous*, you must know, Mrs. Betty, and *ingenious*, are two things; and I would not arrogate the latter to myself.'

'Lord, Miss,' said the foolish, 'you know a great deal for your years.— You are a very learned young lady!— What pity——'

'None of your *pities*, Mrs. Betty. I know what you'd say. But tell me, if you can, Is it resolved that I shall be carried to my uncle Antony's on Thursday?'

I was willing to reward myself for the patience she had made me exercise, by getting at what intelligence I could from her.

'Why, Miss,' seating herself at a little distance, ('Excuse my sitting down,') with the snuff-box tapped very smartly, the lid opened, and a pinch taken with a dainty finger and thumb, the other three fingers distendedly bent, and with a fine flourish—'I cannot but say, that it is my opinion, you will certainly go on Thursday; and this *noles, voles*, as I have heard my young lady say in FRENCH.'

'Whether I am *willing* or *not willing*, you mean, I suppose, Mrs. Betty?'

'You have it, Miss.'

'Well, but, Betty, I have no mind to be turned out of doors so suddenly. Do you think I could not be permitted to tarry one week longer?'

'How can I tell, Miss!'

'O Mrs. Betty, you can tell a great deal, if *you please*. But here I am forbid writing to any one of my family; none of it now will come near *me*; nor will any of it permit me to see *them*; how shall I do to make known my request, to stay here a week or fortnight longer?'

'Why, Miss, I fancy if you were to shew a compliable temper, your friends would shew a compliable one too. But would you expect favours, and grant none?'

'Smartly put, Betty! But who knows what may be the result of my being carried to my uncle Antony's?'

'Who knows, Miss!—Why any-body will guess what may be the result.'

'As how, Betty?'

'*As how!*' repeated the pert wench, 'Why, Miss, you will stand in your own light,

'light, as you have hitherto done: and 'your parents, as ſuch good parents 'ought, will be obeyed.'

'If, Mrs. Betty, I had not been uſed 'to your *oughts*, and to have my duty 'laid down to me by your oraculous 'wiſdom, I ſhould be apt to ſtare at the 'liberty of your ſpeech.'

'You ſeem angry, Miſs. I hope I 'take no unbecoming liberty.'

'If thou really think'ſt thou doſt not, 'thy ignorance is more to be pitied, than 'thy pertneſs reſented. I wiſh thou 'wouldſt leave me to myſelf.'

'When young ladies fall out with 'their *own* duty, it is not much to be 'wondered at, that they are angry at 'any-body who does *theirs*.'

'That's a very pretty ſaying, Mrs. 'Betty!—I ſee plainly what *thy* duty is 'in *thy* notion, and am obliged to thoſe 'who taught it thee.'

'Every-body takes notice, Miſs, that 'you can ſay very cutting words in a 'cool manner, and yet not call names, 'as I have *known ſome* gentlefolks as well 'as others do when in a paſſion. But 'I wiſh you had permitted 'Squire 'Solmes to ſee you: he would have 'told you ſuch ſtories of 'Squire Love-'lace, as would have turned your heart 'againſt him for ever.'

'And know you any of the particu-'lars of thoſe ſad ſtories?'

'Indeed I don't; but you'll hear all 'at your uncle Antony's, I ſuppoſe; 'and a great deal more perhaps than 'you will like to hear.'

'Let me hear what I will, I am de-'termined againſt Mr. Solmes, were it 'to coſt me my life.'

'If you are, Miſs, the Lord have 'mercy on you! For what with this let-'ter of yours to 'Squire Solmes, whom 'they ſo much value, and what with 'their antipathy to 'Squire Lovelace, 'whom they hate, they will have no 'patience with you.'

'What will they do, Betty? They 'won't kill me? What *will* they do?

'Kill you!—No!—But you will not 'be ſuffered to ſtir from thence, till you 'have complied with your duty. And '*no pen and ink* will be allowed you as 'here; where they are of opinion you 'make no good uſe of it: nor would it 'be allowed here, only as they intend ſo 'ſoon to ſend you away to your uncle's. 'Nobody will be permitted to ſee you, 'or to correſpond with you. What 'farther will be done, I can't ſay; and, 'if I could, it may not be proper. But 'you may prevent it all, by one word: 'and I wiſh you would, Miſs. All then 'would be eaſy and happy. And, if I 'may ſpeak my mind, I ſee not why 'one man is not as good as another: 'why, eſpecially, a ſober man is not as 'good as a rake.'

'Well, Betty,' ſaid I, ſighing, 'all 'thy impertinence goes for nothing. 'But I ſee I am deſtined to be a very 'unhappy creature. Yet I will ven-'ture upon one requeſt more to them.'

And ſo, quite ſick of the pert crea-ture and of myſelf, I retired to my cloſet, and wrote a few lines to my uncle Harlowe, notwithſtanding his prohibition; in order to get a reprieve from being carried away ſo ſoon as Thurſday next, if I muſt go. And this, that I might, if complied with, ſuſpend the appointment I have made with Mr. Lovelace; for my heart miſgives me as to meeting him; and that more and more; I know not why. Under the ſuperſcription of the letter, I wrote theſe words. 'Pray, dear Sir, be pleaſed 'to give this a reading.'

This is the copy of what I wrote.

'TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

'HONOURED SIR,

'LET me this once be heard with 'patience, and have my petition grant-'ed. It is only, that I may not be 'hurried away ſo ſoon as next Thurſ-'day.

'Why ſhould the poor girl be turned 'out of doors ſo ſuddenly, ſo diſgrace-'fully? Procure for me, Sir, one fort-'night's reſpite. In that ſpace of time, 'I hope you will all relent. My mam-'ma ſhall not need to ſhut her door in 'apprehenſion of ſeeing her diſgraced 'child. I will not preſume to think 'of entering her preſence, or my papa's, 'without leave. One fortnight's re-'ſpite is but a *ſmall favour* for them to 'grant, except I am to be refuſed every 'thing I aſk; but it is of the *higheſt im-'port* to my peace of mind. Procure 'it for me, therefore, dear Sir; and 'you will exceedingly oblige *your duti-'ful, though greatly afflicted niece*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

I ſent this down: my uncle was not gone. And he now ſtays to know the reſult of the queſtion put to me in the incloſed anſwer which he has given to mine.

'YOUR going to your uncle's was 'abſolutely concluded upon for next 'Thurſday. Nevertheleſs, your mother, 'ſeconded by Mr. Solmes, pleaded ſo 'ſtrongly

'ſtrongly to have you indulged, that 'your requeſt for a delay will be com-'plied with, upon one condition; and 'whether for a fortnight, or a ſhorter 'time, that will depend upon yourſelf. 'If you refuſe this condition, your mo-'ther declares, ſhe will give over all 'further interceſſion for you.—Nor do 'you deſerve this favour, as you put it 'upon our yielding to you, not you to us.

'This condition is, That you admit 'of a viſit from Mr. Solmes, for one 'hour, in company of your brother, 'your ſiſter, or your uncle Antony, 'chuſe which you will.

'If you comply not, you go next 'Thurſday to a houſe which is become 'ſtrangely odious to you of late, whe-'ther you get ready to go or not. An-'ſwer therefore directly to the point. 'No evaſion. Name your day and hour. 'Mr. Solmes will neither eat you, nor 'drink you. Let us ſee, whether *we* 'are to be complied with *in any-thing*, 'or not. 'JOHN HARLOWE.'

After a very little deliberation, I reſolved to comply with this condition. All I fear is, that Mr. Lovelace's intelligencer may inform him of it; and that his apprehenſions upon it may make him take ſome deſperate reſolution: eſpecially as now (having more time given me here) I think to write to him to ſuſpend the interview he is poſſibly ſo ſure of. I ſent down the following to my uncle.

'HONOURED SIR,

'ALTHOUGH I ſee not what end 'the propoſed condition can anſwer, I 'comply with it. I wiſh I could with 'every-thing expected of me. If I 'muſt name one, in whoſe company I 'am to ſee the gentleman, and that one '*not* my mamma, whoſe preſence I could 'wiſh to be honoured by on the occa-'ſion, let my uncle, if he pleaſes, be 'the *perſon*. If I muſt name the *day*, '(a long day, I doubt, will not be per-'mitted me) let it be next Tueſday. 'The *hour*, four in the afternoon. The '*place*, either the ivy ſummer-houſe, or 'in the little parlour I uſed to be per-'mitted to call mine.

'Be pleaſed, Sir, nevertheleſs, to 'prevail upon my mamma to vouchſafe 'me her preſence on the occaſion. I 'am, Sir, *your ever-dutiful*

CL. HARLOWE.'

A reply is juſt ſent me. I thought it became my averſeneſs to this meeting, to name a diſtant day: but I did not expect they would have complied with it. So here is one week gained!

This is the reply.

'YOU have done well to comply. 'We are willing to think the beſt of 'every ſlight inſtance of duty from you. 'Yet have you ſeemed to conſider the 'day as an evil day, and ſo put it far 'off. This nevertheleſs is granted you, 'as no time need to be loſt, if you are 'as generous *after* the day, as we are 'condeſcending *before* it. Let me ad-'viſe you, not to harden your mind; 'nor take up your reſolution before-'hand. Mr. Solmes has more awe, 'and even terror, at the thoughts of 'ſeeing you, than you can have at the 'thoughts of ſeeing him. *His* motive is '*love*; let not *yours* be *hatred*. My bro-'ther Antony will be preſent, in hopes 'you will deſerve well of *him*, by be-'having well to the friend of the family. 'See you uſe him as ſuch. Your mo-'ther had permiſſion to be there, if ſhe 'thought fit: but ſays, ſhe would not 'for a thouſand pounds, unleſs you 'would encourage her beforehand as 'ſhe wiſhes to be encouraged. One hint 'I am to give you mean time. It is 'this: *to make a diſcreet uſe of your pen 'and ink*. Methinks a young creature 'of your niceneſs ſhould be leſs ready to 'write to one man, when ſhe is deſigned 'to be another's.

'This compliance, I hope, will pro-'duce greater; and then the peace of 'the family will be reſtored: which is 'what is heartily wiſhed by *your loving 'uncle*, JOHN HARLOWE.

'Unleſs it be to the purpoſe our 'hearts are ſet upon, you need not 'write again.'

This man have *more terror at ſeeing me, than I can have at ſeeing him!*—How can that be? If he had half as much, he would not wiſh to ſee me!—His *motive love!*—Yes indeed! Love of himſelf! He knows no other; for love, that deſerves the name, ſeeks the ſatisfaction of the beloved object more than it's own.—Weighed in this ſcale, what a profanation is this man guilty of!

Not to take up my reſolution beforehand!—That advice comes too late.

But I muſt *make a diſcreet uſe of my pen*. That, I doubt, as they have managed it, in the ſenſe they mean it, is as much out of my power, as the other.

But *to write to one man, when I am deſigned for another!*—What a ſhocking expreſſion is that!

Repent-

Repenting of my appointment with Mr. Lovelace *before* I had this favour granted me, you may believe I hesitated not a moment to revoke it *now* that I had gained such a respite. Accordingly, I wrote, That I found it inconvenient to meet him, as I had intended: that the risque I should run of a discovery, and the mischiefs that might flow from it, could not be justified by any end that such a meeting could answer; that I found one certain servant more in my way, when I took my morning and evening airings, than any other; that the person who might reveal the secrets of a family to *him*, might, if opportunity were given him, betray me, or him, to those whom it was his duty to serve; that I had not been used to a conduct so faulty, as to lay myself at the mercy of servants; and was sorry he had measures to pursue, that made steps necessary in his own opinion, which, in mine, were very culpable, and which no end could justify; that things drawing towards a crisis between my friends and me, an interview could avail nothing; especially as the method by which this correspondence was carried on, was not suspected, and he could write all that was in his mind to write; that I expected to be at liberty to judge of what was proper and fit upon this occasion; especially as he might be assured, that I would sooner chuse death, than Mr. Solmes.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

I HAVE deposited my letter to Mr. Lovelace. Threatening as things look against me, I am much better pleased with myself for declining the interview than I was before. I suppose he will be a little out of humour upon it, however: but as I reserved to myself the liberty of changing my mind; and as it is easy for him to imagine there may be reasons for it *within doors*, which he cannot judge of *without*; besides those I have suggested, which of themselves are of sufficient weight to engage his acquiescence; I should think it strange, if he acquiesces not on this occasion, and that with a chearfulness, which may shew me, that his last letter is written from his heart: for if he be really so much concerned at his past faults, as he pretends, and has for some time pretended, must he not, of course, have corrected in some degree, the impetuosity of his temper? The first step to reformation, as I conceive, is to subdue sudden gusts of passion, from which frequently the greatest evils arise, and to learn to bear disappointments. If the irascible passions cannot be overcome, what opinion can we have of the person's power over those to which bad habit, joined to *greater* temptation, gives stronger force?

Pray, my dear, be so kind, as to make enquiry by some safe hand, after the disguises Mr. Lovelace assumes at the inn he puts up at in the poor village of *Neale*, he calls it. If it be the same I take it to be, I never knew it was considerable enough to have a name; nor that it has an inn in it.

As he must, to be so constantly near us, be much there, I would be glad to have some account of his behaviour; and what the people think of him. In such a length of time, he must by his conduct either give scandal, or hope of reformation. Pray, my dear, humour me in this enquiry. I have reasons for it, which you shall be acquainted with another time, if the result of the enquiry discover them not.

LETTER XIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NINE O'CLOCK.

I AM just returned from my morning walk, and already have received a letter from Mr. Lovelace in answer to mine deposited last night. He must have had pen, ink, and paper with him; for it was written in the coppice; with this circumstance: 'On one knee, 'kneeling with the other.' *Not* from reverence to the written to, however, as you'll find!

Well we are instructed early to keep these men at distance. An undesigning open heart, where it is loth to disoblige, is easily drawn in, I see, to oblige more than ever it designed. It is too apt to govern itself by what a bold spirit is encouraged to *expect* of it. It is very difficult for a good natured young person to give a negative where it disesteems not.

Our hearts may harden and contract, as we gain experience, and when we have smarted perhaps for our easy folly: and so they *ought*, or we should be upon very unequal terms with the world.

Excuse these grave reflections. This man has vexed me heartily. I see his gentleness was *art*: fierceness, and a temper like what I have been too much used to at home, are *nature* in him. Nothing, I think, shall ever make me

forgive him; for surely, there can be no good reason for his impatience on an expectation given with reserve, and revocable.—*I* so much to suffer *through* him; yet, to be treated as if I were obliged to bear insults *from* him!

But here you will be pleased to read his letter; which I shall inclose.

'TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'GOOD GOD!

'WHAT is *now* to become of me! —How shall I support this disappointment!—No new cause!—On one knee, kneeling with the other, I write!—My feet benumbed with midnight wanderings through the heaviest dews that ever fell: my wig and my linen dripping with the hoar frost dissolving on them!—Day but just breaking—Sun not risen to exhale—May it never rise again!—Unless it bring healing and comfort to a benighted soul! In proportion to the joy you had inspired (ever lovely promiser!) in such proportion is my anguish!

'O my beloved creature! But are not your very excuses confessions of excuses inexcusable? I know not what I write!—*That* servant in your way! By the great God of Heaven, that servant *was not, dared not, could not* be in your way!—Curse upon the cool caution that is pleaded to deprive me of an expectation so transporting!

'And *are things drawing towards a crisis between your friends and you?*—Is not this a reason for me to expect, the *rather* to expect, the promised interview?

'CAN *I write all that is in my mind*, say you? — Impossible! — Not the hundredth part of what is in my mind, and in my apprehension, can I write!

'O the wavering, the changeable sex!—But can Miss Clarissa Harlowe—

'Forgive me, Madam!—I know not what I write!

'Yet I must, I do, insist upon your promise—Or that you will condescend to find better excuses for the failure—Or convince me, that stronger reasons are imposed upon *you*, than those you offer. A promise *once* given (upon *deliberation* given) the *promis'd* only can dispense with—except in cases of a very apparent necessity imposed upon the *promiser*, which leaves no power to perform it.

'The first promise you ever made me! Life and death perhaps depending upon it—My heart desponding from the barous methods resolved to be taken with you in malice to me!

'*You would sooner chuse death than Solmes!* (How my soul spurns the competition!) O my beloved creature, what are these but *words?—Whose* words?—Sweet and ever-adorable — What? — Promise-breaker—must I call you?—How shall I believe the asseveration (your *supposed duty* in the question! Persecution so flaming! Hatred to me so strongly avowed!) after this instance of your so lightly dispensing with your promise?

'If, my dearest life! you would prevent my distraction, or, at least, distracted consequences, renew the promised hope!—My *fate* is indeed upon it's crisis.

'Forgive me, dearest creature, forgive me!—I know I have written in too much anguish of mind!—Writing this, in the same moment that the just dawning light has imparted to me the heavy disappointment.

'I dare not re-peruse what I have written.—I *must* deposit it—It may serve to shew you my distracted apprehension that this disappointment is but a prelude to the greatest of all.—Nor, having here any other paper, am I able to write again if I would on this gloomy spot—(Gloomy is my soul; and all nature round me partakes of my gloom!) I trust it therefore to your goodness—If it's fervor excites your displeasure rather than your pity, you wrong my passion; and I shall be ready to apprehend, that I am intended to be the sacrifice of more miscreants than one! [Have patience with me, dearest creature!—I mean Solmes and your brother only.] But if, exerting your usual generosity, you will excuse and *re-appoint*, may that God, whom you profess to serve, and who is the God of *truth* and of *promises*, protect and bless you, for both; and for restoring to himself, and to hope, *your ever-adoring, yet almost despondin*g

'LOVELACE!

'IVY-CAVERN, IN THE COPPICE.'

This is the answer I shall return.

'WEDNESDAY MORNING.

'I AM amazed, Sir, at the freedom of your reproaches. Pressed and teazed, against convenience and inclination, to give you a private meeting, am *I* to be thus challenged and upbraided, and my sex reflected upon, because I thought it prudent to change my mind? —A liberty I had reserved to myself, when I made the *appointment*, as you call it.

'it. I wanted not inſtances of your im-
'patient ſpirit to other people: yet
'may it be happy for me, that I have
'this new one; which ſhews, that you
'can as little ſpare *me*, when I purſue
'the dictates of my own reaſon, as you
'do *others*, for acting up to theirs. Two
'motives you muſt be governed by in
'this exceſs. The one *my eaſineſs*; the
'other *your own preſumption*. Since you
'think you have found out the *firſt*, and
'have ſhewn ſo much of the *laſt* upon it,
'I am too much alarmed, not to wiſh
'and deſire, that your letter of this day
'may conclude all the trouble you had
'from, or for, *your humble ſervant*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

I believe, my dear, I may promiſe myſelf your approbation, whenever I write or ſpeak with ſpirit, be it to whom it will. Indeed, I find but too much reaſon to exert it, ſince I have to deal with people, who govern themſelves in their conduct to me, not by what is fit or decent, right or wrong, but by what they think my temper will bear. I have, till very lately, been praiſed for mine; but it has always been by thoſe who never gave me opportunity to return the compliment to them. Some people have acted, as if they thought forbearance on *one ſide* abſolutely neceſſary for them and me to be upon good terms together; and in this caſe have ever taken care rather to *owe* that obligation than to *lay* it. You have hinted to me, that reſentment is not natural to my temper, and that therefore it muſt ſoon ſubſide: it may be ſo with reſpect to my relations; but not to Mr. Lovelace, I aſſure you.

WEDNESDAY NOON, MARCH 29.

WE cannot always anſwer for what we *can* do: but to convince you, that I can keep my above reſolution, with regard to Mr. Lovelace, angry as my letter is, and three hours as it is ſince it was written, I aſſure you, that I repent it not; nor will ſoften it, although I find it is not taken away. And yet I hardly ever before did any-thing in anger, that I did not repent in half an hour; and queſtion myſelf in *leſs* than that time, whether I were right or wrong.

In this reſpite till Tueſday, I have a little time to look about me, as I may ſay, and to conſider of what I *have* to do, and *can* do. And Mr. Lovelace's inſolence will make me go very home with myſelf. Not that I think I can conquer my averſion to Mr. Solmes. I am ſure I cannot. But, if I abſolutely break with Mr. Lovelace, and give my friends convincing proofs of it, who knows but they will reſtore me to their favour, and let their views in relation to the other man go off by degrees?—Or, at leaſt, that I may be ſafe till my couſin Morden arrives: to whom, I think, I will write; and the rather, as Mr. Lovelace has aſſured me, that my friends have written to him to make good their ſide of the queſtion.

But, with all my courage, I am exceedingly apprehenſive about the Tueſday next, and about what may reſult from my ſtedfaſtneſs; for ſtedfaſt I am ſure I ſhall be. They are reſolved, I am told, to try every means to induce me to comply with what they are determined upon. And I am reſolved to do all I can to avoid what they would force me to do. A dreadful contention between parents and child!—Each hoping to leave the other without excuſe, whatever the conſequence may be.

What can I do? Adviſe me, my dear. Something is ſtrangely wrong ſomewhere! to make parents, the moſt indulgent till now, ſeem cruel in a child's eye; and a daughter, till within theſe few weeks, thought unexceptionably dutiful, appear in their judgment, a rebel!—O my ambitious and violent brother! What may he have to anſwer for to both!

Be pleaſed to remember, my dear, that your laſt favour was dated on Saturday. This is Wedneſday: and none of mine have been taken away ſince. Don't let me want *your* advice. My ſituation is extremely difficult.—But I am ſure you love me ſtill: and not the leſs on *that* account. Adieu, my beloved friend. CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XX.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURS. MORN. DAY BREAK, MAR. 30.

AN accident, and not remiſſneſs, has occaſioned my ſilence.

My mother was ſent for on Sunday night by her couſin Larkin, whom I mentioned in one of my former, and who was extremely earneſt to ſee her.

This poor woman was always afraid of death, and was one of thoſe weak perſons who imagine that the making of their will muſt be an undoubted forerunner of it.

She had always ſaid, when urged to the neceſſary work, That whenever ſhe made it, ſhe ſhould not live long after; and one would think, imagined ſhe was under

under an obligation to prove her words: for, though she had been long bed-rid, and was, in a manner, worn out before, yet she thought herself better, till she was persuaded to make it: and from that moment, remembering what she used to prognosticate, (her *fears helped on what she feared*, as is often the case, particularly in the small-pox) grew worse; and had it in her head once to burn her will, in hopes to grow better upon it.

She sent my mother word, that the doctors had given her over: but that she could not die till she saw her. I told my mother, that if she wished her a chance for recovery, she should not, for *that* reason, go. But go she would; and, what was worse, would make me go with her; and that, at an hour's warning; for she said nothing of it to me, till she was rising in the morning *early*, resolving to return *at night*. Had there been more time for argumentation, to be sure I had not gone; but as it was, there was a kind of necessity that my preparation to obey her, should, in a manner, accompany her command.—A command so much out of the way, on such a solemn occasion! And this I represented; but to no purpose: there never was such a contradicting girl in the world—*My* wisdom always made *her* a fool!—But she *would* be obliged *this time*, proper or improper.

I have but one way of accounting for this sudden whim of my mother; and that is this. She had a mind to accept of Mr. Hickman's offer to escort her—And I verily believe [I wish I were quite sure of it] had a mind to oblige him with *my* company—As far as I know, to keep me out of *worse*.

For, would you believe it?—As sure as you are alive, she is afraid for her favourite Hickman, because of the long visit your Lovelace, though so much by accident, made me in her absence, last time she was at the same place. I hope, my dear, *you* are not jealous too. But indeed I now-and-then, when she teazes me with praises which Hickman cannot deserve, in return fall to praising those qualities and personalities in Lovelace, which the other never will have. Indeed I do love to teaze a little bit, that I do—My mamma's girl—I had like to have said.

As you know she is as passionate, as I am pert, you will not wonder to be told, that we generally fall out on these occasions. She flies from me at the long run. It would be undutiful in me to leave her *first*—And then I get an opportunity to pursue our *correspondence*.

For, now I am rambling, let me tell you, that she does not much favour *that*;—for *two* reasons, I believe:—one, that I don't shew her all that passes between us; the other, that she thinks I harden your mind against your *duty*, as it is called. And with *her*, for a reason at *home*, as I have hinted more than once, parents cannot do wrong; children cannot oppose, and be right. This obliges me now-and-then to *steal* an hour, as I may say, and not let her know how I am employed.

You may guess from what I have written, how averse I was to comply with this unreasonable stretch of motherly authority—But it came to be a *test of duty*; so I was obliged to yield, though with a full persuasion of being in the right.

I have always your reproofs upon these occasions: in your late letters stronger than ever. A good reason why, you'll say, because more deserved than ever. I thank you kindly for your correction. I hope to make *correction* of it—But let me tell you, that your stripes, whether deserved or not, have made me sensible deeper than the skin—But of this another time.

It was Monday afternoon before we reached the old lady's house. That fiddling, parading fellow [you know who I mean] made us wait for him two hours, and I to go a journey I disliked! only for the sake of having a little more tawdry upon his housings; which he had hurried his sadler to put on, to make him look fine, being to escort his dear Madam Howe, and her fair daughter. I told him, that I supposed he was afraid, that the double solemnity in the case (that of the visit to a dying woman, and that of his own countenance) would give him the appearance of an *undertaker*; to avoid which, he ran into as bad an extreme, and I doubted would be taken for a *mountebank*.

The man was confounded. He took it as strongly, as if his conscience gave assent to the justice of the remark: otherwise he would have borne it better; for he is used enough to this sort of treatment. I thought he would have cried. I have heretofore observed, that on *this* side of the contract, he seems to be a mighty meek sort of creature.—And though I should like it in him *hereafter* perhaps, yet I can't help despising him a little in my heart for it *now*. I believe, my dear, we all love your bluftering fellows best; could we but direct the bluster, and bid it roar when, and at whom we pleased.

The

The poor man looked at my mother. She was ſo angry, (my airs upon it, and my oppoſition to the journey, have all helped) that for half the way ſhe would not ſpeak to me. And when ſhe did, it was, 'I wiſh I had not brought you! 'You know not what it is to condeſcend. 'It is *my* fault, not Mr. *Hickman's*, that 'you are here ſo much againſt your will. 'Have you no eyes for this ſide of the 'chariot?'

And then he fared the better from *her*, as he always does, for faring worſe from *me:* for there was, 'How do you *now*, 'Sir?' And 'How do you *now*, Mr. 'Hickman?' as he ambled now on this ſide of the chariot, now on that, ſtealing a prim look at me; *her* head half out of the chariot, kindly ſmiling as if married to the man but a fortnight herſelf; while I always ſaw ſomething to divert myſelf on the ſide of the chariot where the honeſt man was not, were it but old Robin at a diſtance, on his Roan Keffel.

Our courtſhip days, they ſay, are our beſt days. Favour deſtroys courtſhip. Diſtance increaſes it. It's eſſence is diſtance. And to ſee how familiar theſe men wretches grow upon a ſmile, what an awe they are ſtruck into when we frown; who would not make them ſtand off? Who would not enjoy a power, that is to be ſo ſhort-lived?

Don't chide me one bit for this, my dear. It is in nature. I can't help it. Nay, for that matter, I love it, and with not to help it. So ſpare your gravity, I beſeech you, on this ſubject. I ſet not up for a perfect character. The man will bear it. And what need *you* care? My mother overbalances all he ſuffers: and if he thinks himſelf unhappy, he ought never to be otherwiſe.

Then did he not deſerve a fit of the ſullens, think you, to make us loſe our dinner for his parade, ſince in ſo ſhort a journey my mother would not 'bate and loſe the opportunity of coming back that night, had the old lady's condition permitted it? To ſay nothing of being the cauſe, that my mamma was in the glout with her poor daughter all the way.

At our alighting I gave him another dab; but it was but a little one. Yet the manner, and the air, made up (as I intended they ſhould) for that defect. My mother's hand was kindly put into his, and with a ſimpering altogether bridal; and with another 'How do you now, 'Sir?'—All his plume muſcles were in motion, and a double charge of care and obſequiouſneſs fidgetted up his whole form, when he offered to me his officious palm. My mother, when I was a girl, always bid me hold up my head. I juſt then remembered her commands, and was dutiful—I never held up my head ſo high. With an averted ſupercilious eye, and a rejecting hand, half-flouriſhing—'I have no need of help, 'Sir!—You are in my way.'

He ran back, as if on wheels; with a face exceſſively mortified: I had thoughts elſe to have followed the too gentle touch, with a declaration, that I had as many hands and feet as himſelf. But this would have been telling him a piece of news, as to the latter, that I hope he had not the preſumption to gueſs at.

We found the poor woman, as we thought, at the laſt gaſp. Had we come *ſooner*, we could not have got away, as we intended, that night. You ſee I am for excuſing the man all I can; and yet, I aſſure you, I have not ſo much as a *conditional liking* to him. My mother ſat up moſt part of the night, expecting every hour would have been her poor couſin's laſt. I bore her company till two.

I never ſaw the approaches of death in a grown perſon before; and was extremely ſhocked. Death, to one in health, is a very terrible thing. We pity the perſon for what *ſhe* ſuffers: and we pity ourſelves for what *we* muſt ſome time hence in like ſort ſuffer; and ſo are *doubly* affected.

She held out till *Tueſday* morning, eleven. As ſhe had told my mother that ſhe had left her an executrix, and her and me rings and mourning; we were employed all that day in matters of the will; [by which, by the way, my couſin Jenny Fynnett is handſomely provided for] ſo that it was Wedneſday morning early, before we could ſet out on our return.

It is true, we got home (having no houſings to ſtay for) by noon: but though I ſent Robin away before he diſmounted, (who brought me back a whole packet, down to the ſame Wedneſday noon) yet was I really ſo fatigued, and ſhocked, as I muſt own, at the hard death of the old lady; my mother likewiſe (who has no reaſon to diſlike this world) being indiſpoſed from the ſame occaſion; that I could not ſet about writing time enough for Robin's return that night.

But having recruited my ſpirits, my mother having alſo had a good night, I aroſe with the dawn to write this, and get

get it diſpatched time enough for your breakfaſt-airing; that your ſuſpence might be as ſhort as poſſible.

I WILL ſoon follow this with another. I will employ a perſon directly to find out how Lovelace behaves himſelf at his inn. Such a buſy ſpirit muſt be traceable.

But, perhaps, my dear, you are indifferent *now* about him. or his employments; for this requeſt was made before he *mortally* offended you. Nevertheleſs, I will have enquiry made. The reſult, it is very probable, will be of uſe to confirm you in your preſent unforgiving temper.—And yet, if the *poor* man [ſhall I pity him for *you*, my dear?] ſhould be deprived of the greateſt bleſſing any man on earth can receive, and to which he has the preſumption, with ſo little merit, to aſpire; he will have run great riſques; caught great colds; hazarded fevers; ſuſtained the higheſt indignities; braved the inclemencies of ſkies, and all for—*nothing!*—Will not this move your *generoſity* (if nothing elſe) in his favour!—Poor Mr. Lovelace!

I would occaſion no throb; nor half-throb; no flaſh of ſenſibility, like lightning darting in, and as ſoon ſuppreſſed by a diſcretion that no one of the ſex ever before could give ſuch an example of—I *would not*, I ſay; and yet, for a trial of *you* to *yourſelf*, rather than as an impertinent overflow of raillery in your friend, as money-takers try a ſuſpected guinea by the *ſound*, let me, on ſuch a ſuppoſition, ſound *you*, by repeating, '*Poor Mr. Lovelace!*'—

And now, my dear, how is it with you? How do you now? as my mother ſays to Mr. Hickman, when her pert daughter has made him look ſorrowful.

LETTER XXI.

MR. HICKMAN, TO MRS. HOWE.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29.

MADAM,

IT is with infinite regret that I think myſelf obliged, by pen and ink, to repeat my apprehenſions, that it is impoſſible for me ever to obtain a ſhare in the affections of your beloved daughter. O that it were not too evident to everyone, as well as to myſelf, even to our very ſervants, that my love for her, and my aſſiduities, expoſe me rather to her ſcorn [Forgive me, Madam, the hard word!] than to the treatment due to a man whoſe propoſals have met with your approbation, and who loves her above all the women in the world!

Well might the merit of my paſſion be doubted, if, like Mr. Solmes to the truly admirable Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, I could continue my addreſſes to Miſs Howe's diſtaſte. Yet what will not the diſcontinuance coſt me!

Give me leave, nevertheleſs, deareſt, worthieſt lady, to repeat, what I told you, on Monday night, at Mrs. Larkin's, with a heart even burſting with grief, that I wanted not the treatment of that day to convince me, that I am not, nor ever can be, the object of Miſs Howe's voluntary favour. What hopes can there be, that a lady will ever eſteem, as a huſband, the man, whom as a lover, ſhe deſpiſes? Will not every act of obligingneſs from ſuch a one, be conſtrued an unmanly tameneſs of ſpirit, and entitle him the more to her diſdain?—My heart is full: forgive me if I ſay, that Miſs Howe's treatment of me does no credit either to her education, or fine ſenſe.

Since then it is too evident, that ſhe cannot eſteem me; and ſince, as I have heard it juſtly obſerved by the excellent Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, that love is not a voluntary paſſion; would it not be ungenerous to ſubject the dear daughter to the diſpleaſure of a mother ſo juſtly fond of her; and you, Madam, while you are ſo good as to intereſt yourſelf in my favour, to uneaſineſs? And why, were I to be even ſure, at laſt, of ſucceeding by means of your kind partiality to me, ſhould I wiſh to make the beſt-beloved of my ſoul unhappy; ſince mutual muſt be our happineſs, or miſery for life the conſequence to both?

My beſt wiſhes will for ever attend the dear, the ever-dear lady! May her nuptials be happy! They muſt be ſo, if ſhe marry the man ſhe can honour with her love. Yet I will ſay, that whoever be the happy, the thrice happy man, he never can love her with a paſſion more ardent and more ſincere than mine.

Accept, dear Madam, of my moſt grateful thanks for a diſtinction that has been the only ſupport of my preſumption in an addreſs I am obliged, as utterly hopeleſs, to diſcontinue. A diſtinction, on which (and not on my own merits) I had entirely relied; but which, I find can avail me nothing. To the laſt hour of my life, it will give me pleaſure to think, that had your favour, your recommendation, been of ſufficient weight to conquer what ſeems to be an invincible

invincible averſion, I had been the happieſt of men.

I am, dear Madam, with inviolable reſpect, *your ever obliged and faithful humble ſervant,*

CHARLES HICKMAN.

LETTER XXII.

MRS. HOWE, TO CHARLES HICKMAN, ESQ.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30.

I Cannot but ſay, Mr. Hickman, but you have cauſe to be diſſatisfied—to be out of humour—to be diſpleaſed—with Nancy—But, upon my word; but indeed—What ſhall I ſay?—Yet this I will ſay, that you *good* young gentlemen know nothing at all of our ſex. Shall I tell you—But why ſhould I? and yet I will ſay, that if Nancy did not think well of you in the main, ſhe is too generous to treat you ſo freely as ſhe does.—Don't you think ſhe has courage enough to tell me, ſhe would not ſee you, and to refuſe at any time ſeeing you, as ſhe knows on what account you come, if ſhe had not ſomething in her head favourable to you? Fie! that I am forced to ſay thus much in writing, when I have hinted it to you twenty and twenty times by word of mouth!

But if you are ſo indifferent, Mr. Hickman—If you think you can part with her for her ſkittiſh tricks—If *my* intereſt in your favour—Why, Mr. Hickman, I muſt tell you, that my Nancy is worth bearing with. If ſhe be *fooliſh*—what is that owing to?—Is it not to her *wit?* Let me tell you, Sir, you cannot have the convenience without the inconvenience. What workman loves not a ſharp tool to work with? But is there not more danger from a ſharp tool, than from a blunt one? And what workman will throw away a ſharp tool, becauſe it may cut his fingers? Wit may be likened to a ſharp tool. And there is ſomething very pretty in wit, let me tell you. Often and often have I been forced to ſmile at her arch turns upon me, when I could have beat her for them. And, pray, don't I bear a great deal from her?—And why? Becauſe I love her. And would you not wiſh me to judge of your love for her by my own? And would not you bear with her?—Don't you love her (what though with another ſort of love?) as well as I do? I do aſſure you, Sir, that if I thought you did not—Well, but it is plain that you don't!—And is it plain that you don't?—Well, then, you muſt do as you think beſt.

Well might the merit of your paſſion be doubted, you ſay, if, like Mr. Solmes—Fiddle-faddle!—Why, you are a captious man, I think!—Has Nancy been ſo plain in her repulſes of you as Miſs Clary Harlowe has been to Mr. Solmes?—Does Nancy love any man better than you, although ſhe may not ſhew ſo much love to you as you wiſh for?—If ſhe did, let me tell you, ſhe would have let us all hear of it.—What idle compariſons then!

But it may be you are tired out. It may be you have ſeen ſomebody elſe—It may be you would wiſh to change miſtreſſes with that gay wretch Mr. Lovelace. It may be too, that, in that caſe, Nancy would not be ſorry to change lovers—The *truly admirable* Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe! And the *excellent* Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe!—Good lack!—But take care, Mr. Hickman, that you do not praiſe any woman living, let her be as admirable and as excellent as ſhe will, above your own miſtreſs. No polite man will do that, ſurely. And take care too, that you do not make her or me think you are in earneſt in your anger—Juſt though it may be, as anger only—I would not for a thouſand pounds that Nancy ſhould know that you can ſo eaſily part with her, if you have the love for her which you declare you have. Be ſure, if you are not abſolutely determined, that you do not ſo much as whiſper the contents of this your letter to your own heart, as I may ſay.

Her treatment of you, you ſay, does no credit either to her education or fine ſenſe. Very home put, truly! Nevertheleſs, ſo ſay I. But is not hers the diſgrace, more than yours? I can aſſure you, that every-body blames her for it. And *why* do they blame her?—Why? Becauſe they think you merit better treatment at her hands: and is not this to your credit? Who but pities *you*, and blames *her?* Do the ſervants, who, as you obſerve, ſee her ſkittiſh airs, diſreſpect you for them? Do they not, at ſuch times, look concerned for you? Are they not then doubly officious in their reſpects and ſervices to you? I have obſerved with pleaſure, that they are.

But you are afraid you ſhall be thought tame, perhaps, when married. That you ſhall not be thought *manly* enough, I warrant!—And this was poor Mr. Howe's fear. And many a tug did this lordly fear coſt us both, God knows!—Many more than needed, I am ſure:—and more than ought to have been, had he

be known how to *bear and forbear*, as is the duty of thoſe who pretend to have moſt ſenſe—And, pray, which would you have to have moſt ſenſe, the woman or the man?

Well, Sir, and now what remains, if you really love Nancy ſo well as you ſay you do?—Why, I leave that to you. You may, if you pleaſe, come to breakfaſt with me in the morning. But with no *full heart*, nor reſenting looks, I adviſe you; except you can brave it out. That have I, when provoked, done many a time with my *huſband*, but never did I get any-thing by it with my *daughter*: much leſs will you. Of which, for your obſervation, I thought fit to advertiſe you. As from *your friend*,

ANNABELLA HOWE.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY MORNING.

I Will now take ſome notice of your laſt favour. But being ſo far behind-hand with you, muſt be brief.

In the firſt place, as to your reproofs, thus ſhall I diſcharge myſelf of that part of my ſubject. Is it likely, think you, that I ſhould avoid deſerving them now-and-then, occaſionally, when I admire the manner in which you give me your rebukes, and love you the better for them? And when you are ſo well *entitled* to give them? For what faults can *you* poſſibly have, unleſs your relations are ſo kind as to find you a *few* to keep their *many* in countenance?—But they are as kind to *me* in this, as to *you*; for I may venture to affirm, that any one who ſhould read *your* letters, and would ſay you were *right*, would not on reading *mine* condemn me for being *quite wrong*.

Your reſolution not to leave your father's houſe is right—if you can ſtay in it, and avoid being Solmes's wife.

I think you anſwered Solmes's letter, as *I* ſhould have anſwered it—Will you not compliment me and yourſelf at once, by ſaying, that *that* was right?

You have, in your letters to your uncle and the reſt, done all that you ought to do. You are wholly guiltleſs of the conſequence, be it what it will. To offer to give up your eſtate!—That would not I have done! You ſee this offer ſtaggered them: they took time to conſider of it. They made my heart ache in the time they took. I was afraid they would have taken you at your word: and ſo but for ſhame, and for fear of Lovelace, I dare ſay they would. You are too noble for them. This, I repeat, is an offer *I* would not have made. Let me beg of you, my dear, never to repeat the temptation to them.

I freely own to you, that their uſage of you upon it, and Lovelace's different treatment of you in his laſt letter received at the ſame time, would have made *me* his, paſt redemption. The deuce take the man, I was going to ſay, for not having had ſo much regard to his character and morals, as would have entirely juſtified ſuch a ſtep in a CLARISSA, perſecuted as ſhe is!

I wonder not at your appointment with him. I may further touch upon ſome part of this ſubject by-and-by.

Pray—pray—I pray you now, my deareſt friend, contrive to ſend your Betty Barnes to me!—Does the Coventry Act extend to women, know ye?—The *leaſt* I will do, ſhall be, to ſend her home well ſouſed in and dragged through our deepeſt horſe-pond. I'll engage, if I get her hither, that ſhe will keep the anniverſary of her deliverance as long as ſhe lives.

I wonder not at Lovelace's ſaucy anſwer, ſaucy as it really is. If he loves you as he ought, he muſt be vexed at ſo great a diſappointment. The man muſt have been a deteſtable hypocrite, I think, had he not ſhewn his vexation. Your expectations of ſuch a chriſtian command of temper in him, in a diſappointment of this nature eſpecially, are too early by almoſt half a century in a man of his conſtitution. But nevertheleſs I am very far from blaming you for your reſentment.

I ſhall be all impatience to know how this matter ends between you and him. But a *few inches of brick-wall* between you ſo lately; and now ſuch *mountains!*—And you think to hold it?—May be ſo!

You ſee, you ſay, that the temper he ſhewed in his preceding letter was not *natural* to him. And did you before think it *was?* Wretched creepers and inſinuators! Yet when opportunity ſerves, as inſolent encroachers!—This very Hickman, I make no doubt, would be as ſaucy as your Lovelace, if he dared. He has not half the arrogant bravery of the other, and can better hide his horns; that's all. But whenever he has the power, depend upon it, he will *butt* at one as valiantly as the other.

If ever I ſhould be perſuaded to have him, I ſhall watch how the obſequious lover *goes off*; and how the imperative huſband *comes upon him*; in ſhort, how he

he *aſcends*, and how I *deſcend*, in the matrimonial wheel, never to take my turn again, but by fits and ſtarts, like the feeble ſtruggles of a ſinking ſtate for it's dying liberty.

All good-natured men are paſſionate, ſays Mr. Lovelace. A pretty plea to a beloved object in the plenitude of her power! As much as to ſay, 'Greatly as 'I value you, Madam, I will not take 'pains to curb my paſſions to oblige 'you.'—Methinks I ſhould be glad to hear from Mr. Hickman ſuch a plea for good-nature as this.

Indeed, we are too apt to make allowances for ſuch tempers as *early* indulgence has made unconroulable; and therefore habitually evil. But if a boiſterous temper, when under *obligation*, is to be thus allowed for, what when the tables are turned, will it expect? You know a huſband, who, I fancy, had ſome of theſe early allowances made for him: and you ſee that neither himſelf nor any-body elſe is the happier for it.

The ſuiting of the tempers of two perſons who are to come together, is a great matter; and yet there ſhould be boundaries fixed between them, by conſent as it were, beyond which neither ſhould go: and each ſhould hold the other to it; or there would probably be encroachments in both. To illuſtrate my aſſertion by a very high, and by a more manly (as ſome would think it) than womanly inſtance—If the boundaries of the three eſtates that conſtitute our political union were not known, and occaſionally aſſerted, what would become of the prerogatives and privileges of each? The two branches of the legiſlature would encroach upon each other; and the executive power would ſwallow up both.

But if two perſons of diſcretion, you'll ſay, come together—

Aye, my dear, that's true: but, if none but perſons of diſcretion were to marry—And would it not ſurprize you if I were to advance, that the perſons of diſcretion are generally ſingle?—Such perſons are apt to conſider too much, to reſolve.—Are not you and I complimented as ſuch?—And would either of us marry, if the fellows, and our friends, would let us alone?

But to the former point—Had Lovelace made his addreſſes to me, (unleſs indeed I had been taken with a liking for him *more* than *conditional*) I would have forbid him, upon the firſt *paſſionate* inſtance of his *good-nature*, as he calls it, ever to ſee me more; 'Thou muſt bear 'with me, honeſt friend,' might I have ſaid, [had I condeſcended to ſay anything to him] 'an hundred times more 'than this—Be gone therefore!—I bear 'with no paſſions that are predominant 'to that thou haſt pretended for me!'

But to one of your mild and gentle temper, it would be all one, were you married, whether the man were a Lovelace or a Hickman in his ſpirit.—You are ſo obediently principled, that perhaps you would have told a mild man, that he muſt not *entreat*, but *command*; and that it was beneath him not to exact from you the obedience you had ſo ſolemnly vowed to him at the altar.—I know of old, my dear, your meek regard to that little piddling part of the marriage-vow which ſome prerogative-monger foiſted into the office, to make that a *duty*, which he knew was not a *right*.

Our way of training up, you ſay, *makes us need the protection of the brave*. Very true: and how extremely brave and gallant is it, that this brave man will free us from all inſults but thoſe which will go neareſt to our hearts; that is to ſay, His own!

How artfully has Lovelace, in the abſtract you give me of one of his letters, calculated to your meridian! *Generous ſpirits hate compulſion!*—He is certainly a deeper creature by much than once we thought him. He knows, as you intimate, that his own wild pranks cannot be concealed; and ſo owns juſt enough to palliate (becauſe it teaches you not to be ſurprized at) any new one, that may come to your ears; and then, truly, he is, however faulty, a mighty *ingenuous* man; and by no means an *hypocrite*: a character the moſt odious of all others, to *our ſex*, in a lover, and the leaſt to be forgiven, were it only becauſe, when detected, it makes us doubt the juſtice of thoſe praiſes which we are willing to believe he thought to be our due.

By means of this ſuppoſed *ingenuity*, Lovelace obtains a praiſe, inſtead of a merited diſpraiſe; and, like an abſolved confeſſionaire, wipes off as he goes along one ſcore, to begin another; for an eye favourable to him will not ſee his faults through a magnifying glaſs; nor will a woman, willing to *hope the beſt*, forbear to impute to ill-will and prejudice all that charity can make ſo imputable. And if ſhe even give credit to ſuch of the unfavourable imputations as may be too flagrant to be doubted, ſhe will be very apt to take-in the *future hope*, which he inculcates, and which to queſ-

tion would be to queſtion her own power, and perhaps *merit*: and thus may a woman be inclined to make a *ſlight*, even a *fancied* merit atone for the moſt *glaring* vice.

I have a reaſon, a new one, for this preachment upon a text you have given me. But, till I am better informed, I will not explain myſelf. If it come out, as I ſhrewdly ſuſpect it will, the man, my dear, is a devil; and you muſt rather think of—I proteſt I had like to have ſaid *Solmes* than him.

But let this be as it will, ſhall I tell you, how, after all his offences, he may creep in with you again?

I will. Thus then: it is but to claim for himſelf the *good-natured character*; and this, granted, will blot out the fault of *paſſionate* inſolence; and ſo he will have nothing to do, but this hour to accuſtom you to inſult; the next, to bring you to forgive him, upon his ſubmiſſion: the conſequence muſt be, that he will by this teazing break your reſentment all to pieces; and then, a little *more* of the inſult, and a little *leſs* of the ſubmiſſion, on his part, will go down, till nothing elſe but the *firſt* will be ſeen, and not a bit of the *ſecond*: you will then be afraid to provoke ſo offenſive a ſpirit; and at laſt will be brought ſo *prettily*, and ſo *audibly*, to pronounce the little reptile word OBEY, that it will do one's heart good to hear you. The *Muſcovite* wife then takes place of the *managed* miſtreſs. —And if you doubt the progreſſion, be pleaſed, my dear, to take your mother's judgment upon it.

But no more of this juſt now. Your ſituation is become too critical to permit me to dwell upon theſe ſorts of topicks. And yet this is but an *affected levity* with me. My heart, as I have heretofore ſaid, is a ſincere ſharer in all your diſtreſſes. My ſun-ſhine darts but through a drizly cloud. My eye, were you to ſee it, when it ſeems to you ſo *gladdened*, as you mentioned in a former, is *more* than ready to overflow, even at the very paſſages perhaps upon which you impute to me the *archneſs* of *exultation*.

But now the unheard of cruelty and perverſeneſs of ſome of your friends; [*Relations*, I ſhould ſay—I am always blundering thus!] the *as* ſtrange determinedneſs of others; your preſent quarrel with Lovelace; and your approaching interview with Solmes, from which you are right to apprehend a great deal; are ſuch conſiderable circumſtances in your ſtory, that it is fit they ſhould engroſs all my attention.

You aſk me to adviſe you how to behave upon Solmes's viſit. I *cannot* for my life. I know they expect a great deal from it: you had not elſe had your long day complied with. All I will ſay is, that if Solmes cannot be prevailed for, now, that Lovelace has ſo much offended you, he never will. When the interview is over, I doubt not but that I ſhall have reaſon to ſay, that all you did, that all you ſaid, was right, and could not be better: yet, if I don't think ſo, I won't ſay ſo; that I promiſe you.

Only let me adviſe you to pull up a ſpirit, even to your uncle, if there be occaſion. Reſent the vile and fooliſh treatment you meet with, in which he has taken ſo large a ſhare, and make him aſhamed of it, if you can.

I know not, upon recollection, but this interview may be a good thing for you, however deſigned. For when Solmes ſees (if that be to *be* ſo) that it is impoſſible he ſhould ſucceed with you; and your relations ſee it too; the one muſt, I think, recede, and the other come to terms with you, upon offers, that it is my opinion, will go hard enough with you to comply with; when the *ſtill* harder are diſpenſed with.

There are ſeveral paſſages in your laſt letters, as well as in your former, which authoriſe me to ſay this. But it would be unſeaſonable to touch this ſubject further juſt now.

But, upon the whole, I have no patience to ſee you thus made the ſport of your brother's and ſiſter's cruelty: for what, after *ſo much ſteadineſs* on your part, in *ſo many trials*, can be their hope? *Except indeed it be to drive you to extremity, and to ruin you in the opinion of your uncles, as well as father.*

I urge you by all means to ſend out of their reach all the letters and papers you would not have them ſee. Methinks, I would wiſh you to depoſit likewiſe a parcel of cloaths, linen, and the like, before your interview with Solmes; leſt you ſhould not have an opportunity for it afterwards. Robin ſhall fetch it away on the firſt orders, by day or by night.

I am in hopes to procure from my mother, if things come to extremity, leave for you to be privately with us.

I will condition to be good-humoured, and even *kind*, to HER favourite, if ſhe will ſhew me an indulgence that ſhall make me ſerviceable to MINE.

This alternative has been a good while in my head. But as your fooliſh uncle has ſo ſtrangely attached my mother to their

their views, I cannot promiſe that I ſhall ſucceed as I wiſh.

Do not abſolutely deſpair, however. What though the contention will be between *woman* and *woman*? I fancy I ſhall be able to manage it, by the help of a little *female perſeverance*. Your quarrel with Lovelace, if it continue, will ſtrengthen my hands. And the offers you made in your anſwer to your uncle Harlowe's letter of Sunday night laſt, *duly dwelt upon*, muſt add force to my pleas.

I depend upon your forgiveneſs of all the perhaps unſeaſonable flippancies of your naturally too lively, yet moſt ſincerely ſympathizing, ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31.

YOU have very kindly accounted for your ſilence. People in misfortune are always in doubt. They are too apt to turn even unavoidable accidents into ſlights and neglects; eſpecially in thoſe whoſe favourable opinion they wiſh to preſerve.

I am ſure I ought evermore to exempt my Anna Howe from the ſuppoſed poſſibility of her becoming one of thoſe who baſk only in the ſunſhine of a friend: but, nevertheleſs, her friendſhip is too precious to me, not to doubt my own merits on the one hand, and not to be anxious for the preſervation of it, on the other.

You ſo generouſly give me liberty to chide you, that I am afraid of taking it, becauſe I could ſooner miſtruſt my own judgment, than that of a beloved friend, whoſe ingenuouſneſs in acknowledging an *imputed* error ſeems to ſet her above the commiſſion of a *wilful* one. This makes me half-afraid to aſk you, if you think you are not too cruel, to *ungenerous* ſhall I ſay? in your behaviour to a man who loves you ſo dearly, and is ſo worthy and ſo ſincere a man?

Only it is by YOU, or I ſhould be aſhamed to be outdone in that true magnanimity, which makes one thankful for the wounds given by a true friend. I believe I was guilty of a petulance which nothing but my uneaſy ſituation can excuſe; if *that* can. I am almoſt *afraid* to beg of you, and yet I repeatedly *do*, to give way to that charming ſpirit, whenever it riſes to your pen, which ſmiles, yet goes to the quick of my fault. What patient ſhall be afraid of a probe in ſo delicate a hand?—I ſay, I am almoſt afraid to pray you to give way to it, for fear you ſhould, for that very reaſon, reſtrain it. For the edge may be taken off, if it does not make the ſubject of its raillery wince a little. *Permitted* or *deſired* ſatire may be apt, in a generous ſatiriſt, mending as it rallies, to turn too ſoon into panegyrick. Yours is intended to inſtruct; and though it bites, it pleaſes at the ſame time: no fear of a wound's wrankling or feſtering by ſo delicate a point as you carry; not envenomed by *perſonality*, not intending to expoſe, or ridicule, or exaſperate. The moſt admired of our moderns know nothing of this art: why? Becauſe it muſt be founded in good-nature, and directed by a right heart. The *man*, not the *fault*, is generally the ſubject of *their* ſatire: and were it to be *juſt*, how ſhould it be *uſeful*; how ſhould it anſwer any good purpoſe; when every gaſh (for their weapon is a broad-ſword, not a lancet) lets in the air of public ridicule, and exaſperates where it ſhould heal? Spare me not therefore becauſe I am your *friend*. For *that* very reaſon ſpare me not. I may *feel* your edge, fine as it is. I may be pained: you would loſe your end if I were not; but after the firſt ſenſibility, (as I have ſaid more than once before) I will love you the better, and my amended heart ſhall be all yours; and it will then be more worthy to be yours.

You have taught me what to ſay to, and what to think of, Mr. Lovelace. You have, by agreeable anticipation, let me know how it is probable he will apply to me to be excuſed. I will lay every thing before you that ſhall paſs on the occaſion, if he *do* apply, that I may take your advice, when it can come in time; and when it cannot, that I may receive your correction, or approbation, as I may happen to merit either.—Only one thing muſt be allowed for me; that whatever courſe I ſhall be *permitted* or be *forced* to ſteer, I muſt be conſidered as a perſon out of her own direction. Toſt to and fro by the high winds of paſſionate controul, (and, as I think, unſeaſonable ſeverity) I behold the deſired port, the *ſingle ſtate*, into which I would fain ſteer; but am kept off by the foaming billows of a brother's and ſiſter's envy, and by the raging winds of a ſuppoſed invaded authority; while I ſee in Lovelace, the rocks on one hand, and in Solmes, the ſands on the other; and tremble leſt I ſhould ſplit upon the former, or ſtrike upon the latter.

But

But you, my better pilot, to what a charming hope do you bid me aſpire, if things come to extremity! I will not, as you caution me, too much depend upon your ſucceſs with your mother in my favour; for I well know her high notions of implicit duty in a child: but yet I will *hope* too; becauſe her ſeaſonable protection may ſave me perhaps from a greater raſhneſs. And in this caſe, ſhe ſhall direct me in all my ways; I will do nothing but by her orders, and by her advice and yours; not ſee any-body; not write to any-body; nor ſhall any living ſoul, but by her direction and yours, know where I am. In any cottage place me, I will never ſtir out, unleſs, diſguiſed as your ſervant, I am now-and-then permitted an evening walk with you; and this private protection to be granted for no longer time than till my couſin Morden comes; which, as I hope, cannot be long.

I am afraid I muſt not venture to take the hint you give me, to depoſit ſome of my cloaths; although I will ſome of my linen, as well as papers.

I will tell you why—Betty had for ſome time been very curious about my wardrobe, whenever I took out any of my things before her.

Obſerving this, I once, on taking one of my garden-airings, left my keys in the locks; and on my return ſurprized the creature with her hand upon the keys, as if ſhutting the door.

She was confounded at my ſudden coming back. I took no notice: but, on her retiring, I found my cloaths were not in the uſual order.

I doubted not, upon this, that her curioſity was owing to the orders ſhe had received; and being afraid they would abridge me of my airings, if their ſuſpicions were not obviated, it has ever ſince been my cuſtom (among other contrivances) not only to leave my keys in the locks; but to employ the wench now-and-then in taking out my cloaths, ſuit by ſuit, on pretence of their being rumpled or creaſed, and to ſee that the flowered ſilver ſuit did not tarniſh; ſometimes declaredly to give myſelf employment, having little elſe to do: with which employment (ſuperadded to the delight taken by the low as well as by the high of our ſex in ſeeing fine cloaths) ſhe ſeemed always, I thought, as well pleaſed as if it anſwered one of the offices ſhe had in charge.

To this, and to the confidence they have in a ſpy ſo diligent, and to their knowing, that I have not one confidante in a family in which nevertheleſs I believe every ſervant loves me; nor have attempted to make one; I ſuppoſe, I owe the freedom I enjoy of my airings: and perhaps (finding I make no movements towards going away) they are the more ſecure, that I ſhall at laſt be prevailed upon to comply with their meaſures. Since they muſt think, that, otherwiſe, they give me provocation enough to take ſome raſh ſtep in order to free myſelf from a treatment ſo diſgraceful; and which [God forgive me, if I judge amiſs!] *I am afraid my brother and ſiſter would not be ſorry to drive me to take.*

If therefore ſuch a ſtep ſhould become neceſſary, (which I yet hope will not) I muſt be contented to go away with the cloaths I ſhall have on at the time. My cuſtom to be dreſſed for the day, as ſoon as breakfaſt is over, when I have no houſhold employments to prevent me, will make ſuch a ſtep (if I am forced to take it) leſs ſuſpected. And the linen I ſhall depoſit, in purſuance of your kind hint, cannot be miſſed.

This cuſtom, although a priſoner (as I may too truly ſay) and neither viſited nor viſiting, I continue. We owe to ourſelves, and to our *ſex*, you know, to be always neat; and never to be ſurprized in a way we ſhould be pained to be ſeen in.

Beſides, people in adverſity (which is the ſtate of trial of every good quality) ſhould endeavour to preſerve laudable cuſtoms, that, if ſunſhine return, they may not be loſers by their trial.

Does it not, moreover, manifeſt a firmneſs of mind, in an unhappy perſon, to keep hope alive? To *hope* for better days, is half to *deſerve* them: for could we have juſt ground for ſuch a hope, if we did not reſolve to deſerve what that hope bids us aſpire to?—Then who ſhall befriend a perſon who forſakes herſelf?

Theſe are reflections by which I ſometimes endeavour to ſupport myſelf.

I know you don't deſpiſe my *grave airs*, although (with a view no doubt to irradiate my mind in my misfortunes) you rally me upon them. Every-body has not your talent of introducing ſerious and important leſſons, in ſuch a happy manner as at once to delight and inſtruct.

What a multitude of contrivances may not young people fall upon, if the mind be not engaged by acts of kindneſs and condeſcenſion! I am not uſed by my friends of late as I always uſed their ſervants.

When

When I was entruſted with the family-management, I always found it right, as well in policy as generoſity, to repoſe a truſt in them. Not to ſeem to expect or depend upon juſtice from them, is in a manner to bid them take opportunities, whenever they offer, to be unjuſt.

Mr. Solmes (to expatiate a little on this low, but not unuſeful ſubject) in his more trifling ſolicitudes, would have had a ſorry key-keeper in me. Were I miſtreſs of a family, I would not either take to myſelf, or give to ſervants, the pain of keeping thoſe I had reaſon to ſuſpect. People low in ſtation have often minds not ſordid. Nay, I have ſometimes thought, that (even take number for number) there are more *honeſt low people*, than *honeſt high*. In the one, honeſty is their *chief* pride. In the other, love of power, of grandeur, of pleaſure, miſlead; and that and their ambition induce a paramount pride, which too often ſwallows up the more laudable one.

Many of the former would ſcorn to deceive a confidence. But I have ſeen, among the moſt ignorant of their claſs, a ſuſceptibility of reſentment, if their honeſty has been ſuſpected: and have more than once been forced to put a ſervant *right*, whom I have heard ſay, That, although ſhe valued herſelf upon her *honeſty*, no maſter or miſtreſs ſhould ſuſpect her for nothing.

How far has the compariſon I had in my head, between my friends treatment of *me*, and my treatment of their *ſervants*, carried me!—But we always allowed ourſelves to expatiate on ſuch ſubjects, whether low or high, as might tend to enlarge our minds, or mend our management, whether notional or practical, and whether ſuch expatiating reſpected our preſent or might reſpect our probable future ſituations.

What I was principally leading to, was to tell you, how ingenious I am in my contrivances and pretences to blind my gaolereſs, and to take off the jealouſy of her principals on my going down ſo often into the garden and poultry-yard. People ſuſpiciouſly treated are never I believe at a loſs for invention. Sometimes I want *air*, and am better the moment I am out of my chamber—Sometimes *ſpirits*; and then my bantams or pheaſants or the caſcade divert me; the former, by their inſpiriting livelineſs; the latter, more ſolemly, by it's echoing daſhings, and hollow murmurs.—Sometimes ſolitude is of all things my wiſh; and the awful ſilence of the night, the ſpangled element, and the riſing and ſetting ſun, how promotive of contemplation!—Sometimes, when I intend nothing, and expect no letters, I am officious to take Betty with me; and at others, beſpeak her attendance, when I know ſhe is otherwiſe employed, and cannot give it me.

Theſe more capital artifices I branch out into leſſer ones, without number. Yet *all* have not only the face of truth, but are real truth; although not my principal motive. How prompt a thing is *will!*—What impediments does *diſlike* furniſh!—How ſwiftly, through every difficulty, do we move with the one!—How tardily with the other!—Every trifling obſtruction weighing us down, as if lead were faſtened to our feet!

FRIDAY MORNING, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

I HAVE already made up my parcel of linen. My heart ached all the time I was employed about it; and ſtill aches, at the thoughts of it's being a neceſſary precaution.

When the parcel comes to your hands, as I hope it ſafely will, you will be pleaſed to open it. You will find in it two parcels ſealed up; one of which contains the letters you have not yet ſeen, being thoſe written ſince I left you: in the other are all the letters and copies of letters that have paſſed between you and me ſince I was laſt with you; with ſome other papers on ſubjects ſo much above me, that I cannot wiſh them to be ſeen by any-body whoſe indulgence I am not ſo ſure of, as I am of yours. If my judgment ripen with my years, perhaps I may review them.

Mrs. Norton uſed to ſay, from her reverend father, that youth was the time of life for *imagination* and *fancy* to work in: then, were a writer to lay by his works till *riper years* and *experience* ſhould direct the fire rather to *glow*, than to *flame out*; ſomething between both might perhaps be produced that would not diſpleaſe a judicious eye.

In a third diviſion folded up ſeparately, are all Mr. Lovelace's letters written to me ſince he was forbidden this houſe, and copies of my anſwers to them. I expect that you will break the ſeals of this parcel, and when you have peruſed them all, give me your free opinion of my conduct.

By the way, not a line from that man!—Not *one* line!—Wedneſday I depoſited mine. It remained there on Wedneſday

neſday night. What time it was taken away yeſterday I cannot tell: for I did not concern myſelf about it till towards night; and then it was not there. No return at ten this day. I ſuppoſe he is as much out of humour, as I.—With all my heart!

He may be mean enough perhaps, if ever I ſhould put it into his *power*, to avenge himſelf for the trouble he has had with me.—But that now, I dare ſay, I never ſhall.

I ſee what a ſort of man the encroacher is. And I hope we are equally ſick of one another.—My heart is *vexedly* eaſy, if I may ſo deſcribe it.—*Vexedly*—becauſe of the apprehended interview with Solmes, and the conſequences it may be attended with: or elſe I ſhould be *quite* eaſy; for why? I have not *deſerved* the uſage I receive: and could I be rid of Solmes, as I preſume I am of Lovelace, *their* influence over my father, mother, and uncles, againſt me, could not hold.

The five guineas tied up in one corner of a handkerchief under the linen, I beg you will let paſs as an acknowledgment for the trouble I give your truſty ſervant. You muſt not chide me for this. You know I cannot be eaſy unleſs I have my way in theſe little matters.

I was going to put up what little money I have, and ſome of my ornaments; but they are portable, and I cannot forget them. Beſides, ſhould they (ſuſpecting me) deſire to ſee any of the jewels, and were I not able to produce them, it would amount to a demonſtration of an intention which would have a guilty appearance to them.

FRIDAY, ONE O'CLOCK, IN THE WOOD HOUSE.

No letter yet from this man! I have luckily depoſited my parcel, and have your letter of laſt night. If Robert takes this without the parcel, pray let him return immediately for it. But he cannot miſs it, I think; and muſt conclude that it is put there for him to take away. You may believe, from the contents of yours, that I ſhall immediately write again.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY NIGHT, MARCH 30.

THE fruits of my enquiry after your abominable wretch's behaviour and baſeneſs at the paltry alehouſe, which he calls an inn, prepare to hear.

Wrens and ſparrows are not too ignoble a quarry for this villainous goſhawk!—His aſſiduities; his watchings; his night riſques; the inclement weather he journeys in; muſt not be all placed to *your* account. He has opportunities of making every-thing light to him of that ſort. A ſweet pretty girl, I am told—Innocent till he went thither—Now! (Ah! poor girl!) who knows what?

But juſt turned of ſeventeen!—His friend and brother rake, (a man of humour and intrigue) as I am told, to ſhare the ſocial bottle with. And ſometimes another diſguiſed rake or two. No ſorrow comes near their hearts. Be not diſturbed, my dear, at his *hoarſeneſſes!* His pretty Betſey, his roſebud, as the vile wretch calls her, can *hear* all he ſays.

He is very fond of her. They ſay ſhe is innocent even yet—Her father, her grandfather, believe her to be ſo. He is to fortune her out to a young lover!—Ah! the poor young lover!—Ah! the poor ſimple girl!

Mr. Hickman tells me, that he heard in town, that he uſed to be often at plays, and at the opera, with women; and every time with a different one—Ah! my ſweet friend!—But I hope he is nothing to you, if all this were truth—But this intelligence, in relation to this poor girl, will do his buſineſs, if you had been ever ſo good friends before.

A vile wretch! Cannot ſuch purity in purſuit, in view, reſtrain him? But I leave him to you!—There can be no hope of him. More of a fool, than of ſuch a man. Yet I wiſh I may be able to ſnatch the poor young creature out of his villainous paws. I have laid a ſcheme to do ſo; if *indeed* ſhe be hitherto innocent and heart-free.

He appears to the people as a military man, in diſguiſe, ſecreting himſelf on account of a duel fought in town; the adverſary's life in ſuſpence. They believe he is a great man. His friend paſſes for an inferior officer; upon a foot of freedom with him. He, accompanied by a third man, who is a ſort of ſubordinate companion to the ſecond. The wretch himſelf with but one ſervant.

O my dear! How pleaſantly can theſe devils, as I muſt call them, paſs their time, while our gentle boſoms heave with pity for their ſuppoſed ſufferings for us!

I HAVE ſent for this girl and her father; and am juſt now informed, that I ſhall ſee them. I will ſift them thoroughly. I ſhall ſoon find out ſuch a ſimple thing as this, if he has not corrupted her already—And if he has, I ſhall ſoon find that out too. If more art than nature appears either in her or her father, I ſhall give them both up—But depend upon it, the girl's undone.

He is ſaid to be fond of her. He places her at the upper-end of his table. He ſets her a-prattling. He keeps his friend at a diſtance from her. She prates away. He admires for nature all ſhe ſays. Once was heard to call her 'Charming little creature!' An hundred has he called ſo, no doubt. He puts her upon ſinging. He praiſes her wild note.—O, my dear, the girl's undone!—muſt be undone!—The man, you know, is LOVELACE.

Let them bring Wyerley to you, if they will have you married—Any-body but Solmes and Lovelace be yours!—So adviſes *your* ANNA HOWE.

My deareſt friend, conſider this alehouſe as his garriſon; him as an enemy: his brother-rakes as his aſſiſtants and abettors. Would not your brother, would not your uncles, tremble, if they knew how near them he is, as they paſs to and fro?—I am told, he is reſolved you ſhall not be carried to your uncle Antony's.—What can you do, *with* or *without* ſuch an enterprizing— Fill up the blank I leave.—I cannot find a word bad enough.

LETTER XXVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, THREE O'CLOCK.

YOU incenſe, alarm, and terrify me, at the ſame time—Haſten, my deareſt friend, haſten to me. what further intelligence you can gather about this vileſt of men.

But never talk of innocence, of ſimplicity, and this unhappy girl, together! Muſt ſhe not know, that ſuch a man as that, dignified in his very aſpect; and no diſguiſe able to conceal his being of condition; muſt mean too much, when he places her at the upper-end of his table, and calls her by ſuch tender names? Would a girl, modeſt as ſimple, above ſeventeen, be ſet a ſinging at the pleaſure of ſuch a man as that? A ſtranger, and profeſſedly in diſguiſe! Would her father and grandmother, if honeſt people, and careful of their ſimple girl, permit ſuch freedoms?

Keep his friend at diſtance from her!—To be ſure his *deſigns* are villainous, if they have not been already effected.

Warn, my dear, if not too late, the unthinking father, of his child's danger. There cannot be a father in the world, who would ſell his child's virtue. No mother!—The poor thing!

I long to hear the reſult of your intelligence. You ſhall *ſee* the ſimple creature, you tell me.—Let me know what ſort of a girl ſhe is.—'A *ſweet pretty girl!*' you ſay. A *ſweet* pretty *girl*, my dear!—They are ſweet pretty words from your pen. But are they *yours* or *his* of her?—If ſhe be ſo ſimple, if ſhe have eaſe and nature in her manner, in her ſpeech, and warbles prettily her *wild notes*, why, ſuch a girl as that muſt engage ſuch a profligate wretch, (as now indeed I doubt this man is) accuſtomed, perhaps, to town women, and their confident ways—Muſt *deeply* and for a *long ſeaſon* engage him: ſince perhaps when her innocence is departed, ſhe will endeavour by art to ſupply the loſs of the natural charms which now engage him.

Fine hopes of ſuch a wretch's reformation! I would not, my dear, for the world have any thing to ſay—But I need not make reſolutions. I have not opened, nor will I open, his letter.—A ſycophant creature!—With his hoarſeneſſes—got perhaps by a midnight revel, ſinging to his wild-note ſinger, and only increaſed in the coppice!

To be already on a toaſt!—In *his* eſteem, I mean: for myſelf, I deſpiſe him. I hate myſelf almoſt for writing ſo much about *him*, and of ſuch a ſimpleton as *this ſweet pretty girl* as you call her: but no one can be either *ſweet* or *pretty*, that is not modeſt, that is not virtuous.

And now, my dear, I will tell you, how I came to put you upon this enquiry.

This vile *Joſeph Leman* had given a hint to *Betty*, and ſhe to *me*, as if Lovelace would be found out to be a very bad man, at a place where he had been lately ſeen in diſguiſe. But he would ſee further, he ſaid, before he told her more; and ſhe promiſed *ſecreſy*, in hope to get at *further intelligence*. I thought it could be no harm, to get you to inform yourſelf, and me, of what could be gathered. And now I ſee, his enemies are but too well warranted in their reports of him: and, if the ruin of this poor

poor young creature be his aim, and if he had not known her but for his viſits to Harlowe Place, I ſhall have reaſon to be doubly concerned for her; and doubly incenſed againſt ſo vile a man.

I think I hate him worſe than I do Solmes himſelf.

But I will not add one other word about him; after I have told you, that I with to know, as ſoon as poſſible, what further occurs from your enquiry. I have a letter from him; but ſhall not open it till I do: and then, if it come out as I dare ſay it will, I will directly put the letter unopened into the place I took it from, and never trouble myſelf more about him. Adieu, my deareſt friend. CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

FRIDAY NOON, MARCH 31.

JUSTICE obliges me to forward this after my laſt on the wings of the wind, as I may ſay. I really believe the man is innocent. Of this *one* accuſation, I think, he muſt be acquitted; and I am ſorry I was ſo forward in diſpatching away my intelligence by halves.

I have ſeen the girl. She is really a very pretty, a very neat, and, what is ſtill a greater beauty, a very innocent young creature. He who could have ruined ſuch an undeſigning home-bred, muſt have been indeed infernally wicked. Her father is an honeſt ſimple man; entirely ſatisfied with his child, and with her new acquaintance.

I am almoſt afraid for your heart, when I tell you, that I find, now I have got to the bottom of this enquiry, ſomething noble come out in this Lovelace's favour.

The girl is to be married next week; and this promoted and brought about by him. He is reſolved, her father ſays, to make one couple happy, and wiſhes he could make more ſo. [*There's for you, my dear!*] And having taken a liking alſo to the young fellow whom ſhe profeſſes to love, he has given her an hundred pounds: the grandmother actually has it in her hands, to anſwer to the like ſum given to the youth by one of his own relations. While Mr. Lovelace's companion, attracted by the example, has given twenty-five guineas to the father, who is poor, towards cloaths to equip the pretty ruſtick.

Mr. Lovelace and his friend, the poor man ſays, when they firſt came to his houſe, affected to appear as *perſons of low degree*; but now he knows the one (but mentioned it in confidence) to be Colonel Barrow, the other Captain Sloane. The colonel he owns was at firſt very *ſweet upon his girl:* but upon her grandmother's begging of him to ſpare her innocence, he vowed, that he never would offer any-thing but good counſel to her. He kept his word; and the pretty fool acknowledged, that ſhe never could have been better inſtructed by the miniſter himſelf from the *Bible-book!*—The girl pleaſed me ſo well, that I made her viſit to me worth her while.

But what, my dear, will become of us now?—Lovelace not only reformed, but turned preacher!—What will become of us now?—Why, my ſweet friend, your *generoſity* is now engaged in his favour!—Fie upon this *generoſity!* I think in my heart, that it does as much miſchief to the noble-minded, as *love* to the ignobler. What before was only a *conditional liking*, I am now afraid will turn to *liking unconditional.*

I could not endure to change my invective into panegyrick all at once, and ſo ſoon. We, or ſuch as I at leaſt, love to keep ourſelves in countenance for a raſh judgment, even when we know it to be raſh. Every-body has not your generoſity in confeſſing a miſtake. It requires a greatneſs of ſoul frankly to do it. So I made ſtill farther enquiry after his life and manners, and behaviour there, in hopes to find ſomething bad: but all uniform!

Upon the whole, Mr. Lovelace comes out with ſo much advantage from this enquiry, that were there the leaſt room for it, I ſhould ſuſpect the whole to be *a plot ſet on foot to waſh a blackamore white.* Adieu, my dear. ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1.

HASTY cenſures do indeed ſubject themſelves to the charge of variableneſs and inconſiſtency in judgment: and ſo they ought; for if you, even you, my dear, were ſo loth to own a miſtake, as in the inſtance before us you pretend you were, I believe I ſhould not have loved you ſo well as I really do love you. Nor could you, in that caſe, have ſo frankly thrown the reflection I hint at upon yourſelf, had not your mind been one of the moſt ingenuous that ever woman boaſted.

Mr. Lovelace

Mr. Lovelace has faults enow to deſerve very ſevere cenſure, although he be not guilty of this. If I were upon ſuch terms with him as he could wiſh me to be, I ſhould give him a hint, that this treacherous Joſeph Leman cannot be *ſo much* attached to him, as perhaps he thinks him to be. If he were, he would not have been ſo ready to report to his diſadvantage (and to Betty Barnes too) this ſlight affair of the pretty ruſtick. Joſeph has engaged Betty to ſecreſy; promiſing to let her, and her young maſter too, know more, when he knows the whole of the matter: and this hinders her from mentioning it, as ſhe is nevertheleſs agog to do, to my ſiſter or brother. And then ſhe does not chuſe to diſoblige Joſeph; for although ſhe pretends to look above him, ſhe liſtens, I believe, to ſome love-ſtories he tells her.

Women having it not in their power to *begin* a courtſhip, ſome of them very frequently, I believe, lend an *ear* where their *hearts* incline not.

But to ſay no more of theſe low people, neither of whom I think tolerably of; I muſt needs own, that as I ſhould for ever have deſpiſed this man, had he been capable of ſuch a vile intrigue in his way to Harlowe Place, and as I believed he *was* capable of it, it has indeed [I own it has] proportionably engaged my *generoſity*, as you call it, in his favour: perhaps *more than I may have reaſon to wiſh it had*. And, rally me as you will, pray tell me fairly, my dear, would it not have had ſuch an effect upon you?

Then the *real* generoſity of the act.—I proteſt, my beloved friend, if he would be good for the reſt of his life from this time, I would forgive him a great many of his paſt errors, were it only for the demonſtration he has given in this, that he is *capable* of ſo good and bountiful a manner of thinking.

You may believe I made no ſcruple to open his letter, after the receipt of your ſecond on this ſubject: nor ſhall I of anſwering it, as I have no reaſon to find fault with it.—An article in his favour, procured him, however, ſo much the eaſier (I muſt own) by way of amends for the undue diſpleaſure I took againſt him; though he knows it not.

It is lucky enough that this matter was cleared up to me by your friendly diligence ſo ſoon: for had I written before it was, it would have been to reinforce my diſmiſſion of him; and perhaps I ſhould have mentioned the very motive; for it affected me more than I think it ought: and then, what an advantage would that have given him, when he could have cleared up the matter ſo happily for himſelf!

When I ſend you this letter of his, you will ſee how very humble he is: what *acknowledgments* of *natural* impatience; what confeſſion of faults, as you prognoſticated.

A very different appearance, I muſt own, all theſe make, now the ſtory of the pretty ruſtick is cleared up, to what they would have made, had it not.

You will ſee how he accounts to me, That he could not, by reaſon of indiſpoſition, come for my letter in perſon: and the forward creature labours the point, as if he thought I ſhould be uneaſy that he did not. I am indeed ſorry he ſhould be ill on my account; and I will allow, that the ſuſpence he has been in for ſome time paſt, muſt have been vexatious enough to ſo impatient a ſpirit. But all is owing originally to himſelf.

You will find him (in the preſumption of being forgiven) full of contrivances and expedients for my eſcaping the threatened compulſion.

I have always ſaid, that next to being without fault is the acknowledgment of a fault; ſince no amendment can be expected where an error is defended: but you will ſee in this very letter, an haughtineſs even in his ſubmiſſions. 'Tis true, I know not where to find fault as to the expreſſion; yet cannot I be ſatisfied, that his humility *is* humility; or even an humility upon ſuch conviction as one ſhould be pleaſed with.

To be ſure he is far from being a polite man: yet is not directly and characteriſtically, as I may ſay, *unpolite*. But *his* is ſuch a ſort of politeneſs, as has by a careleſsneſs founded on very early indulgence, and perhaps on too much ſucceſs in riper years, and an arrogance built upon both, grown into aſſuredneſs, and of courſe, as I may ſay, into indelicacy.

The diſtance you recommend at which to keep theſe men, is certainly right in the main: familiarity deſtroys reverence; but with whom?—Not with thoſe, ſurely, who are prudent, grateful, and generous.

But it is very difficult for perſons, who would avoid running into one extreme, to keep clear of another. Hence Mr. Lovelace, perhaps, thinks it the mark of a great ſpirit to humour his pride, though at the expence of his po-

liteneſs: but can the man be a deep man, who knows not how to make ſuch diſtinctions as a perſon of but moderate parts cannot miſs?

He complains heavily of my readineſs to take mortal offence at him, and to diſmiſs him for ever: it is a *high* conduct, he ſays, he muſt be frank enough to tell me; a conduct that muſt be very far from contributing to allay his apprehenſinoſ the poſſibility that I may be proſecuted into my relations meaſures in behalf of Mr. Solmes.

You will ſee how he puts his preſent and his future happineſs, with regard to both worlds, entirely upon me. The ardour with which he vows and promiſes, I think the heart only can dictate: how elſe can one gueſs at a man's heart?

You will alſo ſee, that he has already heard of the interview I am to have with Mr. Solmes; and with what vehemence and anguiſh he expreſſes himſelf on the occaſion.—I intend to take proper notice of the ignoble means he ſtoops to, to come at his early intelligence out of our family. If perſons pretending to principle bear not their teſtimony againſt unprincipled actions, what check can they have?

You will ſee, how paſſionately he preſſes me to oblige him with a few lines, before the interview between Mr. Solmes and me take place, (if, as he ſays, it *muſt* take place) to confirm his hope, that I have no view, in my preſent diſpleaſure againſt *him*, to give encouragement to *Solmes*. An apprehenſion, he ſays, that he muſt be excuſed for repeating; eſpecially as the interview is a favour granted to that man, which I have refuſed to him; ſince, as he infers, were it not with ſuch an expectation, why ſhould my *friends* preſs it?

I HAVE written; and to this effect—That I had never intended to write another line to a man, who could take upon himſelf to reflect upon my ſex and myſelf, for having thought fit to make uſe of my own judgment.

I tell him, That I have ſubmitted to this interview with Mr. Solmes, purely as an act of duty, to ſhew my friends, that I will comply with their commands as far as I can; and that I hope, when Mr. Solmes himſelf ſhall ſee how determined I am, he will ceaſe to proſecute a ſuit, in which it is impoſſible he ſhould ſucceed with my conſent.

I aſſure him, That my averſion to Mr. Solmes is too ſincere to permit me to doubt myſelf on this occaſion. But, nevertheleſs, he muſt not imagine, tha my rejecting of Mr. Solmes is in favour to him. That I value my freedom and independency too much, if my friends will but leave me to my own judgment, to give them up to a man ſo uncontroulable, and who ſhews me beforehand what I have to expect from him, were I in his power.

I expreſs my high diſapprobation of the methods he takes to come at what paſſes in a private family: the pretence of corrupting other people's ſervants by way of reprisal for the ſpies they have ſet upon him, I tell him is a very poor excuſe; and no more than an attempt to juſtify one meanneſs by another.

There is, I obſerve to him, a *right* and a *wrong* in every thing, let people put what gloſſes they pleaſe upon their actions. To condemn a deviation, and to follow it by as great a one, what, I aſk him, is this, but propagating a general corruption? A ſtand muſt be made by ſomebody, turn round the evil as many as may, or virtue will be loſt: *and ſhall it not be I*, a worthy mind would aſk, that ſhall make this ſtand?

I leave him to judge, whether *his* be a worthy one, tried by this rule: and whether, knowing the impetuoſity of his own diſpoſition, and the improbability there is that my father and family will ever be reconciled to him, I ought to encourage his hopes?

Theſe ſpots and blemiſhes, I further tell him, gave me not earneſtneſs enough for any ſake but *his own*, to wiſh him in a juſter and nobler train of thinking and acting; for that I truly deſpiſe many of the ways he allows himſelf in: our minds are therefore infinitely different: and as to his profeſſions of reformation, I muſt tell him, that profuſe acknowledgments, without amendment, are but to me as ſo many anticipating conceſſions, which he may find much eaſier to make, than either to defend himſelf, or amend his errors.

I inform him, that I have been lately made acquainted [and ſo I have by Betty, and ſhe by my brother] with the weak and wanton airs he gives himſelf of declaiming againſt matrimony. I ſeverely reprehend him on this occaſion: aſk him, with what view he can take ſo witleſs, ſo deſpicable a liberty, in which only the moſt abandoned of men allow themſelves, and yet preſume to addreſs *me?*

I tell him, That if I am obliged to go to my uncle Antony's, it is not to be inferred, that I muſt therefore *neceſſarily* be Mr. Solmes's wife: ſince I may not

be

be ſo ſure perhaps that the ſame exceptions lie ſo ſtrongly againſt my quitting a houſe to which I ſhall be forcibly carried, as if I left my father's houſe: and, at the worſt, I may be able to keep them in ſuſpence till my couſin Morden comes, who will have a right to put me in poſſeſſion of my grandfather's eſtate, if I inſiſt upon it. This, I doubt, is ſomewhat of an artifice; which can only be excuſable, as it is principally deſigned to keep him out of miſchief. For I have but little hope, if carried thither, whether ſenſible or ſenſeleſs, if I am left to the mercy of my brother and ſiſter, but they will endeavour to force the ſolemn obligation upon me. Otherwiſe, were there but any proſpect of avoiding this, by delaying (or even by taking things to make me ill, if nothing elſe would do) till my couſin comes, I hope I ſhould not think of leaving even my uncle's houſe. For I ſhould not know how to ſquare it to my own principles, to diſpenſe with the duty I owe to my father, wherever it ſhall be his will to place me.

But while you give me the charming hope, that, in order to avoid one man, I ſhall not be under the neceſſity of throwing myſelf upon the friends of the other; I think my caſe not abſolutely deſperate.

I SEE not any of my family, nor hear from them in any way of kindneſs. This looks as if they themſelves expected no great matters from that Tueſday's conference which makes my heart flutter every time I think of it.

My uncle Antony's preſence on the occaſion I do not much like: but I had rather meet him than my brother or ſiſter; yet my uncle is very impetuous. I can't think Mr. Lovelace can be much more ſo: at leaſt he cannot *look* anger, as my uncle, with his harder features, can. Theſe ſea-proſpered gentlemen, as my uncle has often made me think, not uſed to any but elemental controul, and even ready to buffet that, bluſter often as violently as the winds they are accuſtomed to be angry at.

I believe Mr. Solmes will look as much like a fool as I ſhall do, if it be true, as my uncle Harlowe writes, and as Betty often tells me, that he is as much afraid of ſeeing me, as I am of ſeeing him.

Adieu, my happy, thrice happy Miſs Howe, who have no hard terms affixed to your duty!—Who have nothing to do, but to fall in with a choice your mother has made for you, to which you have not, nor can have, a juſt objection: except the frowardneſs of our ſex, as our free cenſurers would perhaps take the liberty to ſay, makes it one, that the choice was your mother's, at firſt hand. Perverſe nature, we know, loves not to be preſcribed to; although youth is not ſo well qualified, either by ſedateneſs or experience, to chuſe for itſelf.

To *know* your own happineſs, and that it is *now*, nor to leave it to *after-reflection* to look back upon the *preferable paſt* with a heavy and ſelf-accuſing heart, that you did not chuſe it when you might have choſen it, is all that is neceſſary to complete your felicity!—And this power is wiſhed you by *your*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUNDAY, APRIL 2.

I Ought yeſterday to have acknowledged the recept of your parcel: Robin tells me, that the Joſeph Leman whom you mention as the traitor, ſaw him. He was in the poultry-yard, and ſpoke to Robin over the bank which divides that from the Green Lane. 'What 'brings you hither, Mr. Robert?—But 'I can tell. Hie away, as faſt as you 'can.'

No doubt but their dependence upon this fellow's vigilance, and upon Betty's, leaves you more at liberty in your airings, than you would otherwiſe be. But you are the only perſon I ever heard of, who in ſuch circumſtances had not ſome faithful ſervant to truſt little offices to. A poet, my dear, would not have gone to work for an Angelica, without giving her her Violetta, her Cleanthe, her Clelia, or ſome ſuch pretty-named confidante—An old nurſe at the leaſt.

I read to my mother ſeveral paſſages of your letters. But your laſt paragraph, in your yeſterday's, quite charmed her. You have won her heart by it, ſhe told me. And while her fit of gratitude for it laſted, I was thinking to make my propoſal, and to preſs it with all the earneſtneſs I could give it, when Hickman came in, making his legs, and ſtroking his cravat and ruffles.

I could moſt freely have *ruffled* him for it. As it was—'Sir,' ſaid I, 'ſaw 'you not ſome of the ſervants?—Could 'not one of them have come in before 'you?'

He begged pardon; looked as if he knew not whether he had beſt keep his ground,

ground, or withdraw:—till my mother, his faſt friend, interpoſed—'Why, 'Nancy, we are not upon particu-'lars.—Pray, Mr. Hickman, ſit down.'

'By your le—ave, good Madam,' to me. You know his drawl, when his muſcles give him the reſpectful heſitation.

'Aye, aye, pray ſit down, honeſt 'man, if you are weary—But by my 'mamma, if you pleaſe. I deſire my hoop 'may have it's full circumference. All 'they're good for, that I know, is to 'clean dirty ſhoes, and to keep fellows 'at a diſtance.'

'Strange girl!' cried my mother, diſpleaſed; but with a milder turn, 'Aye, 'aye, Mr. Hickman, ſit down by *me*: I 'have no ſuch *forbidding* folly in my 'dreſs.'

I looked ſerious; and in my heart was glad this ſpeech of hers was not made to your uncle Antony.

My mother, with the true widow's freedom, would mighty prudently have led into the ſubject we had been upon; and would have read to him, I queſtion not, that very paragraph in your letter which is ſo much in his favour. He was highly obliged to dear Miſs Harlowe, ſhe would aſſure him; that ſhe *did* ſay.

But I aſked him, if he had any news by his laſt letters from London—A queſtion which he always underſtands to be a *ſubject changer*; for otherwiſe I never put it. And ſo if he be *but* ſilent, I am not angry with him that he anſwers it not.

I chuſe not to mention my propoſal before him, till I know how it will be reliſhed by my mother. If it be not well received, perhaps I may employ *him* on the occaſion. Yet I don't like to owe him an obligation, if I could help it. For men who have his views in their heads, do ſo parade it. ſo ſtrut about, if a woman condeſcend to employ them in her affairs, that one has no patience with them.

However, if I *find* not an opportunity this day, I will make one to-morrow.

I ſhall not open either of your ſealed-up parcels, but in *your* preſence. There is no need. Your conduct is out of all queſtion with me: and by the extracts you have given me from his letters and your own, I know all that relates to the preſent ſituation of things between you.

I was going to give you a little flippant hint or two. But ſince you wiſh to be thought ſuperior to all our ſex in the command of yourſelf; and ſince indeed you deſerve to be thought ſo; I will ſpare you. You are, however, at times, more than half inclined to ſpeak out. That you do not, is only owing to a little baſhful ſtruggle between *you* and *yourſelf*, as I may ſay. When that is quite got over, I know you will favour me undiſguiſedly with the reſult.

I cannot forgive your taking upon you (at ſo extravagant a rate too) to pay my mother's ſervant. Indeed I *am*, and I *will be*, angry with you for it. A year's wages at once, well nigh! only as unknown to my mother, I make it better for the ſervants according to their merits—How it made the man ſtare!—And it may be his ruin too, as far as I know. If he ſhould buy a ring, and marry a ſorry body in the neighbourhood with the money, one would be loth, a twelvemonth hence, that the poor old fellow ſhould think he had reaſon to wiſh the bounty never conferred.

I MUST *give you your way in theſe things*, you ſay.—And I know there is no contradicting you: for you were ever putting too great a value upon little offices done for *you*, and too little upon the great ones you do for *others*. The ſatisfaction you have in doing ſo, I grant it, repays you. But why ſhould you, by the nobleneſs of your mind, throw reproaches upon the reſt of the world? Particularly upon your own family and upon ours too?

If, as I have heard you ſay, it is a good rule to *give* WORDS *the hearing*, *but to form our judgments of men and things* by DEEDS ONLY; what ſhall we think of one, who ſeeks to find palliatives in *words*, for narrowneſs of heart in the very perſons her *deeds* ſo ſilently, yet ſo forcibly, reflect upon? Why bluſh you not, my dear friend, to be thus ſingular?—When you meet with another perſon whoſe mind is like your own, then diſplay your excellences as you pleaſe: but till then, for pity's ſake, let your heart and your ſpirit ſuffer a little contraction.

I intended to write but a few lines; chiefly to let you know, your parcels are come ſafe. And accordingly I began in a large hand; and I am already come to the end of my ſecond ſheet. But I could write a quire without heſitation upon a ſubject ſo copious and ſo beloved as is your praiſe.—Not for *this* ſingle inſtance of your generoſity; ſince I am already angry with you for it; but for the benevolence exemplified in the whole tenor of your life and actions; of which this is but a common inſtance.

Heaven

Heaven direct you, in your own arduous trials, is all I have room to add; and make you happy, as you think to be

your own ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 2.

I Have many new particulars to acquaint you with, that ſhew a great change in the behaviour of my friends to me. I did not think we had ſo much art among us, as I find we have. I will give theſe particulars to you as they offered.

All the family was at church in the morning. They brought good Dr. Lewen with them, in purſuance of a previous invitation. And the doctor ſent up to deſire my permiſſion to attend me in my own apartment.

You may believe it was eaſily granted. So the doctor came up.

We had a converſation of near an hour before dinner: but, to my ſurprize, he waved every-thing that would have led to the ſubject I ſuppoſed he wanted to talk about. At laſt, I aſked him, If it were not thought ſtrange I ſhould be ſo long abſent from church? He made me ſome handſome compliments upon it: but ſaid, for his part, he had ever made it a rule, to avoid interfering in the private concerns of families, unleſs deſired to do ſo.

I was prodigiouſly diſappointed: but ſuppoſing that he was thought too juſt a man to be made a judge of in this cauſe; I led no more to it: nor, when he was called down to dinner, did he take the leaſt notice of leaving me behind him there.

But this was not the firſt time ſince my confinement that I thought it a hardſhip not to dine below. And when I parted with him on the ſtairs, a tear would burſt it's way; and he hurried down; his own good-natured eyes gliſtening; for he ſaw it.—Nor truſted he his voice, leſt the accent I ſuppoſe ſhould have diſcovered his concern; departing in ſilence, though with his uſual graceful obligingneſs.

I hear, that he praiſed me, and my part in the converſation that paſſed between us.—To ſhew them, I ſuppoſe, that it was not upon the intereſting ſubjects which I make no doubt he was deſired not to enter upon.

He left me ſo diſſatisfied, yet ſo perplexed with this new way of treatment, that I never found myſelf ſo much diſconcerted, and out of my train.

But I was to be more ſo. This was to be a day of puzzle to me. *Pregnant* puzzle, if I may ſo ſay: for there muſt great meaning lie behind it.

In the afternoon, all but my brother and ſiſter went to church with the good doctor; who left his compliments for me. I took a walk in the garden: my brother and ſiſter walked in it too, and kept me in their eye a good while, on purpoſe, as I thought, that I might ſee how gay and good-humoured they were together. At laſt they came down the walk that I was coming up, hand-in-hand, lover-like.

'Your ſervant, Miſs!'—'Your ſer-'vant, Sir!'—paſſed between my brother and me.

'Is it not cold-iſh, ſiſter Clary?' in a kinder voice than uſual, ſaid my ſiſter, and ſtopped.—I ſtopped and curtſeyed low to her half-curtſey.—'I think not, 'ſiſter,' ſaid I.

She went on. I curtſeyed without return; and proceeded, turning to my poultry-yard.

By a ſhorter turn, arm-in-arm, they were there before me.

'I think, Clary,' ſaid my brother, 'you muſt preſent me with ſome of this 'breed, for Scotland.'

'If you pleaſe, brother.'

'I'll chuſe for you,' ſaid my ſiſter.

And while I fed them, they pointed to half a dozen: yet intending nothing by it, I believe, but to ſhew a deal of love and good-humour to each other before me.

My uncles next, (at their return from church) were to do me the honour of *their* notice. They bid Betty tell me, they would drink tea with me in my own apartment. 'Now,' thought I, 'ſhall 'I have the ſubject of next Tueſday en-'forced upon me.'

But they contradicted the order for tea, and only my uncle Harlowe came up to me.

Half-diſtant, half-affectionate, at his entering my chamber, was the air he put on to his *daughter-niece*, as he uſed to call me; and I threw myſelf at his feet, and beſought his favour.

'None of theſe diſcompoſures, child. 'None of theſe apprehenſions. You 'will now have every body's favour. All 'is coming about, my dear. I was im-'patient to ſee you. I could no longer 'deny myſelf this ſatisfaction.' He then raiſed me, and kiſſed me, and called me 'Charming creature!'

But

But he waved entering into any intereſting ſubject. 'All will be well now. 'All will be right.—No more complain-'ings! Every-body loves you!—I only 'came to make my earlieſt court to you!' [were his condeſcending words] 'and 'to ſit and talk of twenty fond things, as 'I uſed to do.—And let every paſt diſ-'agreeable thing be forgotten, as if no-'thing had happened.'

He underſtood me as beginning to hint at the diſgrace of my confinement —'No diſgrace, my dear, can fall to 'your lot: your reputation is too well 'eſtabliſhed.—I longed to ſee you,' repeated he—'I have ſeen nobody half ſo 'amiable ſince I ſaw you laſt.'

And again he kiſſed my cheek, my glowing cheek; for I was impatient, I was vexed, to be thus, as I thought, played upon: and how could I be thankful for a viſit, that (it now was evident) was only a too *humble* artifice, to draw me in againſt the next Tueſday, or to leave me inexcuſable to them all?

O my cunning brother!—This is *his* contrivance. And then my anger made me recollect the triumph in his and my ſiſter's fondneſs for each other, as practiſed before me; and the mingled indignation flaſhing from their eyes, as arm-in-arm they ſpoke to me, and the forced condeſcenſion playing upon their lips, when they called me Clary, and Siſter.

Do you think I could, with theſe reflections, look upon my uncle Harlowe's viſit as the favour he ſeemed deſirous I ſhould think it to be?—Indeed I could not; and ſeeing him ſo ſtudiouſly avoid all recrimination, as I may call it, I gave into the affectation; and followed him in his talk of indifferent things: while he ſeemed to admire this thing and that, as if he had never ſeen them before; and now-and-then condeſcendingly kiſſed the hand that wrought ſome of the things he fixed his eyes upon; not ſo much to admire them, as to find ſubjects to divert what was moſt in *his* head, and in *my* heart.

At his going away—'How can I leave 'you here by yourſelf, my dear? You, 'whoſe company uſed to enliven us all. 'You are not expected down indeed: 'but I proteſt I had a good mind to ſur-'prize your father and mother!—If I 'thought nothing would ariſe that would 'be diſagreeable—My dear! my love!' [O the dear artful gentleman! How could my uncle Harlowe ſo diſſemble?] 'What ſay you? Will you give me your 'hand? Will you ſee your father? Can 'you ſtand his diſpleaſure, on firſt ſeeing 'the dear creature who has given him 'and all of us ſo much diſturbance? Can 'you promiſe future—'

He ſaw me riſing in my temper—'Nay, my dear,' interrupting himſelf, 'if you cannot be all reſignation, I would 'not have you think of it.'

My heart, ſtruggling between duty and warmth of temper, was full. You know, my dear, I never could bear to be dealt meanly with!—'How—how 'can you, Sir! You, my papa-uncle—'How can you, Sir!—The poor girl!' For I could not ſpeak with connexion.

'Nay, my dear, if you cannot be all 'duty, all reſignation—better ſtay where 'you are.—But after the inſtance you 'have given—'

'*Inſtance I have given!*—What inſtance, 'Sir?'

'Well, well, child, better ſtay where 'you are, if your paſt confinement hangs 'ſo heavy upon you—But now there will 'be a ſudden end to it—Adieu, my dear! '—Three words only—Let your com-'pliance be ſincere!—And love me, as 'you uſed to love me—Your grandfather 'did not do ſo much for you, as I will 'do for you.'

Without ſuffering me to reply, he hurried away, as I thought, like one who had been employed to act a part againſt his will, and was glad it was over.

Don't you ſee, my dear Miſs Howe, how they are all determined!—Have I not reaſon to dread next Tueſday?

Up preſently after came my ſiſter:—to obſerve, I ſuppoſe, the way I was in. She found me in tears.

'Have you not a Thomas à Kempis, 'ſiſter?' with a ſtiff air.

'I have, Madam.'

'*Madam!*—How long are we to be at 'this diſtance, Clary?'

'*No longer*, my dear Bella, if you al-'low me to call you ſiſter.' And I took her hand.

'No fawning neither, girl!'

I withdrew my hand as haſtily, as you may believe I ſhould have done, had I, in feeling for one of your parcels under the wood, been bitten by a viper.

'I beg pardon,' ſaid I—'Too-too 'ready to make advances, I am always 'ſubjecting myſelf to contempts.'

'People who know not how to keep 'a middle behaviour,' ſaid ſhe, 'muſt 'ever-more do ſo.'

'I will fetch you the Kempis, ſiſter.' I did. 'Here it is. You will find ex-'cellent things, Bella, in that little book.'

'I wiſh,' retorted ſhe, 'you had pro-'fited by them.'

'I wiſh

'I wish *you* may,' said I. '*Example* 'from a sister older than one's self is a 'fine thing.'

'Older! Saucy little fool!'—And away she flung.

What a captious old woman will my sister make, if she live to be one!—demanding the reverence, perhaps, yet not aiming at the merit; and ashamed of the years that can only entitle her to the reverence.

It is plain from what I have *related*, that they think they have got me at some advantage by obtaining my consent to this interview: but if it were *not*, Betty's impertinence just now would make it evident. She has been complimenting me upon it; and upon the visit of my uncle Harlowe. She says, The difficulty now is more than half over with me. She is sure I would not see Mr. Solmes, but to have him. Now shall she be soon better employed than of late she has been. All hands will be at work. She loves dearly to have weddings go forward!—Who knows, whose turn will be next?

I found in the afternoon a reply to my answer to Mr. Lovelace's letter. It is full of promises, full of vows of gratitude, of *eternal* gratitude, is his word, among others still more hyperbolick. Yet Mr. Lovelace, the *least* of any man whose letters I have seen, runs into those elevated absurdities. I should be apt to despise him for it, if he did. Such language looks always to me, as if the flatterer thought to *find* a woman a fool, or hoped to *make* her one.

He regrets my indifference to him; which puts all the hope he has in my favour upon the shocking usage I receive from my friends.

As to my charge upon him of unpoliteness and uncontroulableness—What [he asks] can he say? Since being unable absolutely to vindicate himself, he has too much ingenuousness to attempt to do so: yet is struck dumb by my harsh construction, that his acknowledging temper is owing more to his carelessness to defend himself, than to his inclination to amend. He had never *before* met with the objections against his morals which I had raised, *justly* raised: and he was resolved to obviate them. What is it, he asks, that he has promised, but reformation by my example? And what occasion for the promise, if he had not faults, and those very great ones, to reform? He hopes, acknowledgment of an error is no bad sign; although my severe virtue has interpreted it into one.

He believes, I may be right (*severely* right, he calls it) in my judgment against making reprisals in the case of the intelligence he receives from my family: he cannot charge himself to be of a temper that leads him to be inquisitive into anybody's private affairs; but hopes, that the circumstances of my case, and the strange conduct of my friends, will excuse him; especially, when so much depends upon his knowing the movements of a family so violently bent, by measures right or wrong, to carry their point against me, in malice to him. People, he says, who act like angels, ought to have angels to deal with. For his part, he has not learned the difficult lesson of returning *good for evil*: and shall think himself the less encouraged to learn it by the treatment I have met with from the very persons, who would trample upon him, as they do upon me, were he to lay himself under their feet.

He excuses himself for the liberties he owns he has heretofore taken in ridiculing the marriage-state. It is a subject, he says, that he has not of late treated so lightly. He owns it to be so trite, so beaten a topick with all libertines and witlings; so frothy, so empty, so nothing-meaning, so worn-out a theme, that he is heartily ashamed of himself, ever to have made it *his*. He condemns it as a stupid reflection upon the laws and good order of society, and upon a man's own ancestors: and in himself who has some reason to value himself upon his descent and alliances, more censurable, than in those who have not the same advantage to boast of. He promises to be more circumspect than ever, both in his words and actions, that he may be more and more worthy of my approbation; and that he may give an assurance beforehand, that a foundation is laid in his mind for my example to work upon with equal reputation and effect to us both—If he may be so happy to call me his.

He gives me up as absolutely lost, if I go to my uncle Antony's: the close confinement; the moated house; the chapel; the implacableness of my brother and sister, and their power over the rest of my family, he sets forth in strong lights; and plainly says, that he must have a struggle to prevent my being carried thither.

Your kind, your generous endeavours to interest your mother in my behalf, will, I hope, prevent those farther extremities to which I might be otherwise driven. And to you I will fly, if permitted, and keep all my promises, of not cor-

correſponding with any-body, not ſeeing any-body, but by your mother's direction and yours.

I will cloſe and depoſit at this place. It is not neceſſary to ſay, how much I am *your ever affectionate and obliged*,

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS CLARISSA HALLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

I Am glad my papers are ſafe in your hands. I will make it my endeavour to deſerve your good opinion, that I may not at once diſgrace your judgment and my own heart.

I have another letter from Mr. Lovelace. He is extremely apprehenſive of the meeting I am to have with Mr. Solmes to-morrow. He ſays, That the airs that wretch gives himſelf on the occaſion, add to his concern; and it is with infinite difficulty that he prevails upon himſelf not to make him a viſit to let him know what he may expect, if compulſion be uſed towards me in his favour. He aſſures he, That Solmes has actually talked with tradeſmen of new equipages, and names the people in town with whom he has treated: that he has even [Was there ever ſuch a horrid wretch!] allotted this and that apartment in his houſe, for a nurſery, and other offices.

How ſhall I bear to hear ſuch a creature talk of love to me? I ſhall be out of all patience with him. Beſides, I thought that he did not dare to make or talk of theſe impudent preparations—So inconſiſtent as ſuch are with my brother's views—But I fly the ſubject.

Upon this confidence of Solmes, you will leſs wonder at that of Lovelace, in preſſing me in the name of all his family, to eſcape from ſo determined a violence as is intended to be offered to me at my uncle's: that the forward contriver ſhould propoſe Lord M.'s chariot and ſix to be at the ſtile that leads up to the lonely coppice adjoining to our paddock. You will ſee how audaciouſly he mentions ſettlements ready drawn; horſemen ready to mount; and one of his couſins Montague to be in the chariot, or at the George in the neighbouring village, waiting to accompany me to Lord M.'s, or to Lady Betty's, or Lady Sarah's, or to town, as I pleaſe; and upon ſuch orders, or conditions, and himſelf under ſuch reſtrictions as I ſhall preſcribe.

You will ſee how he threatens, To watch and way-lay them, and to *reſcue* me as he calls it, by an armed force of friends and ſervants, if they attempt to carry me againſt my will to my uncle's; and this, whether I give my conſent to the enterprize, or not:—ſince he ſhall have no hopes if I am once there.

O my dear friend! Who can think of theſe things and not be extremely miſerable in her apprehenſions!

This miſchievous ſex! What had I to do with any of them; or they with me?—I had deſerved this, were it by my own ſeeking, by my own giddineſs, that I had brought myſelf into this ſituation—I wiſh with all my heart—But how fooliſhly we are apt to wiſh when we find ourſelves unhappy, and know not how to help ourſelves!

On your mother's goodneſs, however, is my reliance. If I can but avoid being precipitated on either hand, till my couſin Morden arrives, a reconciliation muſt follow; and all will be happy.

I have depoſited a letter for Mr. Lovelace; in which I charge him, as he would not diſoblige me for ever, to avoid any raſh ſtep, any viſit to Mr. Solmes, which may be followed by acts of violence.

I re-aſſure him, That I will ſooner die than be that man's wife.

Whatever be my uſage, whatever ſhall be the reſult of the apprehended interview, I inſiſt upon it that he preſume not to offer violence to any of my friends: and expreſs myſelf highly diſpleaſed, that he ſhould preſume upon ſuch an intereſt in my eſteem, as to think himſelf entitled to diſpute my father's authority in my removal to my uncle's; although I tell him, that I will omit neither prayers nor contrivance, even to the making of myſelf ill, to avoid going.

To-morrow is Tueſday! How ſoon comes upon us the day we dread!—O that a deep ſleep of twenty-four hours would ſeize my faculties!—But then the next day would be Tueſday, as to all the effects and purpoſes for which I ſo much dread it. If this reach you before the event of the ſo much apprehended interview can be known, pray for *your*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY MORNING, SIX O'CLOCK.

THE day is come!—I wiſh it were happily over. I have had a wretched night. Hardly a wink have I ſlept, ruminating upon the approaching interview. The very diſtance of time to which they conſented, has added ſolemnity to

the meeting, which otherwiſe it would not have had.

A thoughtful mind is not a bleſſing to be coveted, unleſs it had ſuch a happy vivacity with it as yours: a vivacity, which enables a perſon to enjoy the *preſent*, without being over-anxious about the *future*.

TUESDAY, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

I HAVE had a viſit from my aunt Hervey. Betty, in her alarming way, told me, I ſhould have a lady to breakfaſt with me, whom I little expected; giving me to believe it was my mother. This fluttered me ſo much, on hearing a lady coming up-ſtairs, ſuppoſing it was ſhe, (and not knowing how to account for her motives in ſuch a viſit, after I had been ſo long baniſhed from her preſence) that my aunt, at her entrance, took notice of my diſorder, and after her firſt ſalutation—

'Why, Miſs,' ſaid ſhe, 'you ſeem ſurprized.—Upon my word, you thoughtful young ladies have ſtrange apprehenſions about nothing at all. What,' taking my hand, 'can be the matter with you?—Why, my dear, tremble, tremble, tremble at this rate? You'll not be fit to be ſeen by any body. Come, my love,' kiſſing my cheek, 'pluck up a courage. By this needleſs flutter on the approaching interview, when 't is over, you will judge of your other antipathies, and laugh at yourſelf for giving way to ſo apprehenſive an imagination.'

I ſaid, that whatever we ſtrongly imagined, was, in it's effects at the time, *more* than imaginary, although to others it might not appear ſo: that I had not reſted one hour all night; that the impertinent ſet over me, by giving me room to think my mother was coming up, had ſo much diſconcerted me, that I ſhould be very little qualified to ſee any-body I diſliked to ſee.

There was no accounting for theſe things, ſhe ſaid. Mr. Solmes laſt night ſuppoſed he ſhould be under as much agitation as I could be.

'Who is it, then, Madam, that ſo reluctant an interview on *both* ſides, is to pleaſe?'

'Both of you, my dear, I hope, after the firſt flurries are over. The moſt apprehenſive beginnings, I have often known, make the happieſt concluſions.'

'There can be but one happy concluſion to the intended viſit; and that is, That both ſides may be ſatisfied it will be the laſt.'

She then repreſented, how unhappy it would be for me, if I did not ſuffer myſelf to be prevailed upon: ſhe preſſed me to receive Mr. Solmes as became my education; and declared, that his apprehenſions on the expectation he had of ſeeing me, were owing to his love and his awe; intimating, That true love is ever accompanied by fear and reverence; and that no bluſtering, braving lover, could deſerve encouragement.

To this I anſwered, That conſtitution was to be conſidered: that a man of ſpirit would act like one, and could do nothing meanly; that a creeping mind would creep in every thing, where it had a view to obtain a benefit by it; and inſult, where it had power, and nothing to expect: that this was not a point now to be determined with me: that I had ſaid as much as I could poſſibly ſay on this ſubject: that this interview was impoſed upon me: by thoſe, indeed, who had a right to impoſe it: but that it was ſorely againſt my will complied with; and for this reaſon, that there was *averſion*, not *wilfulneſs*, in the caſe; and ſo nothing could come of it, but a pretence, as I much apprehended, to uſe me ſtill more ſeverely than I had been uſed.

She was then pleaſed to charge me with prepoſſeſſion and prejudice. She expatiated upon the duty of a child. She imputed to me abundance of fine qualities; but told me, that, in this caſe, *that* of perſuadableneſs was wanting to crown all. She inſiſted upon the *merit* of obedience, although my will were *not* in it. From a little hint I gave of my ſtill greater diſlike to ſee Mr. Solmes on account of the freedom I had treated him with, ſhe talked to me of his forgiving diſpoſition; of his infinite reſpect for me; and I cannot tell what of this ſort.

I never found myſelf ſo fretful in my life: and ſo I told my aunt; and begged her pardon for it. But ſhe ſaid, it was well diſguiſed then; for ſhe ſaw nothing but little tremors, which were uſual with young ladies when they were to ſee their admirers for the *firſt* time: and this might be called ſo, with reſpect to me; ſince it was the firſt time I had conſented to ſee Mr. Solmes in that light —But that the *next*—

'How, Madam,' interrupted I—'Is it then imagined, that I give this meeting on that foot?'—

'To be ſure it is, child.'

'*To be ſure it is*, Madam! Then I do yet deſire to decline it.—I will not, I

'cannot, ſee him, if he expects me to 'ſee him upon thoſe terms.'

'Niceneſs, punctilio—Mere punctilio, niece!—Can you think that your 'appointment, (day, place, hour) and 'knowing what the intent of it was, is 'to be interpreted away as a mere ceremony, and to mean nothing?—Let me 'tell you, my dear, your father, mother, uncles, every-body, reſpect this 'appointment as the firſt act of your 'compliance with their wills: and 'therefore recede not, I deſire you; 'but make a merit of what cannot be 'avoided.

O the hideous wretch!—'Pardon me, 'Madam—*I* to be ſuppoſed to meet ſuch 'a man as *that*, with ſuch a view! and '*he* to be armed with ſuch an expectation!—But it cannot be that he expects 'it, whatever *others* may do.—It is plain 'he cannot, by the fear he tells you all, 'he ſhall have to ſee. If his *hope* were ſo 'audacious, he could not *fear* ſo much.'

'Indeed, he *has* his hope; and juſtly 'founded too. But his fear ariſes from 'his reverence, as I told you before.'

'His *reverence!*—his unworthineſs!—'Tis ſo apparent, that even he himſelf 'ſees it, as well as every-body elſe. 'Hence his offers to purchaſe me! 'Hence it is, that ſettlements are to 'make up for acknowledged want of 'merit!'

'His *unworthineſs*, ſay you!—Not ſo faſt, my dear. Does not this look like 'ſetting a high value upon yourſelf?—'We all have exalted notions of your 'merit, niece; but nevertheleſs it would 'not be wrong, if you were to arrogate 'leſs to yourſelf; though more were to 'be your due than your friends attribute 'to you.'

'I am ſorry, Madam, it ſhould be 'thought arrogance in me, to ſuppoſe 'I am not worthy of a better man than 'Mr. Solmes, both as to perſon and 'mind: and as to fortune, I thank God 'I deſpiſe all that can be inſiſted upon 'in his favour from ſo poor a plea.'

She told me it ſignified nothing to talk: I knew the expectation of every-one.

Indeed I did not. It was impoſſible I could think of ſuch a ſtrange expectation, upon a compliance made only to ſhew I would comply in all that was in my power to comply with.

I might eaſily, ſhe ſaid, have ſuppoſed, that every-one thought I was beginning to oblige them all, by the kind behaviour of my brother and ſiſter to me in the garden, laſt Sunday; by my ſiſter's viſit to me afterwards in my chamber; (although *both more ſtiffly received by me*, than were either wiſhed or expected) by my uncle Harlowe's affectionate viſit to me the ſame afternoon, not indeed *ſo very gratefully received* as I uſed to receive his favours:—but this he kindly imputed to the diſpleaſure I had conceived at my confinement, and to my intention to come off by degrees, that I might keep myſelf in countenance for my paſt oppoſition.

See, my dear, the low cunning of that Sunday-management, which then ſo much ſurprized me! And ſee the reaſon why Dr. Lewen was admitted to viſit me, yet forbore to enter upon a ſubject about which I thought he came to talk to me!—For it ſeems there was no occaſion to diſpute with me on the point I was to be *ſuppoſed* to have conceded to.—See, alſo, how unfairly my brother and ſiſter muſt have repreſented their pretended kindneſs, when (though they had an end to anſwer by *appearing* kind) their antipathy to me ſeems to have been ſo ſtrong, that they could not help inſulting me by their arm-in-arm lover-like behaviour to each other; as my ſiſter afterwards likewiſe did, when ſhe came to borrow my Kempis.

I lifted up my hands and eyes! 'I 'cannot,' ſaid I, 'give *this* treatment a 'name! The *end* ſo unlikely to be anſwered by *means* ſo low! I know *whoſe* 'the whole is! He that could get my 'uncle Harlowe to contribute his part, 'and procure the acquieſcence of the 'reſt of my friends to it, muſt have the 'power to do any-thing with them 'againſt me.'

Again my aunt told me, that talking and invective, now I had given the expectation, would ſignify nothing. She hoped I would not ſhew every-one, that they had been too forward in their conſtructions of my deſire to oblige them. She could aſſure me, that it would be worſe for me, if *now* I receded, than if I had never advanced.

'*Advanced*, Madam! How can you 'ſay *advanced?* Why, this is a trick 'upon me! A poor low trick! Pardon 'me, Madam, I don't ſay you have a 'hand in it.—But, my deareſt aunt, tell 'me, Will not my mother be preſent at 'this dreadful interview? Will ſhe not 'ſo far favour me? were it but to 'qualify—'

'*Qualify*, my dear,' interrupted ſhe '—your mother, and your uncle Harlowe, would not be preſent on this occaſion for the world.'

'O then,

'O then, Madam, how can they look 'upon my conſent to this interview as 'an *advance?*'

My aunt was diſpleaſed at this home puſh. 'Miſs Clary,' ſaid ſhe, 'there is 'no dealing with you. It would be hap-'py for you, and for every-body elſe, 'were your obedience as ready as your 'wit. I will leave you.'

'Not in anger, I hope, Madam,' interrupted I—'All I meant was, to ob-'ſerve, that let the meeting iſſue as it 'may, and as it *muſt* iſſue, it cannot be 'a diſappointment to *any-body*.'

'O Miſs! you ſeem to be a very de-'termined young creature. Mr. Solmes 'will be here at your time: and remem-'ber once more, that upon the coming 'afternoon depend the peace of your 'whole family, and your own happi-'neſs.'

And ſo ſaying, down ſhe hurried.

Here I will ſtop. In what way I ſhall reſume, or when, is not left to me to conjecture; much leſs determine. I am exceſſively uneaſy!—No good news from your mother, I doubt!—I will depoſit thus far, for fear of the worſt

—Adieu, my beſt, rather, my *only* friend!

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY EVENING; AND CONTINUED THROUGH THE NIGHT.

WELL, my dear, I am alive, and here! But how long I ſhall be either here, or alive, I cannot ſay. I have a vaſt deal to write; and perhaps ſhall have little time for it. Nevertheleſs, I muſt tell you how the ſaucy Betty came up with this Solmes's meſſage; although, as you will remember from my laſt, I was in a way before that wanted no additional ſurprizes.

'Miſs! Miſs! Miſs!' cried ſhe, as faſt as ſhe could ſpeak, with her arms ſpread abroad, and all her fingers diſtended, and held up, 'Will you be 'pleaſed to walk down into your own 'parlour?—There is every-body, I 'will aſſure you, in full *congregation!*—'And there is Mr. Solmes, as fine as 'a lord, with a charming white peruke, 'fine laced ſhirt and ruffles, coat trim-'med with ſilver, and a waiſtcoat ſtand-'ing an end with lace!—Quite handſome, 'believe me!—You never ſaw ſuch an 'alteration!—Ah! Miſs,' ſhaking her head, 'tis pity you have ſaid ſo much 'againſt him!—But you know how to 'come off for all that!—I hope it will 'not be too late!'

'Impertinence!' ſaid I—'Wert thou 'bid to come up in this fluttering way?'—And I took up my fan, and fanned myſelf.

'Bleſs me!' ſaid ſhe, 'how ſoon theſe 'fine young ladies will be put into *fluſ-'terations!*—I meant not either to offend 'or frighten you, I am ſure.'

'Every-body there, do you ſay?—'Who do you call every-body?'

'Why, Miſs,' holding out her left-palm opened, and with a flouriſh, and a ſaucy leer, patting it with the fore-finger of the other, at every mentioned perſon, 'There is your papa!—There 'is your mamma!—There is your uncle 'Harlowe!—There is your uncle An-'tony!—Your aunt Hervey!—*My* 'young lady!—And my young maſter! '—And Mr. Solmes, with the air of a 'great courtier, ſtanding up, becauſe 'he named you:—"Mrs. Betty," ſaid 'he,' [Then the ape of a wench bowed and ſcraped, as awkwardly as I ſuppoſe the perſon did whom ſhe endeavoured to imitate] "Pray give my humble ſer-"vice to Miſs, and tell her, I wait her "commands."

Was not this a wicked wench?—I trembled ſo, I could hardly ſtand. I was ſpiteful enough to ſay, that her young miſtreſs, I ſuppoſed, bid her put on theſe airs, to frighten me out of a capacity of behaving ſo calmly as ſhould procure me my uncles compaſſion.

'What a way do you put yourſelf in, 'Miſs,' ſaid the inſolent!—'Come, 'dear Madam,' taking up my fan, which 'I had laid down, and approaching me 'with it, fanning, 'ſhall I—'

'None of thy impertinence!—But ſay 'you, *all* my friends are below with 'him? And I am to *appear* before 'them *all?*'

'I can't tell if they'll ſtay when you 'come. I think they ſeemed to be 'moving when Mr. Solmes gave me his 'orders.—But what anſwer ſhall I carry 'to the 'ſquire?'

'Say, I can't go!—But yet when 'tis 'over, 'tis over!—Say, I'll wait upon '—I'll attend—I'll come preſently—'Say any thing; I care not what—But 'give me my fan, and fetch me a glaſs 'of water.'

She went, and I fanned myſelf all the time; for I was in a flame; and hemmed, and ſtruggled with myſelf all I could; and, when ſhe returned, drank my water; and finding no hope preſently of a quieter heart, I ſent her down

and

and followed her with precipitation; trembling ſo, that, had I not hurried, I queſtion if I could have got down at all.—O my dear, what a poor, paſſive machine is the body when the mind is diſordered!

There are two doors to *my* parlour, as I uſed to call it. As I entered at one, my friends hurried out at the other. I juſt ſaw the gown of my ſiſter, the laſt who ſlid away. My uncle Antony went out with them; but he ſtaid not long, as you ſhall hear: and they all remained in the next parlour, a wainſcot partition only parting the two. I remember them both in one: but they were ſeparated in favour of us girls, for each to receive her viſitors in at her pleaſure.

Mr. Solmes approached me as ſoon as I entered, cringing to the ground, a viſible confuſion in every feature of his face. After half a dozen choaked-up Madams—He was very ſorry—He was very much concerned—It was his misfortune—And there he ſtopped, being unable preſently to complete a ſentence.

This gave me a little more preſence of mind. Cowardice in a foe begets courage in one's-ſelf—I ſee that plainly now—Yet, perhaps, at bottom, the new-made bravo is a greater coward than the other.

I turned from him, and ſeated myſelf in one of the fire-ſide chairs, fanning myſelf. I have ſince recollected, that I muſt have looked very ſaucily. Could I have had any *thoughts* of the man, I ſhould have deſpiſed myſelf for it. But what can be ſaid in the caſe of an averſion ſo perfectly ſincere?

He hemmed five or ſix times, as I had done above; and theſe produced a ſentence—That I could not but ſee his confuſion. This ſentence produced two or three more. I believe my aunt had been his tutoreſs; for it was his awe, his reverence for ſo ſuperlative a lady [I aſſure you!] And he hoped—he hoped—three times he hoped, before he told me what—At laſt he came out, that I was too generous (Generoſity, he ſaid, was my character) to deſpiſe him for ſuch—for ſuch—for ſuch—*true* tokens of his love.

'I do indeed ſee you under ſome con-
'fuſion, Sir; and this gives me hope,
'that although I have been compelled,
'as I may call it, to give way to this
'interview, it may be attended with
'happier effects than I had apprehend-
'ed from it.'

He had hemmed himſelf into more courage.

'You could not, Madam, imagine
'any creature ſo blind to your merits,
'and ſo little attracted by them, as ea-
'ſily to forego the intereſt and appro-
'bation he was honoured with by your
'worthy family, while he had any hope
'given him, that one day he might, by
'his perſeverance and zeal, expect your
'favour.'

'I am but too much aware, Sir, that
'it is upon the intereſt and approbation
'you mention, that you build ſuch hope.
'It is impoſſible otherwiſe, that a man,
'who has any regard for his *own* happi-
'neſs, would perſevere againſt ſuch de-
'clarations as I have made, and think
'myſelf obliged to make, in juſtice to
'you as well as to myſelf.'

He had ſeen many inſtances, he told me, and had heard of more, where ladies had ſeemed as averſe, and yet had been induced, ſome by motives of compaſſion, others by perſuaſion of friends, to change their minds; and had been very happy afterwards: and he hoped this might be the caſe here.

'I have no notion, Sir, of compli-
'ment, in an article of ſuch importance
'as this: yet I am ſorry to be obliged
'to ſpeak my mind ſo plainly, as I am
'going to do. Know then, that I have
'invincible objections, Sir, to your ad-
'dreſs. I have avowed them with an
'earneſtneſs that I believe is without
'example: and why?—Becauſe I be-
'lieve it is without example, that any
'young creature, circumſtanced as I
'am, was ever treated as I have been
'treated on your account.'

'It is hoped, Madam, that your con-
'ſent may in time be obtained—*That* is
'the hope; and I ſhall be a miſerable
'man if it cannot.'

'Better, Sir, give me leave to ſay,
'you were miſerable by yourſelf, than
'that you ſhould make two ſo.'

'You may have heard, Madam,
'things to my diſadvantage. No man
'is without enemies. Be pleaſed to let
'me know *what* you have heard, and I
'will either own my faults, and amend;
'or I will convince you that I am baſely
'*beſpattered:* and once I underſtand you
'overheard ſomething that I ſhould ſay,
'that gave you offence: unguardedly,
'perhaps; but nothing but what ſhewed
'my value, and that I would perſiſt ſo
'long as I could have hope.'

'I have indeed heard many things to
'your diſadvantage:—and I was far
'from being pleaſed with what I over-
'heard ſa I from your lips: but as you
'were not any-thing to me, and never

'could

'could be, it was not for me to be concerned about the one or the other.'

'I am ſorry, Madam, to hear this. I 'am ſure you ſhould not tell me of any 'fault, that I would be unwilling to 'correct in myſelf.'

'Then, Sir, correct *this* fault—Do not 'with to have a young creature compelled in the moſt material article of her 'life, for the ſake of motives ſhe deſpiſes; and in behalf of a perſon ſhe 'cannot value: one that has, in her 'own right, ſufficient to ſet her above 'all your offers, and a ſpirit that craves 'no more than what it *has*, to make it'ſelf eaſy and happy.'

'I dont't ſee, Madam, how you would 'be happy, if I were to diſcontinue my 'addreſs: for——'

'That is nothing to you, Sir,' interrupted I: 'do you but withdraw your 'pretenſions; and if it be thought fit to 'ſtart up another man for my puniſh'ment, the blame will not lie at your 'door. You will be entitled to my 'thanks; and moſt heartily will I thank 'you.'

He pauſed, and ſeemed a little at a loſs: and I was going to give him ſtill ſtronger and more perſonal inſtances of my plain-dealing; when in came my uncle Antony.

'So, niece, ſo!—Sitting in ſtate like a 'queen, giving audience! *haughty* audi'ence!—Mr. Solmes, why ſtand you 'thus humbly?—Why this diſtance, 'man? I hope to ſee you upon a more 'intimate footing before we part.'

I aroſe, as ſoon as he entered—and approached him with a bent knee: 'Let 'me, Sir, reverence my uncle, whom I 'have not for ſo long time ſeen!—Let 'me, Sir, beſpeak your favour and com'paſſion.'

'You will have the favour of every'body, niece, when you know how to 'deſerve it.'

'If ever I deſerve it, I deſerve it now. '—I have been hardly uſed!—I have 'made propoſals that ought to be accept'ed, and ſuch as would not have been '*aſked* of me. What have I done, that 'I muſt be baniſhed and confined thus 'diſgracefully? That I muſt not be al'lowed to have any free-will in an arti'cle that concerns my preſent and future 'happineſs?'

'Miſs Clary,' replied my uncle, 'you 'have had your will in every-thing till 'now; and this makes your parents 'wills ſit ſo heavy upon you.'

'My will, Sir! Be pleaſed to allow 'me to aſk, What was my will till now, 'but my father's will, and yours and my 'uncle Harlowe's will?—Has it not 'been my pride to obey and oblige?—'I never aſked a favour, that I did not 'firſt ſit down and conſider, if it were '*fit* to be granted. And now, to ſhew 'my obedience, have I not offered to live 'ſingle?—Have I not offered to diveſt 'myſelf of my grandfather's bounty, 'and to caſt myſelf upon my father's; 'and that to be withdrawn whenever I 'diſoblige him? Why, dear good Sir, 'am I to be made unhappy in a point ſo 'concerning my happineſs?'

'Your grandfather's eſtate is not wiſh'ed from you. You are not deſired to 'live a ſingle life. You know *our* mo'tives, and we gueſs at *yours*. And, let 'me tell you, well as we love you, we 'ſhould much ſooner chuſe to follow 'you to the grave, than that *yours* ſhould 'take place.'

'I will engage never to marry any 'man without my father's conſent, and 'yours, Sir, and every-body's. Did I 'ever give you cauſe to doubt my word? 'And here I will take the ſolemneſt oath 'that can be offered me——'

'That is the matrimonial one,' interrupted he, with a big voice—'And to 'this gentleman.—It ſhall, it ſhall, cou'ſin Clary!—And the more you oppoſe 'it, the worſe it ſhall be for you.'

This, and before the man, who ſeemed to aſſume courage upon it, highly provoked me.

'Then, Sir, you ſhall ſooner follow 'me to the grave *indeed*.—I will under'go the cruelſt death—I will even con'ſent to enter into the awful vault of 'my anceſtors, and have that bricked 'up upon me, rather than conſent to be 'miſerable for life.—And, Mr. Solmes,' turning to him, 'take notice of what I 'ſay: *this* or *any* death, I will ſooner 'undergo, [that will quickly be over] 'than be yours, and for *ever* unhappy!'

My uncle was in a terrible rage upon this. He took Mr. Solmes by the hand, ſhocked as the man ſeemed to be, and drew him to the window—'Don't be 'ſurprized, Mr. Solmes, don't be con'cerned at *this*. We know,' and rapped out a ſad oath, 'what women will 'ſay in their wrath: the wind is not 'more boiſterous, nor more changeable;' and again he ſwore to that.—'If you 'think it worth your while to wait for 'ſuch an ungrateful girl as this, I'll 'engage ſhe'll *veer about*; I'll engage 'ſhe *ſhall*.' And a third time violently ſwore to it.

Then coming up to me, (who had thrown

thrown myſelf, very much diſordered by my vehemence, into the moſt diſtant window) as if he would have beat me; his face violently working, his hands clenched, and his teeth ſet—'Yes, yes, 'yes,' hiſſed the poor gentleman, 'you 'ſhall, you ſhall, you ſhall, couſin Cla-'ry, be Mr. Solmes's wife; we will ſee 'that you ſhall; and this in one week 'at fartheſt.'—And then a fourth time he confirmed it!—Poor gentleman! how he ſwore!

'I am ſorry, Sir,' ſaid I, 'to ſee you 'in ſuch a paſſion. All this, I am but 'too ſenſible, is owing to my brother's 'inſtigation; who would not himſelf 'give the inſtance of duty that is fought 'to be exacted from me. It is beſt for 'me to withdraw. I ſhall but provoke 'you farther, I fear: for although I 'would gladly obey you, if I could, yet 'this is a point determined with me; 'and I cannot ſo much as *wiſh* to get it 'over.'

How could I avoid making theſe ſtrong declarations, the man in preſence?

I was going out at the door I came in at; the gentlemen looking upon one another, as if referring to each other what to do, or whether to engage my ſtay, or ſuffer me to go; and whom ſhould I meet at the door but my brother, who had heard all that had paſſed!

He bolted upon me ſo unexpectedly, that I was ſurprized. He took my hand, and graſped it with violence: 'Return, 'pretty Miſs,' ſaid he; 'return, if you 'pleaſe. You ſhall not yet be *bricked up*. '—Your *inſtigating* brother ſhall ſave 'you from that!—O thou fallen angel!' ſaid he, peering up to my downcaſt face —'ſuch a ſweetneſs *here!*—and ſuch an 'obſtinacy *there!*' tapping my neck— 'O thou true woman—though ſo young! '—But you ſhall not have your rake: 'remember that;' in a loud whiſper, as if he would be decently indecent before the man. 'You ſhall be redeemed, and 'this worthy gentleman,' raiſing his voice, 'will be ſo good as to redeem 'you from ruin—and hereafter you 'will bleſs him, or have reaſon to bleſs 'him, for his *condeſcenſion*;' that was the brutal brother's word!

He had led me up to meet Mr. Solmes, whoſe hand he took, as he held mine. 'Here, Sir,' ſaid he, 'take the rebel 'daughter's hand; I give it you now: 'ſhe ſhall confirm the gift in a week's 'time; or will have neither father, 'mother, nor uncles, to boaſt of.'

I ſnatched my hand away.

'How now, Miſs!'

'And how now, Sir!—What right 'have *you* to diſpoſe of my hand?—If 'you govern every-body elſe, you ſhall 'not govern me; eſpecially in a point ſo 'immediately relative to myſelf, and in 'which you neither have, nor ever ſhall 'have, any-thing to do.'

I would have broken from him; but he held my hand too faſt.

'Let me go, Sir!—Why am I thus 'treated?—You *deſign*, I doubt not, 'with your unmanly gripings, to hurt 'me, as you do:' but again I aſked, 'Wherefore is it that I am to be thus 'treated by *you?*'

He toſſed my hand from him with a whirl, that pained my very ſhoulder. I wept, and held my other hand to the part.

Mr. Solmes blamed him. So did my uncle.

He had no patience, he ſaid, with ſuch a perverſe one; and to think of the reflections upon himſelf, before he entered. He had only given me back the hand I had not deſerved he ſhould touch. It was one of my arts to pretend to be pained.

Mr. Solmes ſaid, he would ſooner give up all his hopes of me, than that I ſhould be uſed unkindly: and he offered to plead in my behalf to them both; and applied himſelf with a bow, as if for my approbation of his interpoſition.

'Interpoſe not, Mr. Solmes,' ſaid I, 'to ſave me from my brother's violence. 'I cannot wiſh to owe an obligation to 'a man whoſe ungenerous perſeverance 'is the occaſion of *that* violence, and of 'all my diſgraceful ſufferings.'

'How generous in you, Mr. Solmes,' ſaid my brother, 'to interpoſe ſo kind-'ly in behalf of ſuch an immoveable 'ſpirit! I beg of you to perſiſt in your 'addreſs!'—The unnatural brother called it *addreſs*!—'For all our family's 'ſake, and for *her* ſake too, if you love 'her, perſiſt!—Let us ſave her, if poſ-'ſible, from ruining herſelf. Look at her perſon!' [And he gazed at me, from head to foot, pointing at me, as he referred to Mr. Solmes] Think of her fine 'qualities!—All the world confeſſes 'them, and we all gloried in her till now. 'She is worth ſaving; and, after two 'or three more ſtruggles, ſhe will be 'yours, and take my word for it, will 'reward your patience. Talk not, there-'fore, of giving up your hopes, for a 'little whining folly. She has entered 'upon a parade, which ſhe knows not 'how to quit with a *female* grace. You 'have only her pride and her obſtinacy

'to

'to encounter: and, depend upon it, 'you will be as happy a man in a fort-'night, as a married man *can* be.'

You have heard me say, my dear, that my brother has always taken a liberty to reflect upon our sex, and upon matrimony!—He would not, if he did not think it *wit* to do so!—Just as poor Mr. Wyerley, and others, whom we both know, profane and ridicule Scripture; and all to evince their pretensions to the same pernicious talent, and to have it thought, that they are too wise to be religious.

Mr. Solmes, with a self-satisfied air, presumptuously said, he would suffer every-thing, to *oblige* my family, and to *save* me: and doubted not to be amply rewarded, could he be so happy as to succeed at last.

'Mr. Solmes,' said I, 'if you have 'any regard for your own happiness, '(*mine* is out of the question with you: 'you have not generosity enough to make '*that* any part of your scheme) prose-'cute no farther your *address*, as my 'brother calls it. It is but *just* to tell 'you, that I could not bring my heart 'so much as to *think* of you, without the 'utmost disapprobation, *before* I was used 'as I have been—And can you think I 'am such a slave, such a *poor* slave, as to 'be brought to change my mind by the 'violent usage I have met with?

'And you, Sir,' turning to my brother, 'if you think that *meekness* always 'indicates *tameness*; and that there is no '*magnanimity* without *bluster*; own your-'self mistaken for once: for you shall 'have reason to judge from henceforth, 'that a generous mind is not to be forc-'ed; and that——'

'No more,' said the imperious wretch, 'I charge you,' lifting up his hands and eyes. Then turning to my uncle, 'Do 'you hear, Sir? This is your once fault-'less niece! This is your favourite!'

Mr. Solmes looked as if he knew not what to think of the matter; and had I been left alone with him, I saw plainly I could have got rid of him easily enough.

My uncle came to me, looking up also to my face, and down to my feet, 'And 'is it possible this can be *you*? All this 'violence from *you*, Miss Clary?'

'Yes, it *is* possible, Sir—And, I will 'presume to say, this vehemence on my 'side is but the natural consequence of 'the usage I have met with, and the 'rudeness I am treated with, even in 'your presence, by a brother, who has 'no more right to controul me, than I 'have to controul him.'

'This usage, cousin Clary, was not 'till all other means were tried with 'you.'

'Tried! to what end, Sir?—Do I 'contend for any-thing more than a 'mere negative? You *may*, Sir,' [turning to Mr. Solmes] '*possibly* you may, be 'induced the *rather* to persevere thus 'ungenerously, as the usage I have met 'with for your sake, and what you have 'now seen offered to me by my brother, 'will shew you what I *can* bear, were my 'evil destiny ever to make me yours.'

'Lord, Madam,' cried Solmes, [all this time distorted into twenty different attitudes, as my brother and my uncle were blessing themselves, and speaking only to each other by their eyes, and by their working features;] 'Lord, Ma-'dam, what a construction is this!'

'A fair construction, Sir,' interrupted I: 'for he that can see a person whom 'he pretends to value, thus treated, and 'approve of it, must be capable of treat-'ing her thus himself. And that you *do* 'approve of it, is evident by your de-'clared perseverance, when you know I 'am confined, banished, and insulted, in 'order to make me consent to be what 'I never *can* be.—And this, let me tell 'you, as I have often told others, not 'from motives of obstinacy, but aver-'sion.

'Excuse me, Sir,' turning to my uncle—'To you, as to my father's brother, 'I owe duty. I beg *your* pardon, that I 'cannot obey you: but as for my *brother*, 'he is *but* my brother; he shall not con-'strain me—and,' [turning to the unnatural wretch—I will call him wretch] 'knit your brows, Sir, and frown as you 'will, I will ask you, Would *you*, in my 'case, make the sacrifices I am willing 'to make, to obtain every-one's favour? 'If *not*, what right have you to treat 'me thus; and to procure me to be 'treated as I have been for so long a 'time past?'

I had put myself by this time into great disorder: they were silent, and seemed by their looks to want to talk to one another, walking about in violent disorders too, between whiles. I sat down fanning myself, (as it happened, against the glass) and I could perceive my colour go and come; and being sick to the very heart, and apprehensive of fainting, I rung.

Betty came in. I called for a glass of water, and drank it: but nobody minded me. I heard my brother pronounce the words, 'Art! female art!' to Solmes;

which, together with the apprehenſion that he would not be welcome, I ſuppoſe kept *him* back. Elſe I could ſee the man was affected. And (ſtill fearing I ſhould faint) I aroſe, and taking hold of Betty's arm, 'Let me hold by 'you, Betty,' ſaid I: 'let me withdraw.' And moved with trembling feet towards the door, and then turned about, and made a curtſey to my uncle—'Permit 'me, Sir,' ſaid I, 'to withdraw.'

'Whither go you, niece?' ſaid my uncle: 'we have not done with you yet. 'I charge you depart not. Mr. Solmes 'has ſomething to open to you, that will 'aſtoniſh you—And you *ſhall* hear it.'

'Only, Sir, by your leave, for a few 'minutes into the air. I will return, if 'you command it. I will hear all that 'I am to hear; that it may be over *now* 'and *for ever*—You will go with me, 'Betty?'

And ſo, without any farther prohibition, I retired into the garden; and there, caſting myſelf upon the firſt ſeat, and throwing Betty's apron over my face, leaning againſt her ſide, my hands between hers, I gave way to a violent burſt of grief, or paſſion, or both; which, as it ſeemed, ſaved my heart from breaking, for I was ſenſible of an immediate relief.

I have already given you ſpecimens of *Mrs.* Betty's impertinence. I ſhall not, therefore, trouble you with more: for the wench, notwithſtanding this my diſtreſs, took great liberties with me, after ſhe ſaw me a little recovered, and as I walked farther into the garden; inſomuch that I was obliged to ſilence her by an abſolute prohibition of ſaying another word to me; and then ſhe dropped behind me ſullen and gloomy.

It was near an hour before I was ſent for in again. The meſſenger was my couſin Dolly Hervey, who, with an eye of compaſſion and reſpect, (for Miſs Hervey always loved me, and calls herſelf my ſcholar, as you know) told me, my company was deſired.

Betty left us.

'Who commands my attendance, 'Miſs?' ſaid I—'Have you not been in 'tears, my dear?'

'Who can forbear tears?' ſaid ſhe.

'Why, what is the matter, couſin 'Dolly?—Sure, nobody is entitled to 'weep in this family, but *me!*'

'Yes, *I* am, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'be-'cauſe I love you.'

I kiſſed her: 'And is it for me, my 'ſweet couſin, that you ſhed tears?—'There never was love loſt between us: 'but tell me, what is deſigned to be done 'with me, that I have this kind inſtance 'of your compaſſion for me?'

'You muſt take no notice of what I 'tell you,' ſaid the dear girl: 'but my 'mamma has been weeping for you, too, 'with me; but durſt not let any-body 'ſee it: "O my Dolly!" ſaid my mam-'ma, "there never was ſo ſet a malice "in man as in your couſin James Har-"lowe. They will ruin the flower and "ornament of their family."

'As how, Miſs Dolly?—Did ſhe not 'explain herſelf?—As how, my dear?'

'Yes; ſhe ſaid, Mr. Solmes would 'have given up his claim to you: for he 'ſaid, you hated him, and there were 'no hopes; and your mamma was wil-'ling he ſhould; and to have you taken 'at your word, to renounce Mr. Love-'lace, and to live ſingle: my mamma 'was for it too; for they heard all that 'paſſed between you and uncle Antony, 'and couſin James; ſaying, it was im-'poſſible to think of prevailing upon you 'to have Mr. Solmes. Uncle Harlowe 'ſeemed in the ſame way of thinking; 'at leaſt, my mamma ſays, he did not 'ſay any-thing to the contrary. But 'your papa was immoveable, and was 'angry at your mamma and mine upon 'it: and hereupon your brother, your 'ſiſter, and my uncle Antony, joined in, 'and changed the ſcene entirely. In ſhort, 'ſhe ſays, that Mr. Solmes had great 'matters engaged to him. He owned, 'that you were the fineſt young lady in 'England, and he would be content to 'be but little beloved, if he could *not*, 'after marriage, engage your heart, for 'the ſake of having the honour to call 'you his but for one twelvemonth—I 'ſuppoſe he would break your heart the 'next—For he is a cruel-hearted man, 'I am ſure.'

'My friends may break my heart, 'couſin Dolly; but Mr. Solmes will 'never have it in his power to break it.'

'I do not know that, Miſs: you will 'have good luck to avoid having him, by 'what I can find; for my mamma ſays, 'they are all now of one mind, herſelf 'excepted; and ſhe is forced to be ſilent, 'your papa and brother are both ſo out-'rageous.'

'I am got above minding my brother, 'couſin Dolly: he is *but* my brother. 'But to my father I owe duty and obe-'dience, if I could comply.'

We are apt to be fond of any-body that will ſide with us, when oppreſſed or provoked. I always loved my couſin Dolly; but now ſhe endeared herſelf to me ten times

times more, by her ſoothing concern for me. I aſked what *ſhe* would do, were ſhe in my caſe?

Without heſitation ſhe replied, Have Mr. Lovelace out-of-hand, and take up her own eſtate, if ſhe were me; and there would be an end of it—And Mr. Lovelace, ſhe ſaid, was a fine gentleman—Mr. Solmes was not worthy to *buckle his ſhoes*.

Miſs Hervey told me further, that her mother was deſired to come to me, to fetch me in; but ſhe excuſed herſelf. I ſhould have all my friends, ſhe ſaid, ſhe believed, ſit in judgment upon me.

I wiſh it had been ſo. But, as I have been told ſince, neither my father nor my mother would truſt themſelves with ſeeing me: the one it ſeems for paſſion-ſake; my mother for tender conſiderations.

By this time we entered the houſe. Miſs accompanied me into the parlour, and left me, as a perſon devoted, I then thought.

Nobody was there. I ſat down, and had leiſure to weep; reflecting upon what my couſin Dolly had told me.

They were all in my ſiſter's parlour adjoining: for I heard a confuſed mixture of voices, ſome louder than others, which drowned the more compaſſionating accents.

Female accents I could diſtinguiſh the drowned ones to be. O my dear! what a hard-hearted ſex is the other! Children of the ſame parents, how came they by their cruelty?—Do they get it by travel?—Do they get it by converſation with one another?—Or how do they get it?—Yet my ſiſter, too, is as hard-hearted as any of them. But this may be no exception neither: for ſhe has been thought to be maſculine in her air, and her ſpirit. She has then, perhaps, a ſoul of the *other* ſex in a body of *ours*.—And ſo, for the honour of *our own*, will I judge of every woman for the future, who, imitating the rougher manners of men, acts unbeſeeming the gentleneſs of her own ſex.

Forgive me, my dear friend, for breaking into my ſtory by theſe reflections. Were I rapidly to purſue my narration, without thinking, without reflecting, I believe I ſhould hardly be able to keep in my right mind; ſince vehemence and paſſion would then be always uppermoſt; but while I *think* as I write, I cool, and my hurry of ſpirits is allayed.

I believe I was above a quarter of an hour enjoying my own comfortleſs contemplations, before any-body came in to me; for they ſeemed to be in full debate. My aunt looked in firſt, 'O 'my dear!' ſaid ſhe, 'are you there?' and withdrew haſtily to apprize them of it.

And then (as agreed upon I ſuppoſe) in came my uncle Antony, crediting Mr. Solmes with the words, '*Let me* '*lead you in, my dear friend*,' having hold of his hand; while the new-made beau awkwardly followed, but more edgingly, as I may ſay, ſetting his feet mincingly, to avoid treading upon his leader's heels. Excuſe me, my dear, this ſeeming levity; but thoſe we do not love, appear in every-thing ungraceful to us.

I ſtood up. My uncle looked very ſurly.—'Sit down!—ſit down, girl,' ſaid he—And drawing a chair near me, he placed his *dear* friend in it, whether he would or not, I having taken my ſeat. And my uncle ſat on the other ſide of me.

'Well, niece,' taking my hand, 'we 'ſhall have very little more to ſay to you 'than we have already ſaid, as to the 'ſubject that is ſo diſtaſteful to you—'Unleſs, indeed, you have better con-'ſidered of the matter—And firſt, let 'me know if you have?'

'The matter wants no conſideration, 'Sir.'

'Very well, very well, *Madam!*' ſaid my uncle, withdrawing his hands from mine: 'could I ever have thought of 'this from you?'

'For God's ſake, deareſt Madam,' ſaid Mr. Solmes, folding his hands—And there he ſtopped.

'For God's ſake, *what*, Sir?—How 'came God's ſake, and your ſake, I pray 'you, to be the ſame?'

This ſilenced *him*. My uncle could *only* be angry; and that he was before.

'Well, well, well, Mr. Solmes,' ſaid my uncle, 'no more of ſupplication. 'You have not *confidence* enough to ex-'pect a woman's favour.'

He then was pleaſed to hint what great things he had deſigned to do for me; and that it was more for *my* ſake, after he returned from the Indies, than for the ſake of any *other* of the family, that he had reſolved to live a ſingle life.—'But now,' concluded he, 'that the per-'verſe girl deſpiſes all the great things 'it was once as much in my will, as it is 'in my power, to do for her, I will 'change my meaſures.'

I told him, that I moſt ſincerely thanked him for all his kind intentions to me;

but that I was willing to reſign all claim to any *other* of his favours than kind looks and kind words.

He looked about him this way and that.

Mr. Solmes looked pitifully down.

But both being ſilent, I was ſorry, I added, that I had too much reaſon to ſay a very harſh thing, as it might be thought; which was, That if he would but be pleaſed to convince my brother and ſiſter, that he was abſolutely determined to alter his generous purpoſes towards me, it might poſſibly procure me better treatment from both, than I was otherwiſe likely to have.

My uncle was very much diſpleaſed. But he had not the opportunity to expreſs his diſpleaſure, as he ſeemed preparing to do; for in came my brother in exceeding great wrath, and called me ſeveral vile names. His ſucceſs hitherto, in his devices againſt me, had ſet him above keeping even decent meaſures.

Was this my ſpiteful conſtruction? he aſked—Was this the interpretation I put upon his brotherly care of me, and concern for me, in order to prevent my ruining myſelf?

'It *is*, indeed it *is*,' ſaid I: 'I know 'no other way to account for your late 'behaviour to me: and before your face, 'I repeat my requeſt to my uncle, and 'I will make it to my other uncle when-'ever I am permitted to ſee him, that 'they will confer all their favours upon 'you, and upon my ſiſter; and only 'make me happy (it is all I wiſh for!) 'in their kind looks, and kind words.'

How they all gazed upon one another!—But could I be leſs peremptory before the man?

'And, as to *your* care and concern for 'me, Sir,' turning to my brother, 'once 'more I deſire it not. You are *but* my 'brother. My father and mother, I 'bleſs God, are both living; and, were 'they *not*, you have given me abundant 'reaſon to ſay, that you are the very 'laſt perſon I would wiſh to have any 'concern for me.'

'How, niece! And is a brother, an '*only* brother, of ſo little conſideration 'with you, as this comes to? And ought 'he to have no concern for his ſiſter's 'honour, and the family's honour?'

'*My* honour, Sir!—I deſire none of 'his concern for that! It never was en-'dangered till it had his undeſired 'concern!—Forgive me, Sir—But 'when my brother knows how to act 'like a brother, or behave like a gen-'tleman, he may deſerve more conſider-'ation from me than it is poſſible for me 'now to think he does.'

I thought my brother would have beat me upon this: but my uncle ſtood between us.

'Violent girl,' however he called me—'Who,' ſaid he, 'would have thought 'it of her?'

Then was Mr. Solmes told, that I was unworthy of his purſuit.

But Mr. Solmes warmly took my part: he could not bear, he ſaid, that I ſhould be treated ſo roughly.

And ſo very much did he exert himſelf on this occaſion, and ſo patiently was his warmth received by my brother, that I began to ſuſpect, that it was a contrivance to make me think myſelf obliged to him: and that this might perhaps be one end of the preſſed for interview.

The very ſuſpicion of this low artifice, violent as I was thought to be before, put me ſtill more out of patience; and my uncle and my brother again praiſing his wonderful generoſity, and his noble return of good for evil, 'You are a hap-'py man, Mr. Solmes,' ſaid I, 'that you 'can ſo *eaſily* confer obligations upon a 'whole family, except upon one un-'grateful perſon of it, whom you ſeem 'to intend *moſt* to oblige; but who be-'ing made unhappy by your favour, de-'ſires not to owe to *you* any protection 'from the violence of a brother.'

Then was I a rude, an ungrateful, an unworthy creature.

'I own it all—All, all you can call 'me, or think me, brother, do I own. 'I own my unworthineſs with regard to 'this gentleman. I take your word for 'his abundant merit, which I have nei-'ther leiſure nor inclination to examine 'into—It may, perhaps, be as great as 'your own—But yet I cannot thank him 'for his mediation: for who ſees not,' looking at my uncle, 'that this is giv-'ing himſelf a merit with every-body at 'my expence?'

Then turning to my brother, who ſeemed ſurprized into ſilence by my warmth, 'I muſt alſo acknowledge, Sir, 'the favour of *your* ſuperabundant care 'for me. But I diſcharge you of it; 'at leaſt while I have the happineſs of 'nearer and dearer relations. You have 'given me no reaſon to think better of '*your* prudence, than of my *own*. I am 'independent of *you*, Sir; though I ne-'ver deſire to be ſo of my father; and 'although I wiſh for the good opinion 'of my uncles, it is *all* I with for from them:

'them: and this, Sir, I repeat, *to make* '*you and my ſiſter eaſy.*'

Inſtantly almoſt came in Betty, in a great hurry, looking at me as ſpitefully, as if ſhe were my *ſiſter*: 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe to my brother, 'my maſter deſires to 'ſpeak with you this moment at the 'door.'

He went to that which led into my ſiſter's parlour; and this ſentence I heard thundered from the mouth of one who had a right to all my reverence: 'Son 'James, let the rebel be this moment 'carried away to my brother's—This 'very moment—She ſhall not ſtay one 'hour more under my roof!'

I trembled; I was ready to ſink. Yet, not knowing what I did, or ſaid, I flew to the door, and would have opened it: but my brother pulled it to, and held it cloſe by the key—'O my papa!—my 'dear papa!' ſaid I, falling upon my knees, at the door—'admit your child 'to your preſence!—Let me but plead 'my cauſe at your feet!—O reprobate 'not thus your diſtreſſed daughter!'

My uncle put his handkerchief to his eyes: Mr. Solmes made a ſtill more grievous face than he had before. But my brother's marble heart was untouched.

'I will not ſtir from my knees,' continued I, 'without admiſſion.—At this 'door I beg it!—O let it be the door of 'mercy! and open it to me, honoured 'Sir, I beſeech you!—But this once, 'this once! although you were afterwards to ſhut it againſt me for ever!'

The door was endeavoured to be opened on the inſide, which made my brother let go the key on a ſudden; and I preſſing againſt it, (all the time remaining on my knees) fell flat on my face into the other parlour; however without hurting myſelf. But every-body was gone, except Betty, who I ſuppoſe was the perſon that endeavoured to open the door. She helped to raiſe me up; and when I was on my feet, I looked round that apartment, and ſeeing nobody there, re-entered the other, leaning upon her; and then threw myſelf into the chair which I had ſat in before; and my eyes overflowed to my great relief: while my uncle Antony, my brother, and Mr. Solmes, left me, and went to my other relations.

What paſſed among them, I know not: but my brother came in by the time I had tolerably recovered himſelf, with a ſettled and haughty gloom upon his brow—'Your father and mother com-'mand you inſtantly to prepare for your 'uncle Antony's. You need not be ſo-'licitous about what you ſhall take with 'you. You may give Betty your keys. '—Take them, Betty, if the perverſe 'one has them about her, and carry 'them to her mother. She will take 'care to ſend every-thing after you that 'you ſhall want—But another night you 'will not be permitted to ſtay in this 'houſe.'

'I don't chuſe to give my keys to any-'body, except to my mother, and into 'her own hands. You ſee how much 'I am diſordered. It may coſt me my 'life, to be hurried away ſo ſuddenly. 'I beg to be indulged till next Monday 'at leaſt.'

'That will not be granted you. So 'prepare for this very night. And give 'up your keys. Give them to *me*, Miſs. 'I'll carry them to your mother.'

'Excuſe me, brother. Indeed I 'won't.

'Indeed you muſt. Have you any-'thing you are afraid ſhould be ſeen by 'your mother?'

'Not if I be permitted to attend her.'

'I'll make a report accordingly.'

He went out.

In came Miſs Dolly Hervey. 'I am 'ſorry, Madam, to be the meſſenger—'But your mamma inſiſts upon your ſend-'ing up all the keys of your cabinet, li-'brary, and drawers.'

'Tell my mother, that I yield them 'up to her commands: tell her, I make 'no conditions with my mother; but if 'ſhe find nothing ſhe ſhall diſapprove of, 'I beg that ſhe will permit me to tarry 'here a few days longer.—Try, my Dol-'ly; [the dear girl ſobbing with grief] 'try, if your gentleneſs cannot prevail 'for me.'

She wept ſtill more, and ſaid, 'It is 'ſad, very ſad, to ſee matters thus car-'ried!'

She took the keys, and wrapped her arms about me; and begged me to excuſe her for her meſſage; and would have ſaid more; but Betty's preſence awed her; as I ſaw.

'Don't pity me, my dear,' ſaid I. 'It will be imputed to you as a fault. 'You ſee who is by.'

The inſolent wench ſcornfully ſmiled: 'One young lady pitying another in 'things of this nature looks promiſing 'in the youngeſt I muſt needs ſay.'

I bid her be gone from my preſence.

She would moſt gladly go, ſhe ſaid, were ſhe not to ſtay about me by my mother's order.

It ſoon appeared for what ſhe ſtaid: for

for I offering to go up ſtairs to my apartment when my couſin went from me with the keys, ſhe told me ſhe was commanded (to her very great regret, ſhe muſt own) to deſire me not to go up at preſent.

Such a bold face as ſhe, I told her, ſhould not hinder me.

She inſtantly rang the bell, and in came my brother, meeting me at the door.

'Return, return, Miſs—No going up 'yet.'

I went in again, and throwing myſelf upon the window-ſeat, wept bitterly.

Shall I give you the particulars of a ridiculouſly ſpiteful converſation that paſſed between my brother and me, in the time that he (with Betty) was in office to keep me in the parlour while my cloſet was ſearching?—But I think I will not. It can anſwer no good end.

I deſired ſeveral times, while he ſtaid, to have leave to retire to my apartment; but was denied. The ſearch, I ſuppoſe, was not over.

Bella was one of thoſe employed in it. They could not have a more diligent ſearcher. How happy it was they were diſappointed!

But when my ſiſter could not find the *cunning creature's* papers, I was to ſtand another viſit from Mr. Solmes—preceded now by my aunt Hervey, ſorely againſt her will, I could ſee that; accompanied by my uncle Antony, in order to keep her ſteady, I ſuppoſe.

But being a little heavy (for it is now paſt two in the morning) I will lie down in my cloaths, to indulge the kind ſummons, if it will be indulged.

THREE O'CLOCK, WED. MORN.

I COULD not ſleep—Only dozed away one half-hour.

My aunt Hervey accoſted me thus—'O my dear child, what troubles do you 'give to your parents, and to every-'body!—I wonder at you!'

'I am ſorry for it, Madam.'

'Sorry for it, child!—*Why* then ſo 'very obſtinate?—Come, ſit down, my 'dear. I will ſit next you;' taking my hand.

My uncle placed Mr. Solmes on the other ſide of me: himſelf over-againſt me, almoſt cloſe to me. Was I not finely beſet, my dear?

'Your brother, child,' ſaid my aunt, 'is too paſſionate—His zeal for *your* wel-'fare puſhes him on a little too vehe-'mently.

'Very true,' ſaid my uncle: 'but no 'more of this. We would now be glad 'to ſee if milder means will do with you '—Though, indeed, they were tried be-'fore.'

I aſked my aunt, if it were neceſſary, that that gentleman ſhould be preſent?

'There is a reaſon that he ſhould,' ſaid my aunt, 'as you will hear by-and-'by.—But I muſt tell you, firſt, that, 'thinking you was a little too angrily 'treated by your brother, your mother 'deſired me to try what gentler means 'would do upon a ſpirit ſo generous as 'we uſed to think yours.'

'Nothing can be done, Madam, I muſt 'preſume to ſay, if this gentleman's ad-'dreſs be the end.'

She looked upon my uncle who bit his lip; and looked upon Mr. Solmes, who rubbed his cheek; and ſhaking her head, 'Good, dear creature,' ſaid ſhe, 'be 'calm. Let me aſk you, if ſomething 'would not have been done, had you 'been more gently uſed, than you ſeem 'to think you have been?'

'No, Madam, I cannot ſay it would, 'in this gentleman's favour. You know, 'Madam—you know, Sir, to my uncle, 'I ever valued myſelf upon my ſincerи-'ty: and once indeed had the happineſs 'to be valued for it.'

My uncle took Mr. Solmes aſide. I heard him ſay, whiſperingly, 'She muſt, 'ſhe ſhall, ſtill be yours.—We'll ſee 'who'll conquer, parents or child, un-'cles or niece. I doubt not to be wit-'neſs to all this being got over, and ma-'ny a good-humoured jeſt made of this 'high phrenzy!'

I was heartily vexed.

'Though we cannot find out,' continued he, 'yet we *gueſs*, who puts her 'upon this obſtinate behaviour. It is 'not natural to her, man. Nor would 'I concern myſelf ſo much about her, 'but that I know what I ſay to be true, 'and intend to do great things for her.'

'I will hourly pray for that happy 'time,' whiſpered as audibly Mr. Solmes. 'I never will revive the remembrance of 'what is now ſo painful to me.

'Well, but, niece, I am to tell you,' ſaid my aunt, 'that the ſending up your 'keys, without making any conditions, 'has wrought for you what nothing elſe 'could have done. That, and the not 'finding any thing that could give them 'umbrage, together with Mr. Solmes's 'interpoſition—'

'O Madam, let me not owe an obli-'gation to Mr. Solmes. I cannot repay 'it, except by my *thanks*; and *thoſe* only 'on condition that he will decline his 'ſuit.

'suit.—To my thanks, Sir,' [turning to him] 'if you have a heart capable of 'humanity, if you have any esteem for 'me for my *own* sake, I beseech you to 'entitle yourself!—I beseech you do!'

'O Madam,' cried he, 'believe, be-'lieve, believe me, it is impossible. 'While you are single, I *will* hope. 'While that hope is encouraged by so 'many worthy friends, I *must* persevere. 'I must not slight *them*, Madam, because 'you slight *me*.'

I answered him only with a look; but it was of high disdain; and turning from him—'But what favour, dear 'Madam,' [to my aunt] 'has the in-'stance of duty you mention procured 'me?'

'Your mother and Mr. Solmes,' replied my aunt, 'have prevailed, that 'your request to stay here till Monday 'next shall be granted, if you will pro-'mise to go cheerfully then.

'Let me but chuse my own visitors, 'and I will go to my uncle's house with 'pleasure.'

'Well, niece,' said my aunt, 'we 'must wave this subject, I find. We 'will now proceed to another, which 'will require your utmost attention. It 'will give you the reason why Mr. 'Solmes's presence is requisite.

'Aye,' said my uncle, 'and shew you 'what sort of a man somebody is.—Mr. 'Solmes, pray favour us, in the first 'place, with the letter you received from 'your anonymous friend.'

'I will, Sir.' And out he pulled a letter-case, and, taking out a letter, 'It 'is written in answer to one sent to the 'person. It is superscribed, "*To Roger* "*Solmes, Esq.*" It begins thus: "*Honour-* "*ed Sir!*"

'I beg your pardon, Sir,' said I: 'but 'what, pray, is the intent of reading this 'letter to me?'

'To let you know what a vile man 'you are thought to set your heart up-'on,' said my uncle, in an audible whis-per.

'If, Sir, it be suspected, that I have 'set my heart upon any other, why is 'Mr. Solmes to give himself any farther 'trouble about me?'

'Only hear, niece,' said my aunt; 'only hear what Mr. Solmes has to read 'and to say to you on this head.'

'If, Madam, Mr. Solmes will be 'pleased to declare, that he has no view 'to serve, no end to promote, for him-'self, I will hear any-thing he shall read. 'But if the contrary, you must allow 'me to say, That it will abate with me 'a great deal of the weight of whatso-'ever he shall produce.'

'Hear it but read, niece,' said my aunt.

'Hear it read,' said my uncle. 'You 'are so ready to take part with—'

'With any-body, Sir, that is accused 'anonymously, and from interested mo-'tives.'

He began to read; and there seemed to be a heavy load of charges in this letter against the poor criminal: but I stop-ped the reading of it, and said, 'It will 'not be *my* fault, if this vilified man be 'not as indifferent to me, as one whom 'I never saw. If he be otherwise at 'present, which I neither own, nor de-'ny, it proceeds from the strange me-'thods taken to prevent it. Do not let 'one cause unite him and me, and we 'shall not be united. If my offer to live 'single be accepted, he shall be no more 'to me than *this* gentleman.'

Still—'Proceed, Mr. Solmes—Hear 'it out, niece,' was my uncle's cry.

'But to what purpose, Sir!' said I—'Has not Mr. Solmes a *view* in this? 'And, besides, can any thing worse be 'said of Mr. Lovelace than I have heard 'said for several months past?'

'But this,' said my uncle, 'and, what 'Mr. Solmes can tell you, besides, 'amounts to the *fullest proof*—'

'Was the unhappy man, then, so free-'ly treated in his character before, *with-'out* full proof? I beseech you, Sir, give 'me not *too good* an opinion of Mr. Love-'lace; as I *may* have, if such pains be 'taken to make him guilty, by one who 'means not his reformation by it; nor 'to do good, if I may presume to say 'so in this case, to any-body but him-'self.

'I see very plainly, girl,' said my un-cle, 'your prepossession, your fond pre-'possession for the person of a man with-'out morals.'

'Indeed, my dear,' said my aunt, 'you too much justify all our apprehen-'sions. Surprising! that a young crea-'ture of virtue and honour should thus 'esteem a man of a quite opposite cha-'racter!'

'Dear Madam, do not conclude against 'me too hastily. I believe Mr. Love-'lace is far from being so good as he 'ought to be: but if every man's private 'life were searched into by *prejudiced 'people*, set on for that purpose, I know 'not whose reputation would be safe. I 'love a virtuous character, as much in 'man, as in woman. I think it is requi-'site, and as meritorious, in the one as 'in

'in the other. And, if left to myself, 'I would prefer a perſon of ſuch a cha-'racter to royalty without it.'

'Why then,' ſaid my uncle—

'Give me leave, Sir—But I may ven-'ture to ſay, that many of thoſe who 'have eſcaped cenſure have not merited applauſe.

'Permit me to obſerve further, that 'Mr. Solmes himſelf may not be abſo-'lutely faultleſs. I never heard of his 'virtues. Some vices I have heard of—'Excuſe me, Mr. Solmes, I ſpeak to your 'face—The text about *caſting the firſt 'ſtone* affords an excellent leſſon.'

He looked down; but was ſilent.

'Mr. Lovelace may have vices *you* 'have not. You may have others, which '*he* has not.—I ſpeak not this to defend 'him, or to accuſe you. No man is bad, 'no one is good, in *every-thing*. Mr. 'Lovelace, for example, is ſaid to be 'implacable, and to hate my friends; 'that does not make me value him the 'more: but give me leave to ſay, that '*they* hate him as much. Mr. Solmes 'has his antipathies, likewiſe; very '*ſtrong* ones, and thoſe to his *own relati-'ons*; which I don't find to be the other's 'fault; for he lives well with *his*—Yet 'he may have as bad:—worſe, pardon 'me, he cannot have, in my poor opi-'nion. For what muſt be the man, who '*hates his own fleſh?*

'You know not, Madam;
'You know not, niece;
'You know not, Clary; } All in one breath.

'I may not, nor do I deſire to know 'Mr. Solmes's reaſons. It *concerns* not 'me to know them: but the world, even 'the impartial part of it, accuſes him. 'If the world is unjuſt or raſh, in *one* 'man's caſe, why may it not be ſo in '*another's?* That's all I mean by it. Nor 'can there be a greater ſign of want of 'merit than where a man ſeeks to pull 'down another's character, in order to 'build up his own.'

The poor man's face was all this time overſpread with confuſion, twiſted, as it were, and all awry, neither mouth nor noſe ſtanding in the middle of it. He looked as if he were ready to cry: and had he been capable of pitying me, I had certainly tried to pity him.

They all three gazed upon one another in ſilence.

My aunt, I ſaw, (at leaſt I thought ſo) looked as if ſhe would have been glad ſhe might have appeared to approve of what I ſaid. She but feebly blamed me, when ſhe ſpoke, for not hearing what Mr. Solmes had to ſay. He himſelf ſeemed not now very earneſt to be heard. My uncle ſaid, There was no talking to me. And I ſhould have abſolutely ſilenced both gentlemen, had not my brother come in again to their aſſiſtance.

This was the ſtrange ſpeech he made at his entrance, his eyes flaming with anger; 'This prating girl has ſtruck 'you all dumb, I perceive.—Perſevere, 'Mr. Solmes. I have heard every word 'ſhe has ſaid: and I know no other me-'thod of being even with her, than after 'ſhe is yours, to make her as ſenſible 'of your power, as ſhe now makes you 'of her inſolence.'

'Fie, couſin Harlowe!' ſaid my aunt—'Could I have thought a *brother* would 'have ſaid this to a gentleman, of a '*ſiſter?*'

'I muſt tell you, Madam,' ſaid he, 'that *you* give the rebel courage. You 'yourſelf ſeem to favour too much the 'arrogance of her ſex in her; otherwiſe 'ſhe durſt not have thus ſtopped her un-'cle's mouth by reflections upon him; 'as well as denied to hear a gentleman 'tell her the danger ſhe is in from a li-'bertine, whoſe protection, as ſhe has 'plainly hinted, ſhe intends to claim 'againſt her family.'

'*Stopped my uncle's mouth, by reflections 'upon him, Sir!*' ſaid I, 'How can that 'be! How *dare* you to make ſuch an 'application as this!'

My aunt wept at his reflection upon her—'Couſin,' ſaid ſhe to him, 'if *this* 'be the thanks I have for my trouble, I 'have done: your father would not treat 'me thus—And I *will* ſay, that the hint 'you gave was an unbrotherly one.'

'Not more unbrotherly than all the 'reſt of his conduct to me, of late, Ma-'dam,' ſaid I. 'I ſee by this ſpecimen 'of his violence, how every-body has 'been brought into his meaſures. Had 'I any the leaſt apprehenſion of ever be-'ing in Mr. Solmes's power, this *might* 'have affected me.—But you ſee, Sir,' to Mr. Solmes, 'what a conduct is 'thought neceſſary to enable you to ar-'rive at your ungenerous end. You ſee 'how my brother *courts* for you!'

'I diſclaim Mr. Harlowe's violence, 'Madam, with all my ſoul. I will ne-'ver remind you—'

'Silence, worthy Sir!' ſaid I; 'I will 'take care you never ſhall have the op-'portunity.'

'Leſs violence, Clary,' ſaid my uncle.—'Couſin James, you are as much 'to blame as your ſiſter.'

In then came my ſiſter. 'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'you kept not your promiſe.

'You

'You are *thought* to be to blame with-
'in, as well as here. Were not Mr.
'Solmes's generoſity and affection to
'the girl *well* known, what you have
'ſaid would be inexcuſable. My father
'deſires to ſpeak with you—and with
'you, aunt—and with you, uncle—and
'with you, Mr. Solmes, if you pleaſe.'

They all four withdrew into the next apartment.

I ſtood ſilent, as not knowing preſently how to take this intervention of my ſiſter's. But ſhe left me not long at a loſs—'O thou perverſe thing,' ſaid ſhe, (poking out her angry face at me, when they were all gone, but ſpeaking ſpitefully low]—'What trouble do you
'give to us all!'

'You and my brother, Bella,' ſaid I,
'give trouble to yourſelves; yet neither
'you nor he have any buſineſs to con-
'cern yourſelves about me.'

She threw out ſome ſpiteful expreſſions, ſtill in a low voice, as if ſhe choſe not to be heard without; and I thought it beſt to oblige her to raiſe her tone a little, if I could. If I *could*, did I ſay? It is eaſy to make a paſſionate ſpirit anſwer all one's views upon it.

She accordingly flamed out in a raiſed tone: and this brought my couſin Dolly in to us. 'Miſs Harlowe, your com-
'pany is deſired.'

'I will come preſently, couſin Dolly.'

But again provoking a ſeverity from me which ſhe could not bear, and calling me names; in once more came Dolly, with another meſſage, that her company was deſired.

'Not mine, I doubt, Miſs Dolly,' ſaid I.

The ſweet-tempered girl burſt out into tears, and ſhook her head.

'Go in before me, child,' ſaid Bella, [vexed to ſee her concern for me] 'with
'thy ſharp face like a new moon: what
'doſt thou cry for? Is it to make thy
'keen face look ſtill keener?'

I believe Bella was blamed too, when ſhe went in; for I heard her ſay, The *creature* was ſo provoking, there was no keeping a reſolution.

Mr. Solmes, after a little while, came in again by himſelf, to take leave of me: full of ſcrapes and compliments; but too well tutored and encouraged, to give me hope of his declining his ſuit. He begged me not to impute to him any of the ſevere things to which he had been a ſorrowful witneſs. He beſought my compaſſion, as he called it.

He ſaid, the reſult was, that he had ſtill hopes given him; and although diſcouraged by me, he was reſolved to perſevere, while I remained ſingle.—And ſuch long and ſuch painful ſervices he talked of, as never before were heard of.

I told him in the ſtrongeſt manner, what he had to truſt to.

Yet ſtill he determined to perſiſt.—While I was no man's elſe, he muſt hope.

'What!' ſaid I, 'will you ſtill per-
'ſiſt, when I declare, as I now do, that
'my affections are engaged?—And let
'my brother make the moſt of it.'

He knew my principles, and adored me for them. He doubted not, that it was in his power to make me happy: and he was ſure I would not want the will to be ſo.

I aſſured him, that were I to be carried to my uncle's, it ſhould anſwer no end: for I would never ſee him; nor receive a line from him; nor hear a word in his favour, whoever were the perſon who ſhould mention him to me.

He was ſorry for it. He muſt be miſerable, were I to hold in that mind. But he doubted not, that I might be induced by my father and uncles to change it.

Never, never, he might depend upon it.

It was richly worth his patience, and the trial.

'At my *expence*?—At the price of all
'my *happineſs*, Sir?'

He hoped I ſhould be induced to think otherwiſe.

And then would he have run into his fortune, his ſettlements, his affection—Vowing, that never man loved a woman with ſo ſincere a paſſion, as he loved me.

I ſtopped him, as to the firſt part of his ſpeech: and to the ſecond, of the ſincerity of his paſſion. 'What then,
'Sir,' ſaid I, 'is your love to one, who
'muſt aſſure you, that never young
'creature looked upon man with a more
'ſincere diſapprobation, than I look
'upon you? And tell me, what argu-
'ment can you urge, that this *true* de-
'claration anſwers not beforehand?'

'Deareſt Madam, what can I ſay?—
'On my knees I beg—'

And down the ungraceful wretch dropped on his knees.

'Let me not kneel in vain, Madam:
'let me not be thus deſpiſed.'—And he looked moſt odiouſly ſorrowful.

'I have kneeled too, Mr. Solmes.
'Often have I kneeled: and I will kneel
'again—Even to *you*, Sir, will I kneel,
'if there be ſo much merit in kneeling;
'provided you will not be the imple-
'ment

'ment of my cruel brother's undeserved 'perfecution.'

'If all the services, even to worship 'you, during my whole life—You, 'Madam, invoke and expect mercy; 'yet shew none.'

'Am I to be cruel to myself, to shew 'mercy to you! Take my estate, Sir, 'with all my heart, since you are such 'a favourite in this house!—Only leave 'me *myself*—The mercy you ask for, do 'you shew to others.'

'If you mean to my relations, Ma-'dam—unworthy as they are, all shall 'be done that you shall prescribe.'

'Who, I, Sir, to find you bowels 'you naturally have not? I to purchase '*their* happiness by the forfeiture of *my* 'own? What I ask you for, is mercy to 'myself: that, since you seem to have 'some power over my relations, you 'will use it in my behalf. Tell them, 'that you see I cannot conquer my aver-'sion to you: tell them, if you are a 'wise man, that you too much value 'your own happiness, to risque it against 'such a determined antipathy: tell 'them, that I am unworthy of your 'offers; and that, in mercy to yourself, 'as well as to me, you will not prose-'cute a suit so impossible to be granted.'

'I will risque all consequences,' said the fell wretch, rising, with a counte-nance whitened over, as if with malice, his hollow eyes flashing fire, and biting his under-lip, to shew he could be *manly*. 'Your hatred, Madam, shall be no 'objection with me: and I doubt not in 'a few days to have it in my power to 'shew you—'

'*You* have it in your power, Sir—'

He came well off—'*To shew you* more 'generosity, than, noble as you are said 'to be to others, you shew to me.'

The man's face became his anger: it seems formed to express the passion.

At that instant, again came in my brother—'Sister, sister, sister,' said he, with his teeth set, 'act on the termа-'gant part you have so newly assumed '—Most wonderfully well does it be-'come you. It is but a short one, how-'ever. Tyranness in your turn, accuse 'others of your own guilt—But leave 'her, leave her, Mr. Solmes: her time 'is short. You'll find her humble and 'mortified enough very quickly. Then, 'how like a little tame fool will she 'look, with her conscience upbraiding 'her, and begging of you [with a whi-ning voice, the barbarous brother spoke] 'to forgive and forget!'

More he said, as he flew out, with a glowing face, upon Shorey's coming in to recal him on his violence.

I removed from chair to chair, ex-ceedingly frighted and disturbed at this brutal treatment.

The man attempted to excuse himself, as being sorry for my brother's passion.

'Leave me, leave me, Sir,' fanning '—or I shall faint.' And indeed I thought I should.

He recommended himself to my fa-vour with an air of assurance; augment-ed, as I thought, by a distress so visible in me; for he even snatched my trem-bling, my struggling hand; and ravished it to his odious mouth.

I flung from him with high disdain: and he withdrew, bowing and cringing; self-gratified, and enjoying, as I thought, the confusion he saw me in.

The wretch is now, methinks, before me; and now I see him awkwardly strid-ing backward, as he retired, till the edge of the opened door, which he ran against, remembered him to turn his welcome back upon me.

Upon his withdrawing, Betty brought me word, that I was permitted to go up to my own chamber: and was bid to consider of every-thing: for my time was short. Nevertheless, she believed I might be permitted to stay till Satur-day.

She tells me, that although my bro-ther and sister were blamed for being so *hasty* with me, yet when they made *their* report, and my uncle Antony *his*, of *my* provocations, they were all more deter-mined than ever in Mr. Solmes's favour.

The wretch himself, she tells me, pretends to be more in love with me than before; and to be rather delighted than discouraged with the conversation that passed between us. He ran on, she says, in raptures, about the grace where-with I should dignify his board; and the like sort of stuff, either of *his* saying, or of *her* making.

She closed all with a 'Now is your time, Miss, to submit with a grace, and 'to make your own terms with him:— 'else, I can tell you, were I Mr. Solmes, 'it should be worse for you: and who, 'Miss, of *our* sex,' proceeded the saucy creature, 'would admire a rakish gen-'tleman, when she might be admired 'by a sober one to the end of the chap-'ter?'

She made this further speech to me on quitting my chamber—'You have 'had *amazing* good luck, Miss, I must 'tell you, to keep your writings con-'cealed so cunningly. You must needs 'think

'think I know that you are always at 'your pen: and as you endeavour to 'hide that knowledge from me, I do 'not think myſelf obliged to keep your 'ſecret. But I love not to aggravate. 'I had rather reconcile by much. 'Peace-making is my talent, and ever 'was. And had I been as much your 'foe, as you imagine, you had not per-'haps been here now. But this, how-'ever, I do not ſay to make a merit with 'you, Miſs: for, truly, it will be the 'better for you the ſooner every-thing 'is over with you. And better for me, 'and for every-one elſe; that's certain. 'Yet one hint I muſt conclude with; 'that your pen and ink (ſoon as you are 'to go away) will not be long in your 'power, I do aſſure you, Miſs. And 'then, having loſt *that* amuſement, it 'will be ſeen, how a mind ſo active as 'yours will be able to employ itſelf.'

This hint alarms me ſo much, that I ſhall inſtantly begin to conceal, in dif-ferent places, pens, ink, and paper; and to depoſit ſome in the ivy ſummer-houſe, if I can find a ſafe place there; and, at the worſt, I have got a pencil of black, and another of red-lead, which I uſe in my drawings; and my patterns ſhall ſerve for paper, if I have no other.

How lucky it was, that I had got away my papers! They made a ſtrict ſearch for them; that I can ſee, by the diſorderly manner they have left all my things in: for you know that I am ſuch an obſerver of method, that I can go to a bit of ribband, or lace, or edging, blindfold. The ſame in my books; which they have ſtrangely diſordered and miſmatched; to look *behind* them, and *in* ſome of them, I ſuppoſe. My cloaths too are rumpled not a little. No place has eſcaped them. To your hint, I thank you, are they indebted for their diſappointment.

The pen, through heavineſs and fa-tigue, dropped out of my fingers, at the word *indebted*. I reſumed it, to finiſh the ſentence; and to tell you, that I am, *your for-ever obliged and affectionate*

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDNESDAY, 11 O'CLOCK, APRIL 5.

I Muſt write as I have opportunity; making uſe of my concealed ſtores: for my pens and ink (all of each that they could find) are taken from me; as I ſhall tell you more particularly by-and-by.

About an hour ago, I depoſited my long letter to you; as alſo, in the uſual place, a billet to Mr. Lovelace, leſt his impatience ſhould put him upon ſome raſhneſs; ſignifying, in four lines, that the interview was over; and that I hoped my ſteady refuſal of Mr. Solmes would diſcourage any further applications to me in his favour.

Although I was unable (through the fatigue I had undergone, and by reaſon of ſitting up all night, to write to you; which made me lie longer than ordinary this morning) to depoſit my letter to you ſooner; yet I hope you will have it in ſuch good time, as that you will be able to ſend me an anſwer to it this night, or in the morning early; which, if ever ſo ſhort, will inform me whether I may depend upon your mother's in-dulgence or not. This it behoves me to know as ſoon as poſſible; for they are reſolved to hurry me away on Saturday next at fartheſt; perhaps to-morrow.

I will now inform you of all that hap-pened previous to their taking away my pen and ink, as well as of the manner in which that act of violence was com-mitted; and this as briefly as I can.

My aunt, who (as well as Mr. Solmes, and my two uncles) lives here, I think, came up to me, and ſaid, She would fain have me hear what Mr. Solmes had to ſay of Mr. Lovelace—Only that I might be apprized of ſome things, that would convince me what a vile man he is, and what a wretched huſband he muſt make. I might give them what degree of credit I pleaſed; and take them with abatement for Mr. Solmes's intereſted-neſs, if I thought fit. But it might be of uſe to me, were it but to queſtion Mr. Lovelace indirectly upon ſome of them, that related to *myſelf*.

I was indifferent, I ſaid, about what he could ſay of me; as I was ſure it could not be to my diſadvantage; and as *he* had no reaſon to impute to me the forwardneſs which my unkind friends had ſo cauſeleſsly taxed me with.

She ſaid, That he gave himſelf high airs on account of his family; and ſpoke as deſpicably of ours as if an alliance with *us* were beneath him.

I replied, That he was a very unwor-thy man, if it were true, to ſpeak ſlight-ingly of a family, which was as good as his own, 'bating that it was not allied to the peerage: that the dignity itſelf, I thought, conveyed more ſhame than ho-nour to deſcendants, who had not merit to adorn, as well as to be adorned by it: that my brother's abſurd pride, indeed, which made him every-where declare,

he would never marry but to *quality*, gave a diſgraceful preference againſt ours: but that were I to be aſſured, that Mr. Lovelace was capable of ſo mean a pride as to inſult us, or value himſelf on ſuch an accidental advantage, I ſhould think as deſpicably of his ſenſe, as every-body elſe did of his morals.

She inſiſted upon it, that he had taken ſuch liberties; and offered to give ſome inſtances, which, ſhe ſaid, would ſurprize me.

I anſwered, That were it ever ſo certain that Mr. Lovelace had taken ſuch liberties, it would be but common juſtice (ſo much hated as he was by all our family, and ſo much inveighed *againſt* in all companies by them) to enquire into the provocation he had to ſay what was imputed to him, and whether the value ſome of my friends put upon the riches they poſſeſs, (throwing perhaps contempt upon every other advantage, and even diſcrediting *their own* pretenſions to family, in order to depreciate *his*) might not provoke him to like contempts. 'Upon the whole, Madam,' ſaid I, 'can 'you ſay, that the inveteracy lies not as 'much on *our* ſide, as on *his*? Can *he* ſay 'any-thing of *us* more diſreſpectful than 'we ſay of *him*?—And as to the ſuggeſ-'tion, ſo often repeated, that he will 'make a bad huſband, is it poſſible for 'him to uſe a wife worſe than I am 'uſed; particularly by my brother and 'ſiſter?'

'Ah, niece! ah, my dear! how 'firmly has this wicked man attached 'you!'

'Perhaps not, Madam. But really 'great care ſhould be taken by fathers 'and mothers, when they would have 'their daughter of *their* minds in theſe 'particulars, not to ſay things that ſhall 'neceſſitate the child, in honour and 'generoſity, to take part with the man 'her friends are averſe to. But, waving 'all this, as I have offered to renounce 'him for ever, I ſee not why he ſhould 'be mentioned to me, nor why I ſhould 'be wiſhed to hear any-thing about him.'

'Well, but ſtill, my dear, there can 'be no harm to let Mr. Solmes tell you 'what Mr. Lovelace has ſaid of *you*. Se-'verely as you have treated Mr. Solmes, 'he is fond of attending you once more: 'he begs to be heard on this head.'

'If it be proper for me to hear it, 'Madam—'

'It *is*,' eagerly interrupted ſhe, 'very 'proper.'

'Has what he has ſaid of *me*, Madam, 'convinced *you* of Mr. Lovelace's baſe-'neſs?'

'It has, my dear: and that you ought 'to abhor him for it.'

'Then, dear Madam, be pleaſed to 'let me hear it from *your* mouth: there 'is no need that I ſhould ſee Mr. *Solmes*, 'when it will have double the weight 'from *you*. What, Madam, has the 'man dared to ſay of *me*?'

My aunt was quite at a loſs.

At laſt, 'Well,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſee how 'you are attached. I am ſorry for it, 'Miſs. For I do aſſure you, it will ſig-'nify nothing. You muſt be Mrs. 'Solmes; and that in a very few days.'

'If conſent of heart, and aſſent of 'voice, be neceſſary to a marriage, I 'am ſure I never can, nor ever will, be 'married to Mr. Solmes. And what 'will any of my relations be anſwerable 'for, if they force my hand into his, 'and hold it there till the ſervice be 'read; I perhaps inſenſible, and in fits, 'all the time!'

'What a romantic picture of a forced 'marriage have you drawn, niece! Some 'people would ſay, you have given a 'fine deſcription of your own obſtinacy, 'child.'

'My brother and ſiſter would: but 'you, Madam, diſtinguiſh, I am ſure, 'between obſtinacy and averſion.'

'*Suppoſed* averſion may owe it's riſe 'to *real* obſtinacy, my dear.'

'I know my own heart, Madam. I 'wiſh *you* did.'

'Well, but ſee Mr. Solmes once 'more, niece. It will oblige, and make 'for you, more than you imagine.'

'What ſhould I ſee him for, Madam? '—Is the man fond of hearing me de-'clare my averſion to him?—Is he de-'ſirous of having me more and more 'incenſe my friends againſt myſelf!—'*O my cunning, my ambitious brother!*'

'Ah, my dear!'—with a look of pity, as if ſhe underſtood the meaning of my exclamation—'But muſt that neceſſarily 'be the caſe?'

'It muſt, Madam, if they will take 'offence at me for declaring my ſtedfaſt 'deteſtation of Mr. Solmes, as a huſ-'band.'

'Mr. Solmes is to be pitied,' ſaid ſhe. 'He adores you. He longs to ſee you 'once more. He loves you the better 'for your cruel uſage of him yeſterday. 'He is in raptures about you.'

'Ugly creature,' thought I, 'he in 'raptures!'

'What a cruel wretch muſt he be,' ſaid I, 'who can enjoy the diſtreſs to 'which he ſo largely contributes!—But 'I ſee, I ſee, Madam, that I am con-'ſidered as an animal to be baited, to

'make,

'make ſport for my brother and ſiſter, 'and Mr. Solmes. They are all, all 'of them, wanton in their cruelty.—*I*, 'Madam, ſee the man!—the man ſo 'incapable of pity!—Indeed I will not 'ſee him, if I can help it.—Indeed I 'will not.'

'What a conſtruction does your live-'ly wit put upon the admiration Mr. 'Solmes expreſſes of you!—Paſſionate 'as you were yeſterday, and contemp-'tuouſly as you treated him, he doats 'upon you for the very ſeverity by 'which he ſuffers. He is not ſo unge-'nerous a man as you think him: nor 'has he an unfeeling heart.—Let me 'prevail upon you, my dear, (as your '*father* and *mother* expect it of you) to 'ſee him once more, and hear what he 'has to ſay to you.'

'How can I conſent to ſee him again, 'when yeſterday's interview was inter-'preted by you, Madam, as well as by 'every other, as an encouragement to 'him? When I myſelf declared, that 'if I ſaw him a *ſecond* time by my own 'conſent, it might be ſo taken? And 'when I am determined never to en-'courage him?'

'You might ſpare your reflections up-'on *me*, Miſs. I have no thanks either 'from one ſide or the other.'

And away ſhe flung.

'Deareſt Madam!' ſaid I, following her to the door—

But ſhe would not hear me further, and her ſudden breaking from me occaſioned a hurry to ſome mean liſtener; as the ſlipping of a foot from the landing-place on the ſtairs diſcovered to me.

I had ſcarcely recovered myſelf from this attack, when up came Betty—'Miſs,' ſaid ſhe, 'your company is deſired 'below-ſtairs in your own parlour.'

'By whom, Betty?'

'How can I tell, Miſs?—Perhaps by 'your ſiſter, perhaps by your brother—'I know they won't come up-ſtairs to 'your apartment again.'

'Is Mr. Solmes gone, Betty?'

'I believe he is, Miſs—Would you 'have him ſent for back?' ſaid the bold creature.

Down I went: and to whom ſhould I be ſent for, but to my brother and Mr. Solmes? The latter ſtanding ſneaking behind the door, ſo that I ſaw him not, till I was mockingly led by the hand into the room by my brother. And then I ſtarted as if I had beheld a ghoſt.

'You are to ſit down, Clary.'

'And what then, brother?'

'Why then, you are to put off that 'ſcornful look, and hear what Mr. 'Solmes has to ſay to you.'

'Sent for down to be baited again?' thought I.

'Madam,' ſaid Mr. Solmes, as if in haſte to ſpeak, leſt he ſhould not have an opportunity given him, [and indeed he judged right] 'Mr. Lovelace is a 'declared *marriage-hater*, and has a de-'ſign upon your honour, if ever—'

'Baſe accuſer!' ſaid I in a paſſion, ſnatching my hand from my brother, who was inſolently motioning to give it to Mr. Solmes; 'he has not!—he dares 'not!—But *you* have, if endeavouring 'to force a free mind be to diſhonour 'it!'

'O thou violent creature!' ſaid my brother.—'But not gone yet!'—for I was ruſhing away.

'What mean you, Sir,' [ſtruggling vehemently to get away] 'to detain me 'thus againſt my will?'

'You ſhall not go, Violence;' claſping his unbrotherly arms about me.

'Then let not Mr. Solmes ſtay.—'Why hold you me thus? He ſhall not 'for *your own* ſake, if I can help it, ſee 'how barbarouſly a brother can treat a 'ſiſter who deverves not evil treatment.'

And I ſtruggled ſo vehemently to get from him, that he was forced to quit my hands; which he did with theſe words —'Be gone then, Fury!—How ſtrong 'is will!—There is no holding her.'

And up I flew to my chamber, and locked myſelf in, trembling, and out of breath.

In leſs than a quarter of an hour, up came Betty. I let her in upon her tapping, and aſking (half out of breath too) for admittance.

'The Lord have mercy upon us!' ſaid ſhe.—'What a *confuſion of a houſe* is 'this!'[hurrying up and down, fanning herſelf with her handkerchief] 'Such 'angry maſters and miſtreſſes!—Such 'an obſtinate young lady!—Such an 'humble lover!—Such enraged uncles! '—Such—O dear!—dear! What a top-'ſy-turvy houſe is this?—And all for 'what, trow?—Only becauſe a young 'lady *may* be happy, and will *not*?—'Only becauſe a young lady *will* have a 'huſband, and will *not* have a huſband? 'What hurly-burlies are here, where 'all uſed to be peace and quietneſs!'

Thus ſhe ran on to herſelf; while I ſat as patiently as I could (being aſſured that her errand was not deſigned to be a welcome one to me) to obſerve when her ſoliloquy would end.

At laſt, turning to me—'I muſt do as

'I am bid. I can't help it—Don't be 'angry with me, Miſs. But I muſt carry 'down your pen and ink: and that, this 'moment.'

'By whoſe order?'

'By your papa's and mamma's.'

'How ſhall I know that?'

She offered to go to my cloſet: I ſtepped in before her: 'Touch it if you 'dare.'

Up came my couſin Dolly—'Madam! '—Madam!' ſaid the poor weeping good-natured creature, in broken ſentences—'You muſt—indeed you muſt—'deliver to Betty—or to me—your pen 'and ink.'

'Muſt I, my ſweet couſin? Then I 'will to you; but not to this bold body.' And ſo I gave my ſtandiſh to her.

'I am ſorry, very ſorry,' ſaid Miſs, 'to be the meſſenger: but your papa 'will not have you in the ſame houſe 'with him: he is reſolved you ſhall be 'carried away to-morrow or Saturday 'at fartheſt. And therefore your pen 'and ink are taken away that you may 'give nobody notice of it.'

And away went the dear girl, very ſorrowful, carrying down with her my ſtandiſh, and all it's furniture, and a little parcel of pens beſide, which having been ſeen when the great ſearch was made, ſhe was bid to aſk for. As it happened, I had not diminiſhed it, having hid half a dozen crow quills in as many different places. It was lucky; for I doubt not they had numbered how many were in the parcel.

Betty ran on, telling me, That my mother was now as much incenſed againſt me, as any-body—That my doom was fixed—That my violent behaviour had not left one to plead for me—That Mr. Solmes bit his lip, and muttered, and *ſeemed to have more in his head, than could come out at his mouth*; that was her phraſe.

And yet ſhe alſo hinted to me, that the cruel wretch took pleaſure in ſeeing me; although ſo much to my diſguſt—And ſo wanted to ſee me again. Muſt he not be a ſavage, my dear?

The wench went on—That my uncle Harlowe ſaid, That now *he* gave me up—That he pitied Mr. Solmes—Yet hoped he would not think of this to my detriment hereafter: That my uncle Antony was of opinion, that I ought to ſmart for it: *And*, for *her* part—And then, as one of the family, ſhe gave her opinion of the ſame ſide.

As I have no other way of hearing any-thing that is ſaid or intended below, I bear ſometimes more patiently than I otherwiſe ſhould do with her impertinence. And indeed ſhe ſeems to be in all my brother's and ſiſter's counſels.

Miſs Hervey came up again, and demanded an half-pint ink-bottle which they had ſeen in my cloſet.

I gave it her without heſitation.

If they have no ſuſpicion of my being able to write, they will perhaps let me ſtay longer than otherwiſe they would.

This, my dear, is now my ſituation.

All my dependence, all my hopes, are in your mother's favour. But for that, I know not *what* I might do: for who can tell what will come next?

LETTER XXXV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDNESDAY, FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

I Am juſt returned from depoſiting the letter I ſo lately finiſhed, and ſuch of Mr. Lovelace's letters as I have not ſent you. My long letter I found remaining there—So you will have both together.

I am concerned, methinks, it is not with you.—But your ſervant cannot always be at leiſure. However, I will depoſit as faſt as I write. I muſt keep nothing by me now; and when I write, lock myſelf in, that I may not be ſurprized now they think I have no pen and ink.

I found in the uſual place another letter from this diligent man: and by it's contents, a confirmation that nothing paſſes in this houſe but he knows it; and that almoſt as ſoon as it paſſes. For this letter muſt have been written before he could have received my billet; and depoſited, I ſuppoſe, when that was taken away; yet he compliments me in it upon aſſerting myſelf (as he calls it) on that occaſion to my uncle and to Mr. Solmes.

He aſſures me, however, that they are more and more determined to ſubdue me.

He ſends me the compliments of his family; and acquaints me with their earneſt deſire to ſee me amongſt them. Moſt vehemently does he preſs for my quitting this houſe, while it is in my power to get away: and again craves leave to order his uncle's chariot-and-ſix to attend my commands at the ſtile leading to the coppice adjoining to the paddock.

Settlements to my own will he again offers.

offers. Lord M. and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty to be guarantees of his honour and juſtice. But, if I chuſe not to go to either of thoſe ladies, nor yet to make him the happieſt of men ſo ſoon as it is nevertheleſs his hope that I will, he urges me to withdraw to my own houſe, and to accept of my Lord M. for my guardian and protector till my couſin Morden arrives. He can contrive, he ſays, to give me eaſy poſſeſſion of it, and will fill it with his female relations on the firſt invitation from me; and Mrs. Norton, or Miſs Howe, may be undoubtedly prevailed upon to be with me for a time. There can be no pretence for litigation, he ſays, when I am once in it. Nor, if I chuſe to have it ſo, will he appear to viſit me; nor preſume to mention marriage to me till all is quiet and eaſy; till every method I ſhall preſcribe for a reconciliation with my friends is tried; till my couſin comes; till ſuch ſettlements are drawn as he ſhall approve of for me; and that I have unexceptionable proofs of his own good behaviour.

As to the diſgrace a perſon of my character may be apprehenſive of upon quitting my father's houſe, he obſerves, (too truly I doubt) that the treatment I meet with is in every-one's mouth: yet, he ſays, that the public voice is in my favour: my friends themſelves, he ſays, *expect* that I will do myſelf what he calls, this juſtice: why elſe do they confine me? He urges, that, thus treated, the independence I have a right to will be my ſufficient excuſe, going but from their houſe to my own, if I chuſe that meaſure; or in order to take poſſeſſion of my own, if I do not: that all the diſgrace I *can* receive, they have already given me: that his concern and his family's concern in my honour, will be equal to my own, if he may be ſo happy ever to call me his: and he preſumes, he ſays, to aver, that no family can better ſupply the loſs of my own friends to me than his, in whatever way I ſhall do them the honour to accept of his and their protection.

But he repeats, that, in all events, he will oppoſe my being carried to my uncle's; being well aſſured, that I ſhall be loſt to him for ever, if once I enter into that houſe. He tells me, that my brother and ſiſter, and Mr. Solmes, deſign to be there to receive me: that my father and mother will not come near me till the ceremony is actually over: and that then they will appear, in order to try to reconcile me to my odious huſband, by urging upon me the obligations I ſhall be ſuppoſed to be under from a double duty.

How, my dear, am I driven on one ſide, and invited on the other!—This laſt intimation is but a too probable one. All the ſteps they take ſeem to tend to this! And, indeed, they have declared almoſt as much.

He owns, that he has already taken his meaſures upon this intelligence—But that he is *ſo* deſirous for *my ſake* (I muſt *ſuppoſe*, he ſays, that he owes *them* no forbearance *for their own*) to avoid coming to extremities, that he has ſuffered a perſon, whom they do not ſuſpect, to acquaint them with his reſolutions, as if come at by accident, if they perſiſt in their deſign to carry me by violence to my uncle's; in hopes, that they may be induced from the fear of miſchief which may enſue, to *change* their meaſures: and yet he is aware, that he has expoſed himſelf to the greateſt riſques by having cauſed this intimation to be given them; ſince, if he cannot benefit himſelf by their fears, there is no doubt but they will doubly guard themſelves againſt him upon it.

What a dangerous enterprizer, however, is this man!

He begs a few lines from me by way of anſwer to this letter, either this evening, or to-morrow morning. If he be not ſo favoured, he ſhall conclude, from what he knows of the fixed determination of my relations, that I ſhall be under a cloſer reſtraint than before: and he ſhall be obliged to take his meaſures according to that preſumption.

You will ſee by this abſtract, as well as by his letter preceding this, (for both run in the ſame ſtrain) how ſtrangely forward the difficulty of my ſituation has brought him in his declarations and propoſals; and in his threatenings too: which, but for that, I would not take from him.

Something, however, I muſt ſpeedily reſolve upon, or it will be out of my power to help myſelf.

Now I think of it, I will incloſe his letter, (ſo might have ſpared the abſtract of it) that you may the better judge of all his propoſals, and intelligence; and leſt it ſhould fall into other hands. I cannot forget the contents, although I am at a loſs what anſwer to return.

I cannot bear the thoughts of throwing myſelf upon the protection of his friends—But I will not examine his propoſals cloſely till I hear from you. Indeed, I have no *eligible* hope, but in

your

your mother's goodneſs. *Here* is a protection I could more *reputably* fly to, than to that of any other perſon: and from hers ſhould be ready to return to my father's, (for the breach then would not be irreparable, as it would be, if I fled to his family;) to *return*, I repeat, on ſuch terms as ſhall ſecure but my *negative*; not my *independence*; I do not aim at that, (ſo ſhall lay your mother under the leſs difficulty;) although I have a right to be put into poſſeſſion of my grandfather's eſtate, if I were to inſiſt upon it—Such a right, I mean, as my brother exerts in the eſtate left *him*; and which nobody diſputes.—God forbid, that I ſhould ever think myſelf freed from my father's *reaſonable* controul, whatever right my grandfather's will has given me! He, good gentleman, left me that eſtate, as a reward of my duty, and not to ſet me above it, as has been unjuſtly hinted to me: and this reflection makes me more fearful of not anſwering the intention of ſo valuable a bequeſt.—O that my friends knew but my heart!—Would but think of it as they uſed to do!—For once more, I ſay, if it deceive me not, it is not altered, although theirs are!

Would but your mother permit you to ſend her chariot, or chaiſe, to the bye-place where Mr. Lovelace propoſes Lord M.'s ſhall come, (provoked, intimidated, and apprehenſive, as I am) I would not heſitate a moment what to do. Place me any-where, as I have ſaid before—In a cot, in a garret; any-where—Diſguiſed as a ſervant—or let me paſs as a ſervant's ſiſter—So that I may but eſcape Mr. Solmes on one hand, and the diſgrace of refuging with the family of a man at enmity with my own, on the other; and I ſhall be in ſome meaſure happy!—Should your good mother refuſe me, what refuge, or whoſe, can I fly to?—Deareſt creature, adviſe your diſtreſſed friend.

I BROKE off here—I was ſo exceſſively uneaſy, that I durſt not truſt myſelf with my own reflections: I therefore went down to the garden, to try to calm my mind, by ſhifting the ſcene. I took but one turn upon the filberd-walk, when Betty came to me. 'Here, Miſs, 'is your papa—Here is your uncle Antony!—Here is my young maſter—and 'my young miſtreſs, coming to take a 'walk in the garden; and your papa 'ſends me to ſee where you are, for 'fear he ſhould meet you.'

I ſtruck into an oblique path, and got behind the yew-hedge, ſeeing my ſiſter appear; and there concealed myſelf till they were gone paſt me.

My mother, it ſeems, is not well. My poor mother keeps her chamber—Should ſhe be worſe, I ſhould have an additional unhappineſs, in apprehenſion that my reputed undutifulneſs has touched her heart.

You cannot imagine what my emotions were behind the yew-hedge, on ſeeing my father ſo near me. I was glad to look at him through the hedge as he paſſed by: but I trembled in every joint, when I heard him utter *theſe* words: 'Son James, to you—and to Bella—and 'to you, brother—do I wholly commit 'this matter.' That I was meant, I cannot doubt. And yet, why was I ſo affected; ſince I may be ſaid to have been given up to the cruelty of my brother and ſiſter for many days paſt?

WHILE my father remained in the garden, I ſent my dutiful compliments to my mother, with enquiry after her health, by Shorey, whom I met accidentally upon the ſtairs; for none of the ſervants, except my gaolereſs, dare to throw themſelves in my way. I had the mortification of ſuch a return, as made me repent my meſſage, though not my concern for her health. 'Let her not 'enquire after the diſorders ſhe occa-'ſions,' was the harſh anſwer. 'I will 'not receive any compliments from her.'

Very, *very* hard, my dear! Indeed it it very hard.

I HAVE the pleaſure to hear that my mother is already better. A colicky diſorder, to which ſhe is too ſubject. It is hoped it is gone off—God ſend it may!—Every evil that happens in this houſe is owing to me!

This good news was told me, with a circumſtance very unacceptable; for Betty ſaid, ſhe had orders to let me know, that my garden-walks and poultry-viſits were ſuſpected; and that both will be prohibited, if I ſtay here till Saturday or Monday.

Poſſibly this is ſaid by order, to make me go with leſs reluctance to my uncle's.

My mother bid her ſay, if I expoſtulated about theſe orders, and about my pen and ink, that reading was more to the purpoſe, at preſent, than writing: that by the one, I might be taught my duty; that the other, conſidering whom I was believed to write to, only ſtiffened my will: that my needle-works had better be purſued, than my airings; which were

were obſerved to be taken in all weathers.

So, my dear, if I do not reſolve upon ſomething ſoon, I ſhall neither be able to avoid the intended evil, nor have it in my power to correſpond with you.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

ALL is in a hurry below-ſtairs. Betty is in and out like a ſpy. Something is working, I know not what. I am really a good deal diſordered in body as well as mind. Indeed I am quite heart-ſick.

I will go down, though it is almoſt dark, on pretence of getting a little air and compoſure. Robert has my two former, I hope, before now: and I will depoſit this, with Lovelace's incloſed, if I can, for fear of another ſearch.

I know not what I ſhall do!—All is ſo ſtrangely buſy!—Doors clapped to—Going out of one apartment, hurryingly, as I may ſay, into another. Betty in her alarming way, ſtaring, as if of frighted importance; twice with me in half an hour; called down in haſte by Shorey the laſt time; leaving me with ſtill *more* meaning in her looks and geſtures—Yet poſſibly nothing in all this worthy of my apprehenſions.

Here again comes the creature, with her deep-drawn affected ſighs, and her *O dear's! O dear's!*

MORE dark hints thrown out by this ſaucy creature. But ſhe will not explain herſelf. Suppoſe this pretty buſineſs ends in murder? ſhe ſays; I may rue my oppoſition, as long as I live, for aught ſhe knows. Parents will not be *baffled* out of their children by impudent gentlemen; nor is it fit they ſhould. It may come home to me when I leaſt expect it.

Theſe are the gloomy and perplexing hints this impertinent throws out. Probably they ariſe from the information Mr. Lovelace ſays he has ſecretly permitted them to have (from this vile double-faced agent, I ſuppoſe!) of his reſolution to prevent my being carried to my uncle's.

How *juſtly*, if ſo, may this exaſperate them!—How am I driven to and fro, like a feather in the wind, at the pleaſure of the raſh, the ſelfiſh, and the head-ſtrong! and when I am as averſe to the proceedings of the one, as I am to thoſe of the other! For although I was induced to carry on this unhappy correſpondence, as I think I ought to call it, in hopes to prevent miſchief; yet indiſcreet meaſures are fallen upon by the man, before I, who am ſo much concerned in the event of the preſent contentions, can be conſulted: and between his violence on one hand, and that of my relations on the other, I find myſelf in danger from both.

O my dear! what is worldly wiſdom but the height of folly?—I, the meaneſt, at leaſt the youngeſt, of my father's family, to thruſt myſelf in the gap between ſuch uncontroulable ſpirits!—To the intercepting perhaps of the deſigns of Providence, which may intend to make theſe hoſtile ſpirits their own puniſhers.—If ſo, what preſumption!—Indeed, my friend, I am afraid I have thought myſelf of too much conſequence. But, however this be, *it is good, when calamities befal us, that we ſhould look into ourſelves, and fear.*

If I am prevented depoſiting this and the incloſed, (as I intend to try to do, late as it is) I will add to it as occaſion ſhall offer. Mean time, believe me to be *your ever-affectionate and grateful*

CL. HARLOWE.

Under the ſuperſcription, written with a pencil, after ſhe went down.

My two former are not yet taken away.—I am ſurprized—I hope you are well—I hope all is right betwixt your mother and you.

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY MORNING, (APRIL 9.)

I Have your three letters. Never was there a creature more impatient on the moſt intereſting uncertainty than I was, to know the event of the interview between you and Solmes.

It behoves me to account to my dear friend, in her preſent unhappy ſituation, for every-thing that may have the leaſt appearance of negligence or remiſſneſs on my part. I ſent Robin in the morning early, in hopes of a depoſit. He loitered about the place till near ten to no purpoſe; and then came away; my mother having given him a letter to carry to Mr. Hunt's, which he was to deliver before three, when only, in the day-time, that gentleman is at home; and to bring her back an anſwer to it. Mr. Hunt's houſe, you know, lies wide from Harlowe Place. Robin but juſt ſaved his time; and returned not till it was too late to ſend him again. I could only direct him to ſet out before day this morning; and, if he got any letter, to ride as for his life to bring it to me.

I lay by myſelf: a moſt uneaſy night I had through impatience; and being diſcompoſed with it, lay longer than uſual. Juſt as I was riſen, in came Kitty, from Robin, with your three letters. I was not a quarter dreſſed; and only ſlipped on my morning-facque; proceeding no further till I had read them all through, long as they are: and yet I often ſtopped to rave aloud (though by myſelf, at the deviliſh people you have to deal with.

How my heart riſes at them all! How poorly did they deſign to trick you into an encouragement of Solmes, from the extorted interview!—I am very, very angry at your aunt Hervey—To give up her own judgment ſo tamely!—And, not content to do ſo, to become ſuch an *active* inſtrument in their hands!—But it is ſo like the world!—So like my mother too!—Next to her own child, there is not any-body living ſhe values ſo much as ſhe does you—Yet it is—'Why ſhould 'we embroil ourſelves, Nancy, with the 'affairs of other people?'

'*Other people!*'—How I hate the poor words, where friendſhip is concerned, and where the protection to be given may be of ſo much conſequence to a friend, and of ſo little detriment to one's ſelf!

I am delighted with your ſpirit, however. I expected it not from you. Nor did they, I am ſure. Nor would *you*, perhaps, have exerted it, if Lovelace's intelligence of Solmes's nurſery-offices had not ſet you up. I wonder not that the wretch is ſaid to love you the better for it. What an honour would it be to him to have ſuch a wife? And he can be even with you when you are ſo. He muſt indeed be a ſavage, as you ſay.—Yet he is leſs to blame for his perſeverance, than thoſe of your own family, whom moſt you reverence, for theirs.

It is well, as I have often ſaid, that I have not ſuch provocations and trials; I ſhould perhaps long ago have taken your couſin Dolly's advice—Yet dare I not to touch that key.—I ſhall always love the good girl for her tenderneſs to you.

I know not what to ſay to Lovelace; nor what to think of his promiſes, nor of his propoſals to you. It is certain that you are highly eſteemed by all his family. The ladies are perſons of unblemiſhed honour. My Lord M. is alſo (as men and peers go) a man of honour. I could tell what to adviſe any other perſon in the world to do but you. So much expected from you!—Such a ſhining light!—Your quitting your father's houſe, and throwing yourſelf into the protection of a family, however honourable, that has a man in it, whoſe perſon, parts, declarations, and pretenſions, will be thought to have engaged your warmeſt eſteem—Methinks I am rather for adviſing that you ſhould get privately to London; and not to let either him, or any-body elſe but me, know where you are, till your couſin Morden comes.

As to going to your uncle's, that you muſt not do, if you can help it. Nor muſt you have Solmes, that's certain: not only becauſe of his unworthineſs in every reſpect, but becauſe of the averſion you have ſo openly avowed to him; which every body knows and talks of; as they do of your approbation of the other. For your reputation-ſake therefore, as well as to prevent miſchief, you muſt either live ſingle, or have Lovelace.

If you think of going to London, let me know; and I hope you will have *time* to allow me a further concert as to the manner of your getting away, and thither, and how to procure proper lodgings for you.

To obtain this *time*, you muſt palliate a little, and come into ſome ſeeming compromiſe, if you cannot do otherwiſe. Driven as you are driven, it will be ſtrange if you are not obliged to part with a few of your admirable punctilios.

You will obſerve from what I have written, that I have not ſucceeded with my mother.

I am extremely mortified and diſappointed. We have had very ſtrong debates upon it. But, beſides the narrow argument of *embroiling ourſelves with other people's affairs*, as above-mentioned, ſhe will have it, that it is your duty to comply. She ſays, ſhe was *always* of opinion that daughters ſhould implicitly ſubmit to the will of their parents in the great article of marriage: and that ſhe governed herſelf accordingly in marrying my father; who at firſt was more the choice of her parents than her own.

This is what ſhe argues in behalf of her favourite Hickman, as well as for Solmes in your caſe.

I muſt not doubt, but my mother always governed herſelf by this principle—becauſe ſhe *ſays* ſhe did. I have likewiſe another reaſon to believe it; which you ſhall have, though it may not become me to give it—That they did not live ſo very happily together, as one would hope people might do who married preferring each other at the time, to the reſt of the world.

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Somebody ſhall fare never the better for this double-meant policy of my mother, I do aſſure you. Such a retroſpection in her arguments to him, and to his addreſs, it is but fit that *he* ſhould ſuffer for *my* mortification in failing to carry a point upon which I had ſet my whole heart.

Think, my dear, if in any way I can ſerve you. If you allow of it, I proteſt I will go off privately with you, and we will live and die together. Think of it. Improve upon my hint, and command me.

A little interruption.—What is breakfaſt to the ſubject I am upon?

LONDON, I am told, is the beſt hiding-place in the world. I have written nothing but what I will ſtand to at the word of command. Women love to engage in knight-errantry, now-and-then, as well as to encourage it in the men. But in your caſe, what I propoſe, will not ſeem to have any thing of that nature in it. It will enable me to perform what is no more than a duty in ſerving and comforting a dear and worthy friend, who labours under undeſerved oppreſſion: and you will *ennoble*, as I may ſay, your Anna Howe, if you allow her to be your companion in affliction.

I will engage, my dear, we ſhall not be in town together one month, before we ſurmount all difficulties; and this without being beholden to any men-fellows for their protection.

I muſt repeat what I have often ſaid, That the authors of your perſecutions would not have preſumed to ſet on foot their ſelfiſh ſchemes againſt you, had they not depended upon the gentleneſs of your ſpirit: though now, having gone ſo far, and having engaged *Old* AUTHORITY in it, [Chide me if you will!] neither *he* nor *they* know how to recede.

When they find you out of their reach, and know that I am with you, you'll ſee how they'll pull in their odious horns.

I think, however, that you ſhould have written to your couſin Morden the moment they had begun to treat you diſgracefully.

I ſhall be impatient to hear whether they will attempt to carry you to your uncle's. I remember, that Lord M.'s diſmiſſed bailiff reported of Lovelace, that he had ſix or ſeven companions as bad as himſelf; and that the country was always glad when they left it. He actually *has*, as I hear, ſuch a knot of them about him now. And, depend upon it, he will not ſuffer them to carry you to your uncle's: and whoſe muſt you be, if he ſucceeds in taking you from them?

I tremble for you but upon *ſuppoſing* what may be the conſequences of a conflict upon this occaſion. Lovelace owes ſome of them vengeance. This gives me a double concern, that my mother ſhould refuſe her conſent to the protection I had ſet my heart upon procuring for you.

My mother will not breakfaſt without me. A quarrel has it's conveniences ſometimes. Yet too much love, I think, is as bad as too little.

WE have juſt now had another pull. Upon my word, ſhe is *exceſſively*—What ſhall I ſay?—*unperſuadable*—I muſt let her off with that ſoft word.

Who was the old Greek, that ſaid, *He* governed Athens; his *wife*, him; and his *ſon*, her?

It was not my mother's fault [I am writing to *you*, you know] that ſhe did not govern my *father*. But I am but a *daughter!*—Yet I thought I was not quite ſo powerleſs when I was ſet upon carrying a point, as I find myſelf to be.

Adieu, my dear!—Happier times muſt come—And that quickly too.—The ſtrings cannot long continue thus overſtrained. They muſt break or be relaxed. In either way, the certainty muſt be preferable to the ſuſpence.

One word more!

I think in my conſcience you muſt take one of theſe two alternatives; either to conſent to let us go to London together privately; [In which caſe, I will procure a vehicle, and meet you at your appointment at the ſtile to which Lovelace propoſes to bring his uncle's chariot] or, to put yourſelf into the protection of Lord M. and the ladies of his family.

You have another, indeed; and that is, if you are abſolutely reſolved againſt Solmes, to meet and marry Lovelace directly.

Which ſoever of theſe you make choice of, you will have this plea, both to yourſelf, and to the world, that you are concluded by the ſame uniform principle that has governed your whole conduct, ever ſince the contention between Lovelace and your brother has been on foot: that is to ſay, that you have choſen a leſſer evil, in hope to prevent a greater.

Adieu! and Heaven direct for the beſt my beloved creature, prays *her*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 6.

I Thank you, my deareſt friend, for the pains you have taken in accounting ſo affectionately for my papers not being taken away yeſterday; and for the kind protection you would have procured for me, if you could.

This kind protection was what I wiſhed for: but my wiſhes, raiſed at firſt by your love, were rather governed by my deſpair of other refuge [having before caſt about, and not being able to determine, what I *ought* to do, and what I *could* do, in a ſituation ſo unhappy] than by a reaſonable hope. For why indeed ſhould any-body embroil themſelves for others, when they can avoid it?

All my conſolation is, as I have frequently ſaid, that I have not, by my own inadvertence or folly, brought myſelf into this ſad ſituation. If I *had*, I ſhould not have dared to look up to any-body with the expectation of protection or aſſiſtance, nor to you for excuſe of the trouble I give you. But nevertheleſs we ſhould not be angry at a perſon's not doing that for ourſelves, or for our friend, which ſhe thinks ſhe ought *not* to do; and which ſhe has it in her option either to *do*, or to *let it alone*. Much leſs have you a right to be diſpleaſed with ſo prudent a mother, for not engaging herſelf ſo warmly in my favour, as you wiſhed ſhe would. If my own aunt can give me up, and that againſt her judgment, as I may preſume to ſay; and if my father and mother, and uncles, who once loved me ſo well, can join ſo ſtrenuouſly againſt me; can *I* expect, or ought *you*, the protection of your mother, in *oppoſition* to them?

Indeed, my dear love, [Permit me to be *very* ſerious] I am afraid I am ſingled out (either for my own faults, or for the faults of my family, or perhaps for the faults of both) to be a very unhappy creature!—*ſignally* unhappy! For ſee you not how irreſiſtibly the waves of affliction come tumbling down upon me?

We have been till within theſe few weeks, every one of us, too happy. No croſſes, no vexations, but what we gave ourſelves from the *pamperedneſs*, as I may call it, of our own wills. Surrounded by our heaps and ſtores, hoarded up as faſt as acquired, we have ſeemed to think ourſelves out of the reach of the bolts of adverſe fate. I was the pride of all my friends, proud *myſelf* of *their* pride, and glorying in my ſtanding. Who knows what the juſtice of Heaven may inflict, in order to convince us, that we are not out of the reach of misfortune; and to reduce us to a better reliance, than what we have hitherto preſumptuouſly made?

I ſhould have been very little the better for the *converſation-viſits* which the good Dr. Lewen uſed to honour me with, and for the principles *wrought* (as I may ſay) into my earlieſt mind by my pious Mrs. Norton, founded on her reverend father's experience, as well as on her own, if I could not thus retroſpect and argue, in ſuch a ſtrange ſituation as we are in. *Strange*, I may well call it; for don't you ſee, my dear, that we ſeem all to be *impelled*, as it were, by a perverſe fate, which none of us are able to reſiſt?—And yet all ariſing (with a ſtrong appearance of ſelf-puniſhment) from ourſelves? Do not my parents ſee the hopeful children, from whom they expected a perpetuity of worldly happineſs to their branching family, now grown up to anſwer the *till* now diſtant hope, ſetting their angry faces againſt each other, pulling up by the roots, as I may ſay, that hope which was ready to be carried into a probable certainty?

Your partial love will be ready to acquit me of *capital* and *intentional* faults:—but oh, my dear! my calamities have humbled me enough to make me turn my gaudy eye inward; to make me look into myſelf.—And what have I diſcovered there?—Why, my dear friend, more *ſecret* pride and vanity than I could have thought had lain in my unexamined heart.

If *I* am to be ſingled out to be the *puniſher* of myſelf and family, who ſo lately was the *pride* of it, pray for me, my dear, that I may not be left wholly to myſelf; and that I may be enabled to ſupport my character, ſo as to be *juſtly* acquitted of wilful and premeditated faults. The will of Providence be reſigned to in the reſt: as *that* leads, let me patiently and unrepiningly, follow!—I ſhall not live always!—May but my *cloſing* ſcene be happy!

But I will not oppreſs you, my deareſt friend, with further reflections of this ſort. I will take them all into myſelf. Surely I have a mind that has room for them. My afflictions are too ſharp to laſt long. The criſis is at hand. Happier times you bid me hope for. I *will* hope.

BUT yet, I cannot but be impatient

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at times, to find myself thus driven, and my character so depreciated and sunk, that were all the *future* to be happy, I should be ashamed to shew my face in public, or to look up. And all by the instigation of a selfish brother, and envious sister.

But let me stop: let me reflect!—Are not these suggestions the suggestions of the *secret* pride I have been censuring? Then, *already* so impatient! But this moment so resigned, so much better disposed for reflection! Yet it is hard, it is *very* hard, to subdue an embittered spirit!—In the instant of it's trial too!—O my cruel brother!—But now it rises again.—I will lay down a pen I am so little able to govern.—And I will try to subdue an impatience, which (if my afflictions are sent me for corrective ends) may otherwise lead me into still more punishable errors.

I WILL return to a subject, which I cannot fly from for ten minutes together—called upon especially as I am, by your three alternatives stated in the conclusion of your last.

As to the first; to wit, *Your advice for me to escape to London*—Let me tell you, that the other hint or proposal which accompanies it, perfectly frightens me—Surely, my dear, (happy as you are, and indulgently treated as your mother treats you) you cannot mean what you propose! What a wretch must I be, if, for *one* moment only, I could lend an ear to such a proposal as this!—*I*, to be the occasion of making such a mother's (perhaps *shortened*) life unhappy to the last hour of it!—*Ennoble* you, my dear creature! How must such an enterprize (the rashness *public*, the motives, were they excusable, *private*) debase you!—But I will not dwell upon the subject—For your *own* sake I will not.

As to your second alternative, *To put myself into the protection of Lord M. and of the ladies of that family*, I own to you, (as I believe I have owned before) that although to do this would be the same thing in the eye of the world as putting myself into Mr. Lovelace's protection, yet I think I would do it rather than be Mr. Solmes's wife, if there were evidently no other way to avoid being so.

Mr. Lovelace, you have seen, proposes to contrive a way to put me into possession of my own house; and he tells me, that he will soon fill it with the ladies of his family, as my visitors;—upon my invitation, however, to them. A very inconsiderate proposal I think it to be, and upon which I cannot explain myself to him. What an exertion of independence does it chalk out for me! How, were I to attend to *him*, (and not to the natural consequences to which the following of his advice would lead me) might I be drawn by *gentle* words into the perpetration of the most *violent* acts!—For how could I gain possession, but either by legal litigation, which, were I *inclined* to have recourse to it, (as I never can be) must take up time; or by forcibly turning out the persons whom my father has placed there, to look after the gardens, the house, and the furniture—persons entirely attached to himself, and who, as I know, have been lately instructed by my brother?

Your third alternative, *To meet and marry Mr. Lovelace directly*; a man with whose morals I am far from being satisfied—A step, that could not be taken with the least hope of obtaining pardon from or reconciliation with any of my friends; and against which a thousand objections rise in my mind—*That* is not to be thought of.

What appears to me, upon the fullest deliberation, the most eligible, if I *must* be thus driven, is the escaping to London. But I would forfeit all my hopes of happiness in this life, rather than you should go away with me, as you rashly, though with the kindest intention, propose. If I could get safely thither, and be private, methinks I might remain absolutely independent of Mr. Lovelace, and at liberty either to make proposals to my friends, or, should they renounce me, (and I had no other or better way) to make terms with him; supposing my cousin Morden, on his arrival, were to join with my other relations. But they would *then* perhaps indulge me in my choice of a single life, on giving him up; the renewing to them this offer, when at my own liberty, will at least convince them, that I was in earnest when I made it first. And, upon my word, I *would* stand to it, dear as you seem to think, when you are disposed to rally me, it would cost me, *to* stand it.

If, my dear, you can procure a vehicle for us *both*, you can perhaps procure one for me *singly*: but can it be done without embroiling *yourself* with your mother, or *her* with our family?—Be it coach, chariot, chaise, waggon, or horse, I matter not, provided you appear not to have a hand in my withdrawing. Only, in case it be one of the two latter, I believe I must desire you to get me an ordinary gown and coat, or habit, of

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ſome ſervant; having no concert with any of our own: the more ordinary the better. They muſt be thruſt into the Wood Houſe; where I can put them on: and then ſlide down from the bank, that ſeparates the Wood Yard from the Green Lane.

But, alas! my dear, this, even *this* alternative, is not without difficulties, which, to a ſpirit ſo little enterprizing as mine, ſeem in a manner inſuperable. Theſe are my reflections upon it.

I am afraid, in the firſt place, that I ſhall not have time for the requiſite preparations for an eſcape.

Should I be either detected in thoſe preparations, or purſued and overtaken in my flight, and ſo brought back, then would they think themſelves doubly warranted to compel me to have their Solmes: and, conſcious of an intended fault, perhaps, I ſhould be the leſs able to contend with them.

But were I even to get ſafely to London, I know nobody there but by name; and thoſe the tradeſmen to our family; who no doubt would be the firſt written to and engaged to find me out. And ſhould Mr. Lovelace diſcover where I was, and he and my brother meet, what miſchiefs might enſue between them, whether I were willing or not to return to Harlowe Place!

But ſuppoſing I could remain there concealed, to what might not my youth, my ſex, and unacquaintedneſs of the ways of that great, wicked town, expoſe me!—I ſhould hardly dare to go to church for fear of being diſcovered. People would wonder how I lived. Who knows but I might paſs for a kept-miſtreſs; and that, although nobody came to me, yet, that every-time I went out, it might be imagined to be in purſuance of ſome aſſignation?

You, my dear, who alone would know where to direct to me, would be watched in all your ſteps, and in all your meſſages; and your mother, at preſent not highly pleaſed with our correſpondence, would then have reaſon to be *more* diſpleaſed; and might not differences follow between her and you, that would make me very unhappy, were I to know them? And this the more likely, as you take it ſo unaccountably (and, give me leave to ſay, ſo ungenerouſly) into your head, to revenge yourſelf upon the innocent Mr. Hickman, for all the diſpleaſure your mother gives you?

Were Lovelace to find out my place of abode, that would be the ſame thing in the eye of the world as if I had actually gone off with him: for would he, do you think, be prevailed upon to forbear viſiting me? And then his unhappy character (a fooliſh man!) would be no credit to any young creature deſirous of concealment. Indeed the world, let me eſcape whither, and to whomſoever I could, would conclude *him* to be the contriver of it.

Theſe are the difficulties which ariſe to me on revolving this ſcheme; which, nevertheleſs, might appear ſurmountable to a more enterprizing ſpirit in my circumſtances. If you, my dear, think them ſurmountable in any one of the caſes put, [and to be ſure I can take no courſe, but what muſt have *ſome* difficulty in it] be pleaſed to let me know your free and full thoughts upon it.

Had *you*, my dear friend, been married, then ſhould I have had no doubt but that you and Mr. Hickman would have afforded an aſylum to a poor creature more than half loſt in her own apprehenſion for want of one kind protecting friend!

You ſay I ſhould have written to my couſin Morden the moment I was treated diſgracefully: but could I have believed that my friends would not have ſoftened by degrees when they ſaw my antipathy to their Solmes?

I had thoughts indeed ſeveral times of writing to my couſin: but by the time an anſwer could have come, I imagined all would have been over, as if it had never been; ſo from day to day, from week to week, I hoped on; and, after all, I might as reaſonably fear (as I have heretofore ſaid) that my couſin would be brought to ſide againſt me, as that ſome of thoſe I have named would.

And then to appeal to a *couſin* [I muſt have written with *warmth*, to engage him] againſt a *father*; this was not a deſirable thing to ſet about. Then I had not, you know, one ſoul on my ſide; my mother herſelf againſt me. To be ſure my couſin would have ſuſpended his judgment till he could have arrived. He might not have been in haſte to come, hoping the malady would cure itſelf: but *had* he written, his letters probably would have run in the qualifying ſtile; to perſuade *me* to ſubmit, or *them* only to relax. Had his letters been more on *my* ſide than on *their*s, they would not have regarded them; nor perhaps *himſelf*, had he come and been an advocate for me; for you ſee how ſtrangely determined they are; how they have over-awed or got in every-body;

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ſo that no one dare to open their lips in my behalf. And you have heard that my brother puſhes his meaſures with the more violence, that all may be over with me before my couſin's expected arrival.

But you tell me, that, in order to gain time, I muſt *palliate*; that I muſt ſeem to compromiſe with my friends: but how *palliate*? how *ſeem* to compromiſe? You would not have me endeavour to make them believe, that I will conſent to what I never intend to conſent to! You would not have me gain time with a view to *deceive*!

To *do evil, that good may come of it*, is forbidden: and ſhall I do evil, yet know not whether good may come of it or not?

Forbid it, Heaven! that Clariſſa Harlowe ſhould have it in her thought to *ſerve*, or even to *ſave* herſelf at the expence of her ſincerity, and by a *ſtudied* deceit!

And is there, after all, no way to eſcape one great evil, but by plunging myſelf into another?—What an ill-fated creature am I?—Pray for me, my deareſt Nancy!—My mind is at preſent ſo much diſturbed, that I can hardly pray for myſelf.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE alarming hurry I mentioned under my date of laſt night, and Betty's ſaucy dark hints, come out to be owing to what I gueſſed they were; that is to ſay, to the private intimation Mr. Lovelace contrived our family ſhould have of his inſolent reſolution [*inſolent* I muſt call it] to prevent my being carried to my uncle's.

I ſaw at that time that it was as *wrong* with reſpect to anſwering his own view, as it was *inſolent*: for could he think, as Betty (I ſuppoſe from her betters) juſtly obſerved, that parents would be inſulted out of their right to diſpoſe of their own child, by a violent man, whom they hate; and who could have no pretenſion to diſpute that right with them, unleſs what he had from *her* who had none over herſelf? And how muſt this inſolence of his, aggravavated as my brother is able to aggravate it, exaſperate them againſt me?

The raſh man has indeed ſo far gained his point, as to intimidate them from attempting to carry me away: but he has put them upon a ſurer and a more deſperate meaſure; and this has driven me alſo into one *as* deſperate; the conſequence of which, although he could not foreſee it, may perhaps too well anſwer his great end, little as he deſerves to have it anſwered.

In ſhort, I have done, as far as I know, the moſt raſh thing that ever I did in my life.

But let me give you the motive, and then the action will follow of courſe.

About ſix o'clock this evening, my aunt (who ſtays here all night; on my account, no doubt) came up, and tapped at my door; for I was writing; and had locked myſelf in. I opened it; and ſhe entering, thus delivered herſelf—

'I come once more to viſit you, my 'dear; but ſorely againſt my will; be-'cauſe it is to impart to you matters of 'the utmoſt concern to you, and to the 'whole family.'

'What, Madam, is now to be done 'with me?' ſaid I, wholly attentive.

'You will not be hurried away to 'your uncle's, child; let that comfort 'you.—They ſee your averſion to go. '—You will not be obliged to go to 'your uncle Antony's.'

'How you revive me, Madam! 'This is a cordial to my heart!'

I little thought, my dear, what was to follow this ſuppoſed condeſcenſion.

And then I ran over with bleſſings for this good news; (and ſhe permitted me ſo to do, by her ſilence) congratulating myſelf, that I *thought* my father could not reſolve to carry things to the laſt extremity.

'Hold, niece,' ſaid ſhe, at laſt—You 'muſt not give yourſelf too much joy 'upon the occaſion, neither.—Don't be 'ſurprized, my dear.—Why look you 'upon me, child, with ſo affecting an 'earneſtneſs?—But you muſt be Mrs. 'Solmes, for all that.'

I was dumb.

She then told me, that they had had undoubted information, that a certain deſperate *ruffian* (I muſt excuſe her that word, ſhe ſaid) had prepared armed men to way-lay my brother and uncles, and ſeize me, and carry me off.—Surely, ſhe ſaid, I was not conſenting to a violence that might be followed by murder on one ſide or the other; perhaps on both.

I was ſtill ſilent.

That therefore my father (ſtill more exaſperated than before) had changed his reſolution as to my going to my uncle's; and was determined next Tueſday to ſet out thither *himſelf* with my mother;

mother; and that (for it was to no purpoſe to conceal a reſolution ſo ſoon to be put in execution)—I muſt not diſpute it any longer—on Wedneſday I muſt give my hand—as they would have me.

She proceeded, That orders were already given for a licence: that the ceremony was to be performed in my own chamber, in preſence of all my friends, except of my father and mother; who would not return, nor ſee me, till all was over, and till they had a good account of my behaviour.

The very intelligence, my dear!—the very intelligence this, which Lovelace gave me!

I was ſtill dumb—Only ſighing, as if my heart would break.

She went on, comforting me, as ſhe thought. She laid before me the merit of obedience; and told me, that if it were my deſire that my Norton ſhould be preſent at the ceremony, it would be complied with: that the pleaſure I ſhould receive from reconciling all my friends to me, and in their congratulations upon it, muſt needs overbalance with ſuch a one as me, the difference of perſons, however preferable I might think the one man to the other; that love was a fleeting thing, little better than a name, where morality and virtue did not diſtinguiſh the object of it: that a choice made by it's dictates was ſeldom happy; at leaſt not *durably* ſo; nor was it to be wondered at, when it naturally exalted the objects above it's merits, and made the lover blind to faults, that were viſible to every-body elſe; ſo that when a nearer intimacy ſtript it of its imaginary perfections, it left frequently both parties ſurprized, that they could be ſo groſsly cheated; and that then the indifference became ſtronger than the love ever was. That a woman gave a man great advantages, and inſpired him with great vanity, when ſhe avowed her love for him, and preference of him; and was generally requited with inſolence and contempt: whereas the confeſſedly-obliged man, it was probable, would be all reverence and gratitude—and I cannot tell what.

'You, my dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'believe 'you ſhall be unhappy, if you have 'Mr. Solmes: your parents think the 'contrary; and that you will be un-'doubtedly ſo, were you to have Mr. 'Lovelace, whoſe morals are unqueſ-'tionably bad: ſuppoſe it were your 'ſad lot to be unhappy with either, let 'me beſeech you to conſider, what 'great conſolation you will have on one 'hand, if you purſue your parents ad-'vice, that you did ſo; what mortifica-'tion on the other, that, by following 'your own, you have nobody to blame 'but yourſelf.'

This, you remember, my dear, was an argument enforced upon me by Mrs. Norton.

Theſe and other obſervations which ſhe made, were worthy of my aunt Hervey's good ſenſe and experience, and, applied to almoſt any young creature who ſtood in oppoſition to her parents will, but one who had offered to make the ſacrifices I have offered to make, ought to have had their due weight. But although it was eaſy to anſwer ſome of them in my own particular caſe; yet, having over and over, to my mother, *before* my confinement, and to my brother and ſiſter, and even to my aunt Hervey, *ſince*, ſaid what I muſt now have repeated, I was ſo much mortified and afflicted at the cruel tidings ſhe brought me, that however attentive I was to what ſhe ſaid, I had neither power nor will to anſwer one word; and, had ſhe not ſtopped of herſelf, ſhe might have gone on an hour longer, without interruption from me.

Obſerving this, and that I only ſat weeping, my handkerchief covering my face, and my boſom heaving ready to burſt; 'What! no anſwer, my dear? '—Why ſo much *ſilent* grief? You know 'I always loved you. You know, that 'I have no intereſt in the affair. You 'would not permit Mr. Solmes to ac-'quaint you with ſome things which 'would have ſet your heart againſt Mr. 'Lovelace. Shall I tell you ſome of the 'matters charged againſt him?—Shall 'I, my dear?'

Still I anſwered only by my tears and ſighs.

'Well, child, you ſhall be told theſe 'things afterwards, when you will be 'in a better ſtate of mind to hear them; 'and then you will rejoice in the eſcape 'you will have had. It will be ſome 'excuſe, then, for you to plead for your 'behaviour to Mr. Solmes, that you 'could not have believed Mr. Lovelace 'had been ſo very vile a man.'

My heart fluttered with impatience and anger at being ſo plainly talked to as the wife of this man; but yet I then choſe to be ſilent. If I had ſpoken, it would have been with vehemence.

'Strange, my dear, ſuch ſilence!—'Your concern is infinitely more on this 'ſide the day, than it will be on the 'other.—But let me aſk you, and do

'not

'not be displeased. Will you chuse to 'see what generous stipulations for you 'there are in the settlements?—You 'have knowledge beyond your years—'Give the writings a perusal: do, my 'dear; they are engrossed, and ready 'for signing, and have been for some 'time.—Excuse me, my love—I mean 'not to disorder you:—your father 'would oblige me to bring them up, and 'to leave them with you. He commands 'you to read them. *But* to read them, 'niece—since they are engrossed, and '*were* before you made them absolutely 'hopeless.'

And then, to my great terror, out she drew some parchments from her handkerchief, which she had kept (unobserved by me) under her apron; and, rising, put them in the opposite window. Had she produced a serpent, I could not have been more frighted.

'Oh! my dearest aunt,' turning away my face, and holding out my hands: 'hide from my eyes those horrid parch-'ments!—Let me conjure you to tell me '—By all the tenderness of near relation-'ship, and upon your honour, and 'by your love for me, say, Are they 'absolutely resolved, that come what 'will, I must be that man's?'

'My dear, you must have Mr. Solmes: 'indeed you must.'

'Indeed, I never will! This, as I 'have said, over and over, is not ori-'ginally my father's will.—Indeed I 'never will—And that is all I will say!'

'It is your father's will *now*,' replied my aunt: 'and, considering how all 'the family is threatened by Mr. Love-'lace, and the resolution he has cer-'tainly taken to force you out of their 'hands, I cannot but say they are in the 'right, not to be bullied out of their 'child.'

'Well, Madam, then nothing remains 'for me to say. I am made desperate. 'I care not what becomes of me.'

'Your piety, and your prudence, my 'dear, and Mr. Lovelace's immoral 'character, together with his daring in-'sults, and threatenings, which ought 'to incense *you*, as much as any-body, 'are every one's dependence. We are 'sure the time will come, when you'll 'think very differently of the steps your 'friends take to disappoint a man who 'has made himself so justly obnoxious 'to them all.'

She withdrew; leaving me full of grief and indignation:—and as much out of humour with Mr. Lovelace as with any-body; who, by his conceited contrivances, has made things worse for me than before; depriving me of the hopes I had of gaining time to receive your advice, and private assistance to get to town; and leaving me no other advice in all appearance, than either to throw myself upon his family, or be made miserable for ever with Mr. Solmes. But I was still resolved to avoid both these evils, if possible.

I found Betty in the first place, (whom my aunt sent up, not thinking it proper, as Betty told me, that I should be left by myself, and who, I found, knew their designs) whether it were not probable that they would forbear, at my earnest entreaty, to push matters to the threatened extremity.

But she confirmed all my aunt said; rejoicing (as she said they all did) that Mr. Lovelace had given them so good a pretence to save me from him now, and for ever.

She ran on about equipages bespoken; talked of my brother's and sister's exultations that now the whole family would soon be reconciled to each other; of the servants joy upon it; of the expected licence; of a visit to be paid me by Dr. Lewen, or another clergyman, whom they named not to *her*; which was to crown the work; and of other preparations, so particular as made me dread that they designed to surprize me into a still nearer day than next Wednesday.

These things made me excessively uneasy. I knew not what to resolve upon.

At one time, 'What have I to do,' thought I, 'but to throw myself at 'once into the protection of Lady Betty 'Lawrance?'—But then, in resentment of his *fine* contrivances, which had so abominably disconcerted me, I soon resolved to the contrary; and at last concluded to ask the favour of another half-hour's conversation with my aunt.

I sent Betty to her with my request.

She came.

I put it to her in the most earnest manner, to tell me, whether I might not obtain the favour of a fortnight's respite?

She assured me, it would not be granted.

Would a week? Surely a week would?

She believed a week might, if I would promise two things: the first, upon my honour, not to write a line out of the house, in that week; for it was still suspected, she said, that I found means to write to *somebody*. And, secondly, to marry Mr. Solmes at the expiration of it.

'Impoſſible! Impoſſible!' I ſaid, with paſſion.—What! might not I be obliged with one week, without ſuch a horrid condition as the laſt?

She would go down, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe might not ſeem of her own head to put upon me what I thought a hardſhip ſo great.

She went down: and came up again.

Did I want, was the anſwer, to give the vileſt of men an opportunity to put his murderous ſchemes into execution?—It was time for them to put an end to my obſtinacy (they were tired out with me) and to his hopes at once. And an end *ſhould* be put on Tueſday or Wedneſday next, at fartheſt; unleſs I would give my honour to comply with the condition upon which my aunt had been ſo good as to allow me a longer time.

I even ſtamped with impatience!—I called upon her to witneſs, that I was guiltleſs of the conſequence of this compulſion; this *barbarous* compulſion, I called it; let that conſequence be what it would.

My aunt chid me in a higher ſtrain than ever ſhe did before.

While I, in a half phrenzy, inſiſted upon ſeeing my father: ſuch uſage, I ſaid, ſet me above fear. I would rejoice to owe my death to him, as I did my life.

I did go down half-way of the ſtairs, reſolved to throw myſelf at his feet wherever he was.—My aunt was frighted. She owned, that ſhe feared for my head.—Indeed I was in a perfect phrenzy for a few minutes—But hearing my brother's voice, as talking to ſomebody in my ſiſter's apartment juſt by, I ſtopt; and heard the barbarous deſigner ſay, ſpeaking to my ſiſter, 'This works 'charmingly, my dear Arabella!'

'It does! It does!' ſaid ſhe, in an exulting accent.

'Let us keep it up,' ſaid my brother.—'The villain is caught in his own trap! '—Now muſt ſhe be what we would have 'her be.'

'Do you keep my father to it; I'll 'take care of my mother,' ſaid Bella.

'Never fear!' ſaid he.—And a laugh of congratulation to each other, and deriſion of me, (as I made it out) quite turned my frantick humour into a vindictive one.

My aunt then juſt coming down to me, and taking my hand, led me up; and tried to ſoothe me.

My raving was turned into ſullenneſs.

She preached patience and obedience to me.

I was ſilent.

At laſt ſhe deſired me to aſſure her, that I would offer no violence to myſelf.

God, I ſaid, had given me more grace, I hoped, than to permit me to be guilty of ſo horrid a raſhneſs. I was his creature, and not my own.

She then took leave of me; and I inſiſted upon her taken down with her the odious parchments.

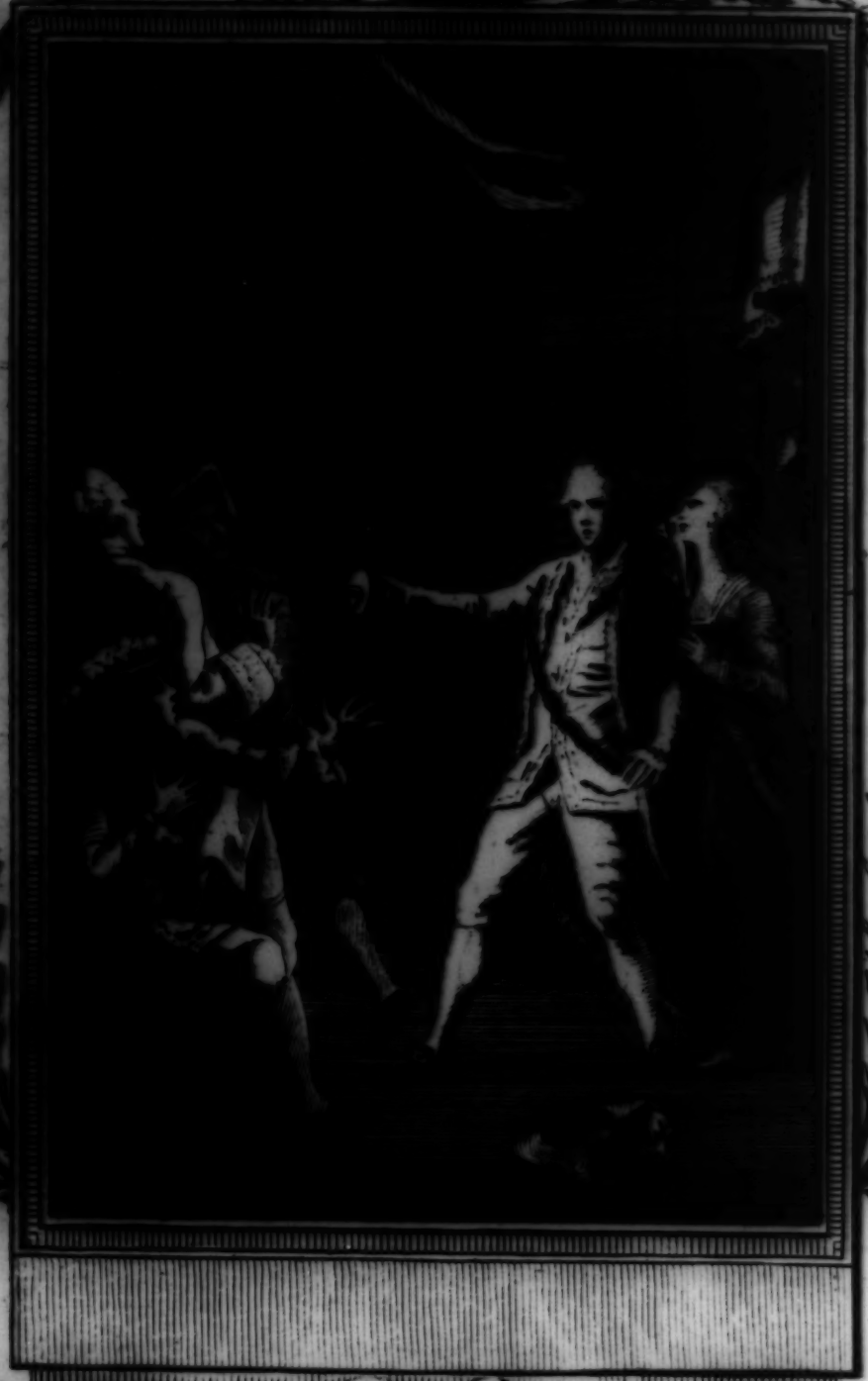
Seeing me in ſo ill an humour, and very earneſt that ſhe ſhould take them with her, ſhe took them; but ſaid, that my father ſhould not know that ſhe did; and hoped I would better conſider of the matter, and be calmer next time they were offered to my peruſal.

I revolved after ſhe was gone all that my brother and ſiſter had ſaid. I dwelt upon their triumphings over me; and found riſe in my mind a rancour that was new to me; and which I could not withſtand.—And putting every-thing together, dreading the near day, what could I do?—Am I in any manner excuſable for what I *did* do?—If I ſhall be condemned by the world, who know not my provocations, may *I* be acquitted by you?—If *not*, I am unhappy indeed!—For this I did.

Having ſhaken off the impertinent Betty, I wrote to Mr. Lovelace, to let him know, That all that was threatened at my uncle Antony's was intended to be executed *here*. That I had come to a reſolution to throw myſelf upon the protection *of either of his two aunts*, who would afford it me—In ſhort, that by endeavouring to obtain leave on Monday to dine in the Ivy Summer Houſe, I would, if poſſible, meet him without the garden-door, at two, three, four, or five o'clock on Monday afternoon, as I ſhould be able. That in the mean time he ſhould acquaint me, *whether I might hope for either of thoſe ladies protection*: and if I might, I abſolutely inſiſted that *he ſhould leave me with either, and go to London himſelf, or remain at Lord M.'s; nor offer to viſit me, till I were ſatisfied that nothing could be done with my friends in an amicable way; and that I could not obtain poſſeſſion of my own eſtate*, and leave to live upon it; and particularly, *that he ſhould not hint marriage to me, till I conſented to hear him upon that ſubject*.—I added, that if he could prevail upon one of the Miſſes Montague to *favour me with her company on the road*, it would make me abundantly more eaſy in the thoughts of carrying into effect a reſolution which I had not come to, although ſo driven, but with the utmoſt reluctance and concern;



HOGG's NEW NOVELIST's MAGAZINE.



CLARISSA's *Dream where she imagines* LOVELACE *is Revenging himself on her Relations for a supposed Plot.*

Published by Alex^r. Hogg, June 4. 1793.

cern; and which would throw such a slur upon my reputation in the eye of the world, as perhaps I should never be able to wipe off.

This was the purport of what I wrote; and down into the garden I slid with it in the dark, which at another time I should not have had the courage to do; and deposited it, and came up again unknown to any-body.

My mind so dreadfully misgave me when I returned, that to divert in some measure my encreasing uneasiness, I had recourse to my private pen; and in a very short time ran this length.

And now, that I am come to this part, my uneasy reflections begin again to pour in upon me. Yet what can I do? —I believe I shall take it back again the first thing I do in the morning—Yet what *can* I do?

And who knows but they may have a still earlier day in their intention, than that which will too soon come?

I hope to deposit this early in the morning for you, as I shall return from resuming my letter, if I do resume it as my *inwardest* mind bids me.

Although it is now near two o'clock, I have a good mind to slide down once more, in order to take back my letter. Our doors are always locked and barred up at eleven; but the seats of the lesser hall-windows being almost even with the ground without, and the shutters not difficult to open, I could easily get out.

Yet why should I be thus uneasy, since, should the letter go, I can but hear what Mr. Lovelace says to it? His aunts live at too great a distance for him to have an immediate answer from them; so I can scruple going to them till I have invitation. I can *insist* upon one of his cousins meeting me, as I have hinted, and accompanying me in the chariot; and he may not be able to obtain that favour from either of them. Twenty things may happen to afford me a suspension at least: why should I be so very uneasy?—When likewise I can take back my letter early, before it is probable he will have the thought of finding it there. Yet he owns he spends three parts of his days, and has done for this fortnight past, in loitering about sometimes in one disguise, sometimes in another, besides the attendance given by his trusty servant when he himself is not *in waiting*, as he calls it.

But these strange forebodings!—Yet I can, if you advise, cause the chariot he shall bring with him to carry me directly for town, whither in my Lovelace scheme, if you were to approve it, I had proposed to go: and this will save you the trouble of procuring for me a vehicle; as well as prevent any suspicion from your mother of your contributing to my escape.

But, solicitous of your advice, and approbation too, if I can have it, I will put an end to this letter.

Adieu, my dearest friend, adieu!

LETTER XXXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEVEN O'CLOCK, (APRIL 7.)

MY aunt Hervey, who is a very early riser, was walking in the garden, (Betty attending her, as I saw from my window this morning) when I arose; for after such a train of fatigue and restless nights, I had unhappily overslept myself: so all I durst venture upon, was, to step down to my poultry-yard, and deposit mine of yesterday, and last night. And I am just come up; for she is still in the garden. This prevents me from going to resume my letter, as I think still to do; and hope it will not be too late.

I said, I had unhappily overslept myself: I went to bed at about half an hour after two. I told the quarters till five; after which I dropped asleep, and awaked not till past six, and then in great terror, from a dream, which has made such an impression upon me, that, slightly as I think of dreams, I cannot help taking this opportunity to relate it to you.

Methought my brother, my uncle Antony, and Mr. Solmes, had formed a plot to destroy Mr. Lovelace; who discovering it, and believing I had a hand in it, turned all his rage against me. I thought he made them all fly into foreign parts upon it; and afterwards seizing upon me, carried me into a church-yard; and there, notwithstanding all my prayers and tears, and protestations of innocence, stabbed me to the heart, and then tumbled me into a deep grave ready dug, among two or three half-dissolved carcases; throwing in the dirt and earth upon me with his hands, and trampling it down with his feet.

I awoke in a cold sweat, trembling, and in agonies; and still the frightful images raised by it, remain upon my memory.

But why ſhould I, who have ſuch *real* evils to contend with, regard *imaginary* ones? This, no doubt, was owing to my diſturbed imagination; huddling together wildly all the frightful ideas which my aunt's communications and diſcourſe, my letter to Mr. Lovelace, my own uneaſineſs upon it, and the apprehenſions of the dreaded Wedneſday, furniſhed me with.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

THE man, my dear, has got the letter! —What a ſtrange diligence! I wiſh he mean me well, that he takes ſo much pains!—Yet, to be ingenuous, I muſt own, that I ſhould be diſpleaſed if he took leſs—I wiſh, however, he had been an hundred miles off!—What an advantage have I given him over me!

Now the letter is out of my power, I have more uneaſineſs and regret than I had before. For, till now, I had a doubt, whether it ſhould or ſhould not go: and now I think it ought *not* to have gone. And yet is there any other way than to do as I have done, if I would avoid Solmes? But what a giddy creature ſhall I be thought, if I purſue the courſe to which this letter muſt lead me?

My deareſt friend, tell me, Have I done wrong?—Yet do not *ſay* I have, if you *think* it; for ſhould all the world beſides condemn me, I ſhall have ſome comfort, if *you* do not. The firſt time I ever beſought you to flatter me. That, of itſelf, is an indication that I have done wrong, and am afraid of hearing the truth—O tell me (but yet do not tell me) if I have done wrong!

FRIDAY, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

My aunt has made me another viſit. She began what ſhe had to ſay with letting me know, that my friends are all perſuaded that I ſtill correſpond with Mr. Lovelace; as is plain, ſhe ſaid, by hints and menaces he throws out, which ſhew that he is apprized of ſeveral things that have paſſed between my relations and me, ſometimes within a very little while after they have happened.

Although I approve not of the method he ſtoops to take to come at his intelligence, yet it is not prudent in me to clear myſelf by the ruin of the corrupted ſervant, (although his vileneſs has neither my connivance, nor approbation) ſince my doing ſo might occaſion the detection of my own correſpondence; and ſo fruſtrate all the hopes I have to avoid this Solmes. Yet it is not at all unlikely, that this very agent of Mr. Lovelace acts a double part between my brother and him: how elſe can *our family* know (ſo *ſoon* too) his menaces upon the paſſages they hint at?

I aſſured my aunt, that I was too much aſhamed of the treatment I met with, (and that for every-one's ſake as well as for my own) to acquaint Mr. Lovelace with the particulars of that treatment, even were the means of correſponding with him afforded me: that I had reaſon to think, that if he were to know of it from me, we muſt be upon ſuch terms, that he would not ſcruple making ſome viſits, which would give me great apprehenſions. They all knew, I ſaid, that I had no communication with any of my father's ſervants, except my ſiſter's Betty Barnes: for although I had a good opinion of them all, and believed, if left to their own inclinations that they would be glad to ſerve me; yet, finding by their ſhy behaviour, that they were under particular direction, I had forborne, ever ſince my Hannah had been ſo diſgracefully diſmiſſed, ſo much as to ſpeak to any of them, for fear I ſhould be the occaſion of *their* loſing their places too. They muſt, therefore, account among *themſelves* for the intelligence Mr. Lovelace met with, ſince neither my brother nor ſiſter, (as Betty had frequently, in praiſe of their open hearts, informed me) nor perhaps their favourite Mr. Solmes, were at all careful before whom they ſpoke, when they had any-thing to throw out againſt him, or even againſt *me*, whom they took great pride to join with him on this occaſion.

It was but too natural, my aunt ſaid, for my friends to ſuppoſe, that he had his intelligence (part of it at leaſt) from me; who, thinking myſelf hardly treated, might complain of it, if not to him, to Miſs Howe; which, perhaps, might be the ſame thing; for they knew Miſs Howe ſpoke as freely of them, as they could do of Mr. Lovelace; and muſt have the particulars ſhe ſpoke of, from ſomebody who knew what was done here. That this determined my father to bring the whole matter to a ſpeedy iſſue, leſt fatal conſequences ſhould enſue.

'I perceive you are going to ſpeak 'with warmth,' proceeded ſhe, [*and ſo I was.*] 'For my own part, I am ſure, you 'would not write any-thing, if you *do* 'write, to enflame ſo violent a ſpirit. '—But this is not the end of my pre'ſent viſit.

'You cannot, my dear, but be con'vinced, that your father *will* be *obeyed*.

'The

'The more you contend againſt his will, 'the more he thinks himſelf obliged to 'aſſert his authority. Your mother de- 'ſires me to tell you, that if you will 'give her the leaſt hopes of a dutiful 'compliance, ſhe will be willing to ſee 'you in her cloſet juſt now, while your 'father is gone to take a walk in the 'garden.'

'Aſtoniſhing perſeverance!' ſaid I— 'I am tired with making declarations 'and with pleadings on this ſubject; 'and had hoped, that my reſolution be- 'ing ſo well known, I ſhould not have 'been further urged upon it.'

'You miſtake the purport of my pre- 'ſent viſit, Miſs,' [looking gravely]— 'Heretofore you have been *deſired* and '*prayed* to obey and oblige your friends. '*Entreaty* is at an end: they give it up. 'Now it is *reſolved upon*, that your fa- 'ther's will *is to be obeyed*; as it is fit it 'ſhould. Some things are laid at your 'door, as if you concurred with Love- 'lace's threatened violence to carry you 'off, which your mother will not be- 'lieve She will tell you her own good 'opinion of you. She will tell you how 'much ſhe ſtill loves you; and what ſhe 'expects of you on the approaching 'occaſion. But yet, that ſhe may not be 'expoſed to an oppoſition, which would 'the more provoke her, ſhe deſires that 'you will firſt aſſure her that you go 'down with a reſolution to do that with 'a grace which muſt be done with or 'without a grace. And beſides, ſhe 'wants to give you ſome advice how 'to proceed in order to reconcile your- 'ſelf to your father, and to every-body 'elſe. Will you go down, Miſs Clary, 'or will you not?'

I ſaid, I ſhould think myſelf happy, could I be admitted to my mother's preſence, after ſo long a baniſhment from it; but that I could not wiſh it upon thoſe terms.

'And this is your anſwer, niece?'

'It muſt be my anſwer, Madam. 'Come what may, I never will have 'Mr. Solmes. It is cruel to preſs this 'matter ſo often upon me.—I never 'will have that man.'

Down ſhe went with diſpleaſure. I could not help it. I was quite tired with ſo many attempts, all to the ſame purpoſe. I am amazed that they are not!—So little variation! And no conceſſion on either ſide!

I will go down and depoſit this; for Betty has ſeen I have been writing. The ſaucy creature took a napkin, and dipped it in water, and with a fleering air, 'Here, Miſs;' holding the wet corner to me.

'What's that for?' ſaid I.

'Only, Miſs, one of the fingers of 'your right-hand, if you pleaſe to look 'at it.'

It was inky.

I gave her a look: but ſaid nothing.

But leſt I ſhould have another ſearch, I will cloſe here. CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XL.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, ONE O'CLOCK.

I Have a letter from Mr. Lovelace, full of tranſports, vows, and promiſes. I will ſend it to you incloſed. You'll ſee how he engages in it for Lady Betty's protection, and for Miſs Charlotte Montague's accompanying me. I have nothing to do, but to perſevere, he ſays, and prepare to receive the perſonal congratulations of his whole family.

But you'll ſee how he preſumes upon my being *his*, as the conſequence of throwing myſelf into that lady's protection.

The chariot-and-ſix is to be ready at the place he mentions. You'll ſee as to the ſtur upon my reputation about which I am ſo apprehenſive, how boldly he argues. Generouſly enough, indeed, were I to be *his*; and had given him to believe that I would.—But that I have not done.

How one ſtep brings on another with this encroaching ſex! How ſoon may a young creature, who gives a man the leaſt encouragement, be carried beyond her intentions, and out of her own power! You would imagine, by what he writes, that I have given him reaſon to think that my averſion to Mr. Solmes is all owing to my favour for him.

The dreadful thing is that, comparing what he writes from his intelligencer of what is deſigned againſt me, though he ſeems not to know the threatened day) with what my aunt and Betty aſſure me of, there can be no hope for me, but that I muſt be Solmes's wife, if I ſtay here.

I had better have gone to my uncle Antony's at this rate. I ſhould have gained time, at leaſt, by it. This is the fruit of his fine contrivances!

What we are to do, and how good he is to be: how I am to direct all his future ſteps. All this ſhews, as I ſaid before, that he is ſure of me.

However, I have replied to the following effect: that although I had given him room to expect, that I would put

put myself into the *protection of one of the ladies of his family*; yet as I have three days to come, between this and Monday, and as I still hope that my friends will relent, or that Mr. Solmes will give up a point they will find it impossible to carry; I shall not look upon myself as *absolutely bound by the appointment:* and expect, therefore, if I recede, that I shall not again be called to account for it by him. That I think it necessary to acquaint him, that if by throwing myself upon Lady Betty Lawrance's protection, as he proposed, he understands, *that I mean directly to put myself into his power, he is very much mistaken:* for that there are *many points in which I must be satisfied; several matters to be adjusted*, even after I have left this house, (if I *do* leave it) *before I can think of giving him any particular encouragement:* that in the *first place* he must expect that I will do my utmost to *procure my father's reconciliation and approbation of my future steps:* and that *I will govern myself entirely by his commands*, in every reasonable point, *as much as if I had not left his house:* that if he imagines, I shall not reserve to myself this liberty, but that my withdrawing is to give him any advantages which he would *not otherwise have had*; I am determined to stay where I am, and abide the event, in hopes that my friends will accept of my reiterated promise, *Never to marry him, or any-body else, without their consent.*

This I will deposit as soon as I can. And as he thinks things are near their crisis, I dare say it will not be long before I have an answer to it.

FRIDAY, FOUR O'CLOCK.

I AM really ill. I was used to make the best of any little accidents that befel me, for fear of making my *then* affectionate friends uneasy: but now I shall make the worst of my indisposition, in hopes to obtain a suspension of the threatened evil of Wednesday next. And if I do obtain it, will postpone my appointment with Mr. Lovelace.

Betty has told them that I am very much indisposed. But I have no pity from any-body.

I believe, I am become the object of every-one's aversion; and that they would all be glad I were dead. Indeed, I believe it. 'What ails the perverse 'creature?' cries one.—'Is she love-'sick?' another.

I was in the Ivy Summer House, and came out shivering with cold, as if anguishly affected. Betty observed this, and reported it.—'O, no matter!—Let 'her shiver on!—Cold cannot hurt her. 'Obstinacy will defend her from harm. 'Perverseness is a bracer to a love-sick 'girl, and more effectual than the cold-'bath to make hardy, although the con-'stitution be ever so tender.'

This said by a cruel brother, and heard said by the dearer friends of one, for whom, but a few months ago, every-body was apprehensive at the least blast of wind to which she exposed herself!

Betty, it must be owned, has an admirable memory on these occasions. Nothing of this nature is lost by her repetition: even the very air with which she repeats what she hears said, renders it unnecessary to ask, Who spoke this or that severe thing?

FRIDAY, SIX O'CLOCK.

MY aunt, who again stays all night, has just left me. She came to tell me the result of my friends deliberations about me. It is this:

Next Wednesday morning they are all to be assembled: to wit, my father, mother, my uncles, herself, and my uncle Hervey; my brother and sister of course; my good Mrs. Norton is likewise to be admitted; and Dr. Lewen is to be at hand, to exhort me, it seems, if there be occasion; but my aunt is not certain whether he is to be among them, or to tarry till called in.

When this awful court is assembled, the poor prisoner is to be brought in, supported by Mrs. Norton; who is to be first tutored to instruct me in the duty of a child; which it seems I have forgotten.

Nor is the success at all doubted, my aunt says: since it is not believed that I can be hardened enough to withstand the expostulations of so venerable a judicature, although I have withstood those of several of them separately. And still the less, as she hints at *extraordinary condescensions from my father.* But what condescentions, from even my father, can induce me to make such a sacrifice as is expected from me?

Yet my spirits will never bear up, I doubt, at such a tribunal!—My father presiding in it.

Indeed I expected, that my trials would not be at an end till he had admitted me into his awful presence.

What is hoped from me, she says, is, that I will cheerfully, on Tuesday night, if not before, sign the articles; and so turn the succeeding day's solemn convention into a day of festivity. I am to have the licence sent me up, however,

and once more the ſettlements, that I may ſee how much in earneſt they are.

She further hinted, that my father himſelf would bring up the ſettlements for me to ſign.

O my dear! what a trial will this be! —How ſhall I be able to refuſe to my father the writing of my name?—To my father, from whoſe preſence I have been ſo long baniſhed!—He commanding and entreating, perhaps, in a breath!—How ſhall I be able to refuſe this to my father!

They are ſure, ſhe ſays, ſomething is working on Mr. Lovelace's part, and perhaps on mine: and my father would ſooner follow me to the grave, than ſee me *his* wife.

I ſaid, I was not well: that the very apprehenſions of theſe trials were already inſupportable to me; and would encreaſe upon me, as the time approached; and I was afraid I ſhould be extremely ill.

They had prepared themſelves for ſuch an *artifice* as that, was my aunt's unkind word; and ſhe could aſſure me, it would ſtand me in no ſtead.

'*Artifice!*' repeated I: 'and this from 'my aunt Hervey?'

'Why, my dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'do you 'think people are fools?—Can they not 'ſee, how diſmally you endeavour to 'ſigh yourſelf down within doors?— 'How you hang down your *ſweet face*' [thoſe were the words ſhe was pleaſed to uſe] 'upon your boſom—How you tot- 'ter, as it were, and hold by this chair, 'and by that door-poſt, when you know 'that any-body ſees you.' [This, my dear Miſs Howe, is an aſperſion to faſten hypocriſy and contempt upon me: my brother's or ſiſter's aſperſion!—I am not capable of arts ſo low.] 'But the mo- 'ment you are down with your poultry, 'or advancing upon your garden-walk, 'and, as you imagine, out of every- 'body's ſight, it is ſeen how nimbly you 'trip along; and what an alertneſs go- 'verns all your motions.'

'I ſhould hate myſelf,' ſaid I, 'were 'I capable of ſuch poor *artifices* as theſe. 'I muſt be a fool to uſe them, as well as 'a mean creature; for have I not had 'experience enough, that my friends 'are incapable of being moved in much 'more *affecting inſtances!*—But you'll ſee 'how I ſhall be by Tueſday.'

'My dear, you will not offer any vio- 'lence to your health?—I hope God has 'given you more grace than to do that.'

'I hope he has, Madam. But there 'is violence enough offered, and threa- 'tened, to affect my health; and ſo it 'will be found, without my needing to 'have recourſe to any other, or to *arti- 'fice* either.'

'I'll only tell you one thing, my dear: 'and that is; Ill or well, the ceremony 'will probably be performed before 'Wedneſday night—But this, alſo, I 'will tell you, although beyond my pre- 'ſent commiſſion, that Mr Solmes will 'be under an engagement, (if you ſhould 'require it of him as a favour) after the 'ceremony is paſſed, and Lovelace's 'hopes thereby utterly extinguiſhed, to 'leave you at your father's, and return 'to his own houſe every evening, until 'you are brought to a full ſenſe of your 'duty, and conſent to acknowledge your 'change of name.'

There was no opening of my lips to ſuch a ſpeech as this. I was dumb.

And theſe, my dear Miſs Howe, are they, who, *ſome* of them at leaſt, have called me a romantick girl!—This is my chimerical brother, and wiſe ſiſter; both joining their heads together, I dare ſay. And yet, my aunt told me, that the laſt part was what took in my mother; who had, till that expedient was found out, inſiſted, that her child ſhould not be married, if, through grief or oppoſition, ſhe ſhould be ill, or fall into fits.

This intended violence my aunt often excuſed, by the certain information they pretended to have, of ſome plots or machinations, that were ready to break out, from Mr. Lovelace*: the effects of which were thus cunningly to be fruſtrated.

FRIDAY, NINE O'CLOCK.

AND now, my dear, what ſhall I conclude upon? You ſee how determined —But how can I expect your advice will come time enough to ſtand me in any ſtead? For here I have been down, and already have another letter from Mr. Lovelace, [*the man lives upon the ſpot, I think:*] and I muſt write to him, either that I will or will not ſtand to my firſt reſolution of eſcaping hence on Monday next. If I let him know, that I will not, (appearances ſo ſtrong *againſt* him, and *for* Solmes, even ſtronger than when I

* It may not be amiſs to obſerve in this place, that Mr. Lovelace artfully contrived to drive the family on, by permitting *his* and *their* agent Leman to report machinations, which he had neither intention nor power to execute.

made

made the appointment) will it not be juſtly deemed my own fault, if I am compelled to marry their odious man? And if any miſchief enſue from Mr. Lovelace's rage and diſappointment, will it not lie at my door?—Yet, he offers ſo fair!—Yet, on the other hand, to incur the cenſure of the world, as a giddy creature—But that, as he hints, I have already incurred—What can I do?—O that my couſin Morden—But what ſignifies wiſhing?

I will here give you the ſubſtance of Mr. Lovelace's letter. The letter itſelf I will ſend, when I have anſwered it; but that I will defer doing as long as I can, in hopes of finding reaſon to retract an appointment on which ſo much depends. And yet it is neceſſary you ſhould have all before you as I go along, that you may be the better able to adviſe me in this dreadful criſis.

He begs my pardon for writing with ſo much aſſurance; attributing it to his unbounded tranſport; and entirely acquieſces in my will. He is full of alternatives and propoſals. He offers *to attend me directly to Lady Betty's*; or, if I had rather, *to my own eſtate*; and that my Lord M. ſhall protect me there; [he knows not, my dear, my reaſons for rejecting this inconſiderate advice.] In either caſe, as ſoon as he ſees me ſafe, he will go up to London, or whither I pleaſe; and not come near me, but by my own permiſſion; and till I am ſatisfied in every-thing I am doubtful of, as well with regard to his reformation, as to ſettlements, &c.

To *conduct me to you*, my dear, is another of his propoſals, not doubting, he ſays, but your mother will receive me: or, if that be not agreeable to you, or to your mother, or to me, he will put me *into Mr. Hickman's* protection; whom, no doubt, he ſays, you can influence; and that it may be given out, that I am gone to Bath, or Briſtol, or abroad; wherever I pleaſe.

Again, if it be more agreeable, he propoſes *to attend me privately to London*, where he will procure handſome lodgings for me; and *both his couſins Montague to receive me in them, and to accompany me till all ſhall be adjuſted to my mind*; and *till a reconciliation ſhall be effected*; which he aſſures me nothing ſhall be wanting in him to facilitate; greatly as he has been inſulted by all my family.

Theſe ſeveral meaſures he propoſes to my choice; as it was unlikely, he ſays, that he could procure, *in the time*, a letter from Lady Betty, under her own hand, to invite me in form to her houſe, unleſs he had been himſelf to go to that lady for it; which, at this critical conjuncture, while he is attending my commands, is impoſſible.

He conjures me, in the moſt ſolemn manner, if I would not throw him into utter deſpair, to keep to my appointment.

However, inſtead of threatening my relations, or Solmes, if I recede, he reſpectfully ſays, that he doubts not, but that, if I *do*, it will be upon ſuch reaſons, as he ought to be ſatisfied with; upon no ſlighter, he hopes, than their leaving me at full liberty to purſue my own inclinations: in which (whatever they ſhall be) he will entirely acquieſce; only endeavouring *to make his future good behaviour the ſole ground for his expectation of my favour*.

In ſhort, he ſolemnly vows, that his *whole* view at preſent, is to free me from my impriſonment; and to reſtore me to my own free-will, in a point ſo abſolutely neceſſary to my future happineſs. He declares, that neither the hopes he has of my future favour, nor the conſideration of his own and family's honour, will permit him to propoſe any-thing *that ſhall be inconſiſtent with my own moſt ſcrupulous notions*: and, for my mind's ſake, ſhould chuſe to have the propoſed end obtained by my friends declining to compel me. But that nevertheleſs, as to the world's opinion, it is impoſſible to imagine, that the behaviour of my relations to me has not already brought upon my family thoſe free cenſures which they deſerve, and cauſed the ſtep which I am ſo ſcrupulous about taking, to be no other than the *natural* and *expected* conſequence of their treatment of me.

Indeed, I am afraid all this is true: and it is owing to ſome little degree of politeneſs, that Mr. Lovelace does not ſay all he might ſay on this ſubject: for I have no doubt that I am the talk, and perhaps the bye-word of half the county. If ſo, I am afraid I can now do nothing that will give me more diſgrace than I have already ſo cauſeleſsly received by their indiſcreet perſecutions: and let me be whoſe I will, and do what I will, I ſhall never wipe off the ſtain which my confinement, and the rigorous uſage I have received, have fixed upon me; at leaſt in my own opinion.

I wiſh, if ever I am to be conſidered as one of the eminent family this man is allied to, ſome of them do not think the

worſe of me, for the diſgrace I have received. In that caſe, perhaps, I ſhall be obliged to him, if *he* do not. You ſee how much this harſh, this cruel treatment from my own family has humbled me! But perhaps I was too much exalted before.

Mr. Lovelace concludes, with repeatedly begging an interview with me; and that, *this* night, if poſſible: an honour, he ſays, he is the more encouraged to ſolicit for, as I had twice before made him hope for it. But whether he obtain it or not, he beſeeches me to chuſe one of the alternatives he offers to my acceptance; and not to depart from my reſolution of eſcaping on Monday, unleſs the reaſon ceaſes on which I had taken it up; and that I have a proſpect of being reſtored to the favour of my friends; at leaſt to my own liberty, and freedom of choice.

He renews all his vows and promiſes on this head in ſo earneſt and ſo ſolemn a manner, that (his own *intereſt*, and his family's *honour*, and their *favour* for me, co-operating) I can have no room to doubt of his ſincerity.

LETTER XLI.

MISS CLARISSA HALLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SAT. MORN. 8 O'CLOCK (APRIL 8.)

WHETHER you will blame me or not, I cannot tell, but I have depoſited a letter confirming my reſolution to leave this houſe on Monday next, within the hour mentioned in my former, if poſſible. I have not kept a copy of it. But this is the ſubſtance.

I tell him, That I have no way to avoid the determined reſolution of my friends in behalf of Mr. Solmes, but by abandoning this houſe by his aſſiſtance.

I have not pretended to make a merit with him on this ſcore; for I plainly tell him, That could I, *without an unpardonable ſin*, die when I *would*, I would ſooner make death my choice, than take a ſtep, which all the world, if not my own heart, would condemn me for taking.

I tell him, That I ſhall not try to bring any other cloaths with me, than thoſe I ſhall have on; and thoſe but my common wearing-apparel; leſt I ſhould be ſuſpected. That I muſt expect to be denied the poſſeſſion of my eſtate: but that I am determined never to conſent to a litigation with my father, were I to be reduced to ever ſo low a ſtate. So that the protection I am to be obliged for to any one, muſt be alone for the diſtreſs ſake. That, therefore, he will have nothing to hope for from this ſtep, *that he had not before:* and that, in every light I reſerve to myſelf to *accept or refuſe his addreſs, as his behaviour and circumſpection ſhall appear to me to deſerve.*

I tell him, That I think it beſt to go into a private lodging, in the neighbourhood of Lady Betty Lawrance; and not to her ladyſhip's houſe; that it may not appear to the world, *that I have refuged myſelf in his family*; and that a reconciliation with my friends may not, on that account, be made impracticable: that I will ſend for thither my faithful Hannah; and apprize only Miſs Howe where I am. That *he ſhall inſtantly leave me*, and go to London, or to one of Lord M.'s ſeats; and (as he had promiſed) not come near me, but by my leave; contenting himſelf with a correſpondence by letter only.

That if I find myſelf in danger of being diſcovered, and carried back by violence, I will then throw myſelf directly into the protection either of Lady Betty or Lady Sarah: but *this only in caſe of abſolute neceſſity*; for that it will be more to my reputation, for me, by the beſt means I can, (taking advantage of my privacy) to enter by a ſecond or third hand *into a treaty of reconciliation with my friends.*

That I muſt, however, plainly tell him, that if in this treaty, my friends *inſiſt upon my reſolving againſt marrying him, I will engage to comply with them*; provided they will allow me to promiſe him, *that I will never be the wife of any other man while he remains ſingle, or is living*; that this is a compliment I am willing to pay him, in return for the trouble and pains he has taken, and the uſage he has met with, on my account. Although I intimate, that he may, in a great meaſure thank himſelf (by reaſon of the little regard he has paid to his reputation) for the ſlights he has met with.

I tell him, That I may, in this privacy, write to my couſin Morden, and, if poſſible, intereſt him in my cauſe.

I take ſome brief notice then of his alternatives.

You muſt think, my dear, that this unhappy force upon me, and this projected flight, make it neceſſary for me to account to him much ſooner than I ſhould otherwiſe chuſe to do, for every part of my conduct.

It is not to be expected, I tell him, that your mother will embroil herſelf, or ſuffer you or Mr. Hickman to be embroiled, on my account: and as to his propoſal of my going to London, I

am such an absolute stranger to everybody there, and have such a bad opinion of the place, that I cannot by any means think of going thither; except I should be induced, some time hence, by the ladies of his family to attend them.

As to the meeting he is desirous of, I think it by no means proper; especially as it is so likely that I may soon see him. But that if any-thing occurs to induce me to change my mind, as to withdrawing, I will *then take the first opportunity to see him, and give him my reasons for that change.*

This, my dear, I the less scrupled to write, as it might qualify him to bear such a disappointment, should I give it him; he having, besides, behaved so very unexceptionably when he surprized me some time ago in the lonely Wood House.

Finally, I commend myself, as a person in distress, and *merely as such*, to *his* honour, and to the protection of the ladies of his family. I repeat [most cordially, I am sure!] my deep concern for being forced to take a step so disagreeable, and so derogatory to my honour. And having told him, that I will endeavour to obtain leave to dine in the Ivy Summer House, and to send Betty of some errand, when there, I leave the rest to him; but imagine, that about four o'clock will be a proper time for him to contrive some signal to let me know he is at hand, and for me to unbolt the garden-door.

I added, by way of postscript, That their suspicions seeming to encrease, I advise him to contrive to send or come to the usual place, as frequently as possible, in the interval of time till Monday morning ten or eleven o'clock; as something may possibly happen to make me alter my mind.

O my dear Miss Howe!—what a sad, sad thing is the necessity, forced upon me, for all this preparation and contrivance!—But it is now too late!—But how!—*Too late*, did I say?—What a word is *that!*—what a dreadful thing, were I to repent, to *find* it to be too late to remedy the apprehended evil!

SATURDAY, TEN O'CLOCK.

MR. SOLMES is here. He is to dine with his new relations, as Betty tells me he already calls them.

He would have thrown himself in my way once more: but I hurried up to my prison, in my return from my garden walk, to avoid him.

I had, when in the garden, the curiosity to see if my letter were gone: I cannot say with an intention to take it back again if it were not, because I see not how I could do otherwise than I have done; yet, what a caprice! when I found it gone, I began (as yesterday morning) to wish it had not. For no other reason, I believe, than because it was out of my power.

A strange diligence in this man!—He *says*, he almost lives upon the place; and I think so too.

He mentions, as you will see in his letter, four several disguises, which he puts on in one day. It is a wonder, nevertheless, that he has not been seen by some of our tenants: for it is impossible that any disguise can hide the gracefulness of his figure. But this is to be said, that the adjoining grounds being all in our own hands, and no common foot-paths near that part of the garden, and through the park and coppice, nothing can be more bye and unfrequented.

Then they are less watchful, I believe, over my garden-walks, and my poultry-visits, depending, as my aunt hinted, upon the bad character they have taken so much pains to fasten upon Mr. Lovelace. This, they think, (and *justly* think) must fill me with doubts. And then the regard I have hitherto had for my reputation, is another of their securities. Were it not for these two, they would not surely have used me as they have done; and at the same time left me the opportunities which I have several times had, to get away, had I been disposed to do so: and indeed their dependence on both these motives would have been well founded, had they kept but tolerable measures with me.

Then, perhaps, they have no notion of the back-door; as it is seldom opened, and leads to a place so pathless and lonesome. If not, there *can* be no other way to escape (if one would) unless by the plashy lane, so full of springs, by which your servant reaches the solitary Wood House; to which lane one must descend from a high bank, that bounds the poultry-yard. For, as to the front-way, you know, one must pass through the house to that, and in sight of the parlours, and the servants hall; and then have the open court-yard to go through, and, by means of the iron-gate, be full in view, as one passes over the lawn, for a quarter of a mile together; the young plantations of elms and limes affording yet but little shade or covert.

The Ivy Summer House is the most convenient for this heart-affecting purpose,

poſe, of any ſpot in the garden, as it is not far from the back-door, and yet in another alley, as you may remember. Then it is ſeldom reſorted to by anybody elſe, except in the ſummer-months, becauſe it is cool. When they loved me, they would often, for this reaſon, object to my long continuance in it:—but now, it is no matter what becomes of me. Beſides, *cold is a bracer*, as my brother ſaid yeſterday.

Here I will depoſit what I have written. Let me have your prayers, my dear; and your approbation, or your cenſure, of the ſteps I have taken: for yet it may not be quite too late to revoke the appointment. I am *your moſt affectionate and faithful*

CL. HARLOWE.

Why will you ſend your ſervant empty-handed?

LETTER XLII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SAT. AFTERNOON.

BY your laſt date of ten o'clock in your letter of this day, you could not long have depoſited it before Robin took it. He rode hard, and brought it to me juſt as I had riſen from table.

You may juſtly blame me for ſending my meſſenger empty-handed, your ſituation conſidered; and yet that very ſituation (ſo critical!) is partly the reaſon for it: for indeed I know not what to write, fit to ſend you.

I have been enquiring privately, how to procure you a conveyance from Harlowe Place, and yet not appear in it; knowing, that to oblige in the *fact*, and to diſoblige in the *manner*, is but obliging by halves: my mother being moreover very ſuſpicious, and very uneaſy; made more ſo by daily viſits from your uncle Antony; who tells her, that everything is now upon the point of being determined; and hopes, that her daughter will not ſo interfere, as to diſcourage your compliance with their wills. This I came at by a way that I cannot take notice of, or *both* ſhould hear of it in a manner *neither* would like: and, *without* that, my mother and I have had almoſt hourly bickerings.

I found more difficulty than I expected (as the time was confined, and ſecreſy required, and as you ſo earneſtly forbid me to accompany you in your enterprize) in procuring you a vehicle. Had you not obliged me to keep meaſures with my mother, I could have managed it with eaſe. I could even have taken our own chariot, on one preſence or other, and put two horſes extraordinary to it, if I had thought fit; and I could, when we had got to London, have ſent it back, and nobody the wiſer as to the lodgings we might have taken.

I wiſh to the Lord, you had permitted this. Indeed I think you are too punctilious a great deal for your ſituation. Would you expect to enjoy yourſelf with your uſual placidneſs, and not be ruffled, in an hurricane which every moment threatens to blow your houſe down?

Had your diſtreſs ſprung from yourſelf, that would have been another thing. But when all the world knows where to lay the fault, this alters the caſe.

How can you ſay I am happy, when my mother, to her power, is as much an abettor of their wickedneſs to my deareſt friend, as your aunt, or anybody elſe?—And this through the inſtigation of that odd-headed and fooliſh uncle of yours, who [ſorry creature that he is!] keeps her up to reſolutions which are unworthy of her, for an example to me, if it pleaſe you. Is not this cauſe enough for me to ground a reſentment upon, ſufficient to juſtify me for accompanying you; the friendſhip between us ſo well known?

Indeed, my dear, the importance of the caſe conſidered, I muſt repeat, that you are too nice. Don't they already think, that your non-compliance with their odious meaſures is owing a good deal to my advice? Have they not prohibited our correſpondence upon that very ſurmiſe? And have I, but on *your* account, reaſon to value *what* they think?

Beſides, what diſcredit have I to fear by ſuch a ſtep? What detriment? Would Hickman, do you believe, refuſe me upon it?—If he did, ſhould I be ſorry for that?—Who is it, that has a ſoul, who would not be affected by ſuch an inſtance of female friendſhip?

But I ſhould vex and diſorder my mother!—Well, that is ſomething: but not more than ſhe vexes and diſorders me, on her being made an implement by ſuch a ſorry creature, who ambles hither every day in ſpite to my deareſt friend—Woe be to *both*, if it be for a *double end!*—Chide me, if you will: I don't care.

I ſay, and I inſiſt upon it, ſuch a ſtep would *ennoble* your friend: and if ſtill you will permit it, I will take the office

out of Lovelace's hands; and, to-morrow evening, or on Monday before his time of appointment takes place, will come in a chariot, or chaise. And then, my dear, if we get off as I wish, will we make terms (and what terms we please) with them all. My mother will be glad to receive her daughter again I warrant: and Hickman will cry for *joy* on my return; or he shall for *sorrow*.

But you are so very earnestly angry with me for proposing such a step, and have always so much to say for your side of *any* question, that I am afraid to urge it farther.—Only be so good (let me add) as to encourage me to resume it, if upon farther consideration, and upon weighing matters well, (and in *this* light, whether best to go off with *me* or with *Lovelace*) you can get over your punctilious regard for my reputation. A woman going away with a *woman* is not so discreditable a thing, surely! and with no view, but to *avoid the fellows!*—I say, only be so good as to *consider* this point; and if you *can* get over your scruples on my account, do. And so I will have done with this argument for the present; and apply myself to some of the passages in yours.

A time, I hope, will come, that I shall be able to read your affecting narratives without that impatient bitterness, which now boils over in my heart, and would flow to my pen, were I to enter into the particulars of what you write. And indeed I am afraid of giving you my advice at all, or of telling you what I should do in your case; (supposing you will still refuse my offer; finding too, what you have been brought or rather driven to, without it) lest any evil should follow it: in which case, I should never forgive myself. And this consideration has added to my difficulties in writing to you now you are upon such a crisis, and yet refuse the *only* method—But I said, I would not for the present touch any more that string. Yet, one word more, chide me if you please: if any harm betide you, I shall for ever blame my mother--Indeed I shall--And perhaps yourself, if you do not accept of my offer.

But one thing, in your present situation and prospects, let me advise: it is this; that if you *do* go off with Mr. Lovelace, you take the first opportunity to marry. Why should you *not*, when every-body will know by *whose* assistance, and in *whose* company, you leave your father's house, go whithersoever you will?—You may indeed keep him at a distance, until settlements are drawn, and such like matters are adjusted to your mind: but even these are matters of less consideration in your particular case, than they would be in that of most others: and first, *Because*, be his other faults what they will, nobody thinks him an ungenerous man: next, *Because*, the possession of your estate must be given up to you as soon as your cousin Morden comes; who, as your trustee, will see it done; and done upon proper terms: 3dly, *Because* there is no want of fortune on his side: 4thly, *Because* all his family value you, and are extremely desirous that you should be their relation: 5thly, *Because* he makes no scruple of accepting you without conditions. You see how he has always defied your relations; [I, for my own part, can forgive him for the fault: nor know I, if it be not a noble one] and I dare say, he had rather call you *his*, without a shilling, than be under obligation to those whom he has full as little reason to love, as they have to love him. You have heard, that his own relations cannot make his proud spirit submit to owe any favour to them.

For all these reasons, I think, you may the less stand upon previous settlements. It is therefore my absolute opinion, that if you *do* withdraw with him, (and in that case you must let *him* be judge, when he can leave you with safety, *you'll observe that*) you should not postpone the ceremony.

Give this matter your most serious consideration. Punctilio is out of doors the moment you are out of your father's house. I know how justly severe you have been upon those inexcusable creatures whose giddiness, and even want of decency, have made them, in the *same hour* as I may say, leap from a parent's window to a husband's bed—But considering Lovelace's character, I repeat my opinion, that your *reputation* in the eye of the world requires that no delay be made in *this* point when once you are in his power.

I need not, I am sure, make a stronger plea to *you*.

You say, in excuse for my mother, (what my fervent love for my friend very ill brooks) That we ought not to blame any one for not doing what she has an option to do, or to let alone. This, in cases of friendship, would admit of very strict discussion. If the thing requested be of *greater* consequence, or even of *equal*, to the person sought to, and it were, as the old phrase has it, *to take a thorn out of one's friend's foot, to put it into one's own*, something might be said.—Nay, it would be,

be, I will venture to ſay, a ſelfiſh thing in us to aſk a favour of a friend which would ſubject that friend to the *ſame* or *equal* inconvenience as that from which we wanted to be relieved. The requeſter would, in this caſe, teach his friend, by his *own* ſelfiſh example, with much *better* reaſon, to deny him, and deſpiſe a friendſhip ſo *merely* nominal. But if by a *leſs* inconvenience to ourſelves, we could relieve our friend from a *greater*, the refuſal of ſuch a favour makes the refuſer unworthy of the name of friend: nor would I admit ſuch a one, not even into the *outermoſt* fold of my heart.

I am well aware that this is your opinion of friendſhip, as well as mine: for I owe the diſtinction to you, upon a certain occaſion; and it ſaved me from a very great inconvenience, as you muſt needs remember. But you were always for making excuſes for *other* people, in caſes wherein you would not have allowed of one for *yourſelf*.

I muſt own, that were theſe excuſes for a friend's indifference, or denial, made by any body but *you*, in a caſe of ſuch *vaſt* importance to herſelf, and of ſo comparative a *ſmall* one to thoſe for whoſe protection ſhe would be thought to wiſh; I, who am for ever, as you have often remarked, endeavouring to trace effects to their cauſes, ſhould be ready to ſuſpect, that there was a latent, unowned inclination, which balancing, or *preponderating* rather, made the iſſue of the alternative (however important) ſit more lightly upon the excuſer's mind than ſhe cared to own.

You will underſtand me, my dear. But if you do not, it may be as well for me; for I am afraid I ſhall *have it* from you, for but ſtarting ſuch a notion, or giving a hint, which perhaps, as you did once in another caſe, you will reprimandingly call, not being able to forego the oſtentation of ſagacity, though at the expence of that tenderneſs which is due to friendſhip and charity.

What ſignifies owning a fault without mending it, you'll ſay?—Very true, my dear. But you know I ever was a ſaucy creature—Ever ſtood in need of great allowances.—And I remember likewiſe that I ever had them from my dear Clariſſa. Nor do I doubt them now: for you know how much I love you—If it be poſſible, *more* than *myſelf* I love you! Believe me, my dear: and, in conſequence of that belief, you will be able to judge, how much I am affected by your preſent diſtreſsful and critical ſituation; which will not ſuffer me to paſs by without a cenſure even that *philoſophy* of temper in your own cauſe, which you have not in another's, and which all that know you ever admired you for.

From this critical and diſtreſsful ſituation, it ſhall be my hourly prayer, that you may be delivered without blemiſh to that fair fame, which has hitherto, like your heart, been unſpotted.

With this prayer, twenty times repeated, concludes *your ever-affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

I hurried myſelf in writing this; and I hurry Robin away with it, that in a ſituation ſo very critical, you may have all the time poſſible to conſider what I have written, upon two points ſo very important. I will repeat them in a very few words:

Whether you chuſe not rather to go off with one of *your own ſex*; with your ANNA HOWE—than with one of the *other*; with Mr. LOVELACE?

And if *not*,

Whether you ſhould not marry him as ſoon as poſſible?

LETTER XLIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

[THE PRECEDING LETTER NOT RECEIVED.]

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

ALREADY have I an ecſtatick anſwer, as I may call it, to my letter.

He promiſes compliance with my will in every article: approves of all I propoſe; particularly of the private lodging: and thinks it a happy expedient to obviate the cenſures of the buſy and the unreflecting: and yet he hopes, that the putting myſelf into the protection of either of his aunts (treated as I am treated) would be far from being looked upon by any-body in a diſreputable light. But every thing I enjoin or reſolve upon muſt, he ſays, be right, not only with reſpect to my preſent but future reputation; with regard to which, he hopes ſo to behave himſelf, as to be *allowed* to be, next to myſelf, more *properly* ſolicitous than any-body. He will only aſſure me, that his whole family are extremely deſirous to take advantage of the perſecutions I labour under, to make their court and endear themſelves to me by their beſt and moſt cheerful ſervices: happy, if they can in any meaſure contribute to my preſent freedom and future happineſs.

He

He will this afternoon, he ſays, write to Lord M. and to Lady Betty and Lady Sarah, that he is now within view of being the happieſt man in the world, if it be not his own fault; ſince the only woman upon earth that can make him ſo, will be ſoon out of danger of being another man's; and cannot poſſibly preſcribe any terms to him that he ſhall not think it his duty to comply with.

He flatters himſelf now, (my laſt letter *confirming* my reſolution) that he can be in no apprehenſion of my changing my mind, unleſs my friends change their manner of acting by me; which he is too ſure they will not. And now will all his relations, who take ſuch a kind and generous ſhare in his intereſt, glory and pride themſelves in the proſpects he has before him.

Thus artfully does he hold me to it.

As to fortune, he begs of me not to be ſolicitous on that ſcore: that his own eſtate is ſufficient for us both; not a *nominal*, but a *real*, two thouſand pounds *per annum*, equivalent to ſome eſtates reputed a third more: that it never was encumbered: that he is clear of the world, both as to book and bond debts; thanks, perhaps, to his *pride*, more than to his *virtue:* that Lord M. moreover reſolves to ſettle upon him a thouſand pounds *per annum* on his nuptials. And to this, he will have it, his lordſhip is inſtigated more by motives of *juſtice*, than of *generoſity*; as he muſt conſider it was but an equivalent for an eſtate which he had got poſſeſſion of, to which *his* (Mr. Lovelace's) mother had better pretenſions. That his lordſhip alſo propoſed to give him up either his ſeat in Hertfordſhire, or that in Lancaſhire, at his own or at his wife's option, eſpecially if I am the perſon. All which it will be in my power to ſee done, and proper ſettlements drawn, *before* I enter into any farther engagements with him; if I will have it ſo.

He ſays, That I need not be under any ſolicitude as to *apparel:* all *immediate* occaſions of that ſort will be moſt cheerfully ſupplied by the ladies of his family: as my others ſhall, with the greateſt pride and pleaſure (if I will allow him that honour) by himſelf.

He aſſures me, That I ſhall govern him as I pleaſe, with regard to anything in *his* power towards effecting a reconciliation with my friends: a point he knows my heart is ſet upon.

He is afraid, that the time will hardly allow of his procuring Miſs Charlotte Montague's attendance upon me, at St. Alban's, as he had propoſed ſhe ſhould; becauſe, he underſtands, ſhe keeps her chamber with a violent cold and ſore throat. But both ſhe and her ſiſter, the firſt moment ſhe is able to go abroad, ſhall viſit me at my private lodgings; and introduce me to Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, or thoſe ladies to me, as I ſhall chuſe; and accompany me to town, if I pleaſe; and ſtay as long in it with me, as I ſhall think fit to ſtay there.

Lord M. will alſo, at my own time, and in my own *manner*, (that is to ſay, either publicly or privately) make me a viſit. And, for his own part, when he has ſeen me in ſafety, either in their protection, or in the privacy I prefer, he will leave me, and not attempt to viſit me but by my own permiſſion.

He had thoughts once, he ſays, on hearing of his couſin Charlotte's indiſpoſition, to have engaged his couſin Patty's attendance upon me, either in or about the neighbouring village, or at St. Alban's: but, he ſays, ſhe is a low-ſpirited, timorous girl, and would but the more have perplexed us.

So, my dear, the enterprize requires courage and nigh ſpirits, you ſee!—And indeed it does!—What am I about to do!

He himſelf, it is plain, thinks it neceſſary that I ſhould be accompanied with one of my own ſex.—He might, at leaſt, have propoſed the woman of one of the ladies of his family. Lord bleſs me!—What am I about to do!

AFTER all, far as I have gone, I know not but I may ſtill recede: and if I do, a mortal quarrel I ſuppoſe will enſue.—And what if it does?—Could there be any way to eſcape this Solmes, a breach with Lovelace might make way for the ſingle life to take place, which I ſo much prefer: and then I would defy the ſex. For I ſee nothing but trouble and vexation that they bring upon ours: and when once entered, one is obliged to go on with them, treading, with tender feet, upon thorns, and ſharper thorns, to the end of a painful journey.

What to do I know not. The more I think, the more I am embarraſſed!—And the ſtronger will be my doubts as the appointed time draws near.

But I will go down, and take a little turn in the garden; and depoſit this, and his letters all but the two laſt, which I will incloſe in my next, if I have opportunity to write another.

Mean time, my dear friend——But what can I deſire you to pray for?—Adieu then!—Let me only ſay—Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTER XLII.]

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 9.

DO not think, my beloved friend, although you have given me in yours of yesterday a *severer* instance of what, nevertheless, I must call your *impartial* love, than ever yet I received from you, that I will be displeased with you for it. That would be to put myself into the inconvenient situation of royalty; that is to say, *out of the way* of ever being told of my faults; of ever mending them; and *in the way* of making the sincerest and warmest friendship useless to me.

And then how brightly, how nobly glows in your bosom the sacred flame of friendship; since it can make you ready to impute to the unhappy sufferer a *less degree* of warmth in *her own* cause, than *you* have for her, because she endeavours to divest herself of *self* so far as to leave others to the option which they have a right to make!—Ought I, my dear, to blame, ought I not rather to admire you for this ardour?

But nevertheless, lest you should think that there is any foundation for a surmise which (although it owes it's rise to *your* friendship) would, if there *were*, leave *me* utterly inexcusable; I must, in justice to myself, declare, that I know not my own heart, if I have any of that *latent* or *un-owned inclination*, which you would impute to *any other but me*. Nor does the *important alternative sit lightly on my mind*. And yet I must excuse your mother, were it but on this single consideration, that I could not presume to reckon upon *her* favour, as I could upon *her daughter's*, so as to make the claim of friendship upon *her*, to whom, as the mother of my dearest friend, a veneration is owing, which can hardly be compatible with that sweet familiarity which is one of the indispensable requisites of the sacred tie by which your heart and mine are bound in one.

What therefore I might expect from my *Anna Howe*, I *ought not* from her *mother*; for would it not be very strange, that a person of her experience should be reflected upon because she gave not up her own judgment, where the consequence of her doing so would be to embroil herself, as she apprehends, with a family she has lived well with, and in behalf of a child against her parents?—As she has moreover a daughter of her own:—a daughter too, give me leave to say, of whose vivacity and charming spirits she is more apprehensive than she need to be, because her truly maternal cares make her fear more from her *youth*, than she hopes from her *prudence*; which nevertheless she and all the world know to be *beyond* her years.

And here let me add, that whatever you may generously, and as the result of an ardent affection for your unhappy friend, urge on this head, in my behalf, or harshly against any one who may refuse me protection in the extraordinary circumstances I find myself in; I have some pleasure, in being able to curb undue expectations upon my indulgent friends, whatever were to befal myself from those circumstances; for I should be extremely mortified, were I by my selfish forwardness to give occasion for such a check, as to be told, that I had encouraged an unreasonable hope; or, according to the phrase you mention, wished to take *a thorn out of my own foot, and to put it into that of my friend*. Nor should I be better pleased with myself, if, having been taught by my good Mrs. Norton, that the best of schools is *that of affliction*, I should rather learn impatience than the contrary, by the lessons I am obliged to get by heart in it; and if I should judge of the *merits of others*, as they were *kind to me*; and that at the expence of their own convenience or peace of mind. For is not this to suppose myself ever in the right; and all who do not act as I would have them act, perpetually in the wrong? In short, to make *my God's* sake, in the sense of Mr. Solmes's pitiful plea to me?

How often, my dear, have you and I endeavoured to detect and censure this partial spirit in others?

But I know you do not always content yourself with saying what you think may *justly* be said; but, in order to shew the extent of a penetration which can go to the bottom of any subject, delight to say or to write all that *can* be *said* or *written*, or even *thought*, on the particular occasion; and this partly perhaps from being desirous [pardon me, my dear!] to be thought mistress of a sagacity that is aforehand with events. But who would wish to drain off or dry up a refreshing current, because it now-and-then puts us to some little inconvenience by it's overflowings? In other words, who would not allow for the liveliness of a spirit

a ſpirit which for one painful ſenſibility gives an hundred pleaſurable ones? And the *one* in conſequence of the *other*?

But now I come to the two points in your letter, which moſt ſenſibly concern me: thus you put them—

> Whether I chuſe not rather to go off [ſhocking words!] with one of my *own ſex*; with my ANNA HOWE—than with one of the *other*; with Mr. LOVELACE?
>
> And if *not*,
>
> Whether I ſhould not marry him as ſoon as poſſible?

You know, my dear, my reaſons for rejecting your propoſal, and even for being earneſt that you ſhould not be known to be aſſiſting to me in an enterprize in which a cruel neceſſity induced *me* to think of engaging; and for which *you* have not the ſame plea. At this rate, well might your mother be uneaſy at our correſpondence, not knowing to what inconveniences it might ſubject her and you!—If *I* am hardly excuſable to think of withdrawing from my *unkind* friends, what could *you* have to ſay for yourſelf, were you to abandon a mother ſo *indulgent*? Does ſhe ſuſpect that your fervent friendſhip may lead you to a *ſmall* indiſcretion? And does this ſuſpicion offend you? And would you, in reſentment, ſhew her and the world, that you can voluntarily ruſh into the *higheſt error* that any of our ſex can be guilty of?

And is it worthy of your generoſity [I aſk you, my dear, is it?] to think of taking ſo undutiful a ſtep, becauſe you believe your mother would be glad to receive you again?

I do aſſure you, that were I to take this ſtep myſelf, I would run all riſques rather than you ſhould accompany me in it. Have I, do you think, a deſire to *double* and *treble* my own fault in the eye of the world? In the eye of that world, which, cruelly as I am uſed, (not knowing all) would not acquit *me*?

But, my deareſt, kindeſt friend, let me tell you, that we will *neither* of us take ſuch a ſtep. The manner of putting your queſtions abundantly convinces me, that I ought not, in *your* opinion, to *attempt* it. You no doubt *intend* that I ſhall *ſo* take it; and I thank you for the equally polite and forcible conviction.

It is ſome ſatisfaction to me, (taking the matter in this light) that I had begun to waver before I received your laſt. And now I tell you, that it has abſolutely determined me *not* to go off; at leaſt, not to-morrow.

If *you*, my dear, think the *iſſue of the alternative* (to uſe your own words) *ſits ſo lightly upon my mind*; in ſhort, that my *inclination* is *faulty*; the *world* would treat me much leſs ſcrupulouſly. When, therefore, you repreſent, *that all punctilio muſt be at an end the moment I am out of my father's houſe*; *and hint*, that I muſt ſubmit it to Mr. Lovelace to judge *when* he can leave me with ſafety; that is to ſay, give *him* the option whether he will leave me, or not; who can bear theſe reflections, who can reſolve to incur theſe inconveniences, that has the queſtion ſtill in her own power to decide upon?

While I thought only of an eſcape from *this houſe* as an eſcape from Mr. *Solmes*; that already my reputation ſuffered by my confinement; and that it would be ſtill in my own option, either to marry Mr. Lovelace, or wholly to renounce him; bold as the ſtep was, I thought, treated as I am treated, ſomething was to be ſaid in excuſe of it—If not to the world, to *myſelf*: and to be *ſelf-acquitted*, is a bleſſing to be preferred to the opinion of all the world. But, after I have cenſured moſt ſeverely, as I have ever done, thoſe giddy girls, who have in the ſame hour, as I may ſay, that they have fled from their chamber, preſented themſelves at the altar that is to witneſs to their undutiful raſhneſs; after I have ſtipulated with Mr. Lovelace *for time*, and for *an ultimate option whether to accept or refuſe him*; and for his *leaving me, as ſoon as I am in a place of ſafety*, (which as you obſerve, *he* muſt be the judge of;) and after he has *ſignified to me his compliance with theſe terms*; ſo that I cannot, if I *would*, recal them, and ſuddenly marry—You ſee, my dear, that I have nothing left me, but to reſolve *not* to go away with him.

But, how, on this revocation of my appointment, ſhall I be able to pacify him?

How!—Why aſſert the privilege of my ſex!—Surely, on *this* ſide of the ſolemnity he has no *right* to be diſpleaſed. Beſides, did I not reſerve a power of receding, as I ſaw fit? To what purpoſe, as I aſked in the caſe between your mother and you, has any-body an option, if the making uſe of it ſhall give the refuſed a right to be diſguſted?

Far, very far, would *thoſe*, who, according to the old law, have a *right* of *abſolving* or *confirming* a child's promiſe, be from ratifying *mine*, had it been ever

ſo ſolemn a one*. But this was rather an *appointment* than a promiſe: and ſuppoſe it had been the latter; and that I had *not* reſerved to myſelf a liberty of revoking it; was it to preclude *better* or *maturer* conſideration?— ſ ſo, how unfit to be given!—How ungenerous to be inſiſted upon!—And how unfitter ſtill, to be kept!—Is there a man living who ought to be angry that a woman whom he hopes one day to call his, ſhall refuſe to keep a raſh promiſe, when, on the matureſt deliberation, ſhe is convinced that it *was* a raſh one?

I reſolve then, upon the whole, to ſtand this one trial of Wedneſday next—or, perhaps, I ſhould rather ſay, of Tueſday evening, if my father hold his purpoſe of endeavouring, in perſon, to make me *read*, or *hear* read, and then *ſign*, the ſettlements.—*That*, *that* muſt be the greateſt trial of all.

If I am compelled to ſign them overnight—Then (the Lord bleſs me!) muſt all I dread, follow, as of courſe, on Wedneſday. If I can prevail upon them by my prayers [Perhaps I ſhall fall into fits; for the very firſt appearance of my father, after having been ſo long baniſhed his preſence, will greatly affect me—If, I ſay, I can prevail upon them by my prayers] to lay aſide their views, or to ſuſpend the day, if but for one week; if *not*, but for two or three days; ſtill Wedneſday will be a lighter day of trial. They will ſurely give me time to *conſider*; to *argue* with myſelf. This will not be *promiſing*. As I have made no effort to get away, they have no reaſon to ſuſpect me; ſo I may have an opportunity, in the laſt reſort, to withdraw. Mrs. Norton is to be with me: ſhe, although ſhe ſhould be chidden for it, will, in my extremity, plead for me. My aunt Hervey *may*, in ſuch an extremity, join with her. Perhaps my mother may be brought over. I will kneel to each, one by one, to make a friend. Some of them have been afraid to ſee me, leſt they ſhould be moved in my favour: does not this give me a reaſonable hope, that I *may* move them? My brother's counſel, heretofore given, to turn me out of doors to my evil deſtiny, may again be repeated, and may prevail: *then* ſhall I be in no *worſe* caſe than *now*, as to the diſpleaſure of my friends; and thus far *better*, that it will not be my fault that I ſeek another protection: which even *then* ought to be my couſin Morden's, rather than Mr. Lovelace's, or any other perſon's.

My heart, in ſhort, miſgives me leſs, when I reſolve *this* way, than when I think of the *other*: and in ſo ſtrong and involuntary a bias, the *heart* is, as I may ſay, *conſcience*. And well cautions the wiſe man: 'Let the counſel of thine 'own heart ſtand; for there is no man 'more faithful to thee, than it: for a 'man's mind is ſometimes wont to tell 'him more than ſeven watchmen, that 'ſit above in a high tower.' [*Eccluſ.* xxxvii. 13, 14.

Forgive theſe indigeſted ſelf-reaſonings. I will cloſe here: and inſtantly ſet about a letter of revocation to Mr. Lovelace; take it as he will. It will only be another trial of temper to *him*. To *me* of infinite importance. And has he not promiſed temper and acquieſcence, on the ſuppoſition of a change in my mind?

LETTER XLV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY MORNING, (APRIL 9.)

NOBODY, it ſeems, will go to church this day. No bleſſing to be expected perhaps upon views ſo worldly, and in ſome ſo cruel.

They have a miſtruſt that I have ſome device in my head. Betty has been looking among my cloaths. I found her, on coming up from depoſiting my letter to Lovelace, (for I *have* written!) peering among them; for I had left the key in the lock. She coloured, and was confounded to be caught. But I only ſaid, I ſhould be accuſtomed to any ſort of treatment in time. If ſhe had her orders—thoſe were enough for her.

She owned, in her confuſion, that a motion had been made to abridge me of my airings; and the report *ſhe* ſhould make, would be of no diſadvantage to me. One of my friends, ſhe told me, urged in my behalf, that there was no need of laying me under greater reſtraint, ſince Mr. Lovelace's threatening to *reſcue* me by violence, were I to have been carried to my uncle's, was a con-

* See *Numb.* xxx. Where it is declared, whoſe vows ſhall be binding, and whoſe not. The vows of a man, or of a widow, are there pronounced to be indiſpenſable; becauſe they are ſole, and ſubject to no other domeſtick authority. But the vows of a ſingle woman, and of a wife, if the father of the one, or the huſband of the other, diſallow of them as ſoon as they know them, are to be of no force.

viction that I had no design to go to him voluntarily; and that if I *had*, I should have made preparations of that kind *before now*; and, most probably, been detected in them.—*Hence*, it was also inferred, that there was no room to doubt, but I would at last comply. 'And,' added the bold creature, 'if you don't 'intend to do so, your conduct, Miss, 'seems strange to me.'—Only thus she reconciled it; that I had gone so far, I knew not how to come off *genteelly*: and she fancied I should, in *full congregation*, on Wednesday, give Mr. Solmes my hand. 'And then,' said the confident wench, 'as the learned Dr. Brand took 'his text last Sunday, *There will be joy* '*in Heaven*.'

This is the substance of my letter to Mr. Lovelace:

That I have reasons of the greatest consequence to *myself*, (and which, when known, must satisfy *him*) to suspend, for the present, my intention of leaving my father's house: that I have hopes that matters may be brought to an happy conclusion, without taking a step, which nothing but the last necessity could justify: and that he may depend upon my promise, that I will die rather than consent to marry Mr. Solmes.

And so, I am preparing myself to stand the shock of his exclamatory reply. But be that what it will, it cannot affect me so much, as the apprehensions of what may happen to me next Tuesday or Wednesday; for now those apprehensions engage my whole attention, and make me sick at the very heart.

SUNDAY, FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON.

My letter is not yet taken away—If he should not send for it, or take it, and come hither on my not meeting him to-morrow, in doubt of what may have befallen me, what shall I do! Why had I any concerns with this sex!—I, that was so happy till I knew this man!

I dined in the Ivy Summer House. My request to do so was complied with at the first word. To shew I meant nothing, I went again into the house with Betty, as soon as I had dined. I thought it was not amiss to ask this liberty; the weather seemed to be set in fine. Who knows what Tuesday or Wednesday may produce?

SUNDAY EVENING, SEVEN O'CLOCK.

THERE remains my letter still!—He is busied, I suppose, in his preparations for to-morrow. But then he has servants. Does the man think he is so *secure* of me, that having appointed, he need not give himself any further concern about me, till the very moment? He knows how I am beset. He knows not what may happen. I *might* be ill, or still more closely watched or confined than before. The correspondence *might* be discovered. It *might* be necessary to vary the scheme. I *might* be forced into measures, which might entirely frustrate my purpose. I *might* have new doubts. I *might* suggest something more convenient, for any-thing he knew. What can the man mean, I wonder!—Yet it shall lie; for if he has it any time before the appointed hour, it will save me declaring to him personally my changed purpose, and the trouble of contending with him on that score. If he send for it at all, he will see by the date, that he might have had it in time; and if he be put to any inconvenience from shortness of notice, let him take it for his pains.

SUNDAY NIGHT, NINE O'CLOCK.

IT is determined, it seems, to send for Mrs. Norton to be here on Tuesday to dinner; and she is to stay with me for a whole week.

So she is first to endeavour to persuade me to comply; and, when the violence is done, she is to comfort me, and try to reconcile me to my fate. They expect *fits* and *fetches*, Betty insolently tells me, and expostulations, and exclamations, *without number*: but every-body will be prepared for them; and when it's over, it's over; and I shall be easy and pacified when I find I can't help it.

MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 10, SEVEN O'CLOCK.

O MY dear! There yet lies the letter, just as I left it!

Does he think he is so sure of me?—Perhaps he imagines that I *dare not* alter my purpose. I wish I had never known him! I begin now to see this rashness in the light every-one else would have seen it in, had I been guilty of it. But what can I do, if he come to-day at the appointed time! If he receive not the letter, I must see him, or he will think something has befallen me; and certainly will come to the house. As certainly he will be insulted. And what, in that case, may be the consequence! Then I as good as promised that I would take the first opportunity to see him, if I changed my mind, and to give him my reasons for it. I have no doubt but he will be out of humour upon it: but better, if we meet, that *he* go away dissatisfied with *me*, than

that

that *I* ſhould go away diſſatisfied with *myſelf*.

Yet, ſhort as the time is, he may ſtill perhaps ſend, and get the letter. Something may have happened to prevent him, which, when known, will excuſe him.

After I have diſappointed him more than once before, on a requeſted *interview* only, it is impoſſible he ſhould not have *curioſity* at leaſt, to know if ſomething has not happened, and whether my mind hold or not in this more *important caſe*. And yet, as I raſhly confirmed my reſolution by a ſecond letter, I begin now to doubt it.

NINE O'CLOCK.

MY couſin Dolly Hervey ſlid the incloſed letter into my hand, as I paſſed by her, coming out of the garden.

'DEAREST MADAM,

'I HAVE got intelligence from one 'who pretends to know every-thing, 'that you muſt be married on Wedneſday morning to Mr. Solmes. Perhaps, 'however, ſhe ſays this only to vex me; 'for it is that fancy creature Betty 'Barnes. A licence is got, as ſhe ſays: 'and ſo far ſhe went as to tell me, (bidding me ſay nothing; but ſhe knew I 'would) that Mr. Brand is to marry 'you. For Dr. Lewen, I hear, refuſes, 'unleſs your conſent can be obtained; 'and they have heard that he does not 'approve of their proceedings againſt 'you. Mr. Brand, I am told, is to 'have his fortune made by uncle Harlowe, and among them.

'You will know better than I what 'to make of all theſe matters; for ſometimes I think Betty tells me things as 'if I ſhould not tell you, and yet expects that I will *. For there is great 'whiſpering between Miſs Harlowe and 'her; and I have obſerved that when 'their whiſpering is over, Betty comes 'and tells me ſomething by way of 'ſecret. She and all the world know 'how much I love you: and ſo I would '*have* them. It is an honour to me to 'love a young lady who is and ever was 'an honour to all her family, let them 'ſay what they will.

'But from a more certain authority 'than Betty's, I can aſſure you, (but I 'muſt beg of you to burn this letter) 'that you are to be ſearched once more 'for letters, and for pen and ink; for 'they know you write. Something they 'pretend to have come at from one of 'Mr. Lovelace's ſervants, which they 'hope to make ſomething of. I know 'not for certain what it is. He muſt be 'a very vile and wicked man, who 'would boaſt of a lady's favour to him, 'and reveal ſecrets. But Mr. Lovelace, 'I dare ſay, is too much of a gentleman 'to be guilty of ſuch ingratitude.

'Then they have a notion, from that 'falſe Betty I believe, that you intend 'to take ſomething to make yourſelf 'ſick; and ſo they will ſearch for phials 'and powders, and ſuch-like.

'If nothing ſhould be found that will 'increaſe their ſuſpicions, you are to be 'uſed more kindly by your papa when 'you appear before them all, than he of 'late has uſed you.

'Yet, ſick or well, alas! my dear 'couſin! you muſt be married. But 'your huſband is to go home every night 'without you, till you are reconciled to 'him. And ſo illneſs can be no pretence to ſave you.

'They are ſure you will make a good 'wife. So would not I, unleſs I liked 'my huſband. And Mr. Solmes is always telling them how he will purchaſe 'your love by rich preſents.—A ſycophant man!—I wiſh he and Betty 'Barnes were to come together; and 'he would beat her every day.

'After what I have told you, I need 'not adviſe you to ſecure every thing 'you would not have ſeen.

'Once more let me beg that you will 'burn this letter: and, pray, deareſt 'Madam, do not take any-thing that 'may prejudice your health; for that 'will not do. I am *your truly loving 'couſin*, D. H.'

WHEN I firſt read my couſin's letter, I was half inclined to reſume my former intention; eſpecially as my countermanding letter was not taken away; and as my heart ached at the thoughts of the conflict I muſt expect to have with him on my refuſal. For ſee him for a few moments I doubt I muſt, leſt he ſhould take ſome raſh reſolutions; eſpecially as he has reaſon to expect I will ſee him. But here your words, *That all punctilio is*

* It is eaſy for ſuch of the readers as have been attentive to Mr. Lovelace's manner of working, to ſuppoſe, from this hint of Miſs Hervey's, that he had inſtructed his double-faced agent to put his ſweetheart Betty upon alarming Miſs Hervey, in hopes ſhe would alarm her beloved couſin, (as we ſee ſhe does) in order to keep her ſteady to her appointment with him.

at an end, the moment I am out of my father's house, added to the ſtill more cogent conſiderations of duty and reputation, determined me once more againſt taking the raſh ſtep. And it will be very hard, (although no ſeaſonable fainting, or wiſhed-for fit, ſhould ſtand my friend) if I cannot gain one month, or fortnight, or week. And I have ſtill more hopes that I ſhall prevail for ſome delay, from my couſin's intimation that the good Dr. Lewen refuſes to give his aſſiſtance to their projects, if they have not my conſent, and thinks me cruelly uſed: ſince, without taking notice that I am apprized of this, I can plead a ſcruple of conſcience, and inſiſt upon having that worthy divine's opinion upon it; in which, enforced as I ſhall enforce it, my mother will ſurely ſecond me; my aunt Hervey, and Mrs. Norton, will ſupport *her*; the ſuſpenſion muſt follow; and I can but get away afterwards.

But, if they *will* compel me; if they *will* give me no time; if nobody *will* be moved; if it be reſolved that the ceremony ſhall be read over my conſtrained hand—Why then—Alas!—What then!—I can but—But what? O my dear! This Solmes ſhall never have my vows I am reſolved! And I will ſay nothing but 'No,' as long as I ſhall be able to ſpeak. And who will preſume to look upon ſuch an act of violence as a marriage?—It is impoſſible, ſurely, that a father and mother can ſee ſuch a dreadful compulſion offered to their child—But if mine ſhould withdraw, and leave the taſk to my brother and ſiſter, they will have no mercy.

I am grieved to be driven to have recourſe to the following artifices.

I have given them a clue, by the feather of a pen ſticking out, where they will find ſuch of my hidden ſtories, as I intend they ſhall find.

Two or three little eſſays I have left eaſy to be ſeen, of my own writing.

About a dozen lines alſo of a letter begun to you, in which I expreſs my hopes (although I ſay, that appearances are againſt me) that my friends will relent. They know from your mother, by my uncle Antony, that, ſome how or other, I now-and-then get a letter to you. In this piece of a letter, I declare renewedly my firm reſolution to give up the man ſo obnoxious to my family, on their releaſing me from the addreſs of the other.

Near the eſſays, I have left the copy of my letter to Lady Drayton; which affording arguments ſuitable to my caſe, may chance (thus accidentally to be fallen upon) to incline them to favour me.

I have reſerves of pen and ink, you may believe; and one or two in the Ivy Summer Houſe; with which I ſhall amuſe myſelf, in order to lighten, if poſſible, thoſe apprehenſions which more and more affect me, as Wedneſday, the day of trial, approaches.

LETTER XLVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

IVY SUMMER HOUSE, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

HE has not yet got my letter: and while I was contriving here how to ſend my officious gaolereſs from me, that I might have time for the intended interview, and had hit upon an expedient, which I believe would have done, came my aunt, and furniſhed me with a much better. She ſaw my little table covered, preparative to my ſolitary dinner; and hoped, ſhe told me, that this would be the laſt day that my friends would be deprived of my company at table.

You may believe me, my dear, that the thoughts of meeting Mr. Lovelace, for fear of being diſcovered, together with the contents of my couſin Dolly's letter, gave me great and viſible emotions. She took notice of them—'Why 'theſe ſighs, why theſe heavings here?' ſaid ſhe, patting my neck—'O my dear 'niece, who would have thought ſo 'much natural ſweetneſs could be ſo 'very unperſuadable?'

I could not anſwer her, and ſhe proceeded—'I am come, I doubt, upon a 'very unwelcome errand. Some things 'that have been told us yeſterday, which 'came from the mouth of one of the moſt 'deſperate and inſolent men in the world, 'convince your father, and all of us, that 'you ſtill find means to write out of the 'houſe. Mr. Lovelace knows every-'thing that is done here; and that as 'ſoon as done; and great miſchief is ap-'prehended from him, which you are 'as much concerned as any body to pre-'vent. Your mother has alſo ſome ap-'prehenſions concerning yourſelf, which 'yet ſhe hopes are groundleſs; but, how-'ever, cannot be eaſy, nor will be per-'mitted to be eaſy, if ſhe would, unleſs '(while you remain here in the garden, 'or in this ſummer-houſe) you give her 'the opportunity once more of looking 'into your cloſet, your cabinet, and 'drawers. It will be the better taken,

'if you give me cheerfully your keys. 'I hope, my dear, you won't diſpute it. 'Your deſire of dining in this place was 'the more readily complied with for the 'ſake of ſuch an opportunity.'

I thought myſelf very lucky to be ſo well prepared by my couſin Dolly's means for this ſearch: but yet I artfully made ſome ſcruples, and not a few complaints of this treatment; after which, I not only gave her the keys of all, but even officiouſly emptied my pockets before her, and invited her to put her fingers in my ſtays, that ſhe might be ſure I had no papers there.

This highly obliged her; and ſhe ſaid, ſhe would repreſent my cheerful compliance as it deſerved, *let my brother and ſiſter ſay what they would.* My mother in particular, ſhe was ſure, would rejoice at the opportunity given her to obviate, as ſhe doubted not would be the caſe, ſome ſuſpicions that were raiſed againſt me.

She then hinted, That there were methods taken to come at all Mr. Lovelace's ſecrets, and even, from his careleſs communicativeneſs, at ſome of *mine*; it being, ſhe ſaid, his cuſtom, boaſtingly to prate to his very ſervants of his intentions, in particular caſes. She added, that deep as he was thought to be, my brother was as deep as he, and fairly too hard for him at his own weapons—as one day it would be found.

I knew not, I ſaid, the meaning of theſe dark hints. I thought the cunning ſhe hinted at, on *both* ſides, called rather for contempt than applauſe. I myſelf might have been put upon artifices which my heart diſdained to practiſe, had I given way to the *reſentment*, which I was bold to ſay, was much more juſtifiable than the actions that occaſioned it: that it was evident to me from what ſhe had ſaid, that their preſent ſuſpicions of me were partly owing to this ſuppoſed ſuperior cunning of my brother, and partly to the conſciouſneſs, that the uſage I met with might naturally produce a reaſon for ſuch ſuſpicions; that it was very unhappy for me, to be made the butt of my brother's wit; that it would have been more to his praiſe, to have aimed at ſhewing a kind heart, than a cunning head; that nevertheleſs, I wiſhed he knew *himſelf* as well as I imagined *I* knew him; and he would then have leſs conceit of his abilities. Which abilities would, in my opinion, be leſs thought of, if his power to do ill offices were not much greater than they.

I was vexed. I could not help making this reflection. The dupe the other, too probably, makes of him, through his own ſpy, deſerved it. But I ſo little approve of this low art in either, that were I but tolerably uſed, the vileneſs of that man, that Joſeph Leman, ſhould be enquired into.

She was ſorry, ſhe ſaid, to find, that I thought ſo diſparagingly of my brother. He was a young man both of learning and parts.

Learning enough I ſaid, to make him vain of it among us women: but not of *parts* ſufficient to make his learning valuable either to himſelf, or to any-body elſe.

She wiſhed, indeed, that he had more good-nature: but ſhe feared, that I had too great an opinion of ſomebody elſe, to think ſo well of my brother, as a ſiſter ought. Since, between the two, there was a ſort of rivalry as to abilities, that made them hate one another.

'*Rivalry*, Madam,' ſaid I—'If that 'be the caſe, or whether it be or not, 'I wiſh they both underſtood better than 'either of them ſeems to do, what it be-'comes gentlemen, and men of liberal 'education, to be, and to do.—Neither 'of them, then, would glory in what 'they ought to be aſhamed of.'

But waving this ſubject, it was not impoſſible, I ſaid, that they might find a little of my writing, and a pen or two, and a little ink, [Hated art!—or rather, hateful the neceſſity for it!] as I was not permitted to go up to put them out of the way: but if they did, I muſt be contented. And I aſſured her, that, take what time they pleaſed, I would not go in to diſturb them, but would be either in or near the garden, in this ſummer-houſe, or in the cedar one, or about my poultry-yard, or near the great caſcade, till I was ordered to return to my priſon. With like cunning I ſaid, that I ſuppoſed the unkind ſearch would not be made, till the ſervants had dined; becauſe I doubted not, that the pert Betty Barnes, who knew all the corners of my apartment and cloſet, would be employed in it.

She hoped, ſhe ſaid, that nothing could be found that would give a handle againſt me: for, ſhe would aſſure me, the motives to the ſearch, on my mother's part eſpecially, were, that ſhe hoped to find reaſon rather to acquit than to blame me; and that my father might be induced to ſee me to-morrow night, or Wedneſday morning, with temper. 'With *tenderneſs*, I ſhould rather 'ſay,' ſaid ſhe; 'for he is reſolved ſo 'to do, if no new offence be given.'

'Ah! Madam,' ſaid I.

'Why

'Why that, "Ah! Madam," and 'shaking your head so significantly!'

'I wish, Madam, that I may not have 'more reason to dread my father's con-'tinued displeasure, than to hope for 'his returning tenderness.'

'You don't *know*, my dear!—Things 'may take a turn—Things may not be 'so bad as you fear.'

'Dearest Madam, have you any con-'solation to give me?'

'Why, my dear, it is possible, that '*you* may be more compliable than you 'have been.'

'Why raised you my hopes, Madam! '—Don't let me think my dear aunt 'Hervey cruel to a niece who truly ho-'nours her.'

'I may tell you more perhaps,' said she, '(but in confidence, in absolute 'confidence) if the enquiry within come 'out in your favour. Do you know of 'any-thing above that can be found to 'your disadvantage?'

'Some papers they will find, I doubt: 'but I must take consequences. My 'brother and sister will be at hand with 'their good-natured constructions. I 'am made desperate, and care not what 'is found.'

'I hope, I *earnestly* hope,' said she, 'that nothing can be found that will im-'peach your discretion; and then—But 'I may say too much.'

And away she went, having added to my perplexity.

But I now can think of nothing but this interview.—Would to Heaven it were over!—To meet to quarrel—But, let him take what measures he will, I will not stay a *moment* with him, if he be not quite calm and resigned.

Don't you see how crooked some of my lines are? Don't you see how some of the letters stagger more than others? —That is when this interview is more in my head than my subject.

But, after all, should I, *ought* I to meet him? How have I taken it for granted, that I should!—I wish there were time to take your advice. Yet you are so loth to speak *quite* out—But *that* I owe, as you own, to the difficulty of my situation.

I should have mentioned, that in the course of this conversation I besought my aunt to stand my friend, and to put in a word for me, on my approaching trial; and to endeavour to procure me *time for consideration*, if I could obtain nothing else.

She told me, that, after the ceremony was performed, [*Odious confirmation of a hint in my cousin Dolly's letter!*] I should have what time I pleased to reconcile myself to my lot, before cohabitation.

This put me out of all patience.

She requested of me in *her* turn, she said, that I would resolve to meet them all with cheerful duty, and with a spirit of absolute acquiescence. It was in my power to make them all happy. And how joyful would it be to her, she said, to see my father, my mother, my uncles, my brother, my sister, all embracing me with raptures, and folding me by turns to their fond hearts, and congratulating each other on their restored happiness! Her own joy, she said, would probably make her motionless and speechless, for a time: and for her Dolly—the poor girl, who had suffered in the esteem of some, for her *grateful* attachment to me, would have every-body love her again.

Will you doubt, my dear, that my next trial will be the most affecting that I have yet had?

My aunt set forth all this in so strong a light, and I was so particularly touched on my cousin Dolly's account, that, impatient as I was just before, I was greatly moved: yet could only shew by my sighs and my tears, how desirable such an event would be to me, could it be brought about upon conditions with which it was possible for me to comply.

Here comes Betty Barnes with my dinner.

THE wench is gone. The time of meeting is at hand. O that he may not come!—But should I, or should I not meet him?—How I question, without the possibility of a timely answer!

Betty, according to my leading hint to my aunt, boasted to me, that she was to be *employed*, as she called it, after she had ate her own dinner.

She should be sorry, she told me, to have me found out. Yet 'twould be all for my good. I should have it in my power to be forgiven for all at once, before Wednesday night. The confident creature then, to stifle a laugh, put a corner of her apron in her mouth, and went to the door: and on her return, to take away, as I angrily bid her, she begged my excuse—'But—But—' and then the saucy creature laughed again, she could not help it; to think how I had drawn myself in by my Summer-House dinnering; since it had given so fine an opportunity, by way of surprize, to look into all my private hoards. She thought *something was in the wind*, when my brother came in to my dining here so readily. Her young master was too hard for

for every-body. Squire Lovelace himſelf was nothing at all at a quick thought, to her young maſter.

My aunt mentioned Mr. Lovelace's boaſting behaviour to *his* ſervants: perhaps *he* may be ſo mean. But as to my brother, he always took a pride in making himſelf appear to be a man of parts and learning to *our* ſervants. *Pride* and *meanneſs*, I have often thought, are as nearly allied, and as cloſe borderers upon each other, as the poet tells us *wit* and *madneſs* are.

But why do I trouble you (and myſelf, at ſuch a criſis) with theſe impertinencies?—Yet I would forget, if I could, the neareſt evil, the interview; becauſe, my apprehenſions encreaſing as the hour is at hand, I ſhould, were my attention to be engroſſed by them, be unfit to ſee him, if he does come: and then he will have too much advantage over me, as he will have ſeeming reaſon to reproach me with change of reſolution.

The *upbraider*, you know, my dear, is in ſome ſenſe a ſuperior; while the *upbraided*, if with reaſon upbraided, muſt make a figure as ſpiritleſs as conſcious.

I know that this wretch will, if he *can*, be his own judge, and *mine* too. But the latter he ſhall not be.

I dare ſay, we ſhall be all to-pieces. But I don't care for that. It would be hard, if I, who have held it out ſo ſturdily to my father and uncles, ſhould not —But he is at the garden-door!

I WAS miſtaken!—How many noiſes *un-like*, be made *like* to what one fears! —Why flutters the fool ſo!

I WILL haſten to depoſit this. Then I will, for the laſt time, go to the uſual place, in hopes to find that he has got my letter. If he *has*, I will not meet him. If he has *not*, I will take it back, and ſhew him what I have written. That will break the ice, as I may ſay, and ſave me much circumlocution and reaſoning: and a ſtedfaſt adherence to that my written mind is all that will be neceſſary.—The interview muſt be as ſhort as poſſible; for ſhould it be diſcovered, it would furniſh a new and ſtrong pretence for the intended evil of Wedneſday next.

Perhaps I ſhall not be able to write again one while. Perhaps not, till I am the miſerable property of that Solmes! —But that ſhall never, never be, while I have my ſenſes.

If your ſervant find nothing from me by Wedneſday morning, you may conclude that I can then neither write to you, nor receive your favours.

In that caſe, pity and pray for me, my beloved friend; and continue to me that place in your affection, which is the pride of my life, and the only comfort left to *your*

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

ST. ALBAN'S, TUESDAY MORN. PAST ONE.

O MY DEAREST FRIEND!

AFTER what I had reſolved upon, as by my former, what ſhall I write? What *can* I? With what conſciouſneſs, even by *letter*, do I approach you?—You will ſoon hear (if already you have not heard from the mouth of common fame) that your Clariſſa Harlowe is gone off with a man!

I am buſying myſelf to give you the particulars at large. The whole twenty-four hours of each day (to begin the moment I can fix) ſhall be employed in it till it is finiſhed: every-one of the hours, I mean, that will be ſpared me by this interrupting man, to whom I have made myſelf ſo fooliſhly accountable for too many of them. Reſt is departed from me. I have no call for that, and that has no balm for the wounds of my mind. So you'll have all thoſe hours without interruption till the account is ended.

But will you receive, ſhall you be *permitted* to receive my letters, after what I have done?

O my deareſt friend!—But I muſt make the beſt of it. I hope that will not be very bad! Yet am I convinced, that I did a raſh and inexcuſable thing, in meeting him; and all his tenderneſs, all his vows, cannot pacify my inward reproaches on that account.

The bearer comes to you, my dear, for the little parcel of linen which I ſent you with far better and more agreeable hopes.

Send not my letters. Send the linen only: except you will favour me with one line, to tell me, you love me ſtill; and that you will ſuſpend your cenſures till you have the whole before you. I am the readier to ſend thus early, becauſe if you have depoſited any-thing for me, you may cauſe it to be taken back, or withhold any-thing you had but intended to ſend.

Adieu, my deareſt friend!—I beſeech you to love me ſtill—But, alas! what will your mother ſay?—What will mine? —What my other relations?—and what

my

my dear Mrs. Norton? And how will my brother and ſiſter triumph?

I cannot at preſent tell you how, or where, you can direct to me. For very early ſhall I leave this place; harraſſed and fatigued to death. But, when I can do nothing elſe, conſtant uſe has made me able to write. Long, very long, has that been all my amuſement and pleaſure: yet could not *that* have been ſuch to me, had I not had *you*, my beſt beloved friend, to write to. Once more adieu. Pity and pray for *your*

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, NINE O'CLOCK.

I Write, becauſe you enjoin me to do ſo. Love you ſtill!—How can I help it, if I would? You may believe how I ſtand aghaſt, your letter communicating the firſt news—Good God of heaven and earth!—But what ſhall I ſay?—I am all impatience for particulars.

Lord have mercy upon me!—But can it be?

My mother will *indeed* be aſtoniſhed!—How can I tell it her!—It was but laſt night (upon ſome jealouſies put into her head by your fooliſh uncle) that I aſſured her, and this upon the ſtrength of your *own* aſſurances, that neither man nor devil would be able to induce you to take a ſtep that was in the leaſt derogatory to the moſt punctilious honour.

But, once more, can it be? What woman, at this rate!—But, God preſerve you!

Let nothing eſcape you in your letters. Direct them for me however to Mrs. Knollys's, till further notice.

OBSERVE, my dear, that I don't blame you by all this—Your relations only are in fault!—Yet how you came to change your mind is the ſurpriſing thing.

How to break it to my mother, I know not. Yet, if ſhe hear it firſt from any other, and find I knew it before, ſhe will believe it to be by my connivance—Yet, as I hope to live, I know not how to break it to her.

But this is teazing you.—I am ſure, without intention.

Let me now repeat my former advice—If you are *not* married by this time, be ſure delay not the ceremony. Since things are as they are, I wiſh it were thought that you were privately married before you went away. If theſe men plead AUTHORITY to our pain, when we are *theirs*—why ſhould we not, in ſuch a caſe as *this*, make ſome good out of the hated word, for our reputation, when we are induced to violate a more natural one?

Your brother and ſiſter [That vexes me almoſt as much as any-thing!] have now their ends. Now I ſuppoſe, will go forward alterations of wills and ſuch-like ſpiteful doings.

Miss Lloyd and Miſs Biddulph this moment ſend up their names. They are out of breath, Kitty ſays, to ſpeak to me—Eaſy to gueſs their errand!—I muſt ſee my mother before I ſee them. I have no way but to ſhew her your letter to clear myſelf. I ſhall not be able to ſay a word, till ſhe has run herſelf out of her firſt breath.—Forgive me, my dear—Surprize makes me write thus. If your meſſenger did not wait, and were not thoſe young ladies below, I would write it over again, for fear of afflicting you.

I ſend what you write for. If there be any-thing elſe you want that is in my power, command without reſerve *your ever-affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

I Think myſelf obliged to thank you, my dear Miſs Howe, for your condeſcenſion, in taking notice of a creature who has occaſioned you ſo much ſcandal.

I am grieved on this account, as much, I verily think, as for the evil itſelf.

Tell me—But yet I am afraid to know—what your mother ſaid.

I long, and yet I dread, to be told, what the young ladies my companions, now never more perhaps to be ſo, ſay of me.

They cannot, however, ſay worſe of me than I will of myſelf. Self-accuſation ſhall flow in every line of my narrative where I think I am juſtly cenſurable. If any-thing can ariſe from the account I am going to give you, for extenuation of my fault, (for that is all a perſon can hope for, who cannot excuſe herſelf) I know I may expect it from your friendſhip, though not from the charity of any other: ſince by this time I doubt not every mouth is opened againſt me; and all that know Clariſſa Harlowe condemn the fugitive daughter.

AFTER I had depoſited my letter to you,

you, written down to the laſt hour, as I may ſay, I returned to the Ivy Summer Houſe; firſt taking back my letter from the looſe bricks: and there I endeavoured, as coolly as my ſituation would permit, to recollect and lay together ſeveral incidents that had paſſed between my aunt and me; and, comparing them with ſome of the contents of my couſin Dolly's letter, I began to hope, that I needed not to be ſo very apprehenſive as I have been of next Wedneſday. And thus I argued with myſelf

'Wedneſday cannot poſſibly be the 'day they intend, although to intimidate me they may wiſh me to think 'it is; for the ſettlements are unſigned: 'nor have they been offered me to ſign. 'I can chuſe whether I will or will not 'put my hand to them; hard as it will 'be to refuſe if my father tender them 'to me—Beſides, did not my father and 'mother propoſe, if I made compulſion 'neceſſary, to go to my uncle's themſelves, in order to be out of the way 'of my appeals? Whereas they intend 'to be preſent on Wedneſday. And 'however affecting to me the thought 'of meeting them and all my friends in 'full aſſembly is, perhaps it is the very 'thing I ought to wiſh for: ſince my 'brother and ſiſter had ſuch an opinion 'of my intereſt in them, that they got 'me excluded from their preſence, as a 'meaſure which they thought previouſly neceſſary to carry on their deſigns.

'Nor have I reaſon to doubt, but that' (as I had before argued with myſelf) 'I ſhall be able to bring over ſome of 'my relations to my party; and, being 'brought face to face with my brother, 'that I ſhall expoſe his malevolence, 'and of conſequence weaken his power.

'Then, ſuppoſing the very worſt, 'challenging the miniſter as I ſhall 'challenge him, he will not preſume to 'proceed: nor ſurely will Mr. Solmes 'dare to accept my refuſing and ſtruggling hand. And finally, if nothing 'elſe will do, nor procure me delay, I 'can plead ſcruples of conſcience, and 'even pretend prior obligation;' for, my dear, I have given Mr. Lovelace room to hope (as you will ſee in one of my letters in your hands) that I will be no other man's while he is ſingle, and gives me not wilful and premeditated cauſe of offence againſt him; and this in order to rein-in his reſentments on the declared animoſity of my brother and uncles to him. 'And as I ſhall appeal, or refer my ſcruples on this head, 'to the good Dr. Lewen, it is impoſſible 'but that my mother and aunt (if nobody elſe) muſt be affected with this 'plea.'

Revolving curſorily theſe things, I congratulated myſelf, that I had reſolved againſt going away with Mr. Lovelace.

I told you, my dear, that I would not ſpare myſelf; and I enumerate theſe particulars as ſo many arguments to condemn the actions I have been ſo unhappily betrayed into. An argument that concludes againſt me with the greater force, as I muſt acknowledge, that I was apprehenſive, that what my couſin Dolly mentions as from Betty and from my ſiſter, who told *her*, that ſhe ſhould tell *me*, in order to make me deſperate, and perhaps *to puſh me upon ſome ſuch ſtep as I have been driven to take, as the moſt effectual means to ruin me with my father and uncles.*

God forgive me if I judge too hardly of their views!—But if I do *not*, it follows, that they laid a wicked ſnare for me; and that I have been caught in it.—And now may they triumph, if they *can* triumph, in the ruin of a ſiſter, who never wiſhed or intended hurt to them!

As the above kind of reaſoning had leſſened my apprehenſions as to the Wedneſday, it added to thoſe I had of meeting Mr. Lovelace—Now, as it ſeemed not only the neareſt, but the heavieſt evil; principally indeed becauſe *neareſt*; for little did I dream (fooliſh creature that I was, and every way beſet!) of the event proving what it has proved. I expected a contention with him, it is true, as he had not my letter: but I thought it would be very ſtrange, as I mentioned in one of my former, if I, who had ſo ſteadily held out againſt characters ſo venerable, againſt authorities ſo ſacred, as I may ſay, when I thought them unreaſonably exerted, ſhould not find myſelf more equal to ſuch a trial as this; eſpecially as I had ſo much reaſon to be diſpleaſed with him for not having taken away my letter.

On what a point of time may one's worldly happineſs depend! Had I had but two hours more to conſider of the matter, and to attend to and improve upon theſe new lights, as I may call them—But even then, perhaps, I might have given him a meeting:—Fool that I was! what had I to do to give him hope that I would *perſonally* acquaint him with the reaſon for my change of mind, if I did change it?

O my dear! an obliging temper is a very

very dangerous temper!—By endeavouring to gratify others, it is evermore disobliging itself!

When the bell rang to call the servants to dinner, Betty came to me, and asked, if I had any commands before she went to hers; repeating her hint, that she should be *employed*; adding, that she believed it was expected, that I should not come up till she came down, or till I saw my aunt or Miss Hervey.

I asked her some questions about the cascade, which had been out of order, and lately mended; and expressed a curiosity to see how it played, in order to induce her [How cunning to cheat myself, as it proved!] to go thither, if she found me not where she left me; it being at a part of the garden most distant from the Ivy Summer House.

She could have hardly got into the house when I heard the first signal—O how my heart fluttered!—But no time was to be lost. I stept to the garden-door; and seeing a clear coast, unbolted the already unlocked door—And there was he, all impatience, waiting for me.

A panick next to fainting seized me when I saw him. My heart seemed convulsed; and I trembled so, that I should hardly have kept my feet, had he not supported me.

'Fear nothing, dearest creature,' said he—'Let us hasten away—The chariot 'is at hand—And, by this sweet con-'descension, you have obliged me be-'yond expression or return.'

Recovering my spirits a little, as he kept drawing me after him, 'O, Mr. 'Lovelace,' said I, 'I cannot go with 'you—Indeed I cannot—I wrote you 'word so—Let go my hand, and you 'shall see my letter. It has lain there 'from yesterday morning, till within 'this half-hour. I bid you watch to 'the last for a letter from me, lest I 'should be obliged to revoke the ap-'pointment; and had you followed the 'direction, you would have found it.'

'I have been watched, my dearest 'life,' said he, half out of breath—'I 'have been watched in every step I took: 'and my trusty servant has been watched 'too, ever since Saturday; and dared 'not to come near your wall.—And 'here we shall be discovered in a mo-'ment.—Speed away, my charmer—'This is the moment of your deliverance '—If you neglect this opportunity, you '*never* can have such another.'

'What is it you mean, Sir?—Let go 'my hand: for I tell you' [struggling vehemently] 'that I will sooner die 'than go with you.'

'Good God!' said he, with a look of wildness and surprize, 'what is it I 'hear!—But' [still drawing me after him, as he retreated farther from the door] 'it is no time to argue—By all 'that's good you must go—Surely you 'cannot doubt my honour, nor give me 'cause to question your own.'

'As you value me, Mr. Lovelace, 'urge me no farther. I come fixed and 'resolved. Let me give you the letter 'I had written. My further reasons 'shall follow; and they will convince 'you, that I ought not to go.'

'Nothing, Madam, can convince me '—By all that's sacred, I will not leave 'you. To leave you now, would be to 'lose you for ever.'

'Am I to be thus compelled?' interrupted I, with equal indignation and vehemence—'Let go my hands.—I am 'resolved not to go with you—And I 'will convince you, that I *ought* not.'

'All my friends expect you, Madam '—All your own are determined against 'you—Wednesday next is the day, the 'important, perhaps the fatal day! 'Would you stay to be Solmes's wife? '—Can this be your determination at 'last?'

'No, never, never, will I be that 'man's—But I will not go with you! '[Draw me not thus—How dare you, 'Sir? I would not have seen you, but 'to tell you so.] I had not met you, but 'for fear you would have been guilty of 'some rashness—And, once more, I 'will *not* go—What mean you?'—Striving with all my force to get from him.

'What can have possessed my angel,' said he, [quitting my hands, and with a gentler voice] 'that after so much ill-'usage from your relations; vows so 'solemn on my part; an affection so 'ardent; you stab me with a refusal to 'stand by your own appointment?'

'We have no time to talk, Mr. Love-'lace. I will give you my reasons at 'a better opportunity. I cannot go 'with you now—And, once more, urge 'me no farther—Surely I am not to be 'compelled by every-body!'

'I see how it is,' said he, with a dejected, but a passionate air—'What a 'severe fate is mine—At length your 'spirit is subdued!—Your brother and 'sister have prevailed; and I must give 'up all my hopes to a wretch so *truly* 'despicable—'

'Once more I tell you,' interrupted I, 'I never will be his—All may end on 'Wednesday differently from what you 'expect.'

'And

Mr. Hogg's New Novelist's Magazine.



Drakk delin. Thomson Sculp.

LOVELACE *in the Garden with* **CLARISSA** *urgeing an Elopement.* **JOSEPH** *affecting an* **ALARM.**

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'And it may *not!*—And then, good heavens!'

'It is to be their laſt effort, as I have reaſon to believe.'

'And I have reaſon to believe ſo too —Since, if you ſtay, you will inevitably be Solmes's wife.'

'Not ſo,' interrupted I—'I have obliged them in one point. They will be in good-humour with me. I ſhall gain time at leaſt. I am ſure I ſhall. I have ſeveral ways to gain time.'

'And what, Madam, will gaining time do? It is plain you have not a hope beyond that—It is plain you have not, by putting all upon that precarious iſſue. O my deareſt, deareſt life, let me beſeech you not to run a riſque of this conſequence. I can convince you, that it will be *more* than a riſque if you go back, that you will on Wedneſday next be Solmes's wife.—Prevent therefore, now that it is in your power to prevent, the fatal miſchiefs that will follow ſuch a dreadful certainty.'

'While I have any room for hope, it concerns *your* honour, Mr. Lovelace, as well as mine; (if you have the value for me you pretend, and wiſh me to believe you) that my conduct in this great point ſhould juſtify my prudence.'

'Your prudence, Madam! When has that been queſtionable? Yet what ſtead has either your prudence or your duty ſtood you in, with people ſo ſtrangely determined?'

And then he pathetically enumerated the different inſtances of the harſh treatment I had met with; imputing all to the malice and caprice of a brother, who ſet every-body againſt him: and inſiſting, that I had no other way to bring about a reconciliation with my father and uncles, than by putting myſelf out of the power of my brother's inveterate malice.

'Your brother's whole reliance,' proceeded he, 'has been upon your eaſineſs to bear his inſults. Your whole family will ſeek to *you*, when you have freed yourſelf from this diſgraceful oppreſſion. When they know you are with thoſe who *can* and *will* right you, they will give up to you your own eſtate.'

'Why then,' putting his arm round me, and again drawing me with a gentle force after him, 'do you heſitate a moment?—Now is the time—Fly with me then, I beſeech you, my deareſt creature! Truſt your perſecuted adorer. Have we not ſuffered in the ſame cauſe? If any imputations are caſt upon you, give me the honour *(as I ſhall be found to deſerve it)* to call you mine; and, when you are ſo, ſhall I not be able to protect both your perſon and character?'

'Urge me no more, Mr. Lovelace, I conjure you. You yourſelf have given me a hint, which I will ſpeak plainer to, than prudence, perhaps, on any other occaſion, would allow. I am convinced, that Wedneſday next (if I had time I would give you my reaſons) is not intended to be the day we had both ſo much dreaded: and if after that day ſhall be over, I find my friends determined in Mr. Solmes's favour, I will then contrive ſome way to meet you with Miſs Howe, who is not your enemy; and when the ſolemnity has paſſed, I ſhall think that ſtep a duty, which *till* then will be criminal to take; ſince now my father's authority is unimpeached by any greater.'

'Deareſt Madam—'

'Nay, Mr. Lovelace, if you now diſpute—if, after this more favourable declaration, than I had the thought of making, you are not ſatisfied, I ſhall know what to think both of your gratitude and generoſity.'

'The caſe, Madam, admits not of this alternative. I am all gratitude upon it. I cannot expreſs how much I ſhould be delighted with the charming hope you have given me, were you not next Wedneſday, if you ſtay, to be another man's. Think, deareſt creature! what an heightening of my anguiſh the diſtant hope you bid me look up to, is, taken in this light!'

'Depend, depend upon it, I will die ſooner than be Mr. Solmes's. If you would have me rely upon *your* honour, why ſhould you doubt of *mine?*'

'I doubt not your *honour*, Madam; your *power* is all I doubt. You never, never, can have ſuch another opportunity.—Deareſt creature, permit me'—And he was again drawing me after him.

'Whither, Sir, do you draw me?—Leave me this moment—Do you ſeek to keep me till my return ſhall grow dangerous or impracticable? This moment let me go, if you would have me think tolerably of you.'

'My happineſs, Madam, both here and hereafter, and the ſafety of all your implacable family, depend upon this moment.'

'To Providence, Mr. Lovelace, and to the law, will I leave the ſafety of my friends. You ſhall not threaten me into a raſhneſs that my heart condemns!—Shall I, to promote your hap-

'happiness, as you call it, destroy all my 'future peace of mind?'

'You trifle with me, my dear life, just 'as our better prospects begin to open. 'The way is clear; just now it is clear; 'but you may be prevented in a mo'ment. What is it you doubt?—May 'I perish eternally, if your will shall not 'be a law to me in every thing! All 'my relations expect you. Your own 'appointment calls upon you. Next 'Wednesday!—Dearest creature! think 'of next Wednesday!—And to what is 'it I urge you, but to take a step that 'sooner than any other will reconcile 'you to all whom you have most reason 'to value in your family?'

'Let me judge for myself, Sir. Do 'not you, who blame my friends for en'deavouring to compel me, *yourself* seek 'to compel me: I won't bear it. Your 'earnestness gives me greater appre'hensions, and greater reluctance. Let 'me go back, then—Let me, before it 'is too late, go back, that it may not be 'worse for both—What mean you by 'this forcible treatment? Is it thus that 'I am to judge of the entire submission 'to my will which you have so often 'vowed?—Unhand me this moment, or 'I will cry out for help.'

'I will obey you, my dearest creature!' —And quitted my hand with a look full of tender despondency, that, knowing the violence of his temper, half-concerned me for him. Yet I was hastening from him, when, with a solemn air, looking upon his sword, but catching, as it were, his hand from it, he folded both his arms, as if a sudden thought had recovered him from an intended rashness.

'Stay one moment—But one moment 'stay, O best beloved of my soul!—'Your retreat is secure, if you *will* go: 'the key lies down at the door.—But, 'O Madam, next *Wednesday*, and you 'are Mr. Solmes's!—Fly me not so ea'gerly—Hear me but a few words.'

When near the garden door, I stopped; and was the more satisfied, as I saw the key there, by which I could let myself in again at pleasure, But, being uneasy lest I should be missed, told him, I could stay no longer. I had already staid too long. I would write to him all my reasons. 'And depend upon it, Mr. 'Lovelace,' said I, [just upon the point of stooping for the key, in order to return] 'I will die, rather than have that 'man. You know what I have pro'mised, if I find myself in danger.'

'One word, Madam, however; one 'word more,' [approaching me, his arms still folded, as if, as I thought, he would not be tempted to mischief.]' Remember 'only, that I come at your appointment, 'to redeem you, at the hazard of my 'life, from your gaolers and persecu'tors, with a resolution, God is my wit'ness, or may he for ever blast me!' [that was his shocking imprecation] 'to be a father, uncle, brother, and, as 'I humbly hoped, in your own good 'time, a *husband* to you, all in one. But 'since I find you are so ready to cry out 'for help against me, which must bring 'down upon me the vengeance of all 'your family, I am contented to run all 'risques. I will not ask you to retreat 'with *me*; I will attend you into the 'garden, and into the *house*, if I am not 'intercepted.

'Nay, be not surprized, Madam. 'The help you would have called for, 'I will attend you to; for I will face 'them all: but not as a revenger, if they 'provoke me not too much. You shall 'see what I can further bear for your 'sake—And let us both see, if expostu'lation, and the behaviour of a gentle'man *to* them, will not procure me the 'treatment due to a gentleman *from* 'them.'

Had he offered to draw his sword upon himself, I was prepared to have despised him for supposing me such a poor novice, as to be intimidated by an artifice so common. But this resolution, uttered with so serious an air, of accompanying me in to my friends, made me gasp with terror.

'What mean you, Mr. Lovelace?' said I: 'I beseech you leave me— 'Leave me, Sir, I beseech you.'

'Excuse me, Madam! I beg you to 'excuse me. I have long enough skulk'ed like a thief about these lonely walls '—Long, too long, have I borne the 'insults of your brother, and other of 'your relations. Absence but heightens 'malice. I am desperate. I have but 'this one chance for it; for is not the 'day after to-morrow *Wednesday?* I 'have encouraged virulence by my 'tameness.—Yet *tame* I will still be. 'You shall see, Madam, what I will 'bear for your sake. My sword shall 'be put sheathed into your hands.' [And he offered it to me in the scabbard]— 'My heart, if you please,' clapping one hand upon his breast, 'shall afford a 'sheath for your brother's sword. Life 'is nothing if I lose you—Be pleased, 'Madam, to shew me the way into the 'garden,' [moving towards the door.]

'I will

'I will attend you, though to my fate! —But too happy, be it what it will, if 'I receive it in your preſence. Lead 'on, dear creature!' [putting his ſword into his belt]—'You ſhall ſee what I 'can bear for you.' And he ſtooped and took up the key, and offered it to the lock; but dropped it again, without opening the door, upon my earneſt expoſtulations.

'What can you mean, Mr. Lovelace?' —ſaid I—'Would you thus expoſe 'yourſelf? Would you thus expoſe *me*? '—Is this your generoſity? Is every-'body to take advantage thus of the 'weakneſs of my temper?'

And I wept. I could not help it.

He threw himſelf upon his knees at my feet—'Who can bear,' ſaid he, [with an ardour that could not be feigned, his own eyes gliſtening] 'who can 'bear to behold ſuch ſweet emotion? '—O charmer of my heart,' [and, reſpectfully ſtill kneeling, he took my hand with both his, preſſing it to his lips] 'command me *with* you, command me '*from* you; in every way I am all im-'plicit obedience—But I appeal to all 'you know of your relations cruelty to '*you*, their determined malice againſt '*me*, and as determined favour to the '*man* you tell me you hate; (and, oh! 'Madam, if you did not hate him, I 'ſhould hardly think there would be a 'merit in your approbation, place it 'where you would)—I appeal to every-'thing you know, to all you have ſuffer-'ed, whether you have not reaſon to be 'apprehenſive of *that* Wedneſday, which 'is my terror!—Whether you can poſ-'ſibly have ſuch another opportunity '—The chariot ready: my friends with 'impatience expecting the reſult of *your* '*own* appointment: a man whoſe will 'ſhall be entirely your will, imploring 'you, thus, on his knees imploring you '—to be *your own miſtreſs*; that is all: '*nor will I aſk for your favour, but as upon* '*full proof I ſhall appear to deſerve it.* 'Fortune, alliance, unobjectible!—O 'my beloved creature!' preſſing my hand once more to his lips, 'let not 'ſuch an opportunity ſlip. You never, 'never, will have ſuch another.'

I bid him riſe. He aroſe; and I told him, that were I not thus unaccountably hurried by his impatience, I doubted not to convince him, that both he and I had looked upon next Wedneſday with greater apprehenſions than was neceſſary. I was proceeding to give him my reaſons, but he broke in upon me.

'Had I, Madam, but the ſhadow of 'a probability to hope what you hope, I 'would be all obedience and reſigna-'tion. But the licence is actually got; 'the parſon is provided; the pedant 'Brand is the man. O my deareſt crea-'ture, do theſe preparations mean only 'a trial?'

'You know not, Sir, were the worſt 'to be intended, and weak as you think 'me, what a ſpirit I have: you know 'not what I can do, and how I can re-'ſiſt, when I think myſelf meanly or 'unreaſonably dealt with: nor do you 'know what I have already ſuffered, 'what I have already borne, knowing 'to whoſe unbrotherly inſtigations all 'is to be aſcribed—'

'I may expect all things, Madam,' interrupted he, 'from the nobleneſs of 'your mind. But your ſpirits may fail 'you—What may not be apprehended 'from the invincible temper of a father 'ſo poſitive, to a daughter ſo dutiful? '—Fainting will not ſave you: they 'will not, perhaps, be ſorry for ſuch an 'effect of their barbarity. What will 'ſignify expoſtulations againſt a cere-'mony performed? Muſt not *all*, the '*dreadful all*, follow, that is torture to 'my heart but to think of? Nobody to 'appeal to, of what avail will your re-'ſiſtance be againſt the conſequences of a 'rite witneſſed to by the impoſers of it; 'and thoſe your neareſt relations?'

I was ſure, I ſaid, of procuring a delay at leaſt. Many ways I had to procure delay. Nothing could be ſo fatal to us both, as for me now to be found with him. My apprehenſions on this ſcore, I told him, grew too ſtrong for my heart. I ſhould think very hardly of him, if he ſought to detain me longer. But his acquieſcence ſhould engage my gratitude.

And then ſtooping to take up the key to let myſelf into the garden, he ſtarted, and looked as if he had heard ſomebody near the door, on the inſide; clapping his hand on his ſword.

This frighted me ſo, that I thought I ſhould have ſunk down at his feet. But he inſtantly re-aſſured me: he thought, he ſaid, he had heard a ruſtling againſt the door; but *had* it been ſo, the noiſe would have been ſtronger. It was only the effect of his apprehenſion for me!'

And then taking up the key, he preſented it to me—'If you *will* go, Ma-'dam—Yet I cannot, cannot leave you! '—I muſt enter the garden with you— 'Forgive me, but I *muſt* enter the gar-'den with you.'

'And will you, will you thus unge-

'neroufly,

'nerously, Mr. Lovelace, take advantage of my fears?—of my wishes to prevent mischief? I, vain fool, to be concerned for every-one; nobody for me!'

'Dearest creature!' interrupted he, holding my hand, as I tremblingly offered to put the key to the lock—'Let me, if you *will* go, open the door. But once more, consider, could you possibly obtain that delay which seems to be your only dependence, whether you may not be closer confined? I know they have already had *that* in consideration. Will you not, in this case, be prevented from corresponding either with Miss Howe, or with me?—Who then shall assist you in your escape?—From your chamber-window only permitted to view the garden you must not enter into, how will you wish for the opportunity you now have, if your hatred to Solmes continue!—But, alas! that cannot continue. If you go back, it must be from the impulses of a yielding (which you'll call a dutiful) heart, tired and teazed out of your own will.'

'I have no patience, Sir, to be thus constrained. Must I never be at liberty to follow my own judgment? Be the consequence what it may, I will not be thus constrained.'

And then, freeing my hand, I again offered the key to the door.

Down the ready kneeler dropt between me and that: 'And can you, can you, Madam, once more on my knees let me ask you, look with an indifferent eye upon the evils that may follow? Provoked as I have been, and triumphed over as I shall be, if your brother succeeds, my *own* heart shudders, at times, at the thoughts of what *must* happen; and can *yours* be unconcerned? Let me beseech you, dearest creature, to consider all these things; and lose not this only opportunity. My intelligence—'

'Never, Mr. Lovelace,' interrupted I, 'give so much credit to the words of a traitor. Your base intelligencer is but a servant. He may pretend to know more than he has grounds for, in order to earn the wages of corruption. You know not what contrivances I can find out.'

I was once more offering the key to the lock, when, starting from his knees, with a voice of affrightment, loudly whispering, and as if out of breath, '*They are at the door, my beloved creature!*' And taking the key from me, he fluttered with it, as if he would double-lock it. And instantly a voice from within cried out, bursting against the door, as if to break it open, the person repeating his violent pushes, '*Are you there?—Come up this moment!—This moment!—Here they are—Here they are both together!—Your pistol this moment!—Your gun!*'—Then another push, and another. He at the same moment drew his sword, and clapping it naked under his arm, took both my trembling hands in his; and, drawing me swiftly after him, 'Fly, fly, my charmer! this moment is all you have for it!' said he.—'Your brother!—Your uncles!—Or this Solmes!—They will instantly burst the door.—Fly, my dearest life! if you would not be more cruelly used than ever—If you would not see two or three murders committed at your feet, fly, fly, I beseech you!'

'O Lord!—Help, help!' cried the fool, all in amaze and confusion, frighted beyond the power of controuling.

Now behind me, now before me, now on this side, now on that, turned I my affrighted face, in the same moment; expecting a furious brother here, armed servants there, an enraged sister screaming, and a father armed with terror in his countenance more dreadful than even the drawn sword which I saw, or those I apprehended. I ran as fast as he; yet knew not that I ran; my fears adding wings to my feet, at the same time that they took all power of thinking from me—My fears, which probably would not have suffered me to know what course to take, had I not had him to urge and draw me after him: especially as I beheld a man, who must have come out of the door, keeping us in his eye, running now towards us; then back to the garden; beckoning and calling to others, whom I supposed *he* saw, although the turning of the wall hindered *me* from seeing them; and whom I imagined to be my brother, my father, and their servants.

Thus terrified, I was got out of sight of the door in a very few minutes: and then, although quite breathless between running and apprehension, he put my arm under his, his drawn sword in the other hand, and hurried me on still faster: my voice, however, contradicting my action; crying, 'No, no, no,' all the while; straining my neck to look back, as long as the walls of the garden and park were within sight, and till he brought me to the chariot; where, attending, were two armed servants of his own, and two of Lord M.'s on horseback.

Mr. Hogg's New Novelist's Magazine.



Dodd delin. Kidd Sculpt.

LOVELACE *artfully Carries off* **CLARISSA** *from her* **FATHERS HOUSE.**

Published by Alexr Hogg. Sept 21. 1793.



Here I muſt ſuſpend my relation for a while: for now I am come to this ſad period of it, my indiſcretion ſtares me in the face; and my ſhame and my grief give me a compunction that is more poignant, methinks, than if I had a dagger in my heart. To have it to reflect, that I ſhould ſo inconſiderately give in to an interview, which, had I known either myſelf or him, or in the leaſt conſidered the circumſtances of the caſe, I might have ſuppoſed, would put me into the power of his reſolution, and out of that of my own reaſon.

For, might I not have believed, that *he*, who thought he had cauſe to apprehend that he was on the point of loſing a perſon who had coſt him ſo much pains and trouble, would not hinder her, if poſſible, from returning? That he, who knew I had promiſed to give him up for ever, if inſiſted on as a condition of reconciliation, would not endeavour to put it out of my power to do ſo? In ſhort, that he, who had artfully forborne to ſend for my letter, (for he could *not* be watched, my dear) leſt he ſhould find in it a countermand to my appointment, (as I myſelf could apprehend, although I profited not by the apprehenſion) would want a device to keep me with him till the danger of having our meeting diſcovered might throw me abſolutely into his power, to avoid my own worſe uſage, and the miſchiefs which might have enſued, (perhaps in my very ſight) had my friends and he met?

But if it ſhould come out, that the perſon within the garden was his corrupted implement, employed to frighten me away with him, do you think, my dear, that I ſhall not have reaſon to hate him and myſelf ſtill more? I hope his heart cannot be ſo deep and ſo vile a one: I hope it cannot! But how came it to paſs, that one man could get out at the garden-door, and no more? How, that that man kept aloof, as it were, and purſued us not; nor ran back to alarm the houſe? My fright, and my diſtance, would not let me be certain; but really this man, as I now recollect, had the air of that vile Joſeph Leman.

O why, why, my dear friends!—But wherefore blame I them, when I had argued myſelf into a hope, not improbable, that even the dreadful trial I was to undergo ſo ſoon, might turn out better than if I had been directly carried away from the preſence of my once indulgent parents, who might poſſibly intend that trial to be the laſt I ſhould have had?

Would to Heaven, that I had ſtood it, however! Then if I had afterwards done, what now I have been prevailed upon, or perhaps fooliſhly frightened to do, I ſhould not have been ſtung ſo much by inward reproach as now I am: and this would have been a great evil avoided.

You know, my dear, that your Clariſſa's mind was ever above juſtifying her own failings by thoſe of others. God forgive thoſe of my friends who have acted cruelly by me! But their faults *are* their own, and not excuſes for mine. And mine began early: for I ought not to have correſponded with him.

O the vile encroacher! how my indignation, at times, riſes at him! Thus to lead a young creature (too much indeed relying upon her own ſtrength) from evil to evil!—This laſt evil, although the *remote*, yet *ſure* conſequence of my firſt—my prohibited correſpondence! By a father *early* prohibited.

How much more properly had I acted, with regard to that correſpondence, had I, once for all, when he was forbidden to viſit me, and I to receive his viſits, pleaded the authority by which I ought to have been bound, and denied to write to him!—But I thought I could *proceed* or *ſtop*, as I pleaſed. I ſuppoſed it concerned *me, more than any other, to be the arbitreſs of the quarrels of unruly ſpirits*—And now I find my preſumption puniſhed—Puniſhed, as other ſins frequently are, by *itſelf!*

As to this laſt raſhneſs; now, that it is too late, I plainly ſee how I ought to have conducted myſelf. As he knew I had but one way of tranſmitting to him the knowledge of what befel me; as he knew, that my fate was upon a criſis with my friends; and that I had, in my letter to him, reſerved the liberty of revocation; I ſhould not have been ſolicitous whether he had got my letter or not: when he had come, and found I did not anſwer his ſignal, he would preſently have reſorted to the looſe bricks, and there been ſatisfied by the date of my letter, that it was his own fault, that he had it not before. But, *governed by the ſame pragmatical motives* which induced me to correſpond with him at firſt, I was again afraid, truly, with my fooliſh and buſy preſcience, that the diſappointment would have thrown him into the way of receiving freſh inſults from the ſame perſons; which might have made him guilty of ſome violence to them. And ſo, to ſave him an *apprehended* raſh-

neſs,

neſs, I have ruſhed into a *real* one myſelf. And what vexes me more, is, that it is plain to me now, by all his behaviour, that he had as great a confidence in my weakneſs, as I had in my own ſtrength. And ſo, in a point entirely relative to my honour, he has triumphed; for he has not been miſtaken in me, whilſt I have in myſelf!

Tell me, my dear Miſs Howe, tell me truly, if your unbiaſſed heart does not deſpiſe me?—It muſt! for your mind and mine were ever *one*; and I deſpiſe *myſelf!*—And well I may: for could the goddeſt and moſt inconſiderate girl in England have done worſe than I ſhall appear to have done in the eye of the world? Since my crime will be known without the provocations, and without the artifices of the betrayer too; while it will be a high aggravation, that better things were expected from me, than from many others.

You charge me *to marry the firſt opportunity*—Ah! my dear! *another* of the bleſſed effects of my folly—That's as much in my power now as—as I am myſelf!—And can I beſides give a ſanction immediately to his deluding arts?—Can I *avoid* being angry with him for tricking me thus, as I may ſay, (and as I have called it to him) out of *myſelf?*—For compelling me to take a ſtep ſo contrary to all my reſolutions, and aſſurances given to you; a ſtep ſo dreadfully inconvenient to myſelf; ſo diſgraceful and ſo grievous (as it muſt be) to my dear mother, were I to be leſs regardful of any other of my family or friends—You don't know, nor can you imagine, my dear, how I am mortified!—How much I am ſunk in my own opinion!—I, that was propoſed for an example, truly, to others!—O that I were again in my father's houſe, ſtealing down with a letter *to* you; my heart beating with expectation of finding one *from* you!

THIS is the Wedneſday morning I dreaded ſo much, that I once thought of it as the day of my doom: but of the Monday, it is plain, I ought to have been moſt apprehenſive. Had I ſtaid, and had the worſt I dreaded happened, my friends would then have been anſwerable for the conſequences, if any bad ones had followed—But now, I have this *only* conſolation left me, (a very poor one, you'll ſay!) that I have cleared *them* of blame, and taken it all upon *myſelf!*

You will not wonder to ſee this narrative ſo diſmally ſcrawled. It is owing to different pens and ink, all bad, and written by ſnatches of time; my hand trembling too with fatigue and grief.

I will not add to the length of it, by the particulars of his behaviour to me, and of our converſation at St. Alban's, and ſince; becauſe thoſe will come in courſe in the continuation of my ſtory; which no doubt you will expect from me.

Only thus much I will ſay, that he is extremely reſpectful (even obſequiouſly ſo) at preſent, though I am ſo much diſſatisfied with him and myſelf, that he has hitherto had no great cauſe to praiſe my complaiſance to him. Indeed, I can hardly, at times, bear the ſeducer in my ſight.

The lodgings I am in are inconvenient. I ſhall not ſtay in them: ſo it ſignifies nothing to tell you how to direct to me hither. And where my next may be, as yet I know not.

He knows that I am writing to you; and has offered to ſend my letter, when finiſhed, by a ſervant of his. But I thought I could not be too cautious, as I am now ſituated, in having a letter of this importance conveyed to you. Who knows what ſuch a man may do? So very wicked a contriver! The contrivance, if a contrivance, to get me away, ſo inſolently mean!—But I hope it is not a contrivance neither!—Yet, be that as it will, I muſt ſay, that the *beſt* of him, and of my proſpects with him, are bad: and yet, having enrolled myſelf among the too-late repenters, who ſhall pity me?

Nevertheleſs, I will dare to hope for a continued intereſt in your affections, [I ſhall be miſerable indeed if I may not!] and to be remembered in your daily prayers. For neither time nor accident ſhall ever make me ceaſe to be *your faithful and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER L.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOSEPH LEMAN.

SAT. APRIL 8.

HONEST JOSEPH,

AT length your beloved young lady has conſented to free herſelf from the cruel treatment ſhe has ſo long borne. She is to meet me without the garden-door at about four o'clock on Monday afternoon. I told you ſhe had promiſed to do ſo. She has confirmed her promiſe. Thank Heaven, ſhe has confirmed her promiſe.

I ſhall have a chariot-and-ſix ready in the by-road fronting the private path to

Harlowe

Harlowe Paddock; and ſeveral of my friends and ſervants not far off, armed to protect her, if there be occaſion: but every-one charged to avoid miſchief. That, you know, has always been my principal care.

All my fear is, that when ſhe comes to the point, the over-niceneſs of her principles will make her waver, and want to go back: although *her* honour is *my* honour, you know, and *mine* is *hers*. If ſhe ſhould, and ſhould I be unable to prevail upon her, all your paſt ſervices will avail nothing, and ſhe will be loſt to me for ever: the prey then of that curſed Solmes, whoſe vile ſtiagineſs will never permit him to do good to any of the ſervants of the family.

Be very mindful, therefore, of the following directions: take them into your heart.

Contrive to be in the garden, in *diſguiſe*, if poſſible, and unſeen by your young lady. If you find the garden-door unbolted, you will know that ſhe and I are together, although you ſhould not ſee her go out at it. It will be locked, but my key ſhall be on the ground juſt without the door, that you may open it with yours, as it may be needful.

If you hear our voices parleying, keep at the door till I cry 'Hem, hem,' twice: but be watchful for this ſignal; for I muſt not hem very loud, leſt ſhe ſhould take it for a ſignal. Perhaps, in ſtruggling to prevail upon the dear creature, I may have an opportunity to ſtrike the door hard with my elbow, or heel, to confirm you—Then you are to make a violent burſt againſt the door, as if you would break it open, drawing backward and forward the bolt in a hurry: then, with another puſh, but with more noiſe than ſtrength, leſt the lock give way, cry out, (as if you ſaw ſome of the family) 'Come up, come up, inſtantly!—Here 'they are! Here they are!—Haſten!—'This inſtant! haſten!' And mention ſwords, piſtols, guns, with as terrible a voice as you can cry out with. Then ſhall I prevail upon her, no doubt, if loth before, to fly. If I cannot, I will enter the garden with her, and the houſe too, be the conſequence what it will. But ſo affrighted, there is no queſtion but ſhe will fly.

When you think us at ſufficient diſtance, [and I ſhall raiſe my voice urging her ſwifter flight, that you may gueſs at *that*] then open the door with your key: but you muſt be ſure to open it very cautiouſly, leſt we ſhould not be far enough off. I would not have her know you have a hand in this matter, out of my great regard to you.

When you have opened the door, take your key out of the lock, and put it in your pocket: then ſtooping for mine, put it in the lock on the *inſide*, that it may appear as if the door was opened by herſelf, with a key, which they will ſuppoſe of my procuring, (it being new) and left open by us.

They *ſhould* conclude ſhe is gone off by her own conſent, that they may not purſue us: that they may ſee no hopes of tempting her back again. In either caſe, miſchief might happen, you know.

But you muſt take notice, that you are only to open the door with your key, in caſe none of the family came up to interrupt us, and before we are quite gone: for, if they do, you'll find by what follows, that you muſt not open the door at all. Let them, on breaking it open, or by getting over the wall, find my key on the ground, if they will.

If they do not come to interrupt us, and if you, by help of your key, come out, follow us at a diſtance; and, with uplifed hands, and wild and impatient geſtures, (running backward and forward, for fear you ſhould come too near us; and as if you ſaw ſomebody coming to your aſſiſtance) cry out for help, help, and to haſten. Then ſhall we be ſoon at the chariot.

Tell the family, that you ſaw me enter a chariot with her: a dozen, or more, men on horſeback, attending us; all armed: ſome with blunderbuſſes, as you believe; and that we took the quite contrary way to that we ſhall take.

You ſee, honeſt Joſeph, how careful I am, as well as you, to avoid miſchief.

Obſerve to keep at ſuch a diſtance that ſhe may not diſcover who you are. Take long ſtrides, to alter your gaite; and hold up your head, honeſt Joſeph; and ſhe'll not know it to be you. Mens airs and gaites are as various and as peculiar as their faces. Pluck a ſtake out of one of the hedges; and tug at it, though it may come eaſy: this, if ſhe turn back, will look terrible, and account for your not following us faſter. Then, returning with it, ſhouldered, brag to the family what you would have done, could you have overtaken us, rather than your young lady ſhould have been carried off by ſuch a—And you may call me names, and curſe me. And theſe airs will make you look valiant, and in earneſt. You ſee, honeſt Joſeph, I am always contriving to give *you* reputation. No man ſuffers by ſerving me.

But, if our parley ſhould laſt longer than I with; and if any of their friends miſs her before I cry, 'Hem, hem,' twice; then, in order to ſave yourſelf, (which is a very great point with me, I aſſure you) make the ſame noiſe as above: but, as I directed before, open not the door with your key. On the contrary, wiſh for a key with all your heart; but for fear any of them ſhould by accident have a key about them, keep in readineſs half a dozen little gravel-ſtones, no bigger than peas, and thruſt two or three ſlily into the key-hole; which will hinder their key from turning round. It is good, you know, Joſeph to provide againſt every accident in ſuch an important caſe as this. And let this be your cry, inſtead of the other, if any of my enemies come in your ſight, as you ſeem to be trying to burſt the door open, 'Sir! Sir!' or, 'Madam! Madam! O 'Lord, haſten! O Lord, haſten! Mr. 'Lovelace!—Mr. Lovelace!'—And very loud—And that ſhall quicken me more than it ſhall thoſe you call to.—If it be Betty, and only Betty, I ſhall think worſe of your art of making love, than of your fidelity, if you can't find a way to amuſe her, and put her upon a falſe ſcent.

You muſt tell them, that your young lady ſeemed to run as faſt off with me, as I with her. This will alſo confirm to them that all purſuit is in vain. An end will hereby be put to Solmes's hopes: and her friends, after a while, will be more ſtudious to be reconciled to her, than to get her back. So you will be an happy inſtrument of great good to all round. And this will one day be acknowledged by both families. You will then be every-one's favourite; and every good ſervant, for the future, will be proud to be likened to honeſt Joſeph Leman.

If ſhe ſhould gueſs at you, or find you out, I have it already in my head to write a letter for you to copy; which occaſionally produced, will ſet you right.

This one time be diligent, be careful; this will be the crown of all: and depend for a recompence upon the honour of *your aſſured friend*, R. LOVELACE.

LETTER LI.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQUIRE.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 9.

HONNERED SIR,

I Muſt confeſſe I am infinnitely obliged to your honner's bounty. But this laſt command!—It ſeems ſo intricket! Lord be merciful to me, how have I been led from little ſtepps to grate ſtepps! —And if I ſhould be found out!—But your honner ſays, you will take me into your honner's ſarviſe, and proteckt me, if as I ſhould at any time be found out; and raiſe my wages beſides; or ſet me upp in a good inne; which is my ambition. And you will be honnerable and kind to my deareſt young lady. God love her.—But who can be unkind to ſhe?

I will do the beſt I am able, ſince your honner will be apt to loſe her, as your honner ſays if I do not; and a man ſo ſingle will be apt to gain her. But mayhap my deareſte young lady will not make all this trubble needful. If ſhe has promiſſed, ſhe will ſtand to it, I dare to ſay.

I love your honner for contriveing to ſave miſchiff ſo weſl. I thought till I know'd your honner, that you was verry miſchevous, and pleſe your honner: but find it to be clene contrary. Your honner, it is plane, means mighty well by every-body, as far as I ſee. As I am ſure I do myſelf; for I am, althoff a very plane man, and all that, a very honneſt one; I thank my God. And have good principels, and have kept my young lady's preſſents always in mind: for ſhe goes nowhere, but ſaves a ſoul or two, more or leſs.

So, commending myſelf to your honner's further favour, not forgetting the inne, when your honner ſhall ſo pleaſe, and a good one offers; for plaſes are no inherritanſes now-a-days. And, I hope, your honner will not think me a diſhoneſt man for ſarvinge your honner againſt my duty, as it may lock; but only as my conſhence clears me.

Be pleaſed, howſomever, if it like your honner not to call me, *honneſt Joſeph*, and *honneſt Joſeph*, ſo often. For, althoff I think myſelf very honneſt, and all that; yet I am touched a little, for fear I ſhould not do the quite right thing: and too beſides, your honner has ſuch a feſſethious way with you, as that I hardly know whether you are in jeſt or earneſt, when your honner calls me honeſt ſo often.

I am a very plane man, and ſeldom have writ to ſuch honourable gentlemen; ſo you will be good enuff to paſs by every-thing, as I have often ſaid, and need not now ſay over again.

I reſte, *your honner's dewtiful ſarvant to command*, JOSEPH LEMAN.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE

HISTORY

OF

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

LETTER I.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

ST. ALBAN'S, MONDAY NIGHT.

I Snatch a few moments while my beloved is retired [as I hope, to reſt] to perform my promiſe. No purſuit—Nor have I apprehenſions of any; though I muſt make my charmer dread that there will be one.

And now, let me tell thee, that never was joy ſo complete as mine!—But let me enquire—Is not the angel flown away?

O NO! She is in the next apartment!—Securely mine!—Mine for ever!

O extaſy!—My heart will burſt my breaſt,
To leap into her boſom!

I knew that the whole ſtupid family were in a combination to do my buſineſs for me. I told thee that they were all working for me, like ſo many underground moles; and ſtill more blind than the moles are ſaid to be, unknowing that they did ſo. I myſelf, the director of their principal motions; which falling in with the malice of their little hearts, they took to be all their own.

But did I ſay my joy was perfect?—O no!—It receives ſome abatement from my diſguiſed bride. For how can I endure to think, that I owe more to her relations perſecutions, than to her favour for me?—Or even, as far as I know, to her preference of me to another man?

But let me not indulge this thought. Were I to do ſo, it might coſt my charmer dear. Let me rejoice, that ſhe has paſſed the Rubicon; that ſhe cannot return; that, as I have ordered it, the flight will appear to the implacables to be altogether with her own conſent; and that if I doubt her love, I can put her to trials as mortifying to her niceneſs, as glorious to my pride.—For, let me tell thee, dearly as I love her, if I thought there was but the ſhadow of a doubt in her mind, whether ſhe preferred me to any man living, I would ſhew her no mercy.

TUESDAY, DAY-DAWN.

BUT, on the wings of love, I fly to my charmer, who perhaps by this time is riſing to encourage the tardy dawn. I have not ſlept a wink of the hour and half I lay down to invite ſleep. It ſeems to me, that I am not ſo much body, as to require ſuch vulgar renovation.

But why, as in the chariot, as in the inn, at alighting, all heart-burſting grief, my deareſt creature? So perſecuted as thou wert perſecuted!—So much in danger of the moſt abhorred compulſion!—Yet grief ſo *unſuſpectedly* ſincere for an eſcape ſo critical!—Take care—O beloved of my ſoul! for jealous is the heart in which love has erected a temple to thee.

Yet, it muſt be allowed, that ſuch a ſudden tranſition muſt affect her; muſt ice her over. When a little more uſed to her new ſituation; when her hurries are at an end; when ſhe ſees how religiouſly I ſhall obſerve all her INJUNCTIONS; ſhe will undoubtedly have the gratitude to diſtinguiſh between the confinement ſhe has eſcaped from, and the liberty ſhe has reaſon to rejoice in.

She comes! ſhe comes!—And the

ſun is juſt riſing to attend her!—Adieu! —Be half as happy as I am, (for all diffidences, like night-fogs before the ſun, diſperſe at her approach) and, next myſelf, thou wilt be the happieſt man in the world.

LETTER II.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12.

I Will purſue my melancholy ſtory. Being thus hurried to the chariot, it would have been to no purpoſe to have refuſed entering into it, had he not in my fright lifted me in, as he did: and it inſtantly drove away a full gallop, and ſtopped not till it brought us to St. Alban's; which was juſt as the day ſhut in.

I thought I ſhould have fainted ſeveral times by the way. With uplifted hands and eyes, 'God protect me!' ſaid I often to myſelf—'Can it be I, that am here!'—My eyes running over, and my heart ready to burſt with ſighs as involuntary as my flight.

How different, how inexpreſſibly different, the gay wretch; viſibly triumphing (as I could not but conſtrue his almoſt rapturous joy) in the ſucceſs of his arts! But overflowing with complimental flouriſhes, yet reſpectfully diſtant his addreſs, all the way we *flew*; for that rather than *galloping*, was the motion of the horſes; which took, as I believe, a round-about way, to prevent being traced.

I have reaſon to think, there were other horſemen at his devotion; three or four different perſons, above the rank of ſervants, galloping by us now-and-then on each ſide of the chariot: but he took no notice of them; and I had too much grief, mingled with indignation, notwithſtanding all his blandiſhments, to aſk any queſtions about them, or anything elſe.

Think, my dear, what were my thoughts on alighting from the chariot; having no attendant of my own ſex; no cloaths but what I had on, and thoſe little ſuited for ſuch a journey as I had *already* taken, and was *ſtill* to take: neither hood nor hat, nor any-thing but a handkerchief about my neck and ſhoulders. Fatigued to death: my mind ſtill more fatigued than my body; and in ſuch a foam the horſes, that every-one in the inn we put up at gueſſed [They could not do otherwiſe] that I was a young giddy creature, who had run away from her friends. This it was eaſy to ſee, by their whiſpering and gaping; more of the people of the houſe alſo coming in by turns, than were neceſſary for the attendance.

The miſtreſs of the houſe, whom he ſent in to me, ſhewed me another apartment, and, ſeeing me ready to faint, brought me hartſhorn and water; and then, upon my deſiring to be left alone for half an hour, retired: for I found my heart ready to burſt, on revolving every-thing in my thoughts. And the moment ſhe was gone, faſtening the door, I threw myſelf into an old great chair, and gave way to a violent flood of tears; which a little relieved me.

Mr. Lovelace, ſooner than I wiſhed, ſent up the gentlewoman, who preſſed me, in his name, to admit my brother, or to come down to him: for he had told her I was his ſiſter; and that he had brought me, againſt my will, and without warning, from a friend's houſe, where I had been all the winter, in order to prevent my marrying againſt the conſent of my friends; to whom he was now conducting me; and that, having given me no time for a travelling-dreſs, I was greatly offended at him.

So, my dear, your frank, your open-hearted friend, was forced to countenance this tale; which indeed ſuited me the better, becauſe I was unable for ſome time to talk, ſpeak, or look up; and ſo my dejection, and grief, and ſilence, might very well paſs before the gentlewoman and her niece who attended me, as a fit of ſullenneſs.

The room I was in being a bed-chamber, I choſe to go down, at his repeated meſſage, attended by the miſtreſs of the houſe, to that in which he was. He approached me with great reſpect, yet not exceeding a brotherly politeneſs, where a brother *is* polite; and, calling me his deareſt ſiſter, aſked after the ſtate of my mind; and hoped I would forgive him; for never brother half ſo well loved a ſiſter, as he me.

A wretch! How naturally did he fall into the character, although I was ſo much out of mine!

Unthinking creatures have ſome comfort in the ſhortneſs of their views; in their unapprehenſiveneſs; and that they penetrate not beyond the preſent moment: in ſhort that they *are* unthinking! —But, for a perſon of my thoughtful diſpoſition, who has been accuſtomed to look forward, as well to the *poſſible*, as to the *probable*, what comfort can I have in my reflections?

But let me give you the particulars of

our converſation a little before and after our ſupper-time, joining both in one.

When we were alone, he beſought me (I cannot ſay but with all the tokens of a paſſionate and reſpectful tenderneſs) to be better reconciled to myſelf and to him: he repeated all the vows of honour and inviolable affection that he ever made me: he promiſed to be wholly governed by me in every future ſtep. He aſked me to give him leave to propoſe, whether I choſe to ſet out next day to either of his aunts?

I was ſilent. I knew not what to ſay, nor what to do.

Whether I choſe to have private lodgings procured for me, in either of thoſe ladies neighbourhood, as were once my thoughts?

I was ſtill ſilent.

Whether I choſe to go to either of Lord M.'s ſeats; that of Berks, or that in the county we were in?

In lodgings, I ſaid, any-where, where he was not to be.

He had *promiſed this*, he owned; and he would religiouſly keep to his word, as ſoon as he found all danger of purſuit over; and that I was ſettled to my mind. But, if the place were indifferent to me, London was the ſafeſt, and the moſt private: and his relations ſhould all viſit me there, the moment I thought fit to admit them. His couſin Charlotte particularly, ſhould attend me, as my companion, if I would accept of her, as ſoon as ſhe was able to go abroad. Mean time, would I go to Lady Betty Lawrance's, (Lady Sarah was a melancholy woman!) I ſhould be the moſt welcome gueſt ſhe ever received.

I told him, I wiſhed not to go (immediately, however, and in the frame I was in, and likely not to be out of) to any of his relations: that my reputation was concerned, to have *him* abſent from me; that, if I were in ſome private lodging, the meaner the leſs to be ſuſpected, (as it would be known, that I went away by his means; and he would be ſuppoſed to have provided me handſome accommodations) it would be moſt ſuitable both to my mind and to my ſituation. That this might be beſt, I ſhould think, in the country for *me*; in town for *him*. And no matter how ſoon he was known to be there.

If he might deliver his opinion, he ſaid, it was, that ſince I declined going to any of his relations, London was the only place in the world to be private in. Every new comer in a country-town or village excited a curioſity: a perſon of my figure [And many compliments he made me] would excite more. Even meſſages and letters, where none uſed to be brought, would occaſion enquiry. He had not provided a lodging anywhere, ſuppoſing I would chuſe to go either to London, where accommodations of that ſort might be fixed upon in an hour's time, or to Lady Betty's; or to Lord M.'s Hertfordſhire ſeat, where was the houſekeeper, an excellent woman, Mrs. Greme, ſuch another as my Norton.

To be ſure, I ſaid, if I were purſued, it would be in their firſt paſſion; and ſome one of *his* relations houſes would be the place they would expect to find me at—I knew not what to do.

My pleaſure ſhould determine him, he ſaid, be it what it would. Only that I were ſafe, was all he was ſolicitous about. He had lodgings in town; but, he did not offer to propoſe them. He knew, I would have more objections to go to them, than I could have to go to Lord M.'s, or to Lady Betty's.

'No doubt of it,' I replied with ſuch an indignation in my manner, as made him run over with profeſſions, that he was far from propoſing them, or wiſhing for my acceptance of them. And again he repeated, That my honour and ſafety were all he was ſolicitous about; aſſuring me, that my will ſhould be a law to him in every particular.

I was too peeviſh, and too much afflicted, and indeed too much incenſed againſt him, to take well any-thing he ſaid.

I thought myſelf, I ſaid, extremely unhappy. I knew not what to determine upon: my reputation now, no doubt, utterly ruined. Deſtitute of cloaths; unfit to be ſeen by any-body: my very indigence, as I might call it, proclaiming my folly to every-one who ſaw me; who would ſuppoſe that I had been taken at advantage, or had given an undue one; and had no power over either my will or my actions. That I could not but think I had been dealt artfully with;—that he had ſeemed to have taken, what he might ſuppoſe, the juſt meaſure of my weakneſs, founded on my youth and inexperience: that I could not forgive myſelf for meeting him; that my heart bled for the diſtreſſes of my father and mother, on this occaſion; that I would give the world, and all my hopes in it, to have been ſtill in my father's houſe, whatever had been my uſage; that, let him proteſt and vow what he would, I ſaw ſome-

thing

thing low and selfish in his love, that he could study to put a young creature upon making such a sacrifice of her duty and conscience; when a person, actuated by a generous love, must seek to oblige the object of it, in every-thing essential to her honour, and to her peace of mind.

He was very attentive to all I said; never offering to interrupt me once. His answer to every article, almost methodically, shewed his memory.

What I had said, he told me, had made him very grave; and he would answer accordingly.

He was grieved at his heart, to find that he had so little share in my favour or confidence.

As to my *reputation*; (he must be very sincere with me) that could not suffer half so much by the step I so greatly regretted to have taken, as by the confinement, and equally foolish and unjust treatment, I had met with from my relations: that every mouth was full of blame of them, of my brother and sister particularly; and of wonder at my patience; that he must repeat what he had written to me he believed more than once, that my friends themselves expected, that I should take a proper opportunity to free myself from their persecutions; why else did they confine me? That my exalted character, as he called it, would still bear me out, with those who knew *me*; who knew my *brother's* and *sister's* motives; and who knew the wretch they were for compelling me to have.

With regard to *cloaths*; who, as matters were circumstanced, could expect that I should be able to bring away any others than those I had on at the time? For *present* use to wear, all the ladies of his family would take a pride to supply me: for *future*, the product of the best looms, not only in England, but throughout the world, were at my command.

If I wanted *money*, as no doubt I must, he should be proud to supply me: would to Heaven, he might presume to hope, there were but one interest between us!

And then he would fain have had me to accept of a Bank note of an hundred pounds; which, unawares to me, he put into my hand: but which, you may be sure, I refused with warmth.

He was inexpressibly grieved and surprized, he said, to hear me say he had acted *artfully* by me. He came provided, according to my *confirmed* appointment, [*A wretch to upbraid me thus!*] to redeem me from my persecutors; and little expected a change of sentiment, and that he should have so much difficulty to prevail upon me, as he had met with: that perhaps I might think his offer to go *into the garden with me*, and to face my assembled relations, was a piece of *art only*; but that if I did, I wronged him: since to this hour, seeing my excessive uneasiness, he wished with all his soul he had been permitted to accompany me in. It was always his maxim to brave a threatened danger. Threateners, where they have an opportunity to put in force their threats, were seldom to be feared. But had he been assured of a private stab, or of as many death's wounds as there were persons in my family, (made desperate as he should have been by my return) he would have attended me into the house.

So, my dear, what I have to do, is to hold myself inexcusable for meeting such a determined and audacious spirit; that's all! I have hardly any question now, but that he would have contrived some wicked stratagem or other to have got me away, had I met him at a midnight hour, as once or twice I had thoughts to do; and that would have been more terrible still.

He concluded this part of his talk, with saying, That he doubted not, but that had he attended me in, he should have come off in every-one's opinion so well, that he should have had general leave to renew his visits.

He went on—He must be so bold as to tell me, that he should have paid a visit of this kind (but indeed accompanied by several of his trusty friends) had I *not* met him; and that very afternoon too; for he could not tamely let the dreadful Wednesday come, without making some effort to change their determinations.

What, my dear, was to be done with such a man!

That therefore for my sake, as well as for his own, he had reason to wish that a disease so desperate had been attempted to be overcome by as desperate a remedy. 'We all know,' said he, 'that great ends are sometimes brought 'about by the very means by which they 'are endeavoured to be frustrated.'

'My present situation, I am sure,' thought I, 'affords a sad evidence of 'this truth!'

I was silent all this time. My blame was indeed turned inward. Sometimes, too, I was half-frighted at his audaciousness: at others, had the less inclination

tion to interrupt him, being exceſſively fatigued, and my ſpirits ſunk to nothing, with the view even of the beſt proſpects with ſuch a man.

This gave him opportunity to proceed: and that he did; aſſuming a ſtill more ſerious air.

As to what further remained for him to ſay, in anſwer to what I had ſaid, he hoped I would pardon him; but, upon his ſoul, he was concerned, infinitely concerned, he repeated, (his colour and his voice riſing) that it was *neceſſary* for him to obſerve, how much I choſe rather to have run the riſque of being Solmes's wife, than to have it in my power to reward a man who, I muſt forgive him, had been as much inſulted on *my* account, as *I* had been on *his*—who had watched my commands, 'And '(pardon me, Madam) every *changeable* 'motion of your pen, all hours, in all 'weathers, and with a cheerfulneſs and 'ardour, that nothing but the moſt 'faithful and obſequious paſſion could 'inſpire.'

I now, my dear, began to revive into a little more warmth of attention.

'And all, Madam, for what?'—How I ſtared! for he ſtopt then a moment or two—'*Only*,' went he on, 'to prevail 'upon you to free yourſelf from unge'nerous and baſe oppreſſion—'

'Sir, Sir!' indignantly ſaid I.

'Hear me but out, deareſt Madam! '—My heart is full—I *muſt* ſpeak what 'I have to ſay—To be told (for your 'words are yet in my ears, and at my 'heart!) that you would give the world, '*and all your hopes in it*, to have been ſtill 'in your cruel and gloomy father's 'houſe—'

'Not a word, Sir, againſt my father! '—I will not bear that.'

'*Whatever had been your uſage*:—and 'you have a credulity, Madam, againſt 'all probability, if you believe you 'ſhould have avoided being Solmes's 'wife. That I have put you upon *ſacri'ficing your duty and conſcience*—Yet, 'deareſt creature! ſee you not the con'tradiction that your warmth of temper 'has ſurprized you into, when the re'luctance you ſhewed to the laſt to leave 'your perſecutors, has cleared your 'conſcience from the leaſt reproach of 'this ſort?'

'O Sir! Sir! are you ſo critical then? 'Are you ſo light in your anger, as to 'dwell upon words?'

Indeed, my dear, I have ſince thought, that his anger was not owing to that ſudden *impetus*, which cannot be eaſily bridled; but rather was a ſort of *manageable* anger, let looſe to intimidate me.

'Forgive me, Madam—I have juſt 'done—Have I not, in your own opini'on, hazarded my life to redeem you 'from oppreſſion?—Yet is not my re'ward, after all, precarious?—For, Ma'dam, *have you not conditioned with me*, '(and, hard as the condition is, *moſt ſa'credly will I obſerve it*) *that all my hope 'muſt be remote?* That you are determin'ed to have it in your power *to favour or 'reject me totally*, as you pleaſe?'

See, my dear! in every reſpect my condition changed for the worſe! Is it in *my power* to take your advice, if I ſhould think it ever ſo right to take it*?

'And have you not furthermore de'clared,' proceeded he, '*that you will 'engage to renounce me for ever, if your 'friends inſiſt upon that cruel renunciation, 'as the terms of being reconciled to you?*'

'But nevertheleſs, Madam, all the 'merit of having ſaved you from an 'odious compulſion, ſhall be mine. I 'glory in it, though I were to loſe you 'for ever.—*As I ſee I am but too likely to 'do*, from your preſent diſpleaſure; and 'eſpecially, *if your friends inſiſt upon the 'terms you are ready to comply with.*

'That you are *your own miſtreſs*, through 'my means, is, I repeat, my boaſt. *As 'ſuch*, I humbly implore your favour—'And *that only upon the conditions I have 'yielded to hope for it.*—As I do now *thus 'humbly*' [the proud wretch falling on one knee] 'your forgiveneſs, for ſo long 'detaining your ear, and for all the 'plain-dealing that my undeſigning heart 'would not be denied to utter by my 'lips.'

* Clariſſa has been cenſured as behaving to Mr. Lovelace, in their firſt converſation at St. Alban's, and afterwards, with too much reſerve, and even with haughtineſs. Surely thoſe, who have thought her to blame on this account, have not paid a due attention to the ſtory. How early, as above, and in what immediately follows, does he remind her of the terms of diſtance which ſhe preſcribed to him, before ſhe was in his power, *in hopes to have the door open for a reconciliation with her friends*, which her heart was ſet upon? And how artfully does he (unrequired) promiſe to obſerve the conditions which ſhe in her preſent circumſtances and ſituation (in purſuance of Miſs Howe's advice) would gladly have diſpenſed with?—To ſay nothing of the reſentment which ſhe was under a *neceſſity* to ſhew, at the manner of his getting her away, in order to juſtify to him *the fierceity of her refuſal to go off with him*. See, in her ſubſequent Letter to Miſs Howe, No. V. her own ſenſe upon this ſubject.

'O Sir,

'O Sir, pray rise!—Let the obliged 'kneel, if one of us must kneel!—But 'nevertheless, proceed not in this strain, 'I *beseech* you. You have had a great 'deal of trouble about me: but had you 'let me know *in time*, that you expected 'to be rewarded for it at the price of 'my duty, I should have spared you 'much of it.

'Far be it from me, Sir, to depreciate 'merit so *extraordinary*. But let me say, 'that had it not been for the forbidden 'correspondence I was teazed by you 'into; and which I had not continued '(every letter, for many letters, intend-'ed to be the last) but because I thought 'you a sufferer from my friends; I had 'not been either confined or ill-treated: 'nor would my brother's low-meant 'violence have had a foundation to work 'upon.

'I am far from thinking my case would 'have been so very desperate as you ima-'gine, had I staid. My father loved me, 'in his heart: he would not see me be-'fore; and I wanted *only* to *see* him, and 'to be *heard*; and a *delay of his sentence* 'was the least thing I expected from the 'trial I was to stand.

'You are boasting of your merits, Sir: 'let merit *be* your boast; nothing else 'can attract me. If *personal* considera-'tions had principal weight with me, ei-'ther in Solmes's disfavour, or in your 'favour, I should despise *myself*: if you 'value yourself upon them, in prefer-'ence to the *person* of the poor Solmes, 'I shall despise *you!*

'You may glory in your fancied merits 'in getting me away: but the cause of '*your* glory, I tell you plainly, is *my* 'shame.

'Make to yourself a title to my re-'gard, which I can better approve of; 'or else you will not have so much me-'rit with *me*, as you have with *yourself*.

'But here, Sir, like the first pair, (I, 'at least, driven out of my paradise) 'are we recriminating. No more shall 'you need to tell me of your *sufferings*, 'and your *merits!*—your *all hours*, and '*all weathers!* for I will bear them in me-'mory as long as I live; and if it be im-'possible for me to *reward* them, be ever 'ready to *own* the obligation. All that 'I desire of you now, is, to leave it to 'myself to seek for some private abode: 'to take the chariot with you to London, 'or elsewhere. And, if I have any fur-'ther occasion for your assistance and 'protection, I will signify it to you, and 'be still *further* obliged to you.'

'You are warm, my dearest life!—'But indeed there is no occasion for it. 'Had I any views unworthy of my faith-'ful love for you, I should not have been 'so honest in my declarations.'

Then he began again to vow the sincerity of his intentions.

But I took him up short; 'I am will-'ing to *believe* you, Sir. It would be in-'supportable but to suppose there were 'a *necessity* for such solemn declarations.' [At this he seemed to collect himself, as I may say, into a little more circumspection.] 'If I thought there *were*, I would 'not sit with you here, in a publick inn, 'I assure you, although cheated hither, 'as far as I know, by methods (You 'must excuse me, Sir) which but to *sus-'pect*, will hardly let me have patience 'either with you or with myself.—But 'no more of this, just now: let me, I 'beseech you, *good Sir*,' bowing, [I was very angry!] 'let me only know whe-'ther you intend to leave me; or whe-'ther I have only escaped from one con-'finement to another?'

'*Cheated hither, as far as I know*, Ma-'dam! Let you *know* (and with that air 'too, charming, though grievous to my 'heart!) *if you have only escaped from one 'confinement to another*—Amazing! per-'fectly amazing! and can there be a ne-'cessity for me to answer this? You are 'absolutely your own mistress.—It were 'very strange, if you were not. *The 'moment you are in a place of safety*, I will 'leave you. To one condition only, 'give me leave to beg your consent: it 'is this; that you will be pleased, now 'you are so entirely in your own power, 'to renew a promise *voluntarily* made 'before; *voluntarily*, or I would not '*now* presume to request it; for although 'I would not be thought capable of 'growing upon concession, yet I cannot 'bear to think of losing the ground your 'goodness had given me room to hope 'I had gained; that, make up how you 'please with your relations, you will ne-'ver marry any other man, while I am 'living and single, unless I should be so 'wicked as to give new cause for high 'displeasure.'

'I hesitate not to confirm this promise, 'Sir, upon your *own* condition. In 'what manner do you expect me to con-'firm it?'

'Only, Madam, by your word.'

'Then I never will.'

He had the assurance (*I was now in his power*) to salute me as a sealing of my promise, as he called it. His motion was so sudden, that I was not aware of it. It would have looked *affected* to be very

very angry; yet I could not be pleaſed, conſidering this as a *leading freedom*, from a ſpirit ſo audacious and encroaching: and he might ſee, that I was not.

He paſſed all that by with an air peculiar to himſelf—'Enough, enough, deareſt Madam! And now let me beg of you but to conquer this dreadful uneaſineſs, which gives me to apprehend too much for my jealous love to bear; and it ſhall be my whole endeavour to deſerve your favour, and to make you the happieſt woman in the world; as I ſhall be the happieſt of men.'

I broke from him to write to you my preceding letter; but refuſed to ſend it by his ſervant, as I told you. The miſtreſs of the houſe helped me to a meſſenger, who was to carry what you ſhould give him to Lord M.'s ſeat in Hertfordſhire, directed for Mrs. Greme, the houſekeeper there. And early in the morning, for fear of purſuit, we were to ſet out that way: and there he propoſed to exchange the chariot-and-ſix for a chaiſe-and-pair of his own, which he had at that ſeat, as it would be a leſs-noticed conveyance.

I looked over my little ſtock of money; and found it to be no more than ſeven guineas and ſome ſilver: the reſt of my ſtock was but fifty guineas, and that five more than I thought it was, when my ſiſter challenged me as to the ſum I had by me; and thoſe I left in my eſcritoire, little intending to go away with him.

Indeed my caſe abounds with a ſhocking number of indelicate circumſtances. Among the reſt, I was forced to account to *him*, who knew I could have no cloaths but what I had on, how I came to have linen with you, (for he could not but know I ſent for it;) leſt he ſhould imagine I had an early deſign to go away with him, and made that a *part of the preparation*.

He moſt heartily wiſhed, he ſaid, for my mind's ſake, that your mother would have afforded me her protection; and delivered himſelf upon this ſubject with equal *freedom* and concern.

There are, my dear Miſs Howe, a multitude of punctilios and decorums, which a young creature muſt diſpenſe with, who, in a ſituation like mine, makes a man the intimate attendant of her perſon. I could now, I think, give twenty reaſons ſtronger than any I have heretofore mentioned, why women of the *leaſt delicacy* ſhould never think of incurring the danger and diſgrace of taking the ſtep I have been drawn in to take, but with horror and averſion; and why they ſhould look upon the man who ſhall tempt them to it, as the vileſt and moſt ſelfiſh of ſeducers.

BEFORE five o'clock (Tueſday morning) the maid came up to tell me my *brother* was ready, and that breakfaſt alſo waited for me in the parlour. I went down with a heart as heavy as my eyes, and received great acknowledgments and compliments from him on being ſo ſoon dreſſed, and ready (as he interpreted it) to continue our journey.

He had the thought which I had not (for what had I to do with thinking, who had it not when I ſtood moſt in need of it?) to purchaſe for me a velvet hood, and a ſhort cloak, trimmed with ſilver, without ſaying any-thing to me. He muſt reward himſelf, the artful encroacher ſaid, before the landlady and her maids and niece, for his forethought; and would ſalute his pretty ſullen ſiſter! —He took his reward; and, as he ſaid, a tear with it. While he aſſured me, ſtill before them, [a vile wretch!] that I had nothing to fear from meeting with parents who ſo dearly loved me.

How could I be complaiſant, my dear, to ſuch a man as this?

When we had got into the chariot, and it began to move, he aſked me, Whether I had any objection to go to Lord M.'s Hertfordſhire ſeat? His lordſhip, he ſaid, was at his Berkſhire one.

I told him, I choſe not to go, *as yet*, to any of his relations; for that would indicate a plain defiance to my own. My choice was, to go to a private lodging, and for him to be at a diſtance from me: at leaſt till I heard how things were taken by my friends—For that although I had but little hopes of a reconciliation as it *was*; yet if they knew I was in his protection, or in that of any of his friends, (which would be looked upon as the ſame thing) there would not be room for any hopes at all.

I ſhould govern him as I pleaſed, he ſolemnly aſſured me, in every thing. But he ſtill thought *London* was the beſt place for me; and if I were once ſafe there, and in a lodging to my liking, he would go to M. Hall. But, as I approved not of London, he would urge it no further.

He propoſed, and I conſented, to put up at an inn in the neighbourhood of *the Lawn* (as he called Lord M.'s ſeat in this county) ſince I choſe not to go thither. And here I got two hours to myſelf; which I told him I ſhould paſs in writing another letter to you, (meaning my narrative,

native, which, though greatly fatigued, I had begun at St. Alban's) and in one to my ſiſter, to apprize the family (whether they were ſolicitous about it or not) that I was well; and to beg that my cloaths, ſome particular books, and the fifty guineas I had left in my eſcritoire, might be ſent me.

He aſked, if I had conſidered whither to have them directed?

Indeed, not I, I told him: I was a ſtranger to—

So was he, he interrupted me; but it ſtruck him by chance.

Wicked ſtory-teller!

'But,' added he, 'I will tell you, 'Madam, how it ſhall be managed—If 'you don't chuſe to go to London, it is, 'nevertheleſs, beſt, that your relations 'ſhould *think* you there; for then they 'will abſolutely deſpair of finding you. 'If you write, be pleaſed to direct, to 'be left for you, at Mr. Oſgood's, near 'Soho Square. Mr. Oſgood is a man 'of reputation: and this will effectually 'amuſe them.'

Amuſe them, my dear!—Amuſe whom?—My father!—my uncles!—But it muſt be ſo!——*All his expedients ready, you ſee!*

I had no objection to this: and I have written accordingly. But what anſwer I ſhall have, or whether any, that is what gives me no ſmall anxiety.

This, however, is one conſolation, that if I have an anſwer, and although my brother ſhould be the writer, it cannot be more ſevere than the treatment I have of late received from him and my ſiſter.

Mr. Lovelace ſtaid out about an hour and half; and then came in; impatiently ſending up to me no leſs than four times, to deſire admittance. But I ſent him word as often, that I was buſy; and at laſt, that I ſhould be ſo till dinner were ready. He then haſtened that, as I heard him now-and-then, with a hearty curſe upon the cook and waiters.

This is another of his imperfections. I ventured afterwards to check him for his free words, as we ſat at dinner.

Having heard him ſwear at his ſervant, when below, whom, nevertheleſs, he owns to be a good one; 'It is a ſad life,' ſaid I, 'theſe innkeepers live, Mr. Love-'lace.'

'No; pretty well, I believe—But why, 'Madam, think you, that fellows, who 'eat and drink at other mens coſt, or 'they are ſorry innkeepers, ſhould be en-'titled to pity?'

'Becauſe of the ſoldiers they are oblig-'ed to quarter; who are generally, I 'believe, wretched profligates.—Bleſs 'me!' ſaid I, 'how I heard one of them 'ſwear and curſe, juſt now, at a modeſt 'meek man, as I judge by his low voice, 'and gentle anſwers!—Well do they 'make it a proverb—*Like a trooper!*'

He bit his lip; aroſe; turned upon his heel; ſtept to the glaſs; and looking *confidently* abaſhed, if I may ſo ſay, 'Aye, 'Madam,' ſaid he, 'theſe troopers are 'ſad ſwearing fellows. I think their of-'ficers ſhould chaſtiſe them for it.'

'I am ſure they deſerve chaſtiſement,' replied I: 'for ſwearing is a moſt *un-'manly* vice, and curſing as *poor* and *low* 'a one; ſince they proclaim the profli-'gate's want of power, and his wicked-'neſs at the ſame time; for could ſuch 'a one *puniſh* as he *ſpeaks*, he would be 'a fiend!'

'Charmingly obſerved, by my ſoul, 'Madam!—The next trooper I hear 'ſwear and curſe, I'll tell him what an '*unmanly*, and what a *poor* wretch he is.'

Mrs. Greme came to pay her *duty* to me, as Mr. Lovelace called it; and was very urgent with me to go to her lord's houſe; letting me know what handſome things ſhe had heard her lord, and his two nieces, and all the family, ſay of me; and what wiſhes for ſeveral months paſt they had put up for the honour ſhe now hoped would ſoon be done them all.

This gave me ſome ſatisfaction, as it confirmed from the mouth of a very good ſort of woman all that Mr. Lovelace had told me.

Upon enquiry about a private lodging, ſhe recommended me to a ſiſter-in-law of hers, eight miles from thence—Where I now am. And what pleaſed me the better, was, that Mr. Lovelace (of whom I could ſee ſhe was infinitely obſervant) obliged her, of his own motion, to accompany me in the chaiſe; himſelf riding on horſeback, with his two ſervants, and one of Lord M.'s. And here we arrived about four o'clock.

But, as I told you, in my former, the lodgings are inconvenient. Mr. Lovelace indeed found great fault with them: and told Mrs. Greme (who had ſaid, that they were not worthy of us) that they came not up even to her account of them. As the houſe was a mile from a town, it was not proper for him, he ſaid, to be ſo far diſtant from me, leſt any-thing ſhould happen: and yet the apartments were not ſeparate and diſtinct enough for me to like them, he was ſure.

This muſt be agreeable enough from him, you will believe.

Mrs.

Mrs. Greme and I had a good deal of talk in the chaiſe about him: ſhe was very eaſy and free in her anſwers to all I aſked; and has, I find, a very ſerious turn.

I led her on to ſay to the following effect; ſome part of it not unlike what Lord M.'s diſmiſſed bailiff had ſaid before; by which I find that all the ſervants have a like opinion of him.

That Mr. Lovelace was a generous man; that it was hard to ſay, whether the ſervants of her lord's family loved or feared him moſt; that her lord had a very great affection for him; that his two noble aunts were not leſs fond of him; that his couſins Montague were as good-natured young ladies *as ever lived*; that Lord M. and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty had propoſed ſeveral ladies to him, before he made his addreſſes to me, and even ſince, deſpairing to move me and my friends in his favour—But that he had no thoughts of marrying at all, ſhe had heard him ſay, if it were not to me; that as well her lord as the two ladies his ſiſters were a good deal concerned at the ill-uſage he received from my family; but admired my character, and wiſhed to have him married to me (although I were not to have a ſhilling) in preference to any other perſon, from the opinion that they had of the influence I ſhould have over him. That, to be ſure, Mr. Lovelace was a wild gentleman; but wildneſs was a diſtemper which would cure itſelf. That her lord delighted in his company, whenever he could get it: but that they often fell out; and his lordſhip was always forced to ſubmit—Indeed, was half-afraid of him, ſhe believed; for Mr. Lovelace would do as he pleaſed. She mingled a thouſand pities often, that he acted not up to the talents lent him—Yet would have it, that he had fine qualities to found a reformation upon; and, when the happy day came, would make amends for all: and of this all his friends were ſo aſſured, that they wiſhed for nothing ſo earneſtly, as for his marriage.

This, indifferent as it is, is better than my brother ſays of him.

The people of the houſe here are very honeſt-looking induſtrious folks: Mrs. Sorlings is the gentlewoman's name. The farm ſeems well-ſtocked and thriving. She is a widow; has two ſons, men grown, who vie with each other which ſhall take the moſt pains in promoting the common good; and they are both of them, I already ſee, more reſpectful to two modeſt young women their ſiſters, than my brother was to his ſiſter.

I believe I muſt ſtay here longer than at firſt I thought I ſhould.

I ought to have mentioned, that, before I ſet out for this place, I received your kind letter. Every thing is kind from ſo dear a friend.

I own, that after I had told you of my abſolute determination not to go away with him, you might well be ſurprized at your firſt hearing that I was actually gone. The Lord bleſs me, my dear, I myſelf, at times, can hardly believe it is I, that have been led to take ſo ſtrange a ſtep.

I have not the better opinion of Mr. Lovelace for his extravagant volubility. He is too full of profeſſions. He ſays too many fine things *of* me, and *to* me. True reſpect, true value, I think, lies not in words: words *cannot* expreſs it: the ſilent awe, the humble, the doubting eye, and even the heſitating voice, better ſhew it by much, than, as our beloved Shakeſpeare ſays—

——'The rattling tongue
'Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.'

The man indeed at times is all upon the *extatick*; one of his phraſes. But, to my ſhame and confuſion, I muſt ſay, that I know too well to what to attribute his tranſports. In one word, it is to his *triumph*, my dear. And, to impute it to *that* perhaps equally expoſes my vanity, and condemns my folly.

We have been alarmed with notions of a purſuit, founded upon a letter from his intelligencer.

How do different circumſtances either ſanctify or condemn the ſame action!—What care ought we to take not to confound the diſtinctions of right or wrong, when *ſelf* comes in the queſtion!—I condemned in Mr. Lovelace the corrupting of a ſervant of my father's; and now I am glad to give a kind of *indirect* approbation of that fault, by enquiring of him what he hears, by that or any other way, of the manner in which my relations took my flight. A preconcerted, forward, and artful flight, it muſt undoubtedly appear to them. How grievous is that to think of! Yet *how*, as I am *ſituated*, can I put them right?

Moſt heavily, he ſays, they take it; but ſhew not ſo much grief as rage. And he can hardly have patience to hear of the virulence and menaces of my brother againſt himſelf. Then a merit is made to me of his forbearance.

What a ſatisfaction am I robbed of,

my dearest friend, when I reflect upon my inconsiderateness! O that I had it still in my power to say I *suffered* wrong, rather than *did* wrong! That others were more wanting in their kindness to me than I in duty (where duty is owing) to them.

Fie upon me! for *meeting the seducer!* —Let all end as happily as it now may, I have laid up for myself *remorse for my whole life.*

What still more concerns me is, that every time I see this man, I am still at a greater loss than before what to make of him. I watch every turn of his countenance: and I think I see very deep lines in it. He looks with more meaning, I verily think, than he used to look; yet not more serious; not less gay—I don't know how he looks—But with more confidence a great deal than formerly; and yet he never wanted that.

But here is the thing; I behold him with *fear* now, as conscious of the power my indiscretion has given him over me. And well may *he* look more elate, when he sees me deprived of all the self-supposed significance, which adorns and exalts a person who has been accustomed to respect; and who now, by a *conscious inferiority*, allows herself *to be overcome*, and in a state of *obligation*, as I may say, to a man who from a humble suitor to her for her favour, assumes the consequence and airs of a protector.

I shall send this, as my former, by a poor man, who travels every day with pedlary matters. He will leave it at Mrs. Knolly's, as you direct.

If you hear any-thing of my father and mother, and of their health, and how my friends were affected by my unhappy step, pray be so good as to write me a few lines by the messenger, if his waiting for them can be known to you.

I am afraid to ask you, whether, upon reading that part of my narrative already in your hands, you think any sort of extenuation lies for *your unhappy*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER III.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY. WEDN. APRIL 11, 12.

YOU claim my promise, that I will be as particular as possible, in all that passes between me and my goddess. Indeed, I never had a more illustrious subject to exercise my pen upon. And, moreover, I have leisure; for by her good will, my access would be as difficult to her, as that of the humblest slave to an eastern monarch. Nothing, then, but inclination to write can be wanting: and since our friendship, and your obliging attendance upon me at the White Hart, will not excuse that, I will endeavour to keep my word.

I parted with thee and thy brethren, with a full resolution, thou knowest, to rejoin ye, if she once again disappointed me, in order to go together (attended by our servants, for shew-sake) to the gloomy father; and demand audience of the tyrant upon the freedoms taken with my character. In short, to have tried by fair means, if fair would do, to make him change his resolutions; and treat his charming *daughter* with less inhumanity, and *me* with more civility.

I told thee my reasons for not going in search of a letter of countermand. I was right; for if I had, I should have found such a one; and had I received it, she would not have met me. Did she think, that after I had been more than once disappointed, I would not keep her to her promise; that I would not hold her to it, when I had got her in so deeply?

The moment I heard the door unbolt, I was sure of her. That motion made my heart bound to my throat. But when that was followed with the presence of my charmer, flashing upon me all at once in a flood of brightness, sweetly dressed, though all unprepared for a journey, I trod air, and hardly thought myself a mortal.

Thou shalt judge of her dress, as, at the moment I first beheld her, she appeared to me, and as, upon a nearer observation, she really was. I am a critick, thou knowest, in womens dresses. Many a one I have taught to dress, and helped to undress. But there is such a native elegance in this lady, that she surpasses all that I could imagine surpassing. But then her person adorns what she wears, more than dress can adorn her; and that's her excellence.

Expect therefore a faint sketch of her admirable person with her dress.

Her wax-like flesh (for after all, flesh and blood I think she is) by it's delicacy and firmness, answers for the soundness of her health. Thou hast often heard me launch out in praise of her complexion. I never in my life beheld a skin so *illustriously* fair. The lily and the driven snow it is nonsense to talk of: her lawn and her laces one might indeed compare to those: but what a whited wall would a woman appear to be, who had a complexion

plexion which would juſtify ſuch unnatural compariſons? But this lady is all glowing, all charming fleſh and blood: yet ſo clear, that every meandring vein is to be ſeen in all the lovely parts of her which cuſtom permits to be viſible.

Thou haſt heard me alſo deſcribe the wavy ringlets of her ſhining hair needing neither art nor powder; of itſelf an ornament, defying all other ornaments; wantoning in and about a neck that is beautiful beyond deſcription.

Her head-dreſs was a Bruſſels-lace mob, peculiarly adapted to the charming air and turn of her features. A ſky-blue ribband illuſtrated that. But although the weather was ſomewhat ſharp, ſhe had not on either hat or hood; for, beſides that ſhe loves to uſe herſelf hardily, (by which means and by a temperance truly exemplary, ſhe is allowed to have given high health and vigour to an originally tender conſtitution) ſhe ſeems to have intended to ſhew me, that ſhe was determined not to ſtand to her appointment. O Jack! that ſuch a ſweet girl ſhould be a rogue!

Her morning gown was a pale primroſe-coloured paduaſoy: the cuffs and robings curiouſly embroidered by the fingers of this ever-charming Arachne, in a running pattern of violets and their leaves; the light in the flowers ſilver; gold in the leaves. A pair of diamond ſnaps in her ears. A white handkerchief wrought by the ſame inimitable fingers concealed—O Belford! what ſtill more inimitable beauties did it not conceal!—And I ſaw, all the way we rode, the bounding heart (by it's throbbing motions I ſaw it!) dancing beneath the charming umbrage.

Her ruffles were the ſame as her mob. Her apron a flowered lawn. Her coat white ſattin, quilted: blue ſattin her ſhoes, braided with the ſame colour, without lace; for what need has the prettieſt foot in the world of ornament? neat buckles in them: and on her charming arms a pair of black velvet glove-like muffs of her own invention; for ſhe makes and gives faſhions as ſhe pleaſes.—Her hands velvet of themſelves, thus uncovered the freer to be graſped by thoſe of her adorer.

I have told thee what were *my* tranſports, when the undrawn bolt preſented to me my long-expected goddeſs.—*Her* emotions were more ſweetly feminine, after the firſt moments; for then the fire of her ſtarry eyes began to ſink into a leſs dazzling languor. She trembled: nor knew ſhe how to ſupport the agitations of a heart ſhe had never found ſo ungovernable. She was even fainting, when I claſped her in my ſupporting arms. What a precious moment that! How near, how ſweetly near, the throbbing partners!

By her dreſs, I ſaw, as I obſerved before, how unprepared ſhe was for a journey; and not doubting her intention once more to diſappoint me, I would have drawn her after me. Then began a contention the moſt vehement that ever I had with woman. It would pain thy friendly heart to be told the infinite trouble I had with her. I begged, I prayed, on my knees; yet in vain, I begged and prayed her to anſwer her own appointment: and had I not happily provided for ſuch a ſtruggle, knowing whom I had to deal with, I had certainly failed in my deſign; and as certainly would have accompanied her in, without thee and thy brethren: and who knows what might have been the conſequence?

But my honeſt agent anſwering my ſignal, *though not quite ſo ſoon as I expected*, in the manner thou knoweſt I had preſcribed, 'They are coming! They are 'coming!—Fly, fly, my beloved crea-'ture,' cried I, drawing my ſword with a flouriſh, as if I would have ſlain half an hundred of the ſuppoſed intruders; and, ſeizing her trembling hands, I drew her after me ſo ſwiftly, that *my* feet, winged by love, could hardly keep pace with *her* feet, agitated by fear.—And ſo I became her emperor.

I'll tell thee all, when I ſee thee: and thou ſhalt then judge of *my* difficulties, and of *her* perverſeneſs. And thou wilt rejoice with me at my conqueſt over ſuch a watchful and open-eyed charmer.

But feeſt thou not now (as I think I do) the wind-outſtripping fair-one flying *from* her love *to* her love?—Is there not ſuch a game?—Nay, flying from friends ſhe was reſolved not to abandon, to the man ſhe was determined not to go off with?—*The ſex! The ſex! all over!*—Charming contradiction!—Hah, hah, hah, hah!—I muſt here—I muſt here, lay down my pen, to hold my ſides; for I muſt have my laugh out now the fit is upon me.

I BELIEVE—I believe—Hah, hah, hah! I believe, Jack, my dogs conclude me mad: for here has one of them popt in, as if to ſee what ailed me; or whom I had with me. The whorſon caught the laugh, as he went out.—Hah, hah, hah!—An *impudent* dog!—O Jack, knoweſt thou my conceit, and were but thy laugh

laugh joined to mine, I believe it would hold me for an hour longer.

But, O my beſt beloved fair one, repine not thou at the arts by which thou ſuſpecteſt thy fruitleſs vigilance has been over-watched.—Take care, that thou provokeſt not new ones that may be ſtill more worthy of thee. If once thy emperor decrees thy fall, thou ſhalt greatly fall. Thou ſhalt have cauſe, if that come to paſs, which *may* come to paſs, (for why wouldſt thou put off marriage to ſo long a day, as till thou hadſt reaſon to be convinced of my reformation, deareſt?) thou ſhalt have cauſe, never fear, to ſit down more diſſatisfied with the ſtars, than with thyſelf. And come the worſt to the worſt, glorious terms will I give thee. Thy garriſon, with General *Prudence* at the head, and Governor *Watchfulneſs* bringing up the rear, ſhall be allowed to march out with all the honours due to ſo brave a reſiſtance. And all thy ſex, and all mine, that hear of my ſtratagems, and of thy conduct, ſhall acknowledge the fortreſs as nobly won, as defended.

'Thou wilt not dare,' methinks I hear thee ſay, 'to attempt to reduce ſuch a 'goddeſs as this to a ſtandard unworthy 'of her excellences. It is impoſſible, 'Lovelace, that thou ſhouldſt intend to 'break through oaths and proteſtations 'ſo ſolemn.'

That I did *not* intend it, is certain. That I *do* intend it, I cannot (my heart, my reverence for her, will not let me) ſay. But knoweſt thou not my averſion to the ſtate of ſhackles?—And is ſhe not IN MY POWER?

'And wilt thou, Lovelace, abuſe that 'power which—'

Which what, Belford?—Which I obtained not by her own conſent, but *againſt* it.

'But which thou never hadſt obtain-'ed, had ſhe not eſteemed thee above 'all men.'

And which I had never taken ſo much pains to obtain, had I not loved her above all women. So far upon a par, Jack! and if thou pleadeſt honour, ought not honour to be mutual? If mutual, does it not imply mutual truſt, mutual confidence? And what have I had of *that* from her to boaſt of?—Thou knoweſt the whole progreſs of our warfare: for a warfare it has truly been; and far, very far, from an amorous warfare too. Doubts, miſtruſts, upbraidings, on her part: humiliations the moſt abject on mine. Obliged to aſſume ſuch airs of reformation, that every varlet of ye has been afraid I ſhould reclaim in good earneſt. And haſt thou not thyſelf frequently obſerved to me, how awkwardly I returned to my uſual gaiety, after I had been within a mile of her father's garden-wall, although I had not ſeen her?

Does ſhe not deſerve to pay for all this?—To make an honeſt fellow look like an hypocrite; what a vile thing is that!

Then thou knoweſt what a *falſe* little rogue ſhe has been. How little conſcience ſhe has made of diſappointing me. Haſt thou not been a witneſs of my ravings, on this ſcore?—Have I not, in the height of them, vowed revenge upon the faithleſs charmer?—And, if I *muſt* be forſworn, whether I anſwer her expectations, or follow my own inclinations; and if the option be in my own power; can I heſitate a moment which to chuſe?

Then, I fancy by her circumſpection, and her continual grief, that ſhe *expects* ſome miſchief from me. I don't care to diſappoint any-body I have a value for.

But O the noble, the exalted creature! Who can avoid heſitating when he thinks of an offence againſt her? Who can but pity—

Yet, on the other hand, ſo loth at laſt to venture, though threatened to be forced into the nuptial fetters with a man, whom to look upon as a rival, is to diſgrace myſelf!—So ſullen, now ſhe has ventured!—What title has ſhe to pity; and to a pity which her pride would make her diſclaim?

But I reſolve not *any way*. I will ſee how *her* will works; and how *my* will leads me on. I will give the combatants fair play, and yet, every time I attend her, I find that ſhe is leſs in *my* power; I more in *her's*.

Yet, a fooliſh little rogue! to forbid me to think of marriage till I am a reformed man! Till the implacables of her family change their natures, and become placable!

It is true, when ſhe was for making thoſe conditions, ſhe did not think, that without *any*, ſhe ſhould *be cheated out of herſelf*; for ſo the dear ſoul, as I may tell thee in it's place, phraſes it.

How it ſwells my pride, to have been able to outwit ſuch a vigilant charmer! I am taller by half a yard in my imagination than I was. I look *down* upon every-body now. Laſt night I was ſtill more extravagant. I took off my hat, as I walked, to ſee if the lace were not

ſcorched,

ſcorched, ſuppoſing it had bruſhed down a ſtar; and, before I put it on again, in mere wantonneſs, and heart's eaſe, I was for buffeting the moon.

In ſhort, my whole ſoul is joy. When I go to bed I laugh myſelf aſleep: and I awake either laughing or ſinging—Yet nothing nearly in view, neither—For why?—*I am not yet reformed enough.*

I told thee at the time, if thou remembreſt, how capable this reſtriction was of being turned upon the over-ſcrupulous dear creature, could I once get her out of her father's houſe; and were I diſpoſed to puniſh her for her family's faults, and for the infinite trouble ſhe herſelf had given me. Little thinks ſhe, *that I have kept an account of both:* and that, when my heart is ſoft, and all her own, I can but turn to my *memoranda*, and harden myſelf at once.

O my charmer, look to it! Abate of thy haughty airs! Value not thyſelf upon thy ſincerity, if thou *art* indifferent to me! I will not bear it *now*. *Art thou not in my* POWER?—Nor, if thou loveſt me, think, that the female affectation of denying thy love, will avail thee *now*, with a heart ſo proud and ſo jealous as mine?—Remember, moreover, that all thy family-ſins are upon thy head!

But, ah! Jack, when I ſee my angel, when I am admitted to the preſence of this radiant beauty, what will become of all this vapouring?

But, be my end what it may, I am obliged, by thy penetration, fair-one, to proceed by the ſap. *Fair and ſoftly. A wife at any time!* Marriage will be always in my power.

When put to the univerſity, the ſame courſe of *initial ſtudies* will qualify the yonker for the one line or for the other. The *genius* ought to point out the future lawyer, divine, or phyſician!—So the ſame cautious conduct, with ſuch a vigilance, will do either for the *wife*, or for the *no*-wife. When I reform, I'll marry. 'Tis time enough for the *one*, the *lady* muſt ſay—For the *other*, ſay *I!*

But how I ramble!—This it is to be in ſuch a ſituation, that I know not what to reſolve upon.

I'll tell thee my *inclinings*, as I proceed. The *pro's* and the *con's* I'll tell thee: but being got too far from the track I ſet out in, I will cloſe here. I may however write every day ſomething, and ſend it as opportunity offers.

Regardleſs, nevertheleſs, I ſhall be in all I write, of connexion, accuracy, or of any thing but of my own imperial will and pleaſure.

LETTER IV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 12.

I Have your narrative, my dear. You are the ſame noble creature you ever were. Above diſguiſe, above art, above attempting to extenuate a failing.

The only family in the world, yours, ſurely, that could have driven ſuch a daughter upon ſuch extremities.

But you muſt not be ſo very much too good for *them*, and for the *caſe*.

You lay the blame ſo properly and ſo unſparingly *upon your meeting him*, that nothing can be added to that ſubject by your worſt enemies, were they to ſee what you have written.

I am not ſurprized, now I have read your narrative, that ſo bold and ſo contriving a man—I am forced to break off——

You ſtood it out much better and longer—Here again comes my buſtling, jealous mother!

Don't be ſo angry at yourſelf. Did you not do for the beſt at the time? As to your firſt fault, *the anſwering his letters*; it was always incumbent upon you to aſſume the guardianſhip of ſuch a family, when the bravo of it had run riot as he did, and brought himſelf into danger.

Except your mother, who has no will of her own, have any of them common ſenſe?

Forgive me, my dear—Here is that ſtupid uncle Antony of yours. A pragmatical, conceited, poſitive—He came yeſterday, in a fearful pucker, and puffed, and blowed, and ſtumped about our hall and parlour, while his meſſage was carried up.

My mother was dreſſing. Theſe widows are as ſtarched as the old batchelors. She would not ſee him in a diſhabille for the world—*What can ſhe mean by it?*

His errand was to ſet her againſt you, and to ſhew their determined rage on your going away. The iſſue proved too evidently that this was the principal end of his viſit.

The odd creature deſired to ſpeak with her alone. I am not uſed to ſuch exceptions whenever any viſits are made to my mother.

When ſhe was *primmed out*, down ſhe came

came to him. They locked themſelves in. The two poſitive heads were put together—Cloſe together I ſuppoſe; for I liſtened, but could hear nothing diſtinctly, though they both ſeemed full of their ſubject.

I had a good mind, once or twice, to have made them open the door. Could I have been ſure of keeping but tolerably my temper, I would have *demanded* admittance. But I was afraid, if I had obtained it, that I ſhould have forgot it was my mother's houſe, and been for turning him out of it. To come to rave againſt and abuſe my deareſt, deareſt, faultleſs friend! and the ravings to be encouraged, and perhaps joined in, in order to juſtify themſelves; the one for contributing to drive that dear friend out of her father's houſe; the other for refuſing her a temporary aſylum, till the reconciliation could have been effected, which her dutiful heart was ſet upon; and which it would have become the love which my mother had ever pretended for you, to have mediated for—Could I have had patience!

The *iſſue*, as I ſaid, ſhewed what the errand was—It's firſt appearance, after the old fuſty fellow was marched off, [*You muſt excuſe me, my dear*] was in a kind of gloomy, Harlowe-like reſervedneſs in my mother; which, upon a few reſenting flirts of mine, was followed by a rigorous prohibition of correſpondence.

This put us, you may ſuppoſe, upon terms not the moſt agreeable. I deſired to know, if I were prohibited *dreaming* of you?—For, my dear, you have all my ſleeping as well as waking hours.

I can eaſily allow for your correſpondence with your wretch at firſt (and yet your motions were excellent) by the effect this prohibition has upon me; ſince, if poſſible, it has made me love you better than before; and I am more deſirous than ever of correſponding with you.

But I have nevertheleſs a much more laudable motive—I ſhould think myſelf the unworthieſt of creatures, could I be brought to ſlight a dear friend, and ſuch a meritorious one, in her diſtreſs.—I would die firſt—And ſo I told my mother. And I have deſired her not to watch me in my retired hours; nor to inſiſt upon my lying with her conſtantly, which ſhe now does more earneſtly than ever. 'Twere better, I told her, that the Harlowe-Betty were borrowed to be ſet over me.

Mr. Hickman, who greatly honours you, has, unknown to me, interpoſed ſo warmly in your favour with my mother, that it makes for him no ſmall merit with me.

I cannot, at preſent, write to every particular, unleſs I would be in *ſet* defiance.—Teaze, teaze, teaze, for ever! The ſame thing, though anſwered fifty times over, in every hour to be repeated—Lord bleſs me! what a life muſt my poor father—But let me remember to whom I am writing.

If this ever-active, ever-miſchievous monkey of a man, this Lovelace, contrived, as you ſuſpect—But here comes my mother again—'Aye, ſtay a little 'longer, my mamma, if you pleaſe—'I can but be ſuſpected! I can but be 'chidden for making you wait; and 'chidden I am ſure to be, whether I do 'or not, in the way you, my good 'mamma, are *Antony'd* into.'

Bleſs me!—how impatient ſhe is!—How ſhe thunders at the door!—'This 'moment, Madam!—How came I to 'double-lock myſelf in!—What have 'I done with the key!—Deuce take the 'key!—Dear Madam! You flutter one 'ſo!'

You may believe, my dear, that I took care of my papers before I opened the door. We have had a charming dialogue—She flung from me in a paſſion.

So—what's now to be done?—Sent for down in a very peremptory manner, I aſſure you. What an incoherent letter will you have, when I can get it to you! But now I know where to ſend it, Mr. Hickman ſhall find me a meſſenger. Yet, if he be detected, poor ſoul, he will be *Harlowed-off*, as well as his *meek miſtreſs*.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13.

I HAVE this moment your continuation-letter. And am favoured, at preſent, with the abſence of my Argus-eyed mother.

Dear creature!—I can account for all your difficulties. A young lady of your delicacy!—And with ſuch a man!—I muſt be brief.

The man's a fool, my dear, will all his pride, and with all his complaiſance, *and affected regards to your injunctions*. Yet his ready inventions—

Sometimes I think you ſhould go to Lady Betty's—I know not what to adviſe you to do.—I *ſhould*, if you were not ſo intent upon reconciling yourſelf to your relations. Yet they are implacable. You can have no hopes of them. Your uncle's errand to my mother may convince

convince you of that; and if you have an anſwer to your letter to your ſiſter, that will confirm you, I dare ſay.

You need not to have been afraid of aſking me, whether, upon reading your narrative, I thought any extenuation could lie for what you have done! I have, as above, before I had your queſtion, told you my mind as to that.—And I repeat, that I think, your *provocations* and *inducements* conſidered, you are free from blame: at leaſt, the freeſt that ever young creature was who took ſuch a ſtep.

But *you took it not*—You were *driven on one ſide*, and, poſſibly, *tricked on the other*.—If any woman on earth ſhall be circumſtanced as you were, and ſhall hold out ſo long as you did, againſt her perſecutors on one hand, and her ſeducer on the other, I will forgive her for all the reſt of her conduct, be it what it will.

All your acquaintance, you may ſuppoſe, talk of nobody but you. Some indeed bring your admirable character for a plea againſt you: but nobody does, or *can*, acquit your father and uncles.

Every-body ſeems apprized of your brother's and ſiſter's motives. Your flight is, no doubt, the very thing they aimed to drive you to, by the various attacks they made upon you; unhoping (as they muſt do all the time) the ſucceſs of their ſchemes in Solmes's behalf. They knew, that if once you were reſtored to favour, the ſuſpended love of your father and uncles, like a river breaking down a temporary obſtruction, would return with double force; and that then you would expoſe, and triumph over all their arts.—And now, I hear they *enjoy* their ſucceſsful malice.

Your father is all rage and violence. He ought, I am ſure, to turn his rage inward. All your family accuſe you of acting with *deep art*; and are put upon ſuppoſing that you are actually *every hour exulting over them*, with your man, in the ſucceſs of it.

They all pretend now, that your trial of Wedneſday was to be the laſt.

Advantage would indeed, my mother owns, have been taken of your yielding, if you had yielded. But had you not been to be prevailed upon, they would have given up their ſcheme, and taken your promiſe for renouncing Lovelace—Believe them who will!

They own, however, that a miniſter was to be preſent—Mr. Solmes was to be at hand—And your father was previouſly to try his authority over you, in order to make you ſign the ſettlements—All of it a romantick contrivance of your wild-headed fooliſh brother, I make no doubt. Is it likely that he and Bell would have given way to your reſtoration to favour, ſuppoſing it in their power to hinder it, on any other terms than thoſe their hearts had been ſo long ſet upon?

How they took your flight, when they found it out, may be better ſuppoſed than deſcribed.

Your aunt Hervey it ſeems was the firſt that went down to the Ivy Summer Houſe, in order to acquaint you that their ſearch was over. Betty followed her; and they not finding you there, went towards the caſcade, according to a hint of yours.

Returning by the garden-door, they met a ſervant [*They don't ſay, it was that Joſeph Leman; but it is very likely that it was he*] running, as he ſaid, from purſuing Mr. Lovelace (a great hedge ſtake in his hand, and out of breath) to alarm the family.

If it were this fellow, and if he were employed in the double agency of cheating them, and cheating you, what ſhall we think of the wretch you are with?—Run away from him, my dear, if ſo—No matter to whom—or marry him, if you cannot.

Your aunt and all your family were accordingly alarmed by this fellow—*evidently when too late for purſuit*. They got together; and, when a *poſſe*, ran to the place of interview; and ſome of them as far as to the tracks of the chariot-wheels, without ſtopping. And having heard the man's tale upon the ſpot, a general lamentation, a mutual upbraiding, and rage, and grief, were echoed from the different perſons, according to their different tempers and conceptions. And they returned like fools as they went.

Your brother, at firſt, ordered horſes and armed men to be got ready for a purſuit. Solmes and your uncle *Tony* were to be of the party. But your mother and your aunt Hervey diſſuaded them from it, for fear of adding evil to evil; not doubting but Lovelace had taken meaſures to ſupport himſelf in what he had done; and eſpecially when the ſervant declared, that he ſaw you run with him as faſt as you could ſet foot to the ground; and that there were ſeveral armed men on horſeback at a ſmall diſtance off.

My mother's abſence was owing to her

her ſuſpicion, that the Knollys's were to aſſiſt in our correſpondence. She made them a viſit upon it. *She does every thing at once.* And they have promiſed, that no more letters ſhall be left there, without her knowledge.

But Mr. Hickman has engaged one Filmer, a huſbandman in the lane we call Finch Lane, near us, to receive them. Thither you will be pleaſed to direct yours, under cover, to Mr. John Soberton; and Mr. Hickman himſelf will call for them there; and there ſhall leave mine. It goes againſt me too, to make him ſo uſeful to me.—He looks already ſo proud upon it!—I ſhall have him [Who knows?] give himſelf airs.—He had beſt conſider, that the favour he has been long aiming at, may put him into a very dangerous, a very tickliſh ſituation. He that can oblige, may diſoblige—Happy for ſome people not to have it in their power to offend!

I will have patience, if I can, for a while, to ſee if theſe buſtlings in my mother will ſubſide—But upon my word, I will not long bear this uſage.

Sometimes I am ready to think, that my mother carries it thus on purpoſe to tire me out, and to make me the ſooner marry. If I find it to be ſo, and that Hickman, in order to make a merit with me, is in the low plot, I will never bear him in my ſight.

Plotting wretch, as I doubt your man is, I wiſh to Heaven that you were married, that you might brave them all, and not be forced to hide yourſelf, and be hurried from one inconvenient place to another. I charge you, omit not to lay hold on any handſome opportunity that may offer for that purpoſe.

Here again comes my mother.

We look mighty glum upon each other, I can tell you. She had not beſt *Harlowe* me at this rate—I won't bear it.

I have a vaſt deal to write. I know not what to write firſt. Yet my mind is full, and ready to run over.

I am got into a private corner of the garden, to be out of her way.—Lord help theſe mothers!—Do they think they can prevent a daughter's writing, or doing any-thing ſhe has a mind to do, by ſuſpicion, watchfulneſs, and ſcolding?—They had better place a confidence in one by half—A generous mind ſcorns to abuſe a generous confidence.

You have a nice, a very nice part to act with this wretch—Who yet has, I think, but one plain path before him. I pity you—But you muſt make the beſt of the lot you have been forced to draw. Yet I ſee your difficulties.—But if he do not offer to abuſe your confidence, I would have you *ſeem* at leaſt to place ſome in him.

If you think not of marrying ſoon, I approve of your reſolution to fix ſomewhere out of his reach. And if he know not where to find you, ſo much the better. Yet I verily believe, they would force you back, could they but come at you, if they were not afraid of *him*.

I think, by all means, you ſhould demand of both your truſtees to be put in poſſeſſion of your own eſtate. Mean time I have ſixty guineas at your ſervice. I beg you will command them. Before they are gone, I'll take care you ſhall be further ſupplied. I don't think you'll have a ſhilling or a ſhilling's worth of your own from your relations, unleſs you extort it from them.

As they believe you went away by your own conſent, they are, it ſeems, equally ſurprized and glad that you have left your jewels and money behind you, and have contrived for cloaths ſo ill. Very little likelihood this ſhews of their anſwering your requeſts.

Indeed every-one who knows not what I *now* know, muſt be at a loſs to account for your *flight*, as they will call it. And how, my dear, can one report it with any tolerable advantage to you?—To ſay, you *did not intend it* when you met him, who will believe it?—to ſay, that a perſon of your known ſteadineſs and punctilio was *over-perſuaded* when you gave him the meeting, how will that ſound?—To ſay, you were *tricked out of yourſelf*, and people were to give credit to it, how diſreputable!—And while *unmarried*, and *yet with him*, the man a man of ſuch a character, what would it not lead a cenſuring world to think?

I want to ſee how you put it in your letter for your cloaths.

As you may depend upon all the little ſpiteful things they can offer, inſtead of ſending what you write for, pray accept the ſum I tender. What will ſeven guineas do?—And I will find a way to ſend you alſo any of my cloaths and linen for preſent ſupply. I beg, my dear Clariſſa, that you will not put your Anna Howe upon a foot with Lovelace, in refuſing to accept of my offer. If you do not oblige me, I ſhall be apt to think that you rather incline to be obliged to *him*, than to favour *me*. And if I find this, I ſhall not know how to reconcile it with your delicacy in other reſpects.

Pray

Pray inform me of every-thing that paſſes between you and him. My cares for you (however needleſs, from your own prudence) make me wiſh you to continue to be very minute. If any-thing occur that you would tell me of if I were preſent, fail not to put it down in writing, although, from your natural diffidence, it ſhould not appear to you altogether ſo worthy of your pen, or of my knowing. A ſtander-by may ſee more of the game than one that plays. Great conſequences, like great folks, generally owe their greatneſs to ſmall cauſes, and little incidents.

Upon the whole, I do not now think it is in your power to diſmiſs him when you pleaſe. I apprized you before-hand, that it would not. I repeat therefore, that were I you, I would at leaſt *ſeem* to place ſome confidence in him. So long as he is decent, you may. Very viſibly obſervable, to ſuch delicacy as yours, muſt be that behaviour in him, which will make him unworthy of *ſome* confidence.

Your relations, according to what old Antony ſays to *my mother*, and *ſhe to me*, (by way of threatening, that you will not gain your ſuppoſed ends upon them by your flight) ſeem to expect that you will throw yourſelf into Lady Betty's protection; and that ſhe will offer to mediate for you: and they vow, that they will never hearken to any terms of accommodation that ſhall come from that quarter. They might ſpeak out, and ſay, from *any* quarter; for I dare aver, that your brother and ſiſter will not let them cool—At leaſt, till their uncles have made ſuch diſpoſitions, and perhaps your father too, as they would have them make.

As this letter will apprize you of an alteration in the place to which you muſt direct your next, I ſend it by a friend of Mr. Hickman, who may be depended upon. He has buſineſs in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Sorlings; and he knows her. He will return to Mr. Hickman this night; and bring back any letter you ſhall have to ſend, or can get ready. It is moonlight. He'll not mind waiting for you. I chuſe not to ſend by any of Mr. Hickman's ſervants—at preſent, however. Every hour is now, or may be, important; and may make an alteration in your reſolutions neceſſary.

I hear at this inſtant, my mother calling about her, and putting every-body into motion. She will ſoon, I ſuppoſe, make *me* and *my* employment the ſubjects of her enquiry.

Adieu, my dear. May Heaven preſerve you, and reſtore you with honour as unſullied as your mind to *your ever-affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER V.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 13.

I Am infinitely concerned, my ever-dear and ever kind friend, that I am the ſad occaſion of the diſpleaſure between your mother and you.—How many perſons have I made unhappy!

Had I not to conſole myſelf, that my error is not owing to wicked precipitation, I ſhould be the moſt miſerable of all creatures. As it is, I am enough puniſhed in the *loſs of my character*, more valuable to me than my life; and in the *cruel doubts and perplexities* which, conflicting with my hopes, and each getting the victory by turns, harrow up my ſoul between them.

I think, however, that you ſhould obey your mother, and decline a correſpondence with me; at leaſt for the preſent. Take care how you fall into my error; for that *begun with carrying on a prohibited correſpondence*; a correſpondence which I thought it in my power to diſcontinue at pleaſure. My talent is ſcribbling; and I the readier fell into this freedom, as I found delight in writing; having motives too, which I thought laudable; and, at one time, the permiſſion of all my friends; to write to him.

Yet as to this correſpondence, what hurt could ariſe from it, if your mother could be prevailed upon to permit it to be continued?—So much prudence and diſcretion as you have; and you, in writing to me, laying under no temptation of following ſo bad an example, as I have ſet—My letters too occaſionally filled with ſelf-accuſation.

I thank you, my dear, moſt cordially I thank you, for your kind offers. You may be aſſured, that I will ſooner be beholden to you, than to any-body living. To Mr. Lovelace the laſt. Do not therefore think, that by declining your favours, I have an intention to lay myſelf under obligation to him.

I am willing to hope (notwithſtanding what you write) that my friends will ſend me my little money, together with my

cloaths. They are two conſiderate, ſome of them, at leaſt, to permit that I ſhould be put to ſuch *low* difficulties. Perhaps, they will not be in haſte to oblige me. But if not, I cannot yet want. I believe you think, I muſt not diſpute with Mr. Lovelace the expences of the road and lodgings, till I can get a fixed abode. But I hope ſoon to put an end even to thoſe ſort of obligations.

Small hopes indeed of a reconciliation from your account of my uncle's viſit to your mother, in order to ſet her againſt an almoſt-friendleſs creature whom once he loved! *But is it not my duty to try for it?* Ought I to widen my error by obſtinacy and reſentment, becauſe of their reſentment; which muſt appear reaſonable to them, as they ſuppoſe my flight premeditated; and as they are made to believe, that I am capable of triumphing *in it*, and *over them*, with the *man they hate?* When I have done all in my power to reſtore myſelf to their favour, I ſhall have the leſs to reproach myſelf with.

Theſe conſiderations make me waver about following your advice, in relation to marriage; and the rather, as he is ſo full of complaiſance with regard to my former conditions, which he calls my *injunctions*.– Nor can I now, that my friends, as you inform me, have ſo ſtrenuouſly declared *againſt accepting of the mediation of the ladies of Mr. Lovelace's family*, put myſelf into their protection, unleſs I am reſolved to give up all hopes of a reconciliation with my own.

Yet if any happy introduction *could* be thought of to effect this deſirable purpoſe, how ſhall terms be propoſed to my father, while this man is with me, or near me? On the other hand, ſhould they in his abſence get me back by force, (and this, you are of opinion, they would attempt to do, but in fear of him) how will their ſevereſt acts of compulſion be juſtified by my flight from them!— Meanwhile, to what cenſures, as you remind me, do I expoſe myſelf, while he and I are together, and unmarried!— Yet [Can I with patience aſk the queſtion?] *is it in my power?*—O, my dear Miſs Howe! And am I ſo reduced, as that, to ſave the poor remains of my reputation in the world's eye, I muſt *watch the gracious motion* from this man's lips?

Were my couſin Morden in England, all might ſtill perhaps be determined happily.

If no other mediation than his can be procured to ſet on foot the wiſhed-for reconciliation, and if my ſituation with Mr. Lovelace alter not in the interim, I muſt endeavour to keep myſelf in a ſtate of independence till he arrive, that I be at liberty to govern myſelf by his advice and direction.

I will acquaint you, as you deſire, with all that paſſes between Mr. Lovelace and me. Hitherto I have not diſcovered anything in his behaviour that is *very* exceptionable. Yet I cannot ſay, that I think the reſpect he ſhews me, an eaſy, unreſtrained, and natural reſpect, although I can hardly tell where the fault is.

But he has doubtleſs an arrogant and encroaching ſpirit. Nor is he ſo polite as his education, and other advantages, might have made one expect him to be. He ſeems, in ſhort, to be one, who has always had too much of his own will to ſtudy to accomodate himſelf to that of others.

As to the placing of ſome confidence in him, I ſhall be as ready to take your advice in this particular, as in all others, and as he will be to deſerve it. But *tricked away* as I was by him, not only *againſt my judgment, but my inclination*, can *he*, or *any-body*, expect, that I ſhould immediately treat him with complaiſance, as if I acknowledged obligation to him for carrying me away?—If I did, muſt he not either think me a vile diſſembler *before* he gained that point, or *afterwards?*

Indeed, indeed, my dear, I could tear my hair, on conſidering what you write, (as to the probability that the dreaded Wedneſday was more dreaded than it needed to be) to think, that I ſhould be thus tricked by this man; and that, in all likelihood, through his vile agent Joſeph Leman. So premeditated and elaborate a wickedneſs as it muſt be!— Muſt I not, *with ſuch a man*, be wanting *to myſelf*, if I were *not* jealous and vigilant?—Yet what a life to live for a ſpirit *ſo open*, and naturally *ſo unſuſpicious*, as mine?

I am obliged to Mr. Hickman for the aſſiſtance he is ſo kindly ready to give to our correſpondence. He is ſo *little likely* to make to himſelf an additional merit with the *daughter* upon it, that I ſhall be very ſorry, if he riſque anything with the *mother* by it.

I am now in a ſtate of obligation: ſo muſt reſt ſatisfied with whatever I cannot help. Whom have I the power, once ſo precious to me, of obliging?— What I mean, my dear, is, that I ought, perhaps, to expect, that my influences over you are weakened by my indiſcretion. Nevertheleſs, I will not, if I can help it, *deſert myſelf*, nor give up the privilege you uſed to allow me, of telling

you

you what I think of ſuch parts of your conduct as I may not approve.

You muſt permit me therefore, ſevere as your mother is againſt an undeſigning offender, to ſay, that I think your livelineſs to her inexcuſable—To paſs over, for this time, what nevertheleſs concerns me not a little, the free treatment you almoſt *indiſcriminately* give to my relations.

If you will not, for your *duty's ſake*, forbear your tauntings and impatience, let me beſeech you, that you will for *mine*.—Since otherwiſe, your mother may apprehend, that my example, like a leaven, is working itſelf into the mind of her beloved daughter. And may not ſuch an apprehenſion give her an irreconcileable diſpleaſure againſt me?

I incloſe the copy of my letter to my ſiſter, which you are deſirous to ſee. You will obſerve, that although I have not demanded my eſtate in form, and of my truſtees, yet that I have hinted at leave to retire to it. How joyfully would I keep my word, if they would accept of the offer I renew!—It was not proper, I believe you will think, on many accounts, to own that I was carried off againſt my inclination. I am, my deareſt friend, *your ever-obliged and affectionate*

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER VI.

TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

[INCLOSED TO MISS HOWE IN THE PRECEDING.]

ST. ALBAN'S, APR. 11.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I Have, I confeſs, been guilty of an action which carries with it a raſh and undutiful appearance. And I ſhould have thought it an inexcuſable one, had I been uſed with leſs ſeverity than I have been of late; and had I not too great reaſon to apprehend, that I was to be made a ſacrifice to a man I could not bear to think of. But what is done, is done—Perhaps I could wiſh it had not; and that I had truſted to the relenting of my dear and honoured parents.—Yet this from no other motives, but thoſe of duty to them.—To whom I am ready to return (if I may not be permitted to retire to *The Grove*) on conditions which I before offered to comply with.

Nor ſhall I be in any ſort of dependence upon the perſon by whoſe means I have taken this *truly reluctant ſtep*, inconſiſtent with any reaſonable engagement I ſhall enter into, if I am not farther precipitated. Let me not have it to ſay, now at this important criſis! that I have a ſiſter, but not a friend in that ſiſter. My reputation, dearer to me than life, (whatever you may imagine from the ſtep I have taken) is ſuffering. A little lenity will, even yet, in a great meaſure, reſtore it, and make that paſs for a temporary miſunderſtanding only, which otherwiſe will be a ſtain as durable as life, upon a creature who has already been treated with great *unkindneſs*, to uſe no harſher a word.

For your own ſake therefore, for my brother's ſake, by whom (I muſt ſay) I have been thus precipitated, and for all the family's ſake, aggravate not my fault, if, on recollecting every thing, you think it one; nor by widening the unhappy difference, expoſe a ſiſter for ever—Prays *your affectionate*

CL. HARLOWE.

I ſhall take it for a very great favour, to have my cloaths directly ſent me, together with fifty guineas, which you will find in my eſcritoire; (of which I incloſe the key) as alſo the divinity and miſcellany claſſes of my little library; and, if it be thought fit, my jewels—Directed for *me*, 'To be left, 'till called for, at Mr. Oſgood's, near 'Soho Square.'

LETTER VII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MR. Lovelace, in continuation of his laſt letter, (No III.) *gives an account to his friend (pretty much to the ſame effect with the lady's) of all that paſſed between them at the inns, in the journey, and till their fixing at Mrs. Sorlings's. To avoid repetition, thoſe paſſages in his narrative are only extracted, which will ſerve to embelliſh hers; to open his views; or to diſplay the humorous talent he was noted for.*

At their alighting at the inn at St. Alban's on Monday night, thus he writes.

THE people who came about us, as we alighted, ſeemed, by their jaw-fallen faces, and goggling eyes, to wonder at beholding a charming young lady, majeſty in her air and aſpect, ſo compoſedly dreſſed, yet with features ſo diſcompoſed, come off a journey which had made the cattle ſmoke, and the ſervants ſweat. I read their curioſity in their faces, and my beloved's uneaſineſs in hers.

hers. She caſt a conſcious glance, as ſhe alighted, upon her habit, which was *no habit*; and repulſively, as I may ſay, quitting my aſſiſting hand, hurried into the houſe.

Ovid was not a greater maſter of metamorphoſes than thy friend. To the miſtreſs of the houſe I inſtantly changed her into a ſiſter, brought off by ſurprize from a near relation's (where ſhe had wintered) to prevent her marrying a confounded rake [I love always to go as near the truth as I can] whom her father and mother, her eldeſt ſiſter, and all her loving uncles, aunts, and couſins, abhorred. This accounted for my charmer's expected ſullens; for her diſpleaſure when ſhe was to join me again, were it to hold; for her unſuitable dreſs upon the road; and, at the ſame time, gave her a proper and ſeaſonable aſſurance of my honourable views.

Upon the debate between the lady and him, and particularly upon that part where ſhe upbraids him with putting a young creature upon making a ſacrifice of her duty and conſcience, he writes—

ALL theſe, and ſtill more mortifying things, ſhe ſaid.

I heard her in ſilence. But when it came to my turn, I pleaded, I argued, I anſwered her, as well as I could.—And when humility would not do, I raiſed my voice, and ſuffered my eye to ſparkle with anger; hoping to take advantage of that ſweet cowardice which is ſo amiable in the ſex, and to which my victory over this proud beauty is principally owing.

She was not intimidated, however; and was going to riſe upon me in her temper; and would have broken in upon my defence. But when a man talks to a woman upon ſuch ſubjects, let her be ever ſo much in *alt*, 'tis ſtrange, if he cannot throw out a tub to the whale; —that is to ſay, if he cannot divert her from reſenting one bold thing, by uttering two or three full as bold; but for which more favourable interpretations will lie.

To that part, where ſhe tells him of the difficulty ſhe made to correſpond with him at firſt, thus he writes.

VERY true, my precious!—And innumerable have been the difficulties thou haſt made me ſtruggle with. But one day thou mayeſt wiſh, that thou hadſt ſpared this boaſt; as well as thoſe other pretty haughtineſſes, That thou didſt not reject Solmes for *my* ſake: that *my* glory, if I valued myſelf upon carrying thee off, was *thy* ſhame; that I have more merit with *myſelf* than with thee, or anybody elſe; [*What a coxcomb ſhe makes me, Jack!*] that thou wiſheſt thyſelf in thy father's houſe again, *whatever were to be the conſequence.*—If I forgive thee, charmer, for theſe hints, for theſe reflections, for theſe wiſhes, for theſe contempts, I am not the Lovelace I have been reputed to be; and that thy treatment of me ſhews that thou thinkeſt I am.

In ſhort, her whole air throughout this debate, expreſſed a majeſtick kind of indignation, which implied a believed ſuperiority of talents over the perſon to whom ſhe ſpoke.

Thou haſt heard me often expatiate upon the pitiful figure a man muſt make, whoſe wife *has*, or *believes* ſhe has, more ſenſe than himſelf. A thouſand reaſons could I give why I ought not to think of marrying Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe: at leaſt till I can be ſure, that ſhe loves me with the preference I muſt expect from a wife.

I begin to ſtagger in my reſolutions. Ever averſe as I was to Hymeneal ſhackles, how eaſily will old prejudices recur! Heaven give me the heart to be honeſt to my Clariſſa!—There's a prayer, Jack! If I ſhould not be heard, what a ſad thing would that be, for the moſt admirable of women!—Yet, as I do not often trouble Heaven with my prayers, who knows but this may be granted?

But there lie before me ſuch charming difficulties, ſuch ſcenery for intrigue, for ſtratagem, for enterprize—What a horrible thing, that my talents point all that way!—When I know what is honourable and juſt; and would almoſt wiſh to be honeſt?—*Almoſt* I ſay; for ſuch a varlet am I, that I cannot altogether wiſh it, for the ſoul of me!—Such a triumph over the whole ſex, if I can ſubdue this lady! My maiden vow, as I may call it!—For did not the ſex begin with me?—And does this lady ſpare me?—Thinkeſt thou, Jack, that I ſhould have ſpared my roſebud, had I been ſet at defiance thus?—Her grandmother beſought me, at firſt, *to ſpare her roſebud*; and when a girl is put, or puts herſelf, into a man's power, what can he wiſh for *further?* while I always conſidered oppoſition and reſiſtance as a challenge to do my worſt.

Why, why, will the dear creature take ſuch pains to appear all ice to me?—Why will ſhe, by *her* pride, awaken *mine?*—Haſt thou not ſeen, in the above, how

how contemptibly she treats me?—What have I not suffered *for* her, and even *from* her?—Ought I to bear being told, that she will despise me, if I value myself above that odious Solmes?

Then she cuts me short in all my ardours. To *vow fidelity*, is by a cursed turn upon me, to shew, that there is a reason, in my own opinion, for doubt of it.—The very same reflection upon me once before. In my power, or out of my power, all one to this lady.—So, Belford, my poor vows are crammed down my throat, before they can well rise to my lips. And what can a lover say to his mistress, if she will neither let him lye nor swear?

One little piece of artifice I had recourse to: when she pushed so hard for me to leave her, I made a request to her, upon a condition she could not refuse; and pretended as much gratitude upon her granting it, as if it were a favour of the last consequence.

And what was this? but to promise what she had before promised, never to marry any other man, while I am living, and single, unless I should give her cause for high disgust against me. This, you know, was promising me nothing, because she could be offended at any time, and was to be the sole judge of the offence. But it shewed her, how reasonable and just my expectations were; and that I was no encroacher.

She consented; and asked what security I expected? Her word only.

She gave me her word: but I besought her excuse for sealing it. And in the same moment (since to have waited for consent would have been asking for a denial) saluted her. And, believe me, or not, but, as I hope to live, it was the first time I had the courage to touch her charming lips with mine. And this I tell thee, Belford, that that single pressure (as modestly put too, as if I were as much a virgin as herself, that she might not be afraid of me another time) delighted me more than ever I was delighted by the *ultimatum* with any other woman.—So precious do awe, reverence, and apprehended prohibition, make a favour!

And now, Belford, I am only afraid, that I shall be *too* cunning; for she does not at present talk enough for me. I hardly know what to make of the dear creature yet.

I topt the brother's part on Monday night before the landlady at St. Alban's; asking my sister's pardon for carrying her off so unprepared for a journey; prated of the joy my father and mother, and all our friends, would have on receiving her; and this with so many circumstances, that I perceived, by a look she gave me, that went through my very reins, that I had gone too far. I apologized for it indeed when alone; but could not penetrate for the soul of me, whether I made the matter better or worse by it.

But I am of too frank a nature: my success, and the joy I have because of the jewel I am half in possession of, has not only unlocked my bosom, but left the door quite open.

This is a confounded sly sex. Would she but speak out, as I do—But I must learn reserves of her.

She must needs be unprovided of money: but has too much pride to accept of any from me. I would have had her to go to town, [*To town, if possible, must I get her to consent to go*] in order to provide herself with the richest of silks which that can afford. But neither is this to be assented to. And yet, as my intelligencer acquaints me, her implacable relations are resolved to distress her all they can.

These wretches have been most gloriously raving, ever since her flight; and still, thank Heaven, continue to rave; and will, I hope, for a twelvemonth to come. Now, at last, it is my day!

Bitterly do they regret, that they permitted her poultry visits, and garden-walks, which gave her the opportunity to effect an escape which they suppose preconcerted. For, as to her dining in the Ivy Bower, they had a cunning design to answer upon her in that permission, as Betty told Joseph her lover.

They lost, they say, an excellent pretence for confining her *more* closely on my threatening to rescue her, if they offered to carry her against her will to old Antony's moated house. For this, as I told thee at the Hart, and as I once hinted to the dear creature herself, they had it in deliberation to do; apprehending, that I might attempt to carry her off, either with or without her consent, on some one of those connived-at excursions.

But here my honest Joseph, who gave me the information, was of admirable service to me. I had taught him to make the Harlowes believe, that I was as communicative to *my* servants, as their stupid James was to Joseph: Joseph as they supposed, by tampering with Will, got all my secrets, and was acquainted

acquainted with all my motions. And having alſo undertaken to watch all thoſe of his young lady, the wiſe family were ſecure; and ſo was my beloved; and ſo was I.

I once had it in my head, (and I hinted it to thee in a former) in caſe ſuch a ſtep ſhould be neceſſary, to attempt to carry her off by ſurprize from the Wood Houſe; as it is remote from the dwelling-houſe. This had I attempted, I ſhould certainly have effected, by the help of the confraternity; and it would have been an action worthy of us all. But Joſeph's conſcience, as he called it, ſtood in my way; for he thought, it muſt have been known to be done by his connivance. I could, I dare ſay, have overcome this ſcruple, *as eaſily as I did many of his others*, had I not depended at one time upon her meeting me at a midnight or late hour; [And, if ſhe had, ſhe never would have gone back] at other times upon the cunning family's doing my work for me, equally againſt their knowledge or their wills.

For well I knew, that James and Arabella were determined never to leave off their fooliſh trials and provocations, till, by tiring her out, they had either made her Solmes's wife, or guilty of ſome ſuch raſhneſs as ſhould throw her for ever out of the favour of both her uncles; though they had too much malice in their heads to intend ſervice to me by their perſecutions of her.

LETTER VIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

IN CONTINUATION.

I Obliged the dear creature highly, I could perceive, by bringing Mrs. Greme to attend her, and to ſuffer that good woman's recommendation of lodgings to take place, on her refuſal to go to *The Lawn*.

She muſt believe all my views to be honourable, when I had provided for her no particular lodgings, leaving it to her choice, whether ſhe would go to M. Hall, to The Lawn, to London, or to either of the dowagers of my family.

She was viſibly pleaſed with my motion of putting Mrs. Greme into the chaiſe with her, and riding on horſeback myſelf.

Some people would have been apprehenſive of what might paſs between her and Mrs. Greme. But as all my relations either know or believe the juſtice of my intentions by her, I was in no pain on that account; and the leſs, as I have been always above hypocriſy, or wiſhing to be thought better than I am. And indeed, what occaſion has a man to be an hypocrite, who has hitherto found his views upon the ſex better anſwered, for his being known to be a rake? Why, even my beloved here denied not to correſpond with me, though her friends had taught her to think me a libertine—Who then would be trying a *new* and *worſe* character?

And then Mrs. Greme is a pious matron, and would not have been biaſſed againſt the truth on any conſideration. She uſed formerly, while there were any hopes of my reformation, to pray for me. She hardly continues the good cuſtom, I doubt; for her worthy lord makes no ſcruple, occaſionally to rave againſt me to man, woman, and child, as they come in his way. He is very undutiful, as thou knoweſt. Surely, I may ſay ſo; ſince all duties are reciprocal. But for Mrs. Greme, *poor woman!* when my lord has the gout, and is at The Lawn, and the chaplain not to be found, ſhe prays by him, or reads a chapter to him in the Bible, or ſome other good book.

Was it not therefore right to introduce ſuch a good ſort of woman to the dear creature; and to leave them, without reſerve, to their own talk!—And very buſy in talk I ſaw they were, as they rode; and *felt* it too; for moſt charmingly glowed my cheeks.

I hope I ſhall be honeſt, I once more ſay: but as we frail mortals are not our own maſters at all times, I muſt endeavour to keep the dear creature un-apprehenſive, until I can get her to *our acquaintance's in London*, or to ſome *other ſafe place there*. Should I, in the interim, give her the leaſt room for ſuſpicion; or offer to reſtrain her; ſhe can make her appeals to ſtrangers, and call the country in upon me; and, perhaps, throw herſelf upon her relations on their own terms. And were I now to loſe her, how unworthy ſhould I be to be the prince and leader of ſuch a confraternity as ours!—How unable to look up among men! or to ſhew my face among women!

As things at preſent ſtand, ſhe dare not own, that ſhe went off againſt her own conſent; and I have taken care to make all the *implacables* believe, that ſhe eſcaped *with* it.

She has received an anſwer from Miſs Howe, to the letter written to her from St. Alban's.

Whatever are the contents, I know not; but she was drowned in tears on the perusal of it. And I am the sufferer.

Miss Howe is a charming creature too; but confoundedly smart and spiritful. I am a good deal afraid of her. Her mother can hardly keep her in. I must continue to play off *old Antony*, by my *honest Joseph*, upon that mother, in order to manage that daughter, and oblige my beloved to an absolute dependence upon myself.

Mrs. Howe is impatient of contradiction. So is Miss. A young lady who is sensible that she has all the maternal requisites herself, to be under maternal controul;—fine ground for a man of intrigue to build upon! — A mother over-notable; a daughter over-sensible; and their Hickman, who is—over-neither: but merely a passive—

Only that I have an object still more desirable!

Yet how unhappy, that these two young ladies lived so near each other, and are so well acquainted! Else how charmingly might I have managed them both!

But *one* man cannot have every woman worth having—Pity though—when the man is such a VERY clever fellow!

LETTER IX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

IN CONTINUATION.

NEVER was there such a pair of scribbling lovers as we; yet perhaps whom it so much concerns to keep from each other what each writes. She *won't* have any-thing else to do. I *would*, if she'd let me. I am not reformed enough for a husband. —*Patience is a virtue*, Lord M. says. *Slow and sure*, is another of his sentences. If I had not a great deal of that virtue, I should not have waited the Harlowes own time of ripening into execution my plots upon themselves and upon their goddess-daughter.

My beloved has been writing to her fancy friend, I believe, all that has befallen her, and what has passed between us hitherto. She will possibly have fine subjects for her pen, if she be as minute as I am.

I would not be so barbarous as to permit old Antony to set Mrs. Howe against her, did I not dread the consequences of the correspondence between the two young ladies. So lively the one, so vigilant, so prudent both, who would not wish to outwit such girls, and to be able to twirl them round his finger?

My charmer has written to her sister for her cloaths, for some gold, and for some of her books. What books can tell her more than she knows? But *I* can. So she had better study *me*.

She *may* write. She must be obliged to me at last with all her pride. Miss Howe indeed will be ready enough to supply her; but I question, whether she can do it without her mother, who is as covetous as the grave. And my agent's agent, old Antony, has already given the mother a hint which will make her jealous of *pecuniaries*.

Besides, if Miss Howe has money by her, I can put her mother upon borrowing it of her: nor blame me, Jack, for contrivances that have their foundation in generosity. Thou knowest my spirit; and that I should be proud to lay an obligation upon my charmer to the amount of half, nay, to the whole of my estate. Lord M. has more for me than I can ever wish for. My predominant passion is *girl*, not *gold*; nor value I *this*, but as it helps me to *that*, and gives me independence.

I was forced to put it into the sweet novice's head, as well for *my* sake as for *hers* (lest we should be traceable by *her* direction) whither to direct the sending of her cloaths, if they incline to do her that small piece of justice.

If they do, I shall begin to dread a reconciliation; and must be forced to muse for a contrivance or two, to prevent it; and *to avoid mischief*. For that (as I have told honest Joseph Leman) is a great point with me.

Thou wilt think me a sad fellow, I doubt. But are not all rakes sad fellows?—And art not thou, to thy little power, as bad as any? If thou dost all that's in thy head and in thy heart to do, thou art worse than I; for I do not, I assure you.

I proposed, and she consented, that her cloaths, or whatever else her relations should think fit to send her, should be directed to thy cousin Osgood's. Let a special messenger, at my charge, bring me any letter, or portable parcel, that shall come. If not portable, give me notice of it. But thou'lt have no trouble of this sort from her relations, I dare be sworn. And in this assurance, I will leave them, I think, to act upon their own heads. A man would have no more to answer for than needs must.

But one thing, while I think of it;

which is of great importance to be attended to—You muſt hereafter write to me in character, as I ſhall do to you. It would be a confounded thing to be blown up by a train of my own laying. And who knows what opportunities a man in love may have againſt himſelf? In changing a coat or waiſtcoat, ſomething might be forgotten. I once ſuffered that way. Then for the ſex's curioſity, it is but remembering, in order to guard againſt it, that the name of their common mother was Eve.

Another thing remember; I have changed my name: changed it without an act of parliament. Robert Huntingford it is now. Continue *Eſquire*. It is a reſpectable addition, although every ſorry fellow aſſumes it, almoſt to the baniſhment of the uſual travelling one of *captain*. To be left till called for, at the poſthouſe at Hertford.

Upon naming thee, ſhe aſked thy character. I gave thee a better than thou deſervedſt, in order to do credit to *myſelf*. Yet I told her, that thou wert an aukward fellow; and this to do credit to *thee*, that ſhe may not, if ever ſhe be to ſee thee, expect a cleverer man than ſhe'll find. Yet thy *apparent* aukwardneſs befriends thee not a little: for wert thou a ſightly mortal, people would diſcover nothing extraordinary in thee, when they converſed with thee: whereas, ſeeing a bear, they are ſurprized to find in thee any-thing that is like a man. Felicitate thyſelf then upon thy defects; which are evidently thy principal perfections; and which occaſion thee a diſtinction which otherwiſe thou wouldſt never have.

The lodgings we are in at preſent are not convenient. I was ſo delicate as to find fault with them, as communicating with each other, becauſe I knew *ſhe* would; and told her, That were I ſure ſhe was ſafe from purſuit, I would leave her in them, (ſince ſuch was her earneſt deſire and expectation) and go to London.

She muſt be an infidel againſt all reaſon and appearances, if I do not baniſh even the *ſhadow* of miſtruſt from her heart.

Here are two young likely girls, daughters of the widow Sorlings; that's the name of our landlady.

I have only, at preſent, admired them in their dairy-works. How greedily do the ſex ſwallow praiſe!—Did I not once in the ſtreets of London ſee a well-dreſſed handſome girl laugh, bridle, and viſibly enjoy the praiſes of a ſooty dog, a chimney-ſweeper; who with his empty ſack croſs his ſhoulder, after giving her the way, ſtopt, and held up his bruſh and ſhovel in admiration of her?—'Egad, girl,' thought I, 'I deſpiſe thee 'as Lovelace: but were I the chimney-'ſweeper, and could only contrive to 'get into thy preſence, my life to thy 'virtue, I would have thee.'

So pleaſed was I with the younger Sorlings, for the elegance of her works, that I kiſſed her, and ſhe made me a curtſey for my condeſcenſion; and bluſhed, and ſeemed *ſenſible all over*: encouraging, yet innocently, ſhe adjuſted her handkerchief, and looked towards the door, as much as to ſay, ſhe would not tell, were I to kiſs her again.

Her eldeſt ſiſter popt upon her. The conſcious girl bluſhed again, and looked ſo confounded, that I made an excuſe for her, which gratified both. 'Mrs. 'Betty,' ſaid I, 'I have been ſo much 'pleaſed with the neatneſs of your dairy-'works, that I could not help ſaluting 'your ſiſter: you have *your* ſhare of 'merit in them, I am ſure—Give me 'leave——'

Good ſouls!—I like them both—She curtſeyed too—How I love a grateful temper! O that my Clariſſa were but half ſo acknowledging!

I think I muſt get one of them to attend my charmer when ſhe removes.—The mother ſeems to be a notable woman. She had not beſt, however, be *too* notable: ſince, were ſhe by ſuſpicion to give a face of difficulty to the matter, it would prepare me for a trial with one or both the daughters.

Allow me a little rodomontade, Jack—But really and truly my heart is fixed. I can think of no creature breathing of the ſex, but my Gloriana.

LETTER X.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

IN CONTINUATION.

THIS is Wedneſday; the day that I was to have loſt my charmer for ever to the hideous Solmes! With what high ſatisfaction and heart's-eaſe can I now ſit down, and triumph over my men in ſtraw at Harlowe Place! Yet 'tis perhaps beſt for them, that ſhe got off as ſhe did. Who knows what conſequences might have followed upon my attending her in; or (if ſhe had not met me) upon my projected viſit, followed by my myrmidons?

But had I even gone in with her unaccompanied,

accompanied, I think I had but little reaſon for apprehenſion: for well thou knoweſt, that *the tame ſpirits* which value themſelves upon reputation, and are held within the ſkirts of the law by political conſiderations only, may be compared to an infectious ſpider; which will run into his hole the moment one of his threads is touched by a finger that can cruſh him, leaving all his toils defenceleſs, and to be bruſhed down at the will of the potent invader. While a ſilly fly that has neither courage nor ſtrength to reſiſt, no ſooner gives notice, by it's buz and it's ſtruggles, of it's being entangled, but out ſteps the ſelf-circumſcribed tyrant, winds round and round the poor inſect, till he covers it with his bowel-ſpun toils; and when ſo fully ſecured, that it can neither move leg nor wing, ſuſpends it, as if for a ſpectacle to be exulted over: then ſtalking to the door of his cell, turns about, glotes over it at a diſtance; and, ſometimes advancing, ſometimes retiring, preys at leiſure upon it's vitals.

But now I think of it, will not this compariſon do as well for the *entangled girls*, as for the *tame ſpirits*?—Better o' my conſcience!—'Tis but comparing the ſpider to us brave fellows; and it *quadrates*.

Whatever our hearts are in, our heads will follow. Begin whith *ſpiders*, with *flies*, with what we will, girl is the center of gravity, and we all naturally tend to it.

Nevertheleſs, to recur; I cannot but obſerve, that theſe *tame ſpirits* ſtand a poor chance in a fairly offenſive war with ſuch of us mad fellows, as are above all law, and ſcorn to ſculk behind the hypocritical ſcreen of reputation.

Thou knoweſt, that I never ſcruple to throw myſelf amongſt numbers of adverſaries; the more the fater: one or two, no fear, will take the part of a ſingle adventurer, if not *intentionally*, in *fact*; holding him in, while others hold in the principal antagoniſt, to the augmentation of their mutual proweſs, till both are prevailed upon to compromiſe, or one to abſent: ſo that upon the whole, the law-breakers have the advantage of the law-keepers, all the world over; at leaſt for a time, and till they have run to the end of their race. Add to this, in the queſtion between me and the Harlowes, that the whole family of them muſt know that they have injured me—muſt therefore be afraid of me. Did they not, at their own church, cluſter together like bees, when they ſaw me enter it? Nor knew they which ſhould venture out firſt, when the ſervice was over.

James, indeed, was not there. If he had, he would perhaps have endeavoured to *look* valiant. But there is a ſort of valour in the *face*, which ſhews fear in the *heart*: juſt ſuch a face would James Harlowe's have been, had I made them a viſit.

When I have had ſuch a face and ſuch a heart as I have deſcribed to deal with, I have been all calm and ſerene, and left it to the friends of the bluſterer (as I have done to the Harlowes) to do my work for me.

I am about muſtering up in my memory, all that I have ever done, that has been thought praiſe-worthy, or but barely tolerable. I am afraid thou canſt not help me to many remembrances of this ſort: becauſe I never was ſo bad as ſince I have known thee.

Have I not had it in my heart to do *ſome* good that thou canſt remind me of? Study for me, Jack. I have recollected ſome inſtances which I think will *tell in*—But ſee if thou canſt help me to ſome which I may have forgot.

This I may venture to ſay, That the principal blot in my eſcutcheon is owing to theſe girls, theſe confounded girls. But for *them*, I could go to church with a good conſcience: but when I do, there they are. Every-where does Satan ſpread his ſnares for me! But, now I think of it, what if our governor ſhould appoint churches for the *women* only, and others for the *men*?—Full as proper, I think, for the promoting of *true piety* in both, [much better than the ſynagogue-lattices] as ſeparate boarding-ſchools for their *education*.

There are already male and female dedications of churches.

St. Swithin's, St. Stephen's, St. Thomas's, St. George's, and ſo forth, might be appropriated to the men; and Santa Catharina's, Santa Anna's, Santa Maria's, Santa Margaretta's, for the women.

Yet, were it ſo, and life to be the forfeiture of being found at the female churches, I believe that I, like a ſecond Clodius, ſhould change my dreſs, to come at my Portia or Pompeia, though one the daughter of a Cato, the other the wife of a Cæſar.

But how I *excurſe*!—Yet thou uſedſt to ſay, thou likedſt my excurſions. If thou doſt, thou'lt have enow of them: for I never had a ſubject I ſo much adored; and with which I ſhall probably

be compelled to have ſo much patience before I ſtrike the blow; if the blow I do ſtrike.

But let me call myſelf back to my *recordation*-ſubject—Thou needeſt not remind me of my *roſebud*. I have her in my head; and moreover have contrived to give my fair-one an hint of that affair, by the agency of honeſt Joſeph Leman; although I have not reaped the hoped-for credit of her acknowledgment.

That's the devil; and it was always my hard fate—Every-thing I do that is good, is but as I *ought!*—Every-thing of a contrary nature is brought into the moſt glaring light againſt me—Is this fair? Ought not a balance to be ſtruck; and the credit carried to my account?—Yet I muſt own too, that I half-grudge Johnny this blooming maiden; for, in truth, I think a fine woman too rich a jewel to hang about a poor man's neck.

Surely, Jack, if I am guilty of a fault in my univerſal adorations of the ſex, the *women* in general ought to love me the better for it.

And ſo they do, I thank them heartily; except here and there a covetous little rogue comes croſs me, who under the pretence of loving virtue for it's own ſake, wants to have me all to herſelf.

I have rambled enough.

Adieu, for the preſent.

LETTER XI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 13.

I Always loved writing, and my unhappy ſituation gives me now enough of it; and you, I fear, too much. I have had another very warm debate with Mr. Lovelace. It brought on the ſubject which you adviſed me not to decline, when it handſomely offered. And I want to have either your acquittal or blame for having ſuffered it to go off without effect.

The impatient wretch ſent up to me ſeveral times, while I was writing my laſt to you, to deſire my company: yet his buſineſs nothing particular; only to hear *him* talk. The man ſeems pleaſed with his own volubility; and, whenever he has collected together abundance of ſmooth things, he wants me to find an ear for them! Yet he need not; for I don't often gratify him either with giving him the praiſe for his verboſeneſs, or ſhewing the pleaſure in it, that he would be fond of.

When I had finiſhed the letter, and given it to Mr. Hickman's friend, I was going up again, and had got up half a dozen ſtairs; when he beſought me to ſtop, and hear what he had to ſay.

Nothing, as I ſaid, to any new purpoſe had he to offer; but complainings; and thoſe in a manner, and with an air, as I thought, that bordered upon inſolence. He could not live, he told me, unleſs he had more of my company, and of my *indulgence* too, than I had yet given him.

Hereupon I ſtept down, and into the parlour, not a little out of humour with him; and the more, as he has very *quietly taken up his quarters here*, without talking of removing as he had promiſed.

We began inſtantly our angry conference. He provoked me; and I repeated ſeveral of the plaineſt things I had ſaid in our former converſations; and particularly told him, that I was every hour more and more diſſatisfied with myſelf, and with him: that he was not a man, who, in my opinion, improved upon acquaintance; and that I ſhould not be *eaſy till he had left me to myſelf*.

He might be ſurprized at my warmth, perhaps: but really the man looked ſo like a ſimpleton, heſitating, and having nothing to ſay for himſelf, or that ſhould excuſe the peremptorineſs of his demand upon me, (when he knew I had been writing a letter which a gentleman waited for) that I flung from him, declaring, that I would be miſtreſs of my own time, and of my own actions, and not be called to account for either.

He was very uneaſy till he could again be admitted into my company; and when I was obliged to ſee him, which was ſooner than I liked, never did man put on a more humble and reſpectful demeanour.

He told me, That he had, upon this occaſion, been entering into himſelf, and had found a great deal of reaſon to blame himſelf for an impatiency and inconſideration, which, although he meant nothing by it, muſt be very diſagreeable to one of my delicacy. That having always aimed at a *manly ſincerity* and *openneſs of heart*, he had not till now diſcovered, that both were very conſiſtent with that *true* politeneſs, which he feared he had too much diſregarded, while he ſought to avoid the contrary extreme; knowing, that in me he had to deal with a lady, who deſpiſed an hypocrite, and who was above all flattery. But from this time forth, I ſhould find

ſuch

ſuch an alteration in his whole behaviour, as might be expected from a man who knew himſelf to be honoured with the preſence and converſation of a perſon, *who had the moſt delicate mind in the world*—that was his flouriſh.

I ſaid, That he might perhaps expect congratulation upon the diſcovery he had juſt now made, to wit, That *true politeneſs* and *ſincerity* were reconcileable: but that I, who had, by a perverſe fate, been thrown into his company, had abundant reaſon to regret that he had no ſooner found this out.—Since, I believed, very few men of *birth* and *education* were ſtrangers to it.

He knew not, *neither*, he ſaid, that he had ſo very badly behaved himſelf, as to deſerve ſo very ſevere a rebuke.

Perhaps not, I replied: but he might, if ſo, make another diſcovery from what I had ſaid, which might be to *my own* diſadvantage. Since, if he had ſo much reaſon to be ſatisfied with *himſelf*, he would ſee what an ungenerous perſon he ſpoke to, who, when he ſeemed to give himſelf airs of humility, which, perhaps, he thought beneath him to aſſume, had not the civility to make him a compliment upon them; but was ready to take him at his word.

He had long, with infinite pleaſure, the pretended *flattery-hater* ſaid, admired my *ſuperior* talents, and a wiſdom in ſo young a lady, perfectly ſurprizing.

'Let me, Madam,' ſaid he, 'ſtand 'ever ſo low in your opinion, I ſhall be'lieve all you ſay to be juſt; and that I 'have nothing to do, but to govern my'ſelf for the future by your example, 'and by the ſtandard you ſhall be pleaſ'ed to give me.'

'I know better, Sir,' replied I, than 'to value myſelf upon your volu'bility of ſpeech. As you pretend to 'pay ſo preferable a regard to ſincerity, 'you ſhall confine yourſelf to the ſtrict 'rules of truth, when you ſpeak of me 'to myſelf: and then, although you 'ſhall be ſo kind as to imagine you have '*reaſon* to make me a compliment, you 'will have much more to pride yourſelf 'in thoſe arts which have made ſo *ex'traordinary* a young creature ſo great a 'fool.'

Really, my dear, the man deſerves not politer treatment.—And then has he not made a fool, an egregious fool of me!—I am afraid he himſelf thinks he has.

'I am ſurprized! I am amazed, Ma'dam,' returned he, 'at ſo ſtrange a 'turn upon me!—I am very unhappy, 'that nothing I can do or ſay will give 'you a good opinion of me!—Would 'to Heaven that I knew what I *can* do 'to obtain the honour of your confi'dence!'

I told him, *that I deſired his abſence*, of all things. I ſaw not, I ſaid, that my friends thought it worth their while to give me diſturbance: therefore, if he would ſet out for London, or Berkſhire, or whither he pleaſed, it would be moſt agreeable to me, and moſt reputable too.

He would do ſo, he ſaid, he *intended to do ſo*, the moment I was in a place to my liking—in a place convenient for me.

'*This*, Sir, will be ſo,' ſaid I, 'when 'you are not here to break in upon me, 'and make the apartments inconve'nient.'

He did not think this place ſafe, he replied; and as I intended not to ſtay here, he had not been ſo ſolicitous, as otherwiſe he ſhould have been, to enjoin privacy to his ſervants, nor to Mrs. Greme at her leaving me; that there were two or three gentlemen in the neighbourhood, he ſaid, with whoſe ſervants his goſſiping fellows had ſcraped acquaintance: ſo that he could not think of leaving me here unguarded and unattended.—But fix upon any place in England where I could be out of danger, and he would go to the furthermoſt part of the king's dominions, if by doing ſo he could make me eaſy.

I told him plainly that I ſhould never be in humour with myſelf for *meeting him*; nor with him, for *ſeducing me away*: that my regrets increaſed, inſtead of diminiſhed; that my reputation was wounded; that nothing I could do would now retrieve it; and that he muſt not wonder, if I every hour grew more and more uneaſy both with myſelf and him; that upon the whole, I was willing to take care of myſelf; and when *he* had left me, I ſhould beſt know what to reſolve upon, and whither to go.

He wiſhed, he ſaid, he were at liberty, without giving me offence, or being thought to intend to *infringe the articles I had ſtipulated and inſiſted upon*, to make one humble propoſal to me. But the *ſacred regard* he was determined *to pay to all my injunctions*, (reluctantly as I had on Monday laſt put it into his power to ſerve me) would not permit him to make it, unleſs I would promiſe to excuſe him, if I did not approve of it.

I aſked, in ſome confuſion, what he would ſay?

He prefaced and paraded on; and then

out came, with great diffidence, and many apologies, and a bashfulness which sat very awkwardly upon him, a proposal of speedy solemnization: which, he said, would put all right; and make my first three or four months (which otherwise must be passed in obscurity and apprehension) a round of visits and visitings to and from all his relations; to Miss Howe; to whom I pleased. And would pave the way to the reconciliation I had so much at heart.

Your advice had great weight with me just then, as well as *his reasons*, and the consideration of my *unhappy situation*: but what could I say? I wanted somebody to speak for me.

The man saw I was not angry at his motion. I only blushed; and that I am sure I did up to the ears; and looked silly, and like a fool.

He wants not courage. Would he have had me catch at his first, at his *very* first word?—I was *silent* too—And do not the bold sex take silence for a mark of a favour?—Then, *so lately* in my father's house! Having also declared to him in my letters, before I had your advice, that I would not think of marriage till he had passed through a state of probation, as I may call it—How was it possible I could encourage, with *ready* signs of approbation, such an early proposal; especially so soon after the free treatment he had provoked from me? If I were to die, I could not.

He looked at me with great confidence; as if (notwithstanding his contradictory bashfulness) he would look me through; while my eye but now-and-then could glance at him. He begged my pardon with great humility: he was *afraid* I would think he deserved no other answer, but that of a *contemptuous silence*. True love was fearful of offending. ['Take care, Mr. Lovelace,' thought I, 'how yours is tried by that 'rule.'] Indeed for *sacred a regard* [foolish man!] would he have *to all my declarations made before I honoured him*—

I would hear him no further; but withdrew in a confusion *too visible*, and left him to make his nonsensical flourishes to himself.

I will only add, that, if he really wishes for a speedy solemnization, he never could have had a luckier time to press for my consent to it. But he let it go off; and indignation has taken place of it. And now shall it be a point with me, to get him at a distance from me.

I am, my dearest friend, *your ever-faithful and obliged* CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, APRIL 13.

WHY, Jack, thou needest not make such a *wonderment*, as the girls say, if I should have taken large strides already towards reformation: for dost thou not see, that while I have been so assiduously, night and day, pursuing this single charmer, I have infinitely less to answer for, than otherwise I should have had? Let me see, how many days and nights?—Forty, I believe, after open trenches, spent in the sap only, and never a mine sprung yet!

By a moderate computation, a dozen kites might have fallen, while I have been only trying to ensnare this single lark. Nor yet do I see when I shall be able to bring her to my lure: more innocent days yet, therefore!—But reformation for my stalking-horse, I hope, will be a sure, though a slow method to effect all my purposes.

Then, Jack, *thou* wilt have a merit too in engaging my pen, since thy time would be otherwise worse employed: and, after all, who knows but by creating new habits, at the expence of the old, a real reformation may be brought about? I have promised it; and I believe there is a pleasure to be found in being good, reversing that of Nat. Lee's madman—

'—Which none but *good* men know.'

By all this, feest thou not, how greatly preferable it is, on twenty accounts, to pursue a difficult, rather than an easy chace? I have a desire to inculcate this pleasure upon thee, and to teach thee to fly at nobler game than daws, crows, and widgeons: I have a mind to shew thee from time to time, in the course of the correspondence thou hast so earnestly wished me to begin on this illustrious occasion, that these exalted ladies may be abased, and to obviate one of the objections that thou madest to me, when we were last together, that the pleasure which attends these nobler aims, remunerates not the pains they bring with them; since, like a paltry fellow as thou wert, thou assertedst that all women are alike.

Thou knowest nothing, Jack, of the delicacies of intrigue: nothing of the glory of outwitting the witty and the watchful; of the joys that fill the mind of the inventive or contriving genius, ruminating which to use of the different webs that offer to him for the entanglement

ment of a haughty charmer, who in her day has given him unnumbered torments.—Thou, Jack, who, like a dog at his eaſe, contenteſt thyſelf to growl over a bone thrown out to thee, doſt not know the joys of a chace, and in purſuing a winding-game: theſe I will endeavour to rouze thee to, and then thou wilt have reaſon doubly and trebly to thank me, as well becauſe of thy preſent delight, as with regard to thy proſpects beyond the moon.

To this place I had written, purely to amuſe myſelf, before I was admitted to my charmer. But now I have to tell thee, that I was quite right in my conjecture, that ſhe would ſet up for herſelf, and diſmiſs me: for ſhe has declared in ſo many words, that ſuch was her reſolution. And why? Becauſe, to be plain with me, the more ſhe ſaw of *me*, and of *my ways*, the leſs ſhe liked of either.

This cut me to the heart!—I did not cry indeed!—Had I been a *woman*, I ſhould though; and that moſt plentifully: but I pulled out a white cambrick handkerchief. *That* I could command, but not my *tears*.

She finds fault with my proteſtations; with my profeſſions; with my vows: I cannot curſe a ſervant, the only privilege a maſter is known by, but I am ſuppoſed to be a trooper—I muſt not ſay, 'By my ſoul;' nor, 'As I hope to 'be ſaved.' Why, Jack, how particular this is! Would ſhe not have me think, I have a precious ſoul, as well as ſhe?—If ſhe thinks my ſalvation hopeleſs, what a *devil* [Another exceptionable word!] does ſhe propoſe to reform me for?—So I have not an ardent expreſſion left me.

WHAT can be done with a woman who is above flattery, and deſpiſes all praiſe but that which flows from the approbation of her own heart?

Well, Jack, thou ſeeſt it is high time to change my meaſures. I muſt run into the *pious* a little faſter than I had deſigned.

What a ſad thing would it be, were I, after all, to loſe her perſon, as well as her opinion! The only time that further acquaintance, and no blow ſtruck, nor ſuſpicion given, ever leſſened me in a lady's favour!—A curſed mortification!—'Tis certain I can have no pretence for holding her, if ſhe will go.—No ſuch thing as force to be uſed, or ſo much as hinted at: Lord ſend us ſafe at London!—That's all I have for it now: and yet it muſt be the leaſt part of my ſpeech.

But why will this admirable creature urge her deſtiny? Why will ſhe defy the power ſhe is abſolutely dependent upon? Why will ſhe ſtill wiſh to my face, that ſhe had never left her father's houſe? Why will ſhe deny me her company, till ſhe makes me loſe my patience, and lay myſelf open to her reſentment? And why, when ſhe is offended, does ſhe carry her indignation to the utmoſt length that a ſcornful beauty, in the *very height* of her *power* and *pride*, can go?

Is it prudent, thinkeſt thou, in *her* circumſtances, to tell me, *repeatedly* to tell me, That ſhe is every hour more and more diſſatisfied with herſelf and me? That I am not one, who improve upon her in my converſation and addreſs? [Couldſt *thou*, Jack, bear this from a captive?] That ſhe ſhall not be eaſy while ſhe is with me? That ſhe was thrown upon me by a perverſe fate? That ſhe knows better than to value herſelf upon my volubility? That if I think ſhe deſerves the compliments I make her, I may pride myſelf in thoſe arts, by which I have made a fool of ſo extraordinary a perſon? That ſhe ſhall never forgive herſelf for *meeting me*, nor me for *ſeducing* her away? [*Her very words*] That her regrets increaſe inſtead of diminiſh? That ſhe will take care of herſelf; and ſince her friends think it not worth while to purſue her, ſhe will be left to her own care? That I ſhall make Mrs. Sorlings's houſe more agreeable by my abſence?—And go to Berks, to town, or where-ever I will, [to the devil, I ſuppoſe] with all her heart?

The impolitick charmer!—To a temper ſo vindictive as ſhe thinks mine! To a free-liver, as ſhe believes me to be, who has her in his power! I was *before*, as thou knoweſt, balancing; now this ſcale, now that, the heavieſt. I only waited to ſee how *her* will would work, how *mine* would lead me on. Thou ſeeſt what bias hers takes—And wilt thou doubt that mine will be determined by it? Were not her faults, before this, numerous enough? Why will ſhe put me upon looking back?

I will ſit down to argue with myſelf by-and-by, and thou ſhalt be acquainted with the reſult.

If thou didſt but know, if thou hadſt but beheld, what an abject ſlave ſhe made me look like!—I had given myſelf high airs, as *ſhe* called them: but they were airs that ſhewed my love for her; that ſhewed I could not live out

of

of her company. But she took me down with a vengeance! She made me look about me. So much advantage had she over me; such severe turns upon me; by my soul, Jack, I had hardly a word to say for myself. I am ashamed to tell thee, what a poor creature she made me look like! But I could have told her something that would have humbled her pretty pride at the instant, had she been in a *proper* place, and *proper* company about her.

To such a place then—and where she cannot fly me—And *then* to see how my will works, and what can be done by the *amorous see-saw*; now humble; now proud; now expecting, or demanding; now submitting, or acquiescing—till I have tried resistance.

But these hints are at present enough, I may further explain myself as I go along; and as I confirm or recede in my future motions. If she *will* revive past disobligations! If she *will*—But no more, no more, as I said, *at present*, of threatenings.

LETTER XIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

IN CONTINUATION.

AND do I not see that I shall need nothing but patience, in order to have all power with me? For what shall we say, if all these complaints of a character wounded; these declarations of increasing regrets for meeting me; of resentments never to be got over for my *seducing* her away; these angry commands to leave her:—what shall we say, if all were to mean nothing but MATRIMONY? And what if my forbearing to enter upon that subject come out to be the true cause of her petulance and uneasiness?

I had once before played about the skirts of the irrevocable obligation; but thought myself obliged to speak in clouds, and to run away from the subject, as soon as she took my meaning, lest she should imagine it to be *ungenerously urged*, now she was in some sort in my power, as she had forbid me beforehand, to touch upon it, till I were in a state of visible reformation, and till a reconciliation with her friends were probable. But now, out-argued, out-talented, and pushed so vehemently *to leave* one whom I had no good pretence to *hold*, if she *would* go; and who could so easily, if I had given her cause to doubt, have thrown herself into other protection, or have returned to Harlowe Place and Solmes; I spoke out upon the subject, and offered reasons, although with infinite doubt and hesitation, [*lest she should be offended at me*, Belford!] why she should assent to the legal tie, and make me the happiest of men. And O how the mantle cheek, the downcast eye, the silent, yet trembling lip, and the heaving bosom, a sweet collection of heightened beauties, gave evidence, that the tender was not mortally offensive!

'Charming creature!' thought I, '[*But I charge thee, that thou let not any of thy sex know my exultation*] Is it so *soon* come to this?—Am I *already* lord of the destiny of a Clarissa Harlowe?—Am I *already* the reformed man thou resolvedst I *should* be, before I had the *least* encouragement given me? Is it thus, that *the more thou knowest me, the less thou seest reason to approve of me*?—And can art and design enter into a breast so celestial? To banish me from thee, to insist so rigorously upon my absence, in order to bring me closer to thee, and make the blessing dear?—Well do *thy* arts justify *mine*; and encourage me to let loose my plotting genius upon thee.

'But let me tell thee, charming maid, if thy wishes are all to be answered, that thou hast yet to account to me for thy reluctance to go off with me, at a crisis when thy going off was necessary to avoid being forced into nuptial fetters with a wretch, that were he not thy aversion, thou wert no more honest to thy own merit than to me.

'I am *accustomed* to be preferred, let me tell thee, by thy equals in rank too, though thy inferiors in merit; but who is not so? And shall I marry a woman, who has given me reason to doubt the preference she has for me?

'No, my dearest love, I have too sacred a regard for thy *injunctions*, to let them be broken through, even by thyself. Nor will I take in thy full meaning by blushing silence only. Nor shalt thou give me room to doubt, whether it be necessity or love, that inspires this condescending impulse.'

Upon these principles, what had I to do, but to construe her silence into contemptuous displeasure? And I begged pardon for making a motion, which I had so much *reason* to fear would offend her: for the future *I would pay a sacred* regard to her *previous injunctions*, and prove to her by all my conduct the truth

truth of that obſervation, that true love is always fearful of offending.

'And what could the lady ſay to 'this?' methinks thou aſkeſt.

Say!—Why ſhe looked vexed, diſconcerted, teazed; was at a loſs, as I thought, whether to be more angry with herſelf, or with me. She turned about, however, as if to hide a ſtarting tear; and drew a ſigh into two or three but juſt audible quavers, trying to ſuppreſs it, and withdrew—leaving me maſter of the field.

Tell me not of politeneſs; tell me not of generoſity; tell me not of compaſſion—Is ſhe not a match for me? *More* than a match? Does ſhe not out-do me at every fair weapon? Has ſhe not made me doubt her love? Has ſhe not taken officious pains to declare that ſhe was not averſe to Solmes for any reſpect ſhe had to me? and her ſorrow for putting herſelf out of *his* reach; that is to ſay, for meeting me?

Then what a triumph would it be to the *Harlowe pride*, were I now to marry this lady! A family beneath my own! No one in it worthy of an alliance with, but her! My own eſtate not contemptible! Living within the bounds of it, to avoid dependence upon *their* betters, and obliged to no man living! My expectations ſtill ſo much *more* conſiderable! My perſon, my talents—not to be deſpiſed, ſurely—Yet rejected by them with ſcorn. Obliged to carry on an underhand addreſs to their daughter, when two of the moſt conſiderable families in the kingdom have made overtures, which I have declined, partly for her ſake, and partly becauſe I never will marry; if *ſhe* be not the perſon. To be forced to *ſteal* her away; not only from *them*, but from *herſelf!* and muſt I be brought to implore forgiveneſs and reconciliation from the Harlowes?—Beg to be acknowledged as the *ſon* of a gloomy tyrant; whoſe only boaſt is his riches? As a *brother* to a wretch, who has conceived immortal hatred to me; and to a ſiſter who was beneath my attempts, or I would have had her *in my own way*, and that with a tenth part of the trouble and pains that her ſiſter has coſt me; and, finally, as a *nephew* to uncles, who value themſelves upon their *acquired* fortunes, would inſult me as creeping to them on that account?—Forbid it the blood of the Lovelaces, that your *laſt*, and, let me ſay, not the *meaneſt* of your ſtock, ſhould thus creep, thus fawn, thus lick the duſt, for a WIFE!

Proceed anon.

LETTER XIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

IN CONTINUATION.

BUT is it not the divine CLARISSA [*Harlowe* let me not ſay; my ſoul ſpurns them all but her] whom I am thus by application threatening?—If virtue be the true nobility, how is ſhe ennobled, and how ſhould an alliance with her ennoble, were not contempt due to the family from which ſhe ſprung and prefers to me!

But again, let me ſtop.—Is there not ſomething wrong, *has* there not been ſomething wrong, in this divine creature? And will not the reflections upon that wrong (what though it may be conſtrued in *my favour?*) make me unhappy, when *novelty* has loſt it's charms, and when, mind and perſon, ſhe is all my own? Libertines are nicer, if *at all* nice, than other men. They ſeldom meet with the ſtand of virtue in the women whom they attempt. And by the frailty of thoſe they have triumphed over, they judge of all the reſt. *Importunity* and *opportunity* no woman is proof againſt, eſpecially from a perſevering lover, who knows how to ſuit temptations to inclinations: this, thou knoweſt, is a prime article of the rake's creed.

'And what!' (methinks thou aſkeſt with ſurprize) 'Doſt thou queſtion this 'moſt admirable of women?—The vir-'tue of a CLARISSA doſt thou queſtion?'

I do not, I dare not queſtion it. My reverence for her will not let me *directly* queſtion it. But let me, in my turn, aſk thee—Is not, may not her virtue be founded rather in *pride* than in *principle?* Whoſe daughter is ſhe?—And is ſhe not a *daughter?* If impeccable, how came ſhe by her impeccability? The pride of ſetting an example to her ſex has run away with her hitherto, and may have made her till *now* invincible. But is not that pride abated? What may not both *men* and *women* be brought to do, *in a mortified ſtate?* What mind is ſuperior to calamity? Pride is perhaps the principal bulwark of female virtue. Humble a woman, and may ſhe not be *effectually* humbled?

Then who ſays, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe is the paragon of virtue?—Is virtue itſelf?

'All who know her, and have heard 'of her,' it will be anſwered.

Common bruit!—Is virtue to be eſtabliſhed by common bruit only?—Has her virtue ever been *proved?*—Who has dared to try her virtue?

I told thee, I would ſit down to argue

with myſelf; and I have drawn myſelf into argumentation before I was aware.

Let me enter into a ſtrict diſcuſſion of this ſubject.

I know how ungenerous an appearance what I *have* ſaid, and what I have *farther* to ſay, on this topick, will have from *me*: but am I not bringing virtue to the touchſtone, with a view to exalt it, if it come out to be proof?—Avaunt then, for one moment, all conſideration that may ariſe from a weakneſs which ſome would miſcall *gratitude*; and is oftentimes the corrupter of a heart not ignoble!

To the teſt then—And I will bring this charming creature to the *ſtricteſt* teſt, that all the ſex, who may be ſhewn any paſſages in my letters, [And I know thou cheareſt the hearts of all thy acquaintance with ſuch detached parts of mine, as tend not to diſhonour characters, or reveal names: and this gives me an appetite to oblige thee by *interlardment*] *that all the ſex*, I ſay, may ſee what they *ought to be*; what is *expected* from them; and if they have to deal with a perſon of reflection and punctilio, [of *pride*, if thou wilt] how careful they ought to be, by a regular and uniform conduct, not to give him cauſe to think lightly of them for favours granted, which may be interpreted into *natural weakneſs*. For is not a wife the keeper of a man's honour? And do not her faults bring more diſgrace upon a huſband, than even upon herſelf?

It is not for nothing, Jack, that I have diſliked the life of ſhackles.

To the teſt then, as I ſaid, ſince now I have the queſtion brought home to me, whether I am to have a wife? And whether ſhe be to be a wife at the *firſt* or at the *ſecond* hand?

I will proceed fairly. I will do the dear creature not only ſtrict, but generous juſtice; for I will try her by her own judgment, as well as by our principles.

She blames herſelf for having correſponded with me, a man of free character; and one, indeed, whoſe *firſt* view it was, to draw her into this correſpondence; and who ſucceeded in it, by means unknown to herſelf.

Now, what were her inducements to this correſpondence? If not what her niceneſs makes her *think* blame-worthy, why does ſhe blame herſelf?

Has ſhe been *capable* of error? Of perſiſting in that error?

Whoever was the *tempter*, that is not the thing; nor what the *temptation*. The *fact*, the *error*, is now before us.

Did ſhe perſiſt in it againſt parental prohibition?

She owns ſhe did.

Was a daughter ever known who had higher notions of the filial duty, of the parental authority?

Never.

What muſt be thoſe inducements, how ſtrong, that were *too ſtrong* for duty, in a daughter ſo *dutiful*?—What muſt *my* thoughts have been of theſe inducements, what *my* hopes built upon them, *at the time*, taken in this light?

Well, but it will be ſaid, that her principal view was, to prevent miſchief between her brother and her other friends, and the man vilely inſulted by them all.

But why ſhould *ſhe* be more concerned for the ſafety of others, than they were for their own? And had not the *rencounter* then happened? Was a perſon of virtue to be prevailed upon to break through her *apparent*, her *acknowledged* duty, upon *any* conſideration? And if not, was ſhe to be ſo prevailed upon to prevent an *apprehended* evil only?

'Thou, Lovelace, the tempter,' (thou wilt again break out and ſay) 'to be the 'accuſer!'

But I am *not* the accuſer. I am the arguer only, and, in my heart, all the time acquit and worſhip the divine creature. But let me, nevertheleſs, examine, whether the acquittal be owing to her *merit*, or to my *weakneſs*—Weakneſs the true name for love!

But ſhall we ſuppoſe another motive?—And that is LOVE; a motive which all the world will excuſe her for. But let me tell the world that do, *not* becauſe they *ought*, but becauſe all the world is apt to be miſled by it.

Let LOVE then be the motive—Love of *whom?*

A *Lovelace*, is the anſwer.

Is there but *one* Lovelace in the world? May not *more* Lovelaces be attracted by ſo fine a figure? By ſuch exalted qualities? It was her character that drew me to her; and it was her beauty and good ſenſe, that rivetted my chains: and now all together make me think her a ſubject worthy of my attempts; worthy of my ambition.

But has ſhe had the candour, the openneſs, to *acknowledge* that love?

She has not.

Well, then, if love be at the bottom, is there not another fault lurking beneath the ſhadow of that love?—Has ſhe not *affectation*?—Or is it *pride of heart*?

And what reſults?—Is then the divine Clariſſa capable of *loving* a man whom



CLARISSA *forced back by her* BROTHER, *to have another* INTERVIEW *with* Mr. SOLMES *and her* UNCLE ANTHONY.

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whom she ought *not* to love? And is she capable of *affectation?* And is her virtue founded in *pride?*—And, if the answer to these questions be affirmative, must she not then be a *woman?*

And can she keep this love at bay? Can she make *him*, who has been accustomed to triumph over other women, tremble? Can she so conduct herself, as to make him, at times, question whether she loves *him* or *any* man; yet not have the requisite command over the passion itself in steps of the highest consequence to her honour, as *she* thinks, [*I am trying her*, Jack, *by her own thoughts*] but suffer herself to be provoked to promise to abandon her father's house, and go off with him, knowing his character; and even conditioning not to marry till improbable and remote contingencies were to come to pass? What though the provocations were such as would justify any other woman; yet was a CLARISSA to be susceptible to provocations which she thinks *herself* highly censureable for being so much moved by?

But let us see the dear creature resolved to revoke her promise; yet *meeting* her lover; a bold and intrepid man, who was more than once before disappointed by her; and who comes, as she knows, prepared to expect the fruits of her appointment, and resolved to carry her off. And let us see him actually carrying her off; and having her at his mercy—May there not be, I repeat, *other* Lovelaces; other *like* intrepid persevering enterprizers; although they may not go to work in the same way?

And has then a CLARISSA (herself her judge) failed?—In such *great* points failed?—And may she not *further* fail?—Fail in the *greatest* point, to which all the other points, in which she *has* failed, have but a natural tendency?

Nor say thou, that virtue, in the eye of Heaven, is as much a *manly* as a *womanly* grace. By virtue in this place I mean chastity, and to be superior to temptation; my Clarissa out of the question. Nor ask thou, Shall the man be guilty, yet expect the woman to be guiltless, and even unsuspectable? Urge thou not these arguments, I say, since the wife, by a failure, may do much more injury to the husband, than the husband can do to the wife; and not only to her husband, but to all his family, by obtruding another man's children into his possessions, perhaps to the exclusion of (at least to a participation with) his own; he believing them all the time to be his. In the eye of Heaven, therefore, the sin *cannot* be equal. Besides I have read in some places *that the woman was made for the man*, not *the man for the woman*. Virtue then is less to be dispensed with in the woman than in the man.

'Thou, Lovelace,' (methinks some better man than thyself will say) 'to 'expect such perfection in a woman!'

'Yes, I,' may I answer. Was not the great Cæsar a great rake as to women? Was he not called, by his very soldiers, on one of his triumphant entries into Rome, *The bald-pated lecher?* And warning given of him to the *wives*, as well as to the daughters, of his fellow-citizens? Yet did not Cæsar repudiate his wife for being only in company with Clodius, or rather because Clodius, though by surprize upon her, was found in hers? And what was the reason he gave for it?—It was this, (though a rake himself, as I have said) and only this—*The wife of Cæsar must not be suspected!*

Cæsar was not a prouder man than Lovelace.

Go to then, Jack; nor say, nor let any-body say, in thy hearing, that Lovelace, a man valuing himself upon his ancestry, is singular in his expectations of a wife's purity, though not pure himself.

As to my CLARISSA, I own, that I hardly think there ever was such an angel of a woman. But has she not, as above, already taken steps, which she herself condemns? Steps, which the world and her own family did not think her *capable* of taking? And for which her own family will not forgive her?

Nor think it strange, that I refuse to hear any-thing pleaded in behalf of a standard virtue, from high *provocations*. Are not provocations and temptations the tests of virtue? A standard virtue must not be allowed to be *provoked* to destroy or annihilate itself.

May not then the success of him, who could carry her *thus far*, be allowed to be an encouragement for him to try to carry her *farther?* It is but to try. Who will be afraid of a trial for this divine creature? Thou knowest, that I have more than once, twice, or thrice, put to the fiery trial young women of name and character; and never yet met with one who held out a month; nor indeed so long as could puzzle my invention. I have concluded against the whole sex upon it. And now, if I have not found a virtue that cannot be corrupted, I will swear that there is not one such in the whole sex. Is not then the whole

ſex concerned that this trial ſhould be made? And who is it that knows this lady, that would not ſtake upon her head the honour of the whole?—Let her who would refuſe it, come forth, and deſire to ſtand in her place.

I muſt aſſure thee, that I have a prodigious high opinion of virtue; as I have of all thoſe graces and excellences, which I have not been able to attain myſelf. Every free-liver would not *ſay* this, nor *think* thus—Every argument he uſes, condemnatory of his own actions, as ſome would think. But ingenuouſneſs was ever a ſignal part of my character.

Satan, whom thou mayeſt, if thou wilt, in this caſe, call my inſtigator, put the good man of old upon the ſevereſt trials. To his behaviour under theſe trials that good man owed his honour and his future rewards. An innocent perſon, if doubted, muſt wiſh to be brought to a fair and candid trial.

Rinaldo, indeed, in Arioſto, put the Mantua Knight's cup of trial from him, which was to be the proof of his wife's chaſtity*.—This was his argument for forbearing the experiment: 'Why 'ſhould I ſeek a thing I ſhould be loth 'to find? My wife is a woman. The 'ſex is frail. I cannot believe better of 'her than I do. It will be to my own 'loſs, if I find reaſon to think worſe.' But Rinaldo would not have refuſed the trial of the lady, before ſhe *became* his wife, and when he might have found account in detecting her.

For my part, I would not have put the cup from me, though married, had it been but in hope of finding reaſon to confirm my *good* opinion of my wife's honour; and that I might know whether I had a ſnake or a dove in my boſom.

To my point—What muſt that virtue be, which will not ſtand a trial?—What that woman, who would wiſh to ſhun it?

Well, then, a trial ſeems neceſſary for the *further* eſtabliſhment of the honour of ſo excellent a creature.

And who ſhall put her to this trial? Who, but the man, who has, as ſhe thinks, already induced her in *leſſer* points, to ſwerve?—And this for her *own ſake* in a double ſenſe—Not only, as he has been able to make *ſome* impreſſion, but as ſhe *regrets* the impreſſion made; and ſo may be preſumed to be guarded againſt his further attempts.

The ſituation ſhe is at preſent in, it muſt be confeſſed, is a diſadvantageous one to her: but if ſhe overcome, that will redound to her honour.

Shun not, therefore, my dear ſoul, further trials, nor hate me for making them.—For what woman can be ſaid to be virtuous till ſhe has been tried?

Nor is *one* effort, *one* trial, to be ſufficient. Why? Becauſe a woman's heart may be at one time *adamant*, at another *wax*—As I have often experienced. And ſo, no doubt, haſt thou.

'A fine time of it,' methinks thou ſayeſt, 'would the women have, if they 'were all to be tried!'

But, Jack, I am not for that neither. Though I am a rake, I am not a rake's friend; except thine and company's.

And be this one of the morals of my tedious diſcuſſion—Let the little rogues who would not be *put to the queſtion*, as I may call it, chuſe accordingly. Let them prefer to their favour good honeſt ſober fellows, who have not been uſed to play dogs tricks: who will be willing to take them as they *offer*; and who being tolerable themſelves, are not ſuſpicious of others.

'But what,' methinks thou aſkeſt, 'is 'to become of the lady, if ſhe fail?'

'What!—Why will ſhe not, *if once* '*ſubdued*, be *always ſubdued*?' Another of our libertine maxims. And what an immenſe pleaſure to a marriage-hater, what rapture to thought, to be able to prevail upon ſuch a woman as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe to live with him, without *real* change of name!

But if ſhe reſiſt—If nobly ſhe ſtand her trial!—

Why then I will marry her; and bleſs my ſtars for ſuch an angel of a wife.

But will ſhe not hate thee?—will ſhe not refuſe—

No, no, Jack!—Circumſtanced and ſituated as we are, I am not afraid of that. And hate me! Why ſhould ſhe hate the man who loves her upon proof?

And then for a little hint at *repriſal*—Am I not juſtified in my reſolutions of trying *her* virtue; who is reſolved, as I may ſay, to try *mine*? Who has declared, that ſhe will not marry me, till ſhe has hopes of my reformation?

And now, to put an end to this ſober argumentation, wilt thou not thyſelf (whom I have ſuppoſed an advocate for the lady, becauſe I know that Lord M. has put thee upon uſing the intereſt he

* The ſtory tells us, that whoever drank of this cup, if his wife were chaſte, could drink without ſpilling; if otherwiſe, the contrary.

thinks

thinks thou haſt in me, to perſuade me to enter the pale; *wilt thou not thyſelf* allow me to try, if I cannot awaken the *woman* in her?—To try, if ſhe, with all that glowing ſymmetry of parts, and that full bloom of vernal graces, by which ſhe attracts every eye, be really inflexible as to the grand article?

Let me begin then, as opportunity preſents—I will; and watch her every ſtep to find one ſliding one; her every moment, to find the moment critical. And the rather, as ſhe ſpares not me, but takes every advantage that offers, to puzzle and plague me; nor expects nor thinks me to be a good man.

If ſhe be a *woman*, and *love* me, I ſhall ſurely catch her once tripping: for love was ever a traitor to it's harbourer; and love *within*, and I *without*, ſhe will be *more* than woman, as the poet ſays, or I *leſs* than man, if I ſucceed not.

Now, Belford, all is out. The lady is mine; ſhall be *more* mine. Marriage, I ſee, is in my power, now *ſhe* is ſo. Elſe perhaps it had not. If I can have her *without* marriage, who can blame me for trying? If *not*, great will be her glory, and my future confidence. And well will ſhe merit the ſacrifice I ſhall make her of my liberty; and from all her ſex honours next to divine, for giving a proof, that there was once a woman whoſe virtue no trials, no ſtratagems, no temptations, even from the men ſhe hated not, could overpower.

Now wilt thou ſee all my circulation: as in a glaſs wilt thou ſee it.—CABALA, however, is the word*; nor let the ſecret eſcape thee even in thy dreams.

Nobody doubts, that ſhe is to be my wife. Let her paſs for ſuch, when I give the word. Mean time, reformation ſhall be my ſtalking-horſe; ſome one of the women in London, if I can get her thither, my bird. And ſo much for this time.

LETTER XV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTERS V. VI.]

DO not be ſo much concerned, my deareſt friend, at the bickerings between my mother and me. We love one another dearly notwithſtanding. If my mother had not me to find fault with, ſhe muſt find fault with ſomebody elſe. And as to me, I am a very faulty girl; and were there not this occaſion, there would be ſome other, to ſhew it.

You have heard me *ſay*, that this was always the caſe between us. You could not *otherwiſe* have known it. For when *you* was with us, you harmonized us both; and indeed I was always more afraid of you than of my mother. But then that awe is accompanied with love. Your reproofs, as I have always found, are ſo charmingly mild and inſtructive; ſo evidently calculated to improve, and not to provoke; that a generous temper muſt be amended by them. But here now, mind my good mamma, when you are not with us—'*You* ſhall, *I tell you*, '*Nancy*. *I will* have *it ſo*. *Don't I know* '*beſt*; *I won't be diſobeyed*.' How can a daughter of ſpirit bear ſuch language; ſuch looks too with the language; and not have a longing mind to diſobey?

Don't adviſe me, my dear, to ſubſcribe to my mother's prohibition of correſpondence with you. She has no reaſon for it. Nor would ſhe of her own judgment have prohibited it. That odd old ambling ſoul your uncle, (whoſe viſits are frequenter than ever) inſtigated by your malicious and ſelfiſh brother and ſiſter, is the occaſion. And they only have borrowed my mother's lips, at the diſtance they are from you, for a ſort of ſpeaking-trumpet for them. The prohibition, once more I ſay, cannot come from her heart: but if it did, is ſo much danger to be apprehended from my continuing to write to one of my own ſex, as if I wrote to one of the other? Don't let dejection and diſappointment and the courſe of oppreſſion which you have run through, weaken your mind, my deareſt creature; and make you ſee inconveniences, where there poſſibly cannot be any. If your talent is *ſcribbling*, as you call it; ſo is *mine*—And I will ſcribble on, at all opportunities; and to you; let them ſay what they will. Nor let your letters be filled with the ſelf-accuſations you mention: there is no cauſe for them. I wiſh, that your Anna Howe, who continues in her mother's houſe, were but half ſo good as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, who has been driven out of her father's.

I will ſay nothing upon your letter to your ſiſter till I ſee the effect it will have. You hope, you tell me, that you ſhall have your money and cloaths ſent you,

* This word, whenever uſed by any of theſe gentlemen, was agreed to imply an inviolable ſecret.

notwithſtanding

notwithſtanding my opinion to the contrary—I am ſorry to have it to acquaint you, that I have juſt now heard, that they have ſat in council upon your letter; and that your mother was the only perſon who was for ſending you your things; and was over-ruled. I charge you, therefore, to accept of my offer, as by my laſt: and give me particular directions for what you want, that I can ſupply you with beſides.

Don't ſet your thought ſo much upon a reconciliation, as to prevent your laying hold of any handſome opportunity to give yourſelf a protector; ſuch a one as the man will be, who, I imagine, huſband-like, will let nobody inſult you but himſelf.

What could he mean, by letting ſlip ſuch a one as that you mention? I don't know how to blame you; for how could you go beyond ſilence and bluſhes, when the fooliſh fellow came with his obſervances of the reſtrictions which you laid him under when in another ſituation? But, as I told you above, you really ſtrike people into awe. And, upon my word, you did not ſpare him.

I repeat what I ſaid in my laſt, that you have a very nice part to act: and I will add, that you have a mind that is much too delicate for your part. But when the lover is exalted, the lady muſt be humbled. He is naturally proud and ſaucy. I doubt, you muſt engage his *pride*, which he calls his *honour*: and that you muſt throw off a little more of the veil. And I would have you reſtrain your wiſhes before him, that you had not met him, and the like. What ſignifies wiſhing, my dear? He will not bear it. You can hardly expect that he will.

Nevertheleſs, it vexes me to the very bottom of my pride, that any wretch of that ſex ſhould be able to triumph over Clariſſa.

I cannot, however, but ſay, that I am charmed with your ſpirit. So much ſweetneſs, where ſweetneſs is requiſite; ſo much ſpirit, where ſpirit is called for—What a *true* magnanimity!

But I doubt, in your preſent circumſtances, you muſt endeavour after a little more of the reſerve, in caſes where you are diſpleaſed with him, and palliate a little. That humility which he puts on when you riſe upon him, is not natural to him.

Methinks I ſee the man heſitating, and looking like the fool you paint him, under your corrective ſuperiority!—But he is not a fool. Don't put him upon mingling reſentment with his love.

You are very ſerious, my dear, in the firſt of the two letters before me, in relation to Mr. Hickman and me; and in relation to my mother and me. But as to the latter, you muſt not be too grave. If we are not well together at one time, we are not ill together at another. And while I am able to make her ſmile in the midſt of the moſt angry fit ſhe ever fell into on the preſent occaſion, (though ſometimes ſhe would not if ſhe could help it) it is a very good ſign; a ſign that diſpleaſure can never go deep, or be laſting. And then a kind word, or kind look, to her favourite Hickman, ſets the one into raptures, and the other in tolerable humour, at any time.

But your caſe pains me at heart; and with all my levity, *both* the good folks muſt ſometimes partake of that pain; nor will it be over, as long as you are in a ſtate of uncertainty; and eſpecially as I was not able to prevail for that protection for you which would have prevented the unhappy ſtep, the neceſſity for which we both, with ſo much reaſon, deplore.

I have only to add, (and yet it is needleſs to tell you) that I am, and will ever be, *your affectionate friend and ſervant*,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

YOU tell me, my dear, that my cloaths and the little ſum of money I left behind me, will not be ſent me.—But I will ſtill hope. It is yet early days. When their paſſions ſubſide, they will better conſider of the matter; and eſpecially as I have my ever dear and excellent mother for my friend in this requeſt. O the ſweet indulgence! How has my heart bled, and how does it ſtill bleed for her!

You adviſe me not to depend upon a reconciliation. I do not, I cannot depend upon it. But, nevertheleſs, it is the wiſh next my heart. And as to this man, what can I do? You ſee, *that marriage is not abſolutely in my own power*, if I were *inclined* to prefer it to the trial which I think I ought to have principally in view to make for a reconciliation.

You ſay, he is proud and inſolent—Indeed he is. But can it be your opinion, that he intends to humble me down to the level of his mean pride?

And what mean you, my dear friend, when you ſay, that I muſt throw off a *little more of the veil*?—Indeed I never knew that I wore one. Let me aſſure

you,

you, that if I ſee any-thing in Mr. Lovelace that looks like a deſign to humble me, his inſolence ſhall never make me diſcover a weakneſs unworthy of a perſon diſtinguiſhed by your friendſhip; that is to ſay, unworthy either of my *ſex*, or of my *former ſelf*.

But I hope, as I am out of all other protection, that he is not capable of mean or *low* reſentments. If he has had any extraordinary trouble on my account, may he not thank himſelf for it? He may; and lay it, if he pleaſes, to his *character*; which, as I have told him, gave at leaſt a *pretence* to my brother againſt him. And then, did I ever make him any promiſes? Did I ever profeſs a love for him? Did I ever wiſh for the continuance of his addreſs? Had not my brother's violence precipitated matters, would not my indifference to him in all likelihood (as I deſigned it ſhould) have tired out his proud ſpirit, and made him ſet out for London, where he uſed chiefly to reſide? And if he *had*, would there not have been an end of all his pretenſions and hopes? For no encouragement had I given him: nor did I then correſpond with him. Nor, believe me, ſhould I have begun to do ſo—that fatal rencounter not having then happened; which drew me in afterwards for others ſakes, (fool that I was!) and not for my own. And can you think, or can *he*, that even this but temporarily-intended correſpondence (which, by the way, my mother connived at) would have ended thus, had I not been driven on one hand, and teazed on the other, to continue it; the occaſion which had at firſt induced it, continuing? What pretence then has he, were I to be abſolutely in his power, to avenge himſelf on me, for the faults of others; and through which I have ſuffered more than he? It cannot—cannot be, that I ſh uld have cauſe to apprehend him to be ſo ungenerous, ſo bad, a man.

You bid me not be concerned at the bickerings between your mother and you. Can I avoid concern, when thoſe bickerings are on my account? That they are raiſed (inſtigated ſhall I ſay?) by my uncle, and my other relations, ſurely muſt add to my concern.

But I muſt obſerve, perhaps too critically for the ſtate my mind is in at preſent, that the very ſentences you give from your mother, as ſo many *imperatives*, which you take amiſs, are very ſevere reflections upon yourſelf. For inſtance—'*You* ſhall, *I tell you*, *Nancy*,' implies that you had diſputed her will—And ſo of the reſt.

And further let me obſerve, with reſpect to what you ſay, that there cannot be the ſame reaſon for a prohibition of correſpondence with me, as there was of mine with Mr. Lovelace; that I thought as little of bad conſequences from my correſpondence with him at the time, as you can do from yours with me, now. But if *obedience be a duty*, the *breach* of it is the *fault*, however circumſtances may differ. Surely there is no merit in ſetting up our own judgment againſt the judgments of our parents. And if it be puniſhable ſo to do, I have been ſeverely puniſhed; and that is what I warned you of, from my own dear experience.

Yet, God forgive me! I adviſe thus againſt myſelf with very great reluctance: and, to ſay truth, have not ſtrength of mind, at preſent, to decline it myſelf. But, if my occaſion go not off, I will take it into further conſideration.

You give me very good advice in relation to this man; and I thank you for it. When you bid me be more upon the *reſerve* with him in expreſſing my diſpleaſure, perhaps I may try for it: but to *palliate*, as you call it, that, my deareſt Miſs Howe, cannot be done, by *your own*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

YOU may believe, my dear Miſs Howe, that the circumſtance of the noiſe and outcry within the garden-door, on Monday laſt, gave me no ſmall uneaſineſs, to think that I was in the hands of a man, who could, by ſuch vile premeditation, lay a ſnare to trick me out of myſelf, as I have ſo frequently called it.

Whenever he came in my ſight, the thought of this gave me an indignation that made his preſence diſguſtful to me; and the more, as I fancied I beheld in his face a triumph which reproached my weakneſs on that account; although, perhaps, it was only the ſame vivacity and placidneſs that generally ſit upon his features.

I was reſolved to taſk him upon this ſubject, the firſt time I could have patience to enter upon it with him. For, beſides that it piqued me exceſſively from the nature of the artifice, I expected ſhuffling and evaſion, if he were guilty, that would have incenſed me: and, if not confeſſedly guilty, ſuch unſatisfactory declarations, as ſtill would have kept my mind doubtful and uneaſy; and would, upon every new offence that

he

he might give me, sharpen my disgust to him.

I have had the opportunity I waited for; and will lay before you the result.

He was making his court to my good opinion in very polite terms, and with great seriousness lamenting that he had lost it; declaring, that he knew not how he had deserved to do so; attributing to me an indifference to him, that seemed, to his infinite concern, hourly to increase. And he besought me to let him know my whole mind, that he might have an opportunity either to confess his faults and amend them, or clear his conduct to my satisfaction, and thereby entitle himself to a greater share of my confidence.

I answered him with quickness—'Then, Mr. Lovelace, I will tell you 'one thing with a frankness, that is, 'perhaps, more suitable to *my* character, 'than to *your's*' [*He hoped not, he said*] 'which gives me a very bad opinion of 'you, as a designing artful man.'

'I am all attention, Madam.'

'I never can think tolerably of you, 'while the noise and voice I heard at the 'garden-door, which put me into the 'terror you took so much advantage of, 'remains unaccounted for. Tell me 'fairly, tell me candidly, the whole of 'that circumstance; and of your dealings with that wicked Joseph Leman; 'and according to your explicitness in 'this particular, I shall form a judgment 'of your future professions.'

'I will, without reserve, my dearest 'life,' said he, 'tell you the whole; and 'hope that my sincerity in the relation 'will atone for any thing you may think 'wrong in the fact.

'I knew nothing,' *said he*, 'of this 'man, this Leman, and should have 'scorned a resort to so low a method as 'bribing the servant of any family to let 'me into the secrets of that family, if I 'had not detected him in attempting to 'corrupt a servant of mine, to inform 'him of all my motions, of all my supposed intrigues, and, in short, of every 'action of my private life, as well as of 'my circumstances and engagements; 'and this for motives too obvious to be 'dwelt upon.

'My servant told me of his offers, 'and I ordered him, unknown to the 'fellow, to let me hear a conversation 'that was to pass between them.

'In the midst of it, and just as he had 'made an offer of money for a particular piece of intelligence, promising 'more when procured, I broke in upon 'them, and by bluster, calling for a 'knife to cut off his ears (one of which I 'took hold of) in order to make a present of it, as I said, to his employers, 'I obliged him to tell me who they 'were.

'Your brother, Madam, and your 'uncle Antony, he named.

'It was not difficult when I had given 'him my pardon on naming them (after 'I had set before him the enormity of 'the task he had undertaken, and the 'honourableness of my intentions to 'your dear self) to prevail upon him, by 'a larger reward, to serve me; since, 'at the same time, he might preserve 'the favour of your uncle and brother, 'as I desired to know nothing, but what 'related to myself and to you, in order 'to guard us both against the effects of 'an ill-will, which all his fellow-servants, 'as well as himself, as he acknowledged, 'thought undeserved.

'By this means, I own to you, Madam, I frequently turned his principals about upon a pivot of my own, unknown to themselves: and the fellow, 'who is always calling himself a *plain 'man*, and boasting of his *conscience*, was 'the easier, as I condescended frequently to assure him of my honourable 'views; and as he knew that the use I 'made of his intelligence, in all likelihood, prevented fatal mischiefs.

'I was the more pleased with his services, as (let me acknowledge to you, 'Madam) they procured to you, unknown to yourself, a safe and uninterrupted egress (which perhaps would 'not otherwise have been continued to 'you so long as it was) to the garden 'and wood-house: for he undertook to 'them, to watch all your motions; and 'the more cheerfully (for the fellow 'loves you) as it kept off the curiosity of 'others.'

So, my dear, it comes out, that I *myself* was obliged to this deep contriver.

I sat in silent astonishment; and thus he went on.

'As to the circumstance, for which 'you think so hardly of me, I do freely 'confess, that having a suspicion that 'you would revoke your intention of 'getting away, and in that case apprehending that we should not have the 'time together that was necessary for 'that purpose; I had ordered him to 'keep off every-body he *could* keep off, 'and to be himself within view of the 'garden-door; for I was determined,

'if

'if poſſible, to induce you to adhere to 'your reſolution.'

'But pray, Sir,' interrupting him, 'how came you to apprehend that I 'ſhould revoke my intention? I had in-'deed depoſited a letter to that purpoſe; 'but you had it not: and how, as I had 'reſerved to myſelf the privilege of a 'revocation, did you know, but I 'might have prevailed upon my friends, 'and ſo have revoked upon good 'grounds?'

'I will be very ingenuous, Madam— 'You had made me hope that if you 'changed your mind, you would give 'me a meeting to apprize me of the rea-'ſons for it. I went to the looſe bricks, 'and I ſaw the letter there: and as I 'knew your friends were immoveably 'fixed in their ſchemes, I doubted not 'but the letter was to revoke or ſuſ-'pend your reſolution; and probably to 'ſerve inſtead of a meeting too. I there-'fore let it lie, that if you *did* revoke, 'you might be under the neceſſity of 'meeting me for the ſake of the expecta-'tion you had given me: and as I came 'prepared, I was reſolved, pardon me, 'Madam, whatever were your intenti-'ons, that you ſhould not go back. Had 'I taken your letter, I muſt have been 'determined by the contents of it, for 'the preſent, at leaſt: but not having 'received it, and you having reaſon to 'think I wanted not reſolution, in a ſitu-'ation ſo deſperate, to make your 'friends a perſonal viſit, I depended 'upon the interview you had bid me 'hope for.'

'Wicked wretch!' ſaid I; 'It is my 'grief, that I gave you opportunity to 'take ſo exact a meaſure of my weak-'neſs!—But *would* you have preſumed 'to viſit the family, had I not met you?'

'Indeed I would. I had ſome friends 'in readineſs, who were to have accom-'panied me to them. And had your 'father refuſed to give me audience, I 'would have taken my friends with me 'to Solmes.'

'And what did you intend to do to 'Mr. Solmes?'

'Not the leaſt hurt, had the man been 'paſſive.'

'But had he *not* been paſſive, as you 'call it, what would you have done to 'Mr. Solmes?'

He was loth, he ſaid, to tell me—Yet not the leaſt hurt to his *perſon*.

I repeated my queſtion.

If he *muſt* tell me, he only propoſed to carry off the *poor fellow*, and to hide him for a month or two. And this he would have done, let what would have been the conſequence.

Was ever ſuch a wretch heard of!—I ſighed from the bottom of my heart; but bid him proceed from the part I had interrupted him at.

'I ordered the fellow, as I told you, 'Madam,' ſaid he, 'to keep within 'view of the garden-door: and if he 'found any parley between us, and 'any-body coming (before you could 'retreat undiſcovered) whoſe coming 'might be attended with violent effects, 'he ſhould cry out; and this not only 'in order to ſave himſelf from their 'ſuſpicions of him, but to give me 'warning to make off, and if poſſible, 'to induce you (I own it, Madam) 'to go off with me, according to your 'own appointment. And I hope, all 'circumſtances conſidered, and the dan-'ger I was in of loſing you for ever, 'that the acknowledgment of *that* con-'trivance, or if you had *not* met me, '*that* upon Solmes, will not procure 'me your hatred: for, had they come 'as *I* expected as well as *you*, what 'a deſpicable wretch had I been, could 'I have left you to the inſults of a bro-'ther and others of your family, whoſe 'mercy was cruelty when they had '*not* the pretence with which this de-'tected interview would have furniſhed 'them!'

'What a wretch!' ſaid I.—'But if, 'Sir, taking your *own* account of this 'ſtrange matter to be fact, any-body 'were coming, how happened it, that I 'ſaw only that man Leman (I *thought* it 'was he) out of the door, and at a diſ-'tance look after us?'

'Very lucky!' ſaid he, putting his hand firſt in one pocket, then in ano-ther—'I hope I have not thrown it 'away—It is, perhaps, in the coat I 'had on yeſterday—Little did I think 'it would be neceſſary to be produced— 'But I love to come to a demonſtration 'whenever I can—I *may* be giddy—I *may* 'be heedleſs. I *am* indeed—But no 'man, as to *you*, Madam, ever had a 'ſincerer heart.'

He then ſtepping to the parlour-door, called his ſervant to bring him the coat he had on yeſterday.

The ſervant did. And in the pocket, rumpled up as a paper he regarded not, he pulled out a letter, written by that Joſeph, dated Monday night; in which he begs pardon for crying out ſo ſoon—ſays, That his fears of being diſcovered to act on both ſides, had made him take the ruſhing of a little dog (that always follows

follows him) through the phyllirea-hedge, for Betty's being at hand; or some of his masters: and when he found his mistake, he opened the door by his own key, (which the contriving wretch confessed he had furnished him with) and inconsiderately ran out in a hurry, to have apprized him that his crying out was owing to his fright only: and he added, that they were upon the hunt for me, by the time he returned *.

I shook my head—'Deep! deep! deep!' said I, 'at the best!—O Mr. 'Lovelace! God forgive and reform 'you!—But you are, I see plainly '(upon the whole of your own account) a very artful, a very designing man.'

'Love, my dearest life, is ingenious. Night and day have I racked my 'stupid brain.' ['*O Sir*,' *thought I*, '*not 'stupid! 'Twere well perhaps if it were.*'] 'to contrive methods to prevent the 'sacrifice designed to be made of you, 'and the mischief that must have ensued 'upon it: so little hold in your affections: such undeserved antipathy from 'your friends: so much danger of losing you for ever from *both* causes. I 'have not had for the whole fortnight 'before last Monday, half an hour's 'rest at a time. And I own to you, 'Madam, that I should never have 'forgiven myself, had I omitted any 'contrivance or fore-thought that would 'have prevented your return without 'me.'

Again I blamed myself for meeting him: and justly; for there were many chances to one, that I had *not* met him. And if I had not, all his fortnight's contrivances, as to me, would have come to nothing; and perhaps I might nevertheless have escaped Solmes.

Yet, had he resolved to come to Harlowe Place with his friends, and been insulted, as he certainly would have been, what mischiefs might have followed!

But his resolutions to run away with and to hide the poor Solmes for a month or so, O my dear! what a wretch have I let run away with *me*, instead of *Solmes!*

I asked him, if he thought such enormities as these, such defiances of the laws of society, would have passed unpunished?

He had the assurance to say, with one of his usual gay airs, That he should by this means have disappointed his enemies, and saved me from a forced marriage. He had no pleasure in such desperate pushes. Solmes he would not have *personally* hurt. He must have fled his country, for a time at least: and, truly, if he had been obliged to do so, (as all his hopes of my favour must have been at an end) he would have had a fellow-traveller of his own sex out of our family, whom I little thought of.

Was ever such a wretch!—To be sure he meant my brother!

'And such, Sir,' said I, in high resentment, 'are the uses you make of 'your corrupt intelligencer—'

'*My* corrupt intelligencer, Madam!' interrupted he. 'He is to this hour 'your brother's as well as mine. By 'what I have ingenuously told you, 'you may see who began this corruption. Let me assure you, Madam, 'that there are many free things which 'I have been guilty of as *reprizals*, in 'which I would not have been the *aggressor*.'

'All that I shall further say on this 'head, Mr. Lovelace, is this: that as 'this vile double-faced wretch has probably been the cause of great mischief on both sides, and *still* continues, as you own, his wicked practices, I think it would be but just, to 'have my friends apprized what a creature *he* is whom some of them encourage.'

'What you please, Madam, as to 'that—My service, as well as your 'brother's, is now almost over for him. 'The fellow has made a good hand of 'it. He does not intend to stay long 'in his place. He is now actually in 'treaty for an inn, which will do his 'business for life. I can tell you further, that he makes love to your sister's 'Betty: and that *by my advice*. They 'will be married when he is established. An innkeeper's wife is every 'man's mistress; and I have a scheme 'in my head to set some engines at 'work to make *her* repent her saucy behaviour to you to the last day of her 'life.'

'What a wicked schemer are you, 'Sir!—Who shall avenge upon you 'the still greater evils which you have 'been guilty of? I forgive Betty with 'all my heart. She was not my ser-

* See his letter to Joseph Leman. Vol. II. No. L. towards the end, where he tells him, he would contrive for him a letter of this nature to copy.

'vant;

'vant; and but too probably, in what 'ſhe did, obeyed the commands of 'her to whom ſhe owed duty, better 'than I obeyed thoſe to whom I owed 'more.'

No matter for that, the wretch ſaid: [*To be ſure, my dear, he muſt deſign to make me afraid of him*] the decree was gone out—Betty muſt ſmart—Smart too by an act of her own choice. He loved, he ſaid, to make bad people their own puniſhers—'Nay, Madam, excuſe 'me; but if the fellow, if this Joſeph, 'in *your* opinion, deſerves puniſhment, 'mine is a complicated ſcheme; a man 'and his wife cannot well ſuffer ſepa-'rately, and it may come home to *him* 'too.'

I had no patience with him. I told him ſo. 'I ſee, Sir,' ſaid I, 'I ſee, what 'a man I am with. Your *rattle* warns 'me of the *ſnake*.'—And away I flung; leaving him ſeemingly vexed, and in confuſion.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

MY plain-dealing with Mr. Lovelace, on ſeeing him again, and the free diſlike I expreſſed to his ways, his manners, and his contrivances, as well as to his ſpeeches, have obliged him to recollect himſelf a little. He will have it, that the menaces which he threw out juſt now againſt my brother and Mr. Solmes, are only the effect of an unmeaning pleaſantry. He has too great a ſtake in his country, he ſays, to be guilty of *ſuch* enterprizes as ſhould lay him under a neceſſity of quitting it for ever. Twenty things, particularly, he ſays, he has ſuffered Joſeph Leman to tell of him, that *were not*, and *could not* be true, in order to make himſelf formidable in ſome people's eyes, and this purely with a view to *prevent miſchief*. He is unhappy, as far as he knows, in a quick invention; in hitting readily upon expedients; and many things are reported of him which he never ſaid, and many which he never did, and others which he has only talked of, (as juſt now) and which he has forgot as ſoon as the words have paſſed his lips.

This may be ſo, in part, my dear. No one man ſo young could be ſo wicked as he has been reported to be. But ſuch a man at the head of ſuch wretches as he is ſaid to have at his beck, all men of fortune and fearleſſneſs, and capable of ſuch enterprizes as I have unhappily found him capable of, what is not to be apprehended from him?

His careleſſneſs about his character is one of his excuſes: a very bad one. What hope can a woman have of a man who values not his reputation?—Theſe gay wretches may, in mixed converſation, divert for an hour or ſo: but the man of probity, the man of virtue, is the man that is to be the partner for life. What woman, who could help it, would ſubmit it to the courteſy of a wretch, who avows a diſregard to all moral ſanctions, whether he will perform his part of the matrimonial obligation, and treat her with tolerable politeneſs?

With theſe notions, and with theſe reflections, to be thrown upon ſuch a man as himſelf—Would to Heaven—But what avail wiſhes now?—To whom can I fly, if I would fly from him?

LETTER XIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, APRIL 14.

NEVER did I hear of ſuch a parcel of fooliſh toads as theſe Harlowes;—Why, Belford, the lady muſt fall, if every hair of her head were a guardian angel, unleſs they were to make a viſible appearance for her, or, ſnatching her from me at unawares, would draw her after them into the ſtarry regions.

All I had to apprehend, was, that a daughter ſo reluctantly carried off, would offer terms to her father, and would be accepted upon a mutual *concedence*; *they* to give up *Solmes*; *ſhe* to give up *me*. And ſo I was contriving to do all I could to guard againſt the latter. But they ſeem reſolved to perfect the work they have begun.

What ſtupid creatures are there in the world! This fooliſh brother not to know, that he who would be bribed to undertake a baſe thing by one, would be *over*-bribed to *retort* the baſeneſs; eſpecially when he could be put into the way to ſerve himſelf by both!—Thou, Jack, wilt never know one half of my contrivances.

He here relates the converſation between him and the lady (upon the ſubject of the noiſe and exclamations his agent made at the garden door) to the ſame effect as in the lady's letter, No. XVII. *and proceeds exulting:*

What a capacity for glorious miſchief

has thy friend!—Yet how near the truth all of it! The only deviation, my aſſerting that the fellow made the noiſes by *miſtake*, and through *fright*, and not by *previous direction:* had ſhe known the preciſe truth, her anger, to be ſo taken in, would never have let her forgive me.

Had I been a military hero, I ſhould have made gunpowder uſeleſs; for I ſhould have blown up all my adverſaries by dint of ſtratagem, turning their own devices upon them.

But theſe fathers and mothers—Lord help 'em!—Were not the powers of nature ſtronger than thoſe of diſcretion; and were not that buſy *dea bona* to afford her genial aids, till tardy prudence qualified parents to *manage* their future offſpring, how few people would have children!

James and Arabella may have *their* motives; but what can be ſaid for a father acting as *this* father has acted? What for a mother? What for an aunt? What for uncles?—Who can have patience with ſuch fellows and felloweſſes?

Soon will the fair-one hear how high their fooliſh reſentments run againſt her: and then will ſhe, it is to be hoped, have a little more confidence in me. Then will I be jealous that ſhe loves me not with the preference my heart builds upon. Then will I bring her to confeſſions of grateful love: and then will I kiſs her when I pleaſe; and not ſtand trembling, as now, like a hungry hound, who ſees a delicious morſel within his reach, (the froth hanging about his vermillion jaws) yet dares not leap at it for his life.

But I was *originally* a baſhful mortal. Indeed I am baſhful ſtill with regard to this lady—Baſhful, yet know the ſex ſo well!—But that indeed is the *reaſon* that I know it ſo well:—for, Jack, I have had abundant cauſe, when I have looked into *myſelf*, by way of compariſon with the *other* ſex, to conclude, that a baſhful man has a good deal of the ſoul of a woman; and ſo, like Tireſias, can tell what they think, and what they drive at, as well as themſelves.

The modeſt ones and I, particularly, are pretty much upon a par. The difference between us is only, what they *think*, I *act*. But the immodeſt ones outdo the worſt of us by a bar's length, both in thinking and acting.

One argument let me plead in proof of my aſſertion; that even we rakes love modeſty in a woman; while the modeſt women as they are accounted (that is to ſay, the *ſlyeſt*) love, and generally prefer, an impudent man. Whence can this be, but from a likeneſs in nature? And this made the poet ſay, That every woman is a rake in her heart. It concerns them by their *actions*, to prove the contrary, if they can.

Thus have I read in ſome of the philoſophers, *That no wickedneſs is comparable to the wickedneſs of a woman.* Canſt thou tell me, Jack, who ſays this! Was it Socrates? for he had the devil of a wife—Or who? Or is it Solomon?—*King* Solomon—Thou remembereſt to have read of ſuch a king, doſt thou not? SOL-O-MON, I learned, in my infant ſtate [My mother was a good woman] to anſwer, when aſked, '*Who was the wiſeſt* '*man?*'—But my indulgent queſtioner never aſked me, How he came by the uninſpired part of his wiſdom.

Come, come, Jack, you and I are not ſo very bad, could we but ſtop where we are.

He then gives the particulars of what paſſed between him and the lady on his menaces relating to her brother and Mr. Solmes, and of his deſign to puniſh Betty Barnes and Joſeph Leman.

LETTER XX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, APRIL 14.

I Will now give you the particulars of a converſation that has juſt paſſed between Mr. Lovelace and me; which I muſt call agreeable.

It began with his telling me, that he had juſt received intelligence, that my friends were on a ſudden come to a reſolution, to lay aſide all thoughts of purſuing me, or of getting me back: and that therefore he attended me to know my pleaſure; and what I would do, or have *him* do?

I told him, that I would have him leave me directly; and that, when it was known to every body that I was abſolutely independent of him, it would paſs, that I had left my father's houſe becauſe of my brother's ill uſage of me: which was a plea that I might make with juſtice, and to the excuſe of my father, as well as of myſelf.

He mildly replied, that if we could be certain, that my relations would *adhere* to this their new reſolution, he could have no objection, ſince ſuch was my pleaſure:

pleaſure: but, as he was well aſſured, that they had taken it only from apprehenſions, that a more *active* one might involve my brother (who had breathed nothing but revenge) in ſome fatal misfortune, there was too much reaſon to believe, that they would reſume their former purpoſe the moment they ſhould think they *ſafely* might.

'This, Madam,' ſaid he, 'is a riſque 'I cannot run. You would think it 'ſtrange if I could. And yet, as ſoon 'as I knew they had ſo given out, I 'thought it proper to apprize you of it, 'and to take your commands upon it.'

'Let me hear,' ſaid I, willing to try if he had any particular view, 'what '*you* think moſt adviſeable?'

''Tis very eaſy to ſay, That if I 'durſt—*If I might not offend you*—If it 'were not to *break conditions that ſhall be* '*inviolable with me.*'

'Say then, Sir, what you *would* ſay. 'I can approve or diſapprove, as I 'think fit.'

Had not the man a fine opportunity here to ſpeak out? He had. And thus he uſed it.

'To wave, Madam, what I *would* ſay 'till I have more courage to ſpeak out,' [*More courage—Mr. Lovelace more courage, my dear!*]—'I will only propoſe what I 'think will be moſt agreeable to *you*— 'Suppoſe, if *you chuſe not to go to Lady* '*Betty's*, that you take a turn croſs the 'country to Windſor?'

'Why to Windſor?'

'Becauſe it is a pleaſant place: be'cauſe it lies in the way either to Berk'ſhire, to Oxford, or to London. *Berk'ſhire*, where Lord M. is at preſent: '*Oxford*, in the neighbourhood of which 'lives Lady Betty; *London*, whither you 'may retire at your pleaſure. Or, if 'you will *have* it ſo, whither I may go, 'you ſtaying at Windſor; and yet be 'within an eaſy diſtance of you, if any'thing ſhould happen, or if your friends 'ſhould change their new-taken reſolu'tion.'

This propoſal, however, diſpleaſed me not. But I ſaid, My only objection was, the diſtance of Windſor from Miſs Howe, of whom I ſhould be glad to be always within two or three hours reach by a meſſenger, if poſſible.

If I had thoughts of any other place than Windſor or nearer to Miſs Howe, he wanted but my commands, and would ſeek for proper accommodations: but, fix as I pleaſed, farther or nearer, he had ſervants, and they had nothing elſe to do but to obey me.

A grateful thing then he named to me—To ſend for my Hannah, as ſoon as I ſhall be fixed; unleſs I would chuſe one of the young gentlewomen *here* to attend me; both of whom, as I had acknowledged, were very obliging; and he knew I had generoſity enough to make it worth their while.

This of Hannah, he might ſee, I took very well. I ſaid, I had thoughts of ſending for her, as ſoon as I got to more convenient lodgings. As to theſe young gentlewomen, it were pity to break in upon that uſefulneſs which the whole family were of to each other: each having her proper part, and performing it with an agreeable alacrity: inſomuch that I liked them all ſo well, that I could even paſs my days among them were he to leave me; by which means the lodgings would be more convenient to me than now they were.

He need not repeat his objections to this place, he ſaid: but as to going to Windſor, or wherever elſe I thought fit, or as to his perſonal attendance, or leaving me, he would aſſure me, (he very agreeably ſaid) that I could propoſe nothing in which I thought my reputation, and even my *punctilio*, concerned, that he would not cheerfully come into. And ſince I was ſo much taken up with my pen, he would inſtantly order his horſe to be got ready, and would ſet out.

Not to be off my caution. 'Have 'you any acquaintance at Windſor?' ſaid I.—'Know you of any convenient 'lodgings there?'

'Except the Foreſt,' replied he, 'where I have often hunted, I know the 'leaſt of Windſor, of any place ſo noted 'and ſo pleaſant. Indeed, I have not a 'ſingle acquaintance there.'

Upon the whole, I told him, that I thought his propoſal of Windſor not amiſs; and that I would remove thither, if I could get a lodging only for myſelf, and an upper-chamber for Hannah; for that my ſtock of money was but ſmall; as was eaſy to be conceived; and I ſhould be very loth to be obliged to anybody. I added, that the ſooner I removed the better; for that then he could have no objection to go to London, or Berkſhire, as he pleaſed: and I ſhould let every-body know my independence.

He again propoſed himſelf, in very polite terms, for my banker. But I, as civilly, declined his offer.

This converſation was to be, all of it, in the main, agreeable. He aſked, whether

whether I would chuſe to lodge in the town of Windſor, or out of it?

'As near the caſtle,' I ſaid, 'as poſſible, for the convenience of going 'conſtantly to the publick worſhip.' An opportunity I had been long deprived of.

He ſhould be very glad, he told me, if he could procure me accommodations in any of the canons houſes; which he imagined would be more agreeable to me than any other, on many accounts. And as he could depend upon my promiſe, never to have any other man but himſelf, on the condition to which he had ſo cheerfully ſubſcribed, he ſhould be eaſy; ſince it was now his part, *in earneſt*, to ſet about recommending himſelf to my favour, by the *only* way he knew it would be done. Adding, with a very ſerious air—'I am but a young 'man, Madam; but I have run a long 'courſe: let not your purity of mind 'incline you to deſpiſe me for the ac-'knowledgment. It is high time to be 'weary of it, and to reform; ſince, like 'Solomon, I can ſay, There is nothing 'new under the ſun: but that it is my 'belief, that a life of virtue can afford 'ſuch pleaſures, on reflection, as will 'be for ever blooming, for ever new!'

I was agreeably ſurprized. I looked at him, I believe, as if I doubted my ears and my eyes. His aſpect however became his words.

I expreſſed my ſatisfaction in terms ſo agreeable to him, that he ſaid, he found a delight in this early dawning of a better day to him, and in *my* approbation, which he had never received from the ſucceſs of the moſt favoured of his purſuits.

Surely, my dear, the man *muſt* be in earneſt. He could not have *ſaid* this; he could not have *thought* it, had he not. What followed made me ſtill readier to believe him.

'In the midſt of my wild vagaries,' ſaid he, 'I have ever preſerved a reve-'rence for religion, and for religious 'men. I always called another cauſe, 'when any of my libertine companions, 'in purſuance of Lord Shafteſbury's 'teſt, (which is a part of the rake's 'creed, and what I may call *the whet-'ſtone of infidelity*) endeavoured to turn 'the ſacred ſubject into ridicule. On 'this very account I have been called 'by good men of the clergy, who ne-'verthelefs would have it, that I was a 'practical rake, *the decent rake:* and in-'deed I had too much pride in my 'ſhame, to diſown the name of *rake*.

'This, Madam, I am the readier to 'confeſs, as it may give you hope, that 'the generous taſk of my reformation, 'which I flatter myſelf you will have 'the goodneſs to undertake, will not be 'ſo difficult a one as you may have ima-'gined; for it has afforded me ſome 'pleaſure in my retired hours, when a 'temporary remorſe has ſtruck me for 'any-thing I have done amiſs, that I 'ſhould *one* day take delight in another 'courſe of life: for, unleſs we *can*, I 'dare ſay, no durable *good* is to be ex-'pected from the endeavour. Your ex-'ample, Madam, muſt do all, muſt con-'firm all.'

'The Divine Grace, or Favour, Mr. 'Lovelace, muſt do all, and confirm 'all. You know not how much you 'pleaſe me, that I can talk to you in this 'dialect.'

And I then thought of his generoſity to his pretty ruſtick; and of his kindneſs to his tenants.

'Yet, Madam, be pleaſed to remem-'ber one thing: reformation cannot be 'a *ſudden* work. I have infinite vivaci-'ty: it is that which runs away with 'me. Judge, deareſt Madam, by what 'I am going to confeſs, that I have a 'prodigious way to journey on, before 'a good perſon will think me tolerable; 'ſince, though I have read in ſome of 'our *perfectioniſts* enough to make a bet-'ter man than myſelf either run into 'madneſs or deſpair about the grace 'you mention; yet I cannot enter into 'the meaning of the word, nor into the 'modus of it's operation. Let me not 'then be checked, when I mention *your* 'example for my *viſible* reliance; and 'inſtead of uſing ſuch words, till I can 'better underſtand them, ſuppoſe all 'the reſt included in the profeſſion of '*that* reliance.'

I told him, that, although I was ſomewhat concerned at his expreſſion, and ſurprized at ſo much *darkneſs*, as (for want of another word) I would call it, in a man of his talents and learning; yet I was pleaſed with his ingenuouſneſs. I wiſhed him to encourage this way of thinking. I told him, that his obſervation, that no *durable* good was to be expected from any new courſe where there was not a *delight* taken in it, was juſt: but that the delight would follow by uſe.

And twenty things of this ſort I even preached to him; taking care, however, nor to be tedious, nor to let my expanded heart give him a contracted or impatient blow. And, indeed, he took

viſible

viſible pleaſure in what I ſaid, and even hung upon the ſubject, when I, to try him, once or twice, ſeemed ready to drop it: and proceeded to give me a moſt agreeable inſtance, that he could at times think both deeply and ſeriouſly.—Thus it was.

He was once, he ſaid, dangerouſly wounded in a duel, in the left-arm, baring it, to ſhew me the ſcar: that this (notwithſtanding a great effuſion of blood, it being upon an artery) was followed by a violent fever, which at laſt fixed upon his ſpirits; and *that* ſo obſtinately, that neither did *he* deſire life, nor his *friends* expect it. That, for a month together, his heart, as he thought, was ſo totally changed, that he deſpiſed his former courſes, and particularly that raſhneſs, which had brought him to the ſtate he was in, and his antagoniſt (who, however, was the aggreſſor) into a much worſe: that in this ſpace he had thoughts which at times ſtill give him pleaſure to reflect upon. And altho' theſe promiſing proſpects changed, as he recovered health and ſpirits, yet he parted with them with ſo much reluctance, that he could not help ſhewing it in a copy of verſes, *truly blank* ones, he ſaid; ſome of which he repeated, and (advantaged by the grace which he gives to every-thing he repeats) I thought them very tolerable ones; the ſentiments, however, much graver than I expected from him.

He has promiſed me a copy of the lines; and then I ſhall judge better of their merit; and ſo ſhall you. The tendency of them was, that, ſince ſickneſs only gave him a proper train of thinking, and that his reſtored health brought with it a return of his evil habits, he was ready to renounce the gifts of nature for thoſe of contemplation.

He farther declared, that although theſe good motions went off (as he had owned) on his recovery, yet he had better hopes now, from the influence of my example, and from the reward before him, if he perſevered: and that he was the more hopeful that he ſhould, as his preſent reſolution was made in a full tide of health and ſpirits; and when he had nothing to wiſh for but perſeverance, to entitle himſelf to my favour.

'I will not throw cold water, Mr. 'Lovelace,' ſaid I, 'on a riſing flame: 'but look to it! For I ſhall endeavour 'to keep you up to this ſpirit. I ſhall 'meaſure your value of me by this teſt: 'and I would have you bear thoſe 'charming lines of Mr. Rowe for ever 'in your mind; you, who have, by your 'own confeſſion, ſo much to repent of; 'and as the ſcar, indeed, you ſhewed 'me, will, in one inſtance, remind you 'to your dying day.'

The lines, my dear, are from the poet's Ulyſſes; you have heard me often admire them; and I repeated them to him.

'*Habitual* evils change not on a *ſudden*;
'But many days muſt paſs, and *many* for-
'rows;
'Conſcious remorſe and anguiſh *muſt* be felt,
'To curb deſire, to break the ſtubborn will,
'And work a ſecond nature in the ſoul,
'Ere Virtue can reſume the place ſhe loſt:
'Tis elſe DISSIMULATION.'

He had often read theſe lines, he ſaid: but never *taſted* them before.—By his *ſoul*, (the unmortified creature ſwore) and as *he hoped to be ſaved*, he was *now* in earneſt in his good reſolutions. He had ſaid, *before* I repeated theſe lines from Rowe, that habitual evils could not be changed on a *ſudden*: but he hoped, he ſhould not be thought a *diſſembler*, if he were not enabled to *hold* his good purpoſes; ſince ingratitude and diſſimulation were vices that of all others he abhorred.

'May you ever abhor them!' ſaid I. 'They are the moſt odious of all vices.'

I hope, my dear Miſs Howe, I ſhall not have occaſion, in my future letters, to contradict theſe promiſing appearances. Should I have *nothing* on his ſide to combat with, I ſhall be very far from being happy, from the ſenſe of my fault, and the indignation of all my relations.—So ſhall not fail of condign puniſhment for it, from my inward remorſe on account of my forfeited character. But the leaſt ray of hope could not dart in upon me, without my being willing to lay hold of the very firſt opportunity to communicate it to *you*, who take ſo generous a ſhare in all my concerns.

Nevertheleſs you may depend upon it, my dear, that theſe agreeable aſſurances, and hopes of his begun reformation, ſhall not make me forget my caution. Not that I think, at worſt, any more than you, that he dare to harbour a thought injurious to my honour: but he is very various, and there is an *apparent*, and even an *acknowledged* unfixedneſs in his temper, which, at times, gives me uneaſineſs. I am reſolved, therefore, to keep him at a diſtance from my perſon and my thoughts, as much as I can: for whether *all* men are or are not

encroachers,

encroachers, I am ſure Mr. Lovelace is one.

Hence it is, that I have always caſt about, and will continue to caſt about, what ends he may have in view from *this* propoſal, or from *that* report. In a word, though hopeful of the *beſt*, I will always be fearful of the *worſt*, in every-thing that admits of doubt. For it is better, in ſuch a ſituation as mine, to apprehend without cauſe, than to ſubject myſelf to ſurprize for want of forethought.

Mr. Lovelace is gone to Windſor, having left two ſervants to attend me. He purpoſes to be back to-morrow.

I have written to my aunt Hervey, to ſupplicate her intereſt in my behalf, for my cloaths, books, and money; ſignifying to her, That, if I may be reſtored to the favour of my family, and allowed a negative only, as to any man who may be propoſed to me, and be uſed like a daughter, a niece, and a ſiſter, I will ſtand by my offer to live ſingle, and ſubmit, as I ought, to a negative from my father. Intimating, nevertheleſs, That it were perhaps better, after the uſage I have received from my brother and ſiſter, that I may be allowed to be diſtant from them, as well for their ſakes as for my own, (meaning, as I ſuppoſe it will be taken, at my Dairy Houſe)—offering to take my father's directions, as to the manner I ſhall live in, the ſervants I ſhall have, and in every-thing that ſhall ſhew the dutiful ſubordination to which I am willing to conform.

My aunt will know by my letter to my ſiſter how to direct to me, if ſhe be permitted to favour me with a line.

I am equally earneſt *with her* in *this* letter, as I was with my *ſiſter* in *that* I wrote to *her*, to obtain for me a ſpeedy reconciliation, that I may not be further precipitated; intimating, That, by a timely lenity, all may paſs for a miſunderſtanding only, which, otherwiſe, will be thought equally diſgraceful to them, and to me; appealing to her for the neceſſity I was under to do what I did.

Had I owned, that I was over-reached, and forced away againſt my intention, might they not, as a proof of the truth of my aſſertion, have inſiſted upon my immediate return to them? And if I did *not* return, would they not have reaſon to ſuppoſe, that I had *now* altered my mind, (if ſuch were my mind) or had not the *power* to return?—Then were I to have gone back, muſt it not have been upon their own terms? *No conditioning with a father!* is a maxim with my father, and with my uncles. If I would have gone, Mr. Lovelace would have oppoſed it. So I muſt have been under his controul, or have run away *from* him, as it is ſuppoſed I did *to* him from Harlowe Place. In what a giddy light would this have made me appear!—Had he conſtrained me, could I have appealed to my friends for *their* protection, without riſquing the very conſequences, to prevent which (ſetting up myſelf preſumptuouſly, as a middle perſon between flaming ſpirits) I have run into ſuch terrible inconveniences.

But, after all, muſt it not give me great anguiſh of mind, to be forced to ſanctify, as I may ſay, by my ſeeming *after*-approbation, a meaſure I was ſo artfully tricked into, and which I was ſo much reſolved not to take?

How one evil brings on another, is ſorrowfully witneſſed to, by *your ever-obliged and affectionate* CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, APR. 14.

THOU haſt often reproached me, Jack, with my vanity, without diſtinguiſhing the humorous turn that accompanies it; and for which, at the ſame time that thou robbeſt me of the merit of it, thou admireſt me highly. *Envy* gives thee the *indiſtinction: Nature* inſpires the *admiration*; unknown to thyſelf it inſpires it. But thou art too clumſy and too ſhort-ſighted a mortal, to know how to account even for the impulſes by which thou thyſelf art moved.

'Well, but this acquits thee not of 'my charge of vanity, Lovelace,' methinks thou ſayeſt.

And true thou ſayeſt: for I have indeed a confounded parcel of it. But, if men of parts may not be allowed to be vain, who ſhould! And yet, upon ſecond thoughts, men of parts have the leaſt occaſion of any to be vain; ſince the world (ſo few of *them* are there in it) are ready to find them out, and extol them. If a fool can be made ſenſible, that there is a man who has more underſtanding than *himſelf*, he is ready enough to conclude, that ſuch a man muſt be a very extraordinary creature.

And what, at this rate, is the general concluſion to be drawn from the premiſes?—Is it not, that *no* man ought to be vain? But what if a man can't help

help it!—This, perhaps, may be *my* caſe. But there is nothing upon which I value myſelf ſo much as upon my *inventions*. And for the ſoul of me, I cannot help letting it be ſeen, that I *do*. Yet this vanity may be a means, perhaps, to overthrow me with this ſagacious lady.

She is very apprehenſive of me, I ſee. I have ſtudied before her and Miſs Howe, as often as I have been with them, to paſs for a giddy thoughtleſs creature. What a folly then to be ſo *expatiatingly* ſincere, in my anſwer to her home-put, upon the noiſes within the garden?—But ſuch ſucceſs having attended that contrivance, [Succeſs, Jack, has blown many a man up!] my curſed *vanity* got uppermoſt, and kept down my *caution*. The menace to have ſecreted Solmes, and that other, that I had thoughts to run away with her fooliſh brother, and of my project to revenge her upon the two ſervants, ſo much terrified the dear creature, that I was forced to ſit down to muſe after means to put myſelf right in her opinion.

Some favourable incidents, at the time, tumbled in from my agent in her family; at leaſt ſuch as I was determined to *make* favourable: and therefore I deſired admittance; and this before ſhe could reſolve any-thing againſt me; that is to ſay, while her admiration of my intrepidity kept reſolution in ſuſpence.

Accordingly, I prepared myſelf to be all gentleneſs, all obligingneſs, all ſerenity; and as I have now-and-then, and always *had*, more or leſs, good motions pop up in my mind, I encouraged and collected every-thing of this ſort that I had ever had from novicehood to maturity, [*Not long in recollecting, Jack*] in order to bring the dear creature into good-humour with me: 'And who 'knows,' thought I, 'if I can hold it, 'and proceed, but I may be able to lay 'a foundation fit to build my grand 'ſcheme upon!—LOVE,' thought I, 'is 'not *naturally* a doubter—FEAR is: I 'will try to baniſh the latter; nothing 'then but Love will remain. CREDU-'LITY is the God of Love's *prime-'miniſter*; and they never are aſunder.'

He then acquaints his friend with what paſſed between him and the lady, in relation to his advices from Harlowe Place, and to his propoſal about lodgings, pretty much to the ſame purpoſe as in her preceding letter.

When he comes to mention his propoſal of the Windſor lodgings, thus he expreſſes himſelf:

Now, Belford, can it enter into thy leaden head, what I meant by this propoſal!—I know it cannot. And ſo I'll tell thee.

To leave her for a day or two, with a view *to ſerve her by my abſence*, would, as I thought, look like confiding in her favour. I could not think of leaving her, thou knoweſt, while I had reaſon to believe her friends would purſue us; and I began to apprehend, that ſhe would ſuſpect, that I made a pretence of that intentional purſuit, to keep about her and with her. But now that they had declared againſt it, and that they would *not* receive her if ſhe went back, (a declaration ſhe had better hear firſt from me, than from Miſs Howe, or any other) what ſhould hinder me from giving her this mark of my obedience; eſpecially as I could leave Will, who is a clever fellow, and can do any-thing but write and ſpell, and Lord M.'s Jonas, (not as guards, to be ſure, but as attendants only) the latter to be diſpatched to me occaſionally by the former, whom I could acquaint with my motions?

Then I wanted to inform myſelf, why I had not congratulatory letters from Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, and from my couſins Montague, to whom I had written, glorying in my beloved's eſcape; which letters, if properly worded, might be made neceſſary to ſhew her as matters proceed.

As to Windſor, I had no deſign to carry her particularly thither: but ſomewhere it was proper to name, as ſhe condeſcended to aſk my advice about it. London, I durſt not; but very cautiouſly; and ſo as to make it her own option: for I muſt tell thee, that there is ſuch a perverſeneſs in the ſex, that, when they aſk your advice, they do it only to know your opinion, that they may oppoſe it, though, had not the thing in queſtion been *your* choice, perhaps it had been *theirs*.

I could eaſily give reaſons *againſt* Windſor, after I had pretended to be there; and this would have looked the better, as it was a place of my own nomination; and ſhewn her, that I had no fixed ſcheme. Never was there in woman ſuch a ſagacious, ſuch an all-live apprehenſion, as in this. Yet it is a grievous thing to an honeſt man to be ſuſpected.

Then, in my going or return, I can call upon Mrs. Greme. She and my beloved had a great deal of talk together. If I knew what it was about; and that *either*, upon their firſt acquain-

tance, was for benefiting herſelf by the *other*; I might contrive to ſerve them *both*, without hurting *myſelf*: for theſe are the moſt prudent ways of doing friendſhips, and what are not followed by regrets, though the *ſerved* ſhould prove ingrateful. Then Mrs. Greme correſponds by pen and ink with her farmer-ſifter where we are: ſomething may poſſibly ariſe *that* way, either of a convenient nature, *which I may purſue*; or of an inconvenient, *which I may avoid*.

Always be careful of back-doors, is a maxim with me in all my exploits. Whoever knows me, knows that I am no proud man. I can talk as familiarly to ſervants as to principals, when I have a mind to make it worth their while to oblige me in any-thing. Then ſervants are but as the common ſoldiers in an army: they do all the miſchief; frequently without malice, and merely, *good ſouls!* for miſchief-ſake.

I am moſt apprehenſive about Miſs Howe. She has a confounded deal of wit, and wants only a ſubject, to ſhew as much roguery: and ſhould I be outwitted with all my ſententious, boaſting conceit of my own *noſtrum-mongerſhip*—[*I love to plague thee, who art a pretender to accuracy*, and a ſurface-ſkimmer *in learning with* out-of-the-way *words and phraſes*] I ſhould certainly hang, drown, or ſhoot myſelf.

Poor Hickman! I pity him for the proſpect he has with ſuch a virago! But the fellow's a fool, God wot! And now I think of it, it is abſolutely neceſſary for complete happineſs in the married-ſtate, that one *ſhould* be a fool [An argument I once held with this very Miſs Howe.] But then the fool ſhould *know* the other's ſuperiority; otherwiſe the obſtinate one will diſappoint the wiſe one.

But my agent Joſeph has helped me to ſecure this quarter, as I have hinted to thee more than once.

LETTER XXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

IN CONTINUATION.

BUT is it not a confounded thing, that I cannot faſten an obligation upon this proud beauty? I have two motives, in endeavouring to prevail upon her to accept of money and raiment from me: one, the real pleaſure I ſhould have in the accomodating of the haughty maid; and to think there was ſomething near her, and upon her, that I could call *mine*: the other, in order to abate her ſeverity, and humble her a little.

Nothing more effectually brings down a proud ſpirit, than a ſenſe of lying under pecuniary obligations. This has always made me ſolicitous to avoid laying myſelf under any ſuch: yet ſometimes formerly have I been put to it, and curſed the tardy revolution of the quarterly periods. And yet I ever made ſhift to avoid anticipations: *I never would eat the calf in the cow's belly*, as Lord M.'s phraſe is: for what is that, but to hold our lands upon *tenant-courteſy*, the vileſt of all tenures? To be denied a fox chace, for fear of breaking down a fence, upon my own grounds? To be clamoured at for repairs *ſtudied* for, rather than *really wanted*? To be prated to by a bumkin with his hat on, and his arms folded, as if he defied your expectations of that ſort; his foot firmly fixed, as if upon his own ground, and you forced to take his arch leers, and ſtupid gybes? he intimating by the whole of his conduct, that he had had it in his power to oblige you, and, if you behave civilly, may oblige you again?—I, who think I have a right to break every man's head I paſs by, if I like not his looks, to bear this!—No more could I do it, than I could borrow of an inſolent uncle, or inquiſitive aunt, who would thence think themſelves entitled to have an account of all my life and actions laid before them for their review and cenſure.

My charmer, I ſee, has a pride like my own: but ſhe has no *diſtinction* in her pride: nor knows the pretty fool, that there is nothing nobler, nothing more delightful, than for lovers to be conferring and receiving obligations from each other. In this very farm-yard, to give thee a familiar inſtance, I have more than once ſeen this remark illuſtrated. A ſtrutting raſcal of a cock have I beheld chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck-ing his miſtreſs to him, when he has found a ſingle barley-corn, taking it up with his bill, and letting it drop five or ſix times, ſtill repeating his chucking invitation: and when two or three of his feathered ladies ſtrive who ſhall be the firſt for't, [*O Jack! a cock is a Grand Signor of a bird!*] he directs the bill of the foremoſt to it: and when ſhe has got the dirty pearl, he ſtruts over her with an erected creſt, and with an exulting chuck—a chuch-aw-aw-w, circling round her, with dropt wings, ſweeping the duſt in humble courtſhip: while the obliged ſhe, half-ſhy, half-willing, by her cowring tail, prepared wings, yet ſeemingly affrighted eyes, and contracted

tracted neck, lets one ſee, that ſhe knows the barley-corn was not all he called her for.

When he comes to that part of his narrative, where he mentions the propoſing of the lady's maid Hannah, *or one of the young Sorlings's, to attend her, thus he writes.*

Now, Belford, canſt thou imagine what I meant by propoſing Hannah, or one of the girls here, for her attendant? I'll give thee a month to gueſs.

Thou wilt not pretend to gueſs, thou ſay'ſt.

Well, then, I'll tell thee.

Believing ſhe would certainly propoſe to have that favourite wench about her, as ſoon as ſhe was a little ſettled, I had cauſed the girl to be enquired after, with an intent to make intereſt, ſome how or other, that a month's warning ſhould be inſiſted on by her maſter or miſtreſs, or by ſome other means, which I had not determined upon, to prevent her coming to her. But fortune fights for me. The wench is luckily ill; a violent rheumatick diſorder, which has obliged her to leave her place, confines her to her chamber. Poor Hannah! How I pity the girl! Theſe things are very hard upon induſtrious ſervants!—I intend to make the poor wench a ſmall preſent on the occaſion—I know it will oblige my charmer.

And ſo, Jack, *pretending not to know any thing of the matter*, I preſſed her to ſend for Hannah. She knew I had always a regard for this ſervant, becauſe of her honeſt love to her lady: but *now* I have a greater regard for her than ever. Calamity, though a poor ſervant's calamity, will rather increaſe than diminiſh good will, with a truly generous maſter or miſtreſs.

As to one of the young Sorlings's attendance, there was nothing at all in propoſing that; for if either of them had been choſen by *her*, and permitted by the *mother*. [*Two chances in that!*] it would have been only till I had fixed upon another. And if afterwards they had been loth to part, I could eaſily have given my beloved a jealouſy, which would have done the buſineſs; or to the girl, who would have quitted her *country dairy*, ſuch a reliſh for a *London one*, as would have made it very convenient for her to fall in love with Will; or perhaps I could have done ſtill better for her with Lord M.'s chaplain, who is very deſirous of ſtanding well with his lord's preſumptive-heir.

'A bleſſing on thy honeſt heart, Love-'lace!' thou'lt ſay; 'for thou art for 'providing for every-body!'

He gives an account of the ſerious part of their converſation, with no great variation from the lady's account of it: and when he comes to that part of it, where he bids her remember, that reformation cannot be a ſudden thing, he aſks his friend—

Is not this fair play? Is it not dealing ingenuouſly? Then the obſervation, I will be bold to ſay, is founded in *truth* and *nature*. But there was a little touch of *policy* in it beſides; that the lady, if I ſhould fly out again, ſhould not think me too groſs an hypocrite; for, as I plainly told her, I was afraid, that my fits of reformation were *but* fits and fallies; but I hoped her example would fix them into habits. But it is ſo diſcouraging a thing, to have my monitreſs ſo very good!—I proteſt I know not how to look up at her! Now, as I am thinking, if I could pull her down a little nearer to my own level; that is to ſay, could prevail upon her to do ſomething that would argue *imperfection*, ſomething *to repent of*; we ſhould jog on much more equally, and be better able to comprehend one another: and ſo the comfort would be mutual. and the remorſe not all on one ſide.

He acknowledges that he was greatly affected and pleaſed with the lady's ſerious arguments at the time: but even then *was apprehenſive that his temper would not hold. Thus he writes.*

This lady ſays ſerious things in ſo agreeable a manner, (and then her voice is all harmony when ſhe touches a ſubject ſhe is pleaſed with) that I could have liſtened to her for half a day together. But yet I am afraid, if ſhe *falls*, as they call it, ſhe will loſe a good deal of that *pathos*, of that noble ſelf-confidence, which gives a good perſon, as I now ſee, a viſible ſuperiority over one *not* ſo good.

But, after all, Belford, I would fain know why people call ſuch free livers as you and me *hypocrites*.—That's a word I hate; and ſhould take it very ill to be called by it. For myſelf, I have as good motions, and perhaps have them as frequently, as any-body: all the buſineſs is, they don't hold; or, to ſpeak more in character, *I don't take the care ſome do, to conceal my laſſes.*

LETTER XXIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

THOUGH pretty much preſſed in time, and oppreſſed by my mo-

ther's watchfulneſs, I will write a few lines upon the new light that has broken in upon your gentleman; and ſend it by a particular hand.

I know not what to think of him upon it. He talks well; but judge him by Rowe's lines, he is certainly a *diſſembler*. odious as the ſin of hypocriſy, and, as he ſays, that other of ingratitude, are to him.

And pray, my dear, let me aſk, Could he have triumphed, as it is ſaid he has done, over ſo many of our ſex, had he not been egregiouſly guilty of *both* ſins?

His ingenuouſneſs is the thing that ſtaggers me: yet is he cunning enough to know, that whoever accuſes himſelf firſt, blunts the edge of an adverſary's accuſation.

He is certainly a man of ſenſe: there is more hope of ſuch a one, than of a fool: and there muſt be a *beginning* to a reformation. Theſe I will allow in his favour.

But this, that follows, I think, is the only way to judge of his ſpecious confeſſions and ſelf-accuſations—Does he confeſs any thing that you knew not before, or that you are not likely to find out from others?—If nothing elſe, what does he confeſs to his own diſadvantage? You have heard of his duels: you have heard of his ſeductions.—All the world has. He *owns* therefore what it would be to no purpoſe to *conceal*; and his ingenuouſneſs is a ſalvo—'Why, this, Madam, 'is no more than Mr. Lovelace *himſelf* 'acknowledges.'

Well, but what is now to be done?—You muſt make the beſt of your ſituation: and as you ſay, ſo ſay I, I hope that will not be bad: for I like all that he has propoſed to you of Windſor, and his canon's houſe. His readineſs to leave you, and go himſelf in queſt of a lodging, likewiſe looks well. And I think there is nothing can be ſo properly done, as (whether you get to a canon's houſe or not) that the canon ſhould join you together in wedlock as ſoon as poſſible.

I much approve, however, of all your cautions, of all your vigilance, and of every thing you have done, but of your *meeting him*. Yet, in my diſapprobation of that, I judge by the *event* only: for who would have divined, it would have concluded as it did? But he is the devil, by his own account: and had he run away with the wretched Solmes, and your more wretched brother, and himſelf been tranſported for life, he ſhould have had my free conſent for all three.

What uſe does he make of that Joſeph Leman!—His ingenuouſneſs, I muſt once more ſay, confounds me; but if, my dear, you can forgive your brother for the part he put that fellow upon acting, I don't know whether you ought to be angry at Lovelace. Yet I have wiſhed fifty times, ſince Lovelace got you away, that you were rid of him, whether it were by a burning fever, by hanging, by drowning, or by a broken neck; provided it were before he laid you under a neceſſity to go into mourning for him.

I repeat my hitherto-rejected offer. May I ſend it ſafely by your old man? I have reaſons for not ſending it by Hickman's ſervant, unleſs I had a bank-note. Enquiring for ſuch may cauſe diſtruſt. My mother is ſo buſy, ſo inquiſitive—I don't love ſuſpicious tempers.

And here ſhe is continually in and out—I muſt break off.

MR. Hickman begs his moſt reſpectful compliments to you, with offer of his ſervices. I told him I would oblige him, becauſe minds in trouble take kindly any-body's civilities; but that he was not to imagine that he particularly obliged me by this; ſince I ſhould think the man or woman either blind or ſtupid who admired not a perſon of your exalted merit for your own ſake, and wiſhed not to ſerve you without view to other reward than the honour of ſerving you.

To be ſure, that was his principal motive; with great daintineſs he ſaid it: but with a kiſs of his hand, and a bow to my feet, he hoped, that that fine lady's being *my friend* did not leſſen the merit of the reverence he really had for her.

Believe me ever, what you, my dear, ſhall ever find me, *your faithful and affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SAT. AFTERNOON.

I Detain your meſſenger while I write in anſwer to yours; the poor old man not being very well.

You diſhearten me a good deal about Mr. Lovelace. I may be too willing from my ſad circumſtances to think the beſt of him. If his pretences to reformation are *but* pretence, what muſt be his intent? But can the heart of man be ſo very vile? Can he, *dare* he, mock the Almighty? But may I not, from one very ſad reflection, think better of him; that I am thrown too much into his power,

power, to make it *neceſſary* for him (except he were to intend the *very utmoſt* villainy by me) to be ſuch a ſhocking hypocrite? He muſt, at leaſt, be in earneſt, at the *time* he gives the better hopes. Surely he muſt. You yourſelf muſt join with me in this hope, or you could not wiſh me to be ſo dreadfully yoked.

But after all, I had rather, much rather, be independent of him, and of his family, although I have an high opinion of them; at leaſt till I ſee what my own may be brought to.—Otherwiſe, I think, it were beſt for me, at once, to caſt myſelf into Lady Betty's protection. All would then be conducted with decency, and perhaps many mortifications would be ſpared me. But then I muſt be *his*, at all adventures, and be thought to defy my own family. And ſhall I not firſt ſee the iſſue of *one* application? And yet I cannot make this, till I am ſettled ſomewhere, and at a diſtance from him.

Mrs. Sorlings ſhewed me a letter this morning, which ſhe had received from her ſiſter Greme laſt night; in which Mrs. Greme (hoping I would forgive her forward zeal, if her ſiſter thinks fit to ſhew her letter to me) wiſhes (and that for all the noble family's ſake, and ſhe hopes ſhe may ſay for my own) that I will be pleaſed to yield to make his honour, as ſhe calls him, happy. She grounds her *officiouſneſs*, as ſhe calls it, upon what he was ſo *condeſcending* [her word alſo] to ſay to her yeſterday, in his way to Windſor, on her *preſuming* to aſk, if ſhe might ſoon give him joy? That no man ever loved a woman as he loves me: that no woman ever ſo well deſerved to be beloved: that in every converſation, he admires me ſtill more: that he loves me with ſuch a purity, as he had never believed himſelf capable of, or that a mortal creature could have inſpired him with; looking upon me as all *ſoul*; as an angel ſent down to ſave *his*; and a great deal more of this ſort: but that he apprehends, my conſent to make him happy is at a greater diſtance than he wiſhes, and complained of the too ſevere reſtrictions I had laid upon him before I honoured him with my *confidence*: which reſtrictions *muſt be as ſacred to him, as if they were parts of the marriage-contract*, &c.

What, my dear, ſhall I ſay to this? How ſhall I take it? Mrs. Greme is a good woman. Mrs. Sorlings is a good woman. And this letter agrees with the converſation between Mr. Lovelace and me, which I thought, and ſtill think, ſo agreeable. Yet what means the man by *foregoing the opportunities he has had to declare himſelf?*—What means his *complaints of my reſtrictions* to Mrs. Greme? He is not a baſhful man.—But you ſay, I inſpire people with an awe of me.—An awe, my dear!—As how?

I am quite petulant, fretful, and peeviſh, with myſelf, at times, to find, that I am bound to ſee the workings of this *ſubtle*, or this *giddy* ſpirit, which ſhall I call it?

How am I puniſhed, as I frequently think, for my vanity, in hoping to be an *example* to young perſons of my ſex! Let me be but a *warning*, and I will now be contented. For, be my deſtiny what it may, I ſhall never be able to hold up my head again among my beſt friends and worthieſt companions.

It is one of the cruelleſt circumſtances that attends the faults of the inconſiderate, that ſhe makes all who love her unhappy, and gives joy only to her own enemies, and to the enemies of her family.

What an uſeful leſſon would this afford, were it properly inculcated at the time that the *tempted mind* was balancing upon a doubtful adventure?

You know not, my dear, the worth of a virtuous man; and, noble-minded as you are in moſt particulars, you partake of the common weakneſs of human nature, in being apt to ſlight what is in your own power.

You would not think of uſing Mr. Lovelace, were he your ſuitor, as you do the much worthier Mr. Hickman—Would you?—You know who ſays in my mother's caſe, 'Much *will* bear, 'much *ſhall* bear, all the world through.' Mr. Hickman, I fancy, would be glad to know the lady's name, who made ſuch an obſervation. He would think it hardly poſſible, but ſuch a one ſhould benefit by her own remark; and would be apt to wiſh his Miſs Howe acquainted with her.

Gentleneſs of heart, ſurely, is not deſpicable in a man. Why, if it be, is the higheſt diſtinction a man can arrive at, that of a *gentleman*?—A diſtinction which a prince may not deſerve. For manners, more than birth, fortune, or title, are requiſite in this character. Manners are indeed the eſſence of it. And ſhall it be generally ſaid, and Miſs Howe not be an exception to it, (as once you wrote) that our ſex are beſt dealt with by boiſterous and unruly ſpirits?

Forgive me, my dear; and love me as you uſed to do. For although my fortunes are changed, my heart is not:

nor

nor ever will, while it bids my pen tell you, that it muſt ceaſe to beat, when it is not as much yours, as *your*

CLARISSA HARLOWE'S.

LETTER XXV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SATURDAY EVENING.

MR. Lovelace has ſeen divers apartments at Windſor; but not one, he ſays, that he thought fit for me, and which at the ſame time anſwered my deſcription.

He has been very ſolicitous to keep to the letter of my inſtructions; which looks well: and the better I like him, as, although he propoſed that town, he came back, diſſuading me from it; for he ſaid, that, in his journey from thence, he had thought Windſor, although of his own propoſal, a wrong choice; becauſe I coveted privacy, and that was a place generally viſited and admired.

I told him, that if Mrs. Sorlings thought me not an incumbrance, I would be willing to ſtay here a little longer; provided he would leave me, and go to Lord M.'s or to London, which-ever he thought beſt.

He hoped, he ſaid, that he might ſuppoſe me abſolutely ſafe from the inſults or attempts of my brother; and, therefore, if it would make me eaſier, he would obey, for a few days at leaſt.

He again propoſed to ſend for Hannah. I told him I deſigned to do ſo, through you—And ſhall I beg of you, my dear, to cauſe the honeſt creature to be ſent to? Your faithful Robert, I think, knows where ſhe is. Perhaps ſhe will be permitted to quit her place directly, by allowing a month's wages, which I will repay her. He took notice of the ſerious humour he found me in, and of the redneſs of my eyes. I had juſt been anſwering your letter; and had he not approached me, on his coming off his journey, in a very reſpectful manner; had he not made an unexceptionable report of his enquiries, and been ſo ready to go from me, at the very firſt word; I was prepared (notwithſtanding the good terms we parted upon when he ſet out for Windſor) to have given him a very unwelcome reception: for the contents of your laſt letter had ſo affected me, that the moment I ſaw him, I beheld with indignation the ſeducer, who had been the cauſe of all the evils I ſuffer, and have ſuffered.

He hinted to me, that he had received a letter from Lady Betty, and another (as I underſtood him) from one of the Miſs Montagues. If they take notice of *me* in them, I wonder that he did not acquaint me with the contents. I am afraid, my dear, that his relations are among thoſe, who think I have taken a raſh and inexcuſeable ſtep. It is not my *credit* to let *even them* know, how I have been *frighted out of myſelf:* and yet perhaps they would hold me unworthy of their alliance, if they were to think my flight a voluntary one. O my dear, how uneaſy to us are our reflections upon every doubtful occurrence, when we know we have been prevailed upon to do a wrong thing!

SUNDAY MORNING.

An! this man, my dear! We have had warmer dialogues than ever yet we have had. At fair argument, I find I need not fear him; but he is ſuch a wild, ſuch an ungovernable creature, [*He* reformed!] that I am half-afraid of him.

He again, on my declaring myſelf uneaſy at his ſtay with me here, propoſed that I would put myſelf into Lady Betty's protection; aſſuring me that he thought he could not leave me at Mrs. Sorlings's, with ſafety to myſelf. And upon my declining to do that, for the reaſons I gave you in my laſt, he urged to me to make a demand of my eſtate.

He knew it, I told him, to be my reſolution not to litigate with my father.

Nor would he put me upon it, he replied, but as the *laſt* thing. But if my ſpirit would not permit me to be *obliged*, as I called it, to any-body; and yet if my relations would refuſe me my own; he knew not how I could keep up that ſpirit, without being put to inconveniences, which would give him infinite concern—Unleſs-unleſs-unleſs, he ſaid, heſitating, as if afraid to ſpeak out—Unleſs I would take the only method I *could* take, to obtain the poſſeſſion of my own.

'What is *that*, Sir?'

Sure the man ſaw by my looks, when he came with his creeping *unleſſes*, that I gueſſed what he meant.

'Ah, Madam! can you be at a loſs 'to know what that method is?—They 'will not diſpute with a *man* that right 'which they would conteſt with *you*.'

Why ſaid he with a *man*, inſtead of with him? Yet he looked as if he wanted to be encouraged to ſay more.

'So, Sir, you would have me to em'ploy a lawyer, would you, notwith'ſtanding what I have ever declared, as 'to litigating with my father?'

'No, I would not, my deareſt crea-

'ture,'

'ture,' snatching my hand, and pressing it with his lips—'except you would 'make *me* the lawyer.'

Had he said *me* at first, I should have been above the affectation of mentioning a lawyer.

I blushed. The man pursued not the subject so ardently, but that it was more easy as well as more natural to avoid it, than to fall into it.

Would to Heaven he might, without offending!—But I *so* over-awed him!—[*Over-awed* him!—*Your* notion, my dear!] And so the over-awed bashful man went off from the subject, repeating his proposal, that I would demand my own estate, or empower some man of the law to demand it, if I *would not* [he put in] empower a happier man to demand it. But it could not be amiss, he thought, to acquaint my two trustees, that I intended to assume it.

I should know better what to do, I told him, when he was at a distance from me, and *known* to be so. 'I suppose, Sir, 'that if my father propose my return, 'and engage never to mention Solmes to 'me, nor any other man, but by *my* 'consent, and I agree upon that condi-'tion to think no more of *you*, you will 'acquiesce?'

I was willing to try whether he had the regard to *all* my previous declarations, which he pretended to have to *some* of them.

He was struck all of a heap.

'What say you, Mr. Lovelace? You 'know, all you mean is for my good. 'Surely I am my own mistress: surely 'I need not ask your leave to make what 'terms I please for myself, *so long as I* 'break none with you?'

He hemmed twice or thrice.—'Why, 'Madam—Why, Madam—I cannot 'say—' Then pausing—and rising from his seat, with petulance—'I see plain-'ly enough,' said he, 'the reason why 'none of my proposals can be accepted: 'at *last* I am to be a sacrifice to your 'reconciliation with your implacable fa-'mily.'

'It has always been your respectful 'way, Mr. Lovelace, to treat my fa-'mily in this free manner. But pray, 'Sir, when you call *others* implacable, 'see that you deserve not the same cen-'sure *yourself*.'

He must needs say, there was no love lost between some of my family and him; but he had not deserved of *them* what they had of *him*.

'Yourself being judge, I suppose, 'Sir?'

'All the world, you yourself, Ma-'dam, being judge.'

'Then, Sir, let me tell you, had you 'been less upon your defiances, they 'would not have been irritated so much 'against you. But nobody ever heard, 'that avowed despite to the relations of 'a person was a proper courtship, either 'to that person, or to her friends.'

'Well, Madam, all that I know, is, 'that their malice against me is such, 'that, if you determine to sacrifice '*me*, you may be reconciled when you 'please.'

'And all that I know, Sir, is, that if 'I do give my father the power of a 'negative, and he will be contented 'with *that*, it will be but my *duty* to give 'it him; and if I preserve one to my-'self, I shall break through no obliga-'tion to *you*.'

'Your duty to your capricious *bro-'ther*, not to your *father*, you mean, 'Madam.'

'If the dispute lay between my bro-'ther and me at *first*, surely, Sir, a 'father may chuse which party he will 'take.'

'He *may*, Madam—But that exempts 'him not from blame for all that, if he 'take the wrong.'

'Different people will judge different-'ly, Mr. Lovelace, of the right and the 'wrong. *You* judge as you please. Shall 'not others as *they* please? And who has 'a right to controul a father's judgment 'in his own family, and in relation to 'his own child?'

'I know, Madam, there is no argu-'ing with you. But, nevertheless, I 'had hoped to have made myself some 'little merit with you, so as that I might 'not have been the *preliminary sacrifice* to 'a reconciliation.'

'Your hope, Sir, had been better 'grounded, if you had had my consent 'to my abandoning of my father's house.'

'Always, Madam, and for ever, to 'be reminded of the choice you would 'have made of that damned Solmes—'rather than—'

'Not so hasty! Not so rash, Mr. Love-'lace! I am convinced, that there was 'no intention to marry me to that Solmes 'on Wednesday.'

'So I am told they now give out, in 'order to justify themselves at your ex-'pence. Every-body living, Madam, 'is obliged to you for your kind thoughts, 'but I.'

'Excuse me, *good* Mr. Lovelace.' [waving my hand, and bowing]. 'that I 'am willing to think the best of my father.'

'Charming

'Charming creature!' said he, 'with 'what a bewitching air is that said!'—And with a vehemence in his manner, would have snatched my hand. But I withdrew it, being much offended with him.

'I think, Madam, my sufferings for 'your sake might have entitled me to 'some favour.'

'*My* sufferings, Sir, for your impetuous temper, set against *your* sufferings 'for *my sake*, I humbly conceive, leave 'me very little your debtor.'

'Lord, Madam!' [assuming a drolling air] 'What have *you* suffered!—'Nothing but what you can easily forgive. You have been *only* made a prisoner in your father's house, by the way 'of doing credit to your judgment!—'You have *only* had an innocent and 'faithful servant turned out of your service, because you loved her—You have '*only* had your sister's confident servant 'set over you, with leave to teaze and 'affront you.'—

'Very well, Sir!'

'You have *only* had an insolent brother take upon him to treat you like 'a slave, and as insolent a sister to undermine you in every-body's favour, 'on pretence to keep you out of hands, 'which, if as vile as they vilely report, 'are not, however, half so vile and cruel 'as their own!'

'Go on, Sir, if you please!'

'You have *only* been persecuted, in 'order to oblige you to have a sordid 'fellow, whom you have professed to 'hate, and whom every-body despises! 'The licence has been *only* got! The 'parson has *only* been had in readiness! 'The day, a near, a *very* near day, has 'been *only* fixed! And you were *only* to 'be searched for your correspondences, 'and still closer confined, till the day 'came, in order to deprive you of all 'means of escaping the snare laid for 'you!—But all this you can forgive! 'You can wish you had stood all this; 'inevitable as the compulsion must have 'been!—And the man who, at the hazard of his life, has delivered you from 'all these mortifications, is the only person you *cannot* forgive!'

'Can't you go on, Sir? You see I 'have patience to hear you. Can't you 'go on, Sir?'

'I can, Madam, with *my* sufferings: 'which I confess ought not to be mentioned, were I at last to be rewarded 'in the manner I hoped.'

'*Your* sufferings then, if you please, 'Sir?'

'—Affrontingly forbidden your 'father's house, after encouragement 'given, without any reasons they knew 'not before, to justify the prohibition: 'forced upon a rencounter I wished to 'avoid; the first I ever, so provoked, 'wished to avoid. And that, because 'the wretch was your brother!'

'Wretch, Sir!—And my brother!—'This could be from no man breathing, 'but from him before me!'

'Pardon me, Madam!—But, oh! 'how unworthy to be your brother!—'The quarrel grafted upon an old one, 'when at college; he universally known 'to be the aggressor; and revived for 'views equally sordid, and injurious 'both to yourself and me—Giving life 'to him, who would have taken away 'mine!'

'Your *generosity* THIS, Sir; not your 'sufferings: a little more of your *sufferings*, if you please!—I hope you do not 'repent, that you did not murder my 'brother!'

'My private life hunted into! My 'morals decried! Some of the accusers 'not unfaulty!'

'That's an aspersion, Sir!'

'Spies set upon my conduct! One hired 'to bribe my own servant's fidelity; perhaps to have poisoned me at last, if the 'honest fellow had not—'

'*Facts*, Mr. Lovelace!—Do you want 'facts in the display of your sufferings? '—None of your *perhaps's*, I beseech 'you!'

'Menaces every day, and defiances, 'put into every-one's mouth against me! 'Forced to creep about in disguises—and 'to watch *all hours*—'

'And in *all weathers*, I suppose, Sir—'That I remember was once your grievance! *In all weathers*, Sir! And all these 'hardships arising from yourself, not imposed by me.'

'—Like a thief, or an eves-droper,' proceeded he: 'and yet neither by birth 'nor alliances unworthy of *their* relation, whatever I may be and am of 'their admirable daughter: of whom 'they, every one of them, are at least '*as* unworthy!—These, Madam, I 'call sufferings: *justly* call so; if at last 'I am to be sacrificed to an imperfect 'reconciliation—*Imperfect*, I say: for 'can you expect to live so much as '*tolerably*, under the same roof, after 'all that has passed, with that brother 'and sister?'

'O Sir, Sir! What sufferings have 'yours been! And all for my sake, I 'warrant!—I can never reward you for them!—

'them!—Never think of me more, I 'beſeech you—How can you have pa-'tience with me?—Nothing has been 'owing to your own behaviour, I pre-'ſume; nothing to your defiances for 'defiances; nothing to your reſolution 'declared more than once, that you '*would* be related to a family, which, 'nevertheleſs, you would not ſtoop to 'aſk a relation of; nothing, in ſhort, 'to courſes which every-body blamed 'you for, you not thinking it worth 'your while to juſtify yourſelf. Had 'I not thought you uſed in an ungen-'tlemanly manner, as I have hereto-'fore told you, you had not had my 'notice by pen and ink. That notice 'gave you a ſuppoſed ſecurity, and you 'generouſly defied my friends the more 'for it: and this brought upon me (per-'haps not undeſervedly) my father's 'diſpleaſure; without which my bro-'ther's private pique, and ſelfiſh views, 'would have wanted a foundation to 'build upon: ſo that for all that fol-'lowed of my treatment, and your re-'dundant *only's*, I might thank you 'principally, as you may yourſelf for 'allyour *ſufferings*, your *mighty* ſufferings! '—And if, voluble Sir, you have found-'ed any merit upon them, be ſo good as 'to revoke it: and look upon *me*, with 'my forfeited reputation, as the only 'ſufferer—For what—Pray hear me out, Sir,' [for he was going to ſpeak]—'have 'you ſuffered in, but your pride? Your 'reputation *could not* ſuffer: *that* it was 'beneath you to be ſolicitous about. 'And had you not been an unmanagea-'ble man, I ſhould not have been driven 'to the extremity I now every hour, as 'the hour paſſes, deplore—With this 'additional reflection upon myſelf, that 'I ought not to have *begun*, or, having 'begun, not *continued* a correſpondence 'with one, who thought it not worth his 'while to clear his own character for *my* '*ſake*, or to ſubmit to my father for *his* '*own*, in a point wherein every father 'ought to have an option.'

'Darkneſs, light—Light, darkneſs—'by my ſoul!—Juſt as you pleaſe to 'have it. O charmer of my heart!'—ſnatching my hand, and preſſing it be-tween both his, to his lips, in a ſtrange wild way—'Take me, take me to your-'ſelf—Mould me as you pleaſe—I am 'wax in your hands—Give me your 'own impreſſion; and ſeal me for ever 'yours—We were born for each other! '—You to make me happy, and ſave a 'ſoul—I am all error, all crime. I ſee 'what I ought to have done. But do 'you think, Madam, I can willingly 'conſent to be ſacrificed to a partial re-'conciliation, in which I ſhall be ſo 'great, ſo irreparable a ſufferer!—Any-'thing but *that*—Include me in your 'terms; preſcribe to me; promiſe for 'me as you pleaſe—Put a halter about 'my neck, and lead me by it, upon 'condition of forgiveneſs on that diſ-'graceful penance, and of a proſtration 'as ſervile, to your father's preſence, '(your brother abſent;) and I will beg 'his conſent at his feet, and bear any-'thing but ſpurning from him, becauſe 'he is your father. But to give you up 'upon *cold* conditions, d—n me,' [ſaid the ſhocking wretch] 'if I either will, 'or can!'

Theſe were his words, as near as I can remember them; for his behaviour was ſo ſtrangely wild and fervent, that I was perfectly frighted. I thought he would have devoured my hand. I wiſh-ed myſelf a thouſand miles diſtant from him.

I told him, I by no means approved of his violent temper: he was too boiſ-terous a man for my liking. I ſaw *now*, by the converſation that had paſſed, what was his boaſted regard to my *in-junctions*; and ſhould take my meaſures accordingly, as he ſhould *ſoon* find. And with a half-frighted earneſtneſs I de-ſired him to withdraw, and leave me to myſelf.

He obeyed; and that with extreme complaiſance in his manner, but with his complexion greatly heightened, and a countenance as greatly diſſatisfied.

But, on recollecting all that paſſed, I plainly ſee, that he means not, if he can help it, to leave me to the liberty of re-fuſing him; which I had, nevertheleſs, preſerved a *right* to do; but looks upon me as *his*, by a ſtrange ſort of obligation, for having run away with me *againſt my will*.

Yet you ſee he but touches upon the edges of matrimony neither. And that at a time generally, when he has either excited one's paſſions or apprehenſions; ſo that one cannot at once deſcend. But ſurely this cannot be his deſign.—And yet ſuch ſeemed to be his behaviour to my ſiſter, when he provoked her to re-fuſe him, and ſo tamely ſubmitted, as he did, to her refuſal.—But he dare not—What can one ſay of ſo various a man?—I am now again out of conceit with him. I wiſh I were fairly out of his power.

He has ſent up three times to beg ad-mittance; in the two laſt, with unuſual

earneſtneſs. But I have ſent him word I will firſt finiſh what I am about.

What to do about going from this place, I cannot tell. I could ſtay here with all my heart, as I have ſaid to him: the gentlewoman and her daughters are deſirous that I will; although not very convenient for them, I believe, neither; but I ſee he will not leave me, while I do —So I *muſt* remove ſomewhere.

I have long been ſick of myſelf: and now I am more and more ſo. But let me not loſe your good opinion. If I do, that loſs will complete the misfortunes of *your* CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY NIGHT, (APRIL 16.)

I May ſend to you, although you are forbid to write to me; may I not?—For that is not a *correſpondence* (Is it?) where letters are not anſwered.

I am ſtrangely at a loſs what to think of this man. He is a perfect Proteus. I can but write according to the ſhape he aſſumes at the time. Don't think *me* the changeable perſon, I beſeech you, if in one letter I contradict what I wrote in another; nay, if I ſeem to contradict what I ſaid in the ſame letter: for he is a perfect chameleon; or rather more variable than the chameleon; for that, it is ſaid, cannot aſſume the *red* and the *white*; but this man *can*. And though *black* ſeems to be his natural colour, yet has he taken great pains to make me think him nothing but *white*.

But you ſhall judge of him, as I proceed. Only, if I any-where appear to you to be credulous, I beg you to ſet me right: for you are a ſtander-by, as you ſay in a former—Would to Heaven I were not to play! For I think, after all, I am held to a deſperate game.

Before I could finiſh my laſt to you, he ſent up twice more to beg admittance. I returned for anſwer, that I would ſee him at my own time: I would neither be invaded, nor preſcribed to.

Conſidering how we parted, and my delaying his *audience*, as he ſometimes calls it, I expected him to be in no very good humour, when I admitted of his viſit; and by what I wrote, you will conclude that *I* was not. Yet mine ſoon changed, when I ſaw his extreme humility at his entrance, and heard what he had to ſay.

'I have a letter, Madam,' ſaid he, 'from Lady Betty Lawrance, and another from my couſin Charlotte. But 'of theſe more by-and-by. I came now 'to make my humble acknowledgment 'to you, upon the arguments that paſſed 'between us ſo lately.'

I was ſilent, wondering what he was driving at.

'I am a moſt unhappy creature,' proceeded he: 'unhappy from a ſtrange 'impatiency of ſpirit, which I cannot 'conquer.—It always brings upon me 'deſerved humiliation. But it is more 'laudable to acknowledge, than to perſevere, when under the power of conviction.'

I was ſtill ſilent.

'I have been conſidering what you 'propoſed to me, Madam, that I ſhould 'acquieſce with ſuch terms as you ſhould 'think proper to comply with, in order 'to a reconciliation with your friends.'

'Well, Sir,'

'And I find all juſt, all right, on your 'ſide; and all impatience, all inconſideration, on mine.'

I ſtared, you may ſuppoſe, 'Whence 'this change, Sir? And ſo ſoon?'

'I am ſo much convinced, that you 'muſt be in the right in all you think fit 'to inſiſt upon, that I ſhall for the future miſtruſt myſelf; and, if it be poſſible, whenever I differ with you, take 'an hour's time for recollection, before 'I give way to that vehemence, which 'an oppoſition, to which I have not been 'accuſtomed, too often gives me.'

'All this is mighty good, Sir: but to 'what does it tend?'

'Why, Madam, when I came to conſider what you had propoſed, as to the 'terms of reconciliation with your 'friends; and when I recollected, that 'you had always *referred to yourſelf* to *approve* or *reject* me, according to my 'merits or *demerits*; I plainly ſaw, that it 'was rather a *condeſcenſion* in you, that 'you were pleaſed to aſk my conſent to 'thoſe terms, than that you were impoſing a *new law*: and I now, Madam, 'beg your pardon for my impatience. 'Whatever terms you think proper to 'come into with your relations, which 'will enable you to honour me with the 'conditional effect of your promiſe to me, 'to theſe be pleaſed to conſent: and if 'I loſe you, inſupportable as that 'thought is to me; yet, as it muſt be by 'my own fault, I ought to thank myſelf 'for it.'

What think you, Miſs Howe?—Do you believe he can have any view in this?—I cannot ſee any he could have; and I thought it beſt, as he put it in ſo right a manner,

a manner, to appear not to doubt the ſincerity of his confeſſion, and to accept of it, as ſincere.

He then read to me part of Lady Betty's letter; turning down the beginning, which was a little too ſevere upon him, he ſaid, for my eye: and I believe, by the ſtile, the remainder of it was in a *corrective* ſtrain.

It was too plain, I told him, that he muſt have great faults, that none of his relations could write to him, but with a mingled cenſure for ſome bad action.

'And it is as plain, my deareſt creature,' ſaid he, 'that you, who know 'not of any ſuch faults, but by ſurmize, 'are equally ready to condemn me.— 'Will not charity allow you to infer, 'that *their* charges are no better grounded?—And that my principal fault has 'been careleſſneſs of my character, and 'too little ſolicitude to clear myſelf 'when aſperſed? Which I do aſſure you 'is the caſe.'

Lady Betty, in her letter, expreſſes herſelf in the moſt obliging manner, in relation to me. She wiſhes him ſo to behave, as to encourage me to make him ſoon happy. She deſires her compliments to me; and expreſſes her impatience to ſee, as her niece, ſo *celebrated a lady*; [thoſe are her high words.] She ſhall take it for an honour, ſhe ſays, to be put into a way to oblige me. She hopes I will not too long delay the ceremony; becauſe that performed, will be to her, and to Lord M. and Lady Sarah, a ſure pledge of her nephew's merits, and good behaviour.

She ſays, ſhe was always ſorry to hear of the hardſhips I had met with on his account: that he will be the moſt ungrateful of men, if he make not *all up* to me. And that ſhe thinks it incumbent upon all their family to ſupply to me the loſt favour of my own: and, for her part, nothing of that kind, ſhe bids him aſſure me, ſhall be wanting.

Her ladyſhip obſerves, that the treatment he had received from my family, would have been more unaccountable than it was, with ſuch natural and accidental advantages as he had; had it not been owing to his own careleſs manners. But ſhe hopes that he will convince the Harlowe-family, that they had thought worſe of him than he had deſerved; ſince now it was in his power to eſtabliſh his character for ever. This ſhe prays to God to enable him to do, as well for his own honour, as for the honour of their *houſe*, was the magnificent word.

She concludes, with deſiring to be informed of our nuptials the moment they are celebrated, that ſhe may be with the earlieſt in felicitating me on the happy occaſion.

But her ladyſhip gives me no direct invitation to attend her before the marriage: which I might have expected from what he had told me.

He then ſhewed me part of Miſs Montague's more ſprightly letter, congratulating him upon the honour he had obtained, of the *confidence of ſo admirable a* lady. Theſe are her words. *Confidence*, my dear! Nobody, indeed, as you ſay, will believe otherwiſe, were they to be told the truth: and you ſee that Miſs Montague (and all his family, I ſuppoſe) think the ſtep I have taken, an *extraordinary* one. *She* alſo wiſhes for his ſpeedy nuptials; and to ſee her new couſin at M. Hall: as do Lord M. ſhe tells him and her ſiſter; and in general all the well-wiſhers of their family.

Whenever this happy day ſhall be paſſed, ſhe propoſes, ſhe ſays, to attend me, and to make one in my train to M. Hall, if his lordſhip ſhall continue as ill of the gout as he is at preſent. But that ſhould he get better, he will himſelf attend me, ſhe is ſure, and conduct me thither: and afterwards quit either of his three ſeats to us, till we ſhall be ſettled to our mind.

This young lady ſays nothing in excuſe for not meeting me on the road, or at St. Alban's, as he had made me expect ſhe would: yet mentions *her having been indiſpoſed*. Mr. Lovelace had alſo told me, that Lord M. *was ill of the gout*; which Miſs Montague's letter confirms.

But why did not the man ſhew me theſe letters laſt night? Was he afraid of giving me too much pleaſure?

LETTER XXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

YOU may believe, my dear, that theſe letters put me in good-humour with him. He ſaw it in my countenance, and congratulated himſelf upon it. Yet I cannot but repeat my wonder, that I could not have the contents of them communicated to me laſt night.

He then urged me to go directly to Lady Betty's, on the ſtrength of her letter.

'But how,' ſaid I, 'can I do that, 'were I even out of all hope of a reconciliation with my friends, (which yet, 'however unlikely to be effected, is my

'duty to *attempt*) as her ladyship has 'given me no particular invitation?'

That, he was sure, was owing to her doubt that it would be accepted—Else she had done it with the greatest pleasure in the world.

That doubt itself, I said, was enough to deter me: since her ladyship, who knew so well the boundaries of the fit and the unfit, by her not expecting I would accept of an invitation, had she given it, would have reason to think me very forward, if I had accepted it; and much more forward to go without it.

'Then,' said I, 'I thank *you*, Sir, I 'have no cloaths fit to go any-whither, 'or to be seen by any-body.'

O, I was fit to appear in the drawing-room, were full dress and jewels to be excused; and should make the most amiable [he must mean *extraordinary*] figure there. He was astonished at the elegance of my dress. By what art he knew not, but I appeared to such advantage, as if I had a different suit every day. Besides, his coulins Montague would supply me with all I wanted for the present; and he would write to Miss Charlotte accordingly, if I would give him leave.

'Do you think me the jay in the fa-'ble?' said I. 'Would you have me 'visit the owners of the borrowed dresses 'in their own cloaths? Surely, Mr. 'Lovelace, you think I have either a 'very low, or a very confident mind.'

Would I chuse to go to London (for a few days only) in order to furnish myself with cloaths?

'Not at your expence, Sir,' said I, in an angry tone.

I could not have appeared in earnest to him, in my displeasure at his artful contrivances to get me away, if I were not occasionally to shew my real fretfulness upon the destitute condition to which he has reduced me. When people set out wrong together, it is very difficult to avoid recriminations.

He wished he knew but my mind—That should direct him in his proposals, and it would be his delight to observe it, whatever it were.

'My mind is, that you, Sir, should 'leave me out of hand—How often must 'I tell you so?'

If I were any-where but here, he would obey me, he said, if I insisted upon it. But if I would assert my right, that would be infinitely preferable, in his opinion, to any other measure *but one: (which he durst only hint at)* for then admitting *his* visits, or refusing them, as I pleased, (granting a correspondence by letter only) it would appear to all the world, that what I had done, was but in order to do myself justice.

'How often, Mr. Lovelace, must I 'repeat, that I will not litigate with my 'father?—Do you think that my *unhappy* 'circumstances will alter my notions of 'my own duty so far as I shall be enabled 'to perform it? How can I obtain pos-'session without litigation, and but by 'my trustees? One of them will be 'against me; the other is abroad. Then 'the remedy proposed by this measure, 'were I *disposed* to fall in with it, will 'require time to bring it to effect; and 'what I want, is *present* independence, 'and your *immediate* absence.'

Upon his soul, the wretch swore, he did not think it safe, for the reasons he had before given, to leave me here. He wished I would think of some place, to which I should like to go. But he must take the liberty to say, that he hoped his behaviour had not been so exceptionable, as to make me so *very* earnest for his absence in the interim: and the less, surely, as I was almost *eternally* shutting up myself from him; although he presumed to assure me, that he never went from me, but with a corrected heart, and with strengthened resolutions of improving by my example.

'*Eternally shutting myself up from you!*' repeated I—'I hope, Sir, that you will 'not pretend to take it *amiss*, that I ex-'pect to be uninvaded in my retire-'ments. I hope you do not think me 'so weak a creature (novice as you have 'found me in a very capital instance) as 'to be fond of occasions to hear your 'fond speeches, especially as no *differing* 'circumstances require your over-frequent 'visits; nor that I am to be addressed to 'as if I thought hourly professions *need-'ful* to assure me of your honour.'

He seemed a little disconcerted.

'You know, Mr. Lovelace,' proceeded I, 'why I am so earnest for your 'absence. It is, that I may appear to 'the world independent of you; and in 'hopes, by that means, to find it less 'difficult to set on foot a reconciliaton 'with my friends. And now let me add, '(in order to make you easier as to the 'terms of that hoped-for reconciliation) 'that since I find I have the good for-'tune to stand so well with your relati-'ons, I will, from time to time, ac-'quaint you, by letter, when you are 'absent, with every step I shall take, 'and with every overture that shall be 'made to me: but not with an intention 'to render myself accountable to you,

'neither,

'neither, as to my acceptance or non-'acceptance of those overtures. They 'know, that I have a power given me 'by my grandfather's will, to bequeath 'the estate he left me, with other of his 'bounties, in a way that may affect 'them, though not absolutely from 'them; this *consideration*, I hope, will 'procure me *some* from them when their 'passion subsides, and when they know 'I am independent of you.'

'Charming reasoning!'—And let him tell me, that the assurance I had given him was *all he wished for*. It was *more* than he could ask. What a happiness to have a woman of honour and generosity to depend upon! Had he, on his first entrance into the world, met with such a one, he had never been other than a man of strict virtue.—But all, he hoped, was for the best; since, in that case, he had never perhaps had the happiness he had now in view; because his relations had been always urging him to marry; and that before he had the honour to know me. And now, as he had not been so bad as some people's malice reported him to be, he hoped he should have near as much merit in his repentance, as if he had never erred.—A fine rakish notion and hope! And too much encouraged, I doubt, my dear, by the generality of our sex!

This brought on a more serious question or two. You'll see by it what a creature an unmortified libertine is.

I asked him, if he knew what he had said alluded to a sentence in the best of books, *That there was more joy in heaven*—

He took the words out of my mouth,

'*Over one sinner that repenteth, than over 'ninety-and-nine just persons which need no 'repentance*,' were his words.

'Yes, Madam, I thought of it as soon 'as I said it, but not before. I have 'read the story of the Prodigal Son, I'll 'assure you: and one day, when I am 'settled as I hope to be, will write a 'dramatick piece on the subject. I have 'at times had it in my head; and you 'will be too ready, perhaps, to allow 'me to be qualified for it.'

'You so lately, Sir, stumbled at a 'word, with which you must be better 'acquainted, ere you can be thoroughly 'master of such a subject, that I am a-'mazed you should know any-thing of 'the Scripture, and be so ignorant of 'that.'

'O, Madam, I have read the Bible, 'as a fine piece of ancient history—But 'as I hope to be saved, it has for some 'few years past made me so uneasy, when 'I have popped upon some passages in 'it, that I have been forced to run to 'musick or company to divert myself.'

'Poor wretch!' lifting up my hands and eyes.

'The denunciations come so flapdash 'upon one, so unceremoniously, as I 'may say, without even the By-your-'leave of a rude London chairman, that 'they overturn one, horse and man, as 'St. Paul was overturned. There's 'another Scripture allusion, Madam!' The light in short, as his was, is too glaring to be borne.

'*O, Sir, do you want to be complimented 'into repentance and salvation?* But pray, 'Mr. Lovelace, do you mean any-thing 'at all, when you swear so often as you 'do, *By your soul*, or bind an asseveration with the words, *As you hope to be 'saved?*'

'O my beloved creature,' shifting his seat, 'let us call another cause.'

'Why, Sir, don't *I* neither use cere-'*mony* enough with you?'

'Dearest Madam, forbear for the 'present: I am but in my noviciate. 'Your foundation must be laid brick by 'brick: you'll hinder the progress of 'the good work you would promote, if 'you tumble in a whole waggon-load at 'once upon me.'

'Lord bless me,' thought I, 'what a 'character is that of a libertine! What 'a creature am I, who have risqued 'what I have risqued with such a one! '—What a task before me, if my hopes 'continue of reforming such a wild In-'dian as this!—Nay worse than a wild 'Indian; for a man who errs with his 'eyes open, and against conviction, is a 'thousand times worse for what he 'knows, and much harder to be reclaim-'ed, than if he had never known any-'thing at all.'

I was equally shocked *at* him, and concerned *for* him; and, having laid so few bricks, (to speak to his allusion) and those so ill cemented, I was as willing as the gay inconsiderate, to call another cause, as he termed it—Another cause, too, more immediately pressing upon me, from my uncertain situation.

I said, I took it for granted, that he assented to the reasoning he seemed to approve, and would leave me. And then I asked him, what he really, and in his most deliberate mind, would advise me to, in my present situation? He must needs see, I said, that I was at a great loss what to resolve upon; entirely a stranger to London, having no ad-

viser

viſer, no protector, at preſent: himſelf, he muſt give me leave to tell him, greatly deficient in *practice*, if not in the *knowledge*, of thoſe decorums, which, I had ſuppoſed, were always to be found in a man of birth, fortune, and education.

He imagines himſelf, I find, to be a very polite man, and cannot bear to be thought otherwiſe. He put up his lip —'I am ſorry for it, Madam—A man 'of breeding, a man of politeneſs, give 'me leave to ſay,' [colouring] 'is much 'more of a black ſwan with *you*, than 'with any lady I ever met with.'

'Then that is your misfortune, Mr. 'Lovelace, as well as mine, at preſent. 'Every woman of diſcernment, I am 'confident, knowing what I know of 'you now, would ſay as I ſay;' [*I had a mind to mortify a pride, that I am ſure deſerves to be mortified*] 'that your politeneſs is not regular, nor conſtant. It 'is not *habit*. It is too much ſeen by fits 'and ſtarts, and fallies, and thoſe not 'ſpontaneous. You muſt be *reminded* 'into them.'

'O Lord! O Lord!—Poor I!'—was the light, yet the half-angry wretch's ſelf-pitying expreſſion!

I proceeded.—'Upon my word, Sir, you 'are not the accompliſhed man, which 'your talents and opportunities would 'have led one to expect you to be. You 'are indeed in your noviciate, as to every 'laudable attainment.'

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

IN CONTINUATION.

AS this ſubject was introduced by himſelf, and treated ſo lightly by him, I was going on to tell him more of my mind; but he interrupted me—'Dear, dear Madam, ſpare me. I am 'ſorry that I have lived to this hour for 'nothing at all. But ſurely you could 'not have quitted a ſubject ſo much 'more agreeable, and ſo much more '*ſuitable*, I will ſay, to your preſent ſituation, if you had not too cruel a pleaſure in mortifying a man, who the leſs 'needed to be mortified, as he *before* 'looked up to you with a diffidence in 'his own merits too great to permit him 'to ſpeak half his mind to you. Be 'pleaſed but to return to the ſubject 'we were upon; and at another time I 'will gladly embrace correction from 'the only lips in the world ſo qualified to 'give it.'

'You talk of reformation ſometimes, 'Mr. Lovelace; and in ſo talking, ac'knowledge errors. But I ſee you can 'very ill bear the reproof, for which 'perhaps you are not ſolicitous to avoid '*giving* occaſion. Far be it from me to 'take delight in finding fault: I ſhould 'be glad for both our ſakes, ſince my 'ſituation is what it is, that I could do 'nothing but praiſe you. But failures 'which affect a mind that need not to be 'very delicate to be affected by them, 'are too grating to be paſſed over in ſi'lence by a perſon who wiſhes to be 'thought in earneſt in her own duties.'

'I admire your delicacy, Madam,' again interrupted he. 'Although I 'ſuffer by it, yet would I not have it 'otherwiſe: indeed I would not, when 'I conſider of it. It is an angelick deli'cacy, which ſets you above all our ſex, 'and even above your own. It is *natu'ral* to *you*, Madam; ſo you may think 'it extraordinary: but there is nothing 'like it on earth,' ſaid the flatterer.—What company has he kept! 'But let us 'return to the former ſubject—You were 'ſo good as to aſk me, what I would ad'viſe you to do: I want but to make 'you eaſy; I want but to ſee you fixed 'to your liking. Your faithful Hannah 'with you; your reconciliation with 'thoſe to whom you wiſh to be recon'ciled, ſet on foot and in a train. And 'now let me mention to you different 'expedients; in hopes that ſome of them 'may be acceptable to you.

'I will go to Mrs. Howe, or to Miſs 'Howe, or to whomſoever you would 'have me to go, and endeavour to pre'vail upon them to receive you.

'Do you incline to go to Florence to 'your couſin Morden? I will furniſh 'you with an opportunity of going 'thither, either by ſea to Leghorn, or 'by land through France. Perhaps I 'may be able to procure one of the la'dies of my family to attend you. Ei'ther Charlotte or Patty would rejoice 'in ſuch an opportunity of ſeeing France 'and Italy. As for myſelf, I will only 'be your eſcort, in diſguiſe, if you will 'have it ſo, even in your *livery*, that 'your punctilio may not receive offence 'by my attendance.'

I told him, I would conſider of all he had ſaid: but that I hoped for a line or two from my aunt Hervey, if not from my ſiſter, to both of whom I had written; which, if I were to be ſo favoured, might help to determine me. Mean time if he would withdraw, I would particularly conſider of this propoſal of his, in relation to my couſin Morden. And if it held it's weight with me, ſo far as

to

to write for your opinion upon it, he ſhould know my mind in an hour's time.

He withdrew with great reſpect: and in an hour's time returned. And then I told him it was unneceſſary to trouble you for your opinion about it. My couſin Morden was ſoon expected. If he were not, I could not admit him to accompany me to him upon any condition. It was highly improbable that I ſhould obtain the favour of either of his couſins company: and if that *could* be brought about, it would be the ſame thing in the world's eye, as if he went himſelf.

This led us into another converſation; which ſhall be the ſubject of my next.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

IN CONTINUATION.

MR. Lovelace told me, that on the ſuppoſition that his propoſal in relation to my couſin Morden might not be accepted, he had been ſtudying to find out, if poſſible, ſome other expedient that might be agreeable, in order to convince me, that he preferred my ſatisfaction to his own.

He then offered to go himſelf, and procure my Hannah to come and attend me. As I had declined the ſervice of either of the young Mrs. Sorlings's, he was extremely ſolicitous, he ſaid, that I ſhould have a ſervant, in whoſe integrity I might confide.

I told him that you would be ſo kind, as to ſend to engage Hannah, if poſſible.

If any thing, he ſaid, ſhould prevent Hannah from coming, ſuppoſe he himſelf waited upon Miſs Howe, to deſire her to lend me *her* ſervant till I was provided to my mind?

I ſaid, your mother's high diſpleaſure at the ſtep I had taken (as *ſhe* ſuppoſed, voluntarily) had deprived me of an open aſſiſtance of that ſort from *you*.

He was amazed, ſo much as Mrs. Howe herſelf uſed to admire me, and ſo great an influence as Miſs Howe was ſuppoſed, and deſerved to have over her mother, that Mrs. Howe ſhould take upon herſelf to be ſo much offended with me. He wiſhed that the man who took ſuch pains to keep up and inflame the paſſions of my father and uncles, were not at the bottom of this miſchief too.

I was afraid, I ſaid, that my brother *was*: or elſe my uncle Antony, I dared to ſay, would not have taken ſuch pains to ſet Mrs. Howe againſt me, as I underſtood he had done.

Since I had declined viſiting Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, he aſked me, if I would admit of a viſit from his couſin Montague, and accept of a ſervant of hers for the preſent?

That was not, I ſaid, an acceptable propoſal; but I would firſt ſee, if my friends would ſend me my cloaths, that I might not make ſuch a giddy and runaway appearance to any of his relations.

If I pleaſed, he would take another journey to Windſor, to make more particular enquiry amongſt the canons, or in any worthy family.

Were not his objections as to the publickneſs of the place, I aſked him, as ſtrong now as before?

I remember, my dear, in one of your former letters, you mentioned London as the moſt private place to be in: and I ſaid, that ſince he made ſuch pretences againſt leaving me here, as ſhewed he had no intention to do ſo; and ſince he engaged to go from me, and leave me to purſue my own meaſures, if I were elſewhere; and ſince his preſence made theſe lodgings inconvenient to me; I ſhould not be diſinclined to go to London, did I know any body there.

As he had ſeveral times propoſed London to me, I expected that he would eagerly have embraced that motion from me. But he took not ready hold of it: yet I thought his eye approved of it.

We are both great watchers of each other's eyes! and indeed ſeem to be more than half-afraid of each other.

He then made a grateful propoſal to me; that I would ſend for my Norton to attend me.

He ſaw by my eyes, he ſaid, that he had at laſt been happy in an expedient, which would anſwer the wiſhes of us both. 'Why,' ſaid he, 'did not I 'think of it before?'—And ſnatching my hand, 'Shall I write, Madam? Shall 'I ſend? Shall I go and fetch the wor-'thy woman myſelf?'

After a little conſideration, I told him, that this was *indeed* a grateful motion: but that I apprehended it would put her to a difficulty, which ſhe would not be able to get over; as it would make a woman of her known prudence appear to countenance a fugitive daughter, in oppoſition to her parents; and as her coming to me would deprive her of my mother's favour, without it's being in my power to make it up to her.

'O my beloved creature!' ſaid he, *generouſly enough*, 'let not this be an ob-'ſtacle. I will do every thing for Mrs. 'Norton you wiſh to have done.—Let 'me go for her.'

More coolly than perhaps his genero-

fity deſerved, I told him it was impoſſible but I muſt ſoon hear from my friends. I ſhould not, mean time, embroil any-body with them. Not Mrs. Norton eſpecially, from whoſe intereſt in, and mediation with, my mother, I might expect ſome good, were ſhe to keep herſelf in a neutral ſtate: that, beſides, the good woman had a mind above her fortune; and would ſooner want than be beholden to any-body improperly.

'*Improperly!*' ſaid he.—'Have not 'perſons of merit a *right* to all the be'neſits conferred upon them?—Mrs. 'Norton is ſo good a woman, that I 'ſhall think ſhe lays me under an obli'gation, if ſhe will put it in my power 'to ſerve her; although ſhe were *not* to 'augment it, by giving me the oppor'tunity, at the ſame time, of contribut'ing to your pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

How could this man, with ſuch powers of right thinking, be ſo far depraved by evil habits, as to diſgrace his talents by wrong acting?

'Is there not room, after all,' thought I, at the time, 'to hope, (as he ſo lately 'led me to hope) that the example it 'will behove me, for *both* our ſakes, to 'endeavour to ſet him, may influence 'him to a change of manners, in which 'both may find our account?

'Give me leave, Sir,' ſaid I, 'to tell 'you, there is a ſtrange mixture in your 'mind. You muſt have taken *pains* to 'ſuppreſs many good motions and re'flections, as they aroſe, or levity muſt 'have been ſurprizingly predominant 'in it.—But as to the ſubject we were 'upon, there is no taking any reſoluti'ons till I hear from my friends.'

'Well, Madam, I can only ſay, I 'would find out ſome expedient, if I 'could, that ſhould be agreeable to you. 'But ſince I cannot, will you be ſo good 'as to tell me what you would wiſh to 'have done? Nothing in the world but 'I will comply with, excepting leaving 'you here, at ſuch a diſtance from the 'place I ſhall be in, if any thing ſhould 'happen; and in a place where my goſ'ſiping raſcals have made me in a man'ner publick, for want of proper cau'tions at firſt.

'Theſe vermin,' added he, 'have a 'pride they can hardly rein-in, when 'they ſerve a man of family. They 'boaſt of their maſter's pedigree and 'deſcent, as if they were related to him. 'Nor is any-thing they know of him, or 'of his affairs, a ſecret to one another, 'were it a matter that would hang 'him.'

'If ſo,' thought I, 'men of family 'ſhould take care to give them ſubjects 'worth boaſting of.'

'I am quite at a loſs,' ſaid I, 'what 'to do or whither to go. Would you, 'Mr. Lovelace, in earneſt, adviſe me to 'think of going to London?'

And I looked at him with ſtedfaſtneſs. But nothing could I gather from his looks.

'At firſt, Madam,' ſaid he, 'I was 'for propoſing London, as I was then 'more apprehenſive of purſuit. But as 'your relations ſeem cooler on that 'head, I am the more indifferent about 'the place you go to.—So as *you* are 'pleaſed, ſo as *you* are eaſy, I ſhall be 'happy.'

This indifference of his to London, I cannot but ſay, made me incline the more to go thither. I aſked him (to hear what he would ſay) if he could recommend me to any *particular place* in London?

No, he ſaid: none that was fit for me, or that I ſhould like. His friend Belford, indeed, had very handſome lodgings near Soho Square, at a relation's, whoſe wife was a woman of virtue and honour. Theſe, as Mr. Belford was generally in the country, he could borrow till I were better accommodated.

I was reſolved to refuſe theſe at the firſt mention, as I ſhould any other he had named. 'Nevertheleſs, I will ſee,' thought I, 'if he has really thoughts of 'theſe for me. If I break off the talk 'here, and he reſume his propoſal with 'earneſtneſs in the morning, I ſhall ap'prehend, that he is leſs indifferent 'than he ſeems to be, about my going 'to London; and that he has already a 'lodging in his eye for me.—And then 'I will not go at all.'

But after ſuch generous motions from him, I really think it a little barbarous to act and behave as if I thought him capable of the blackeſt and moſt ungrateful baſeneſs. But his character, his principles, are ſo faulty!—He is ſo light, ſo vain, ſo various, that there is no certainty that he will be next hour what he is this. Then, my dear, I have no guardian now; no father, no mother! Only God and my vigilance to depend upon. And I have no reaſon to expect a miracle in my favour.

'Well, Sir,' ſaid I, [riſing to leave him] 'ſomething muſt be reſolved upon: 'but I will poſtpone this ſubject till to'morrow morning.'

He would fain have engaged me longer; but I ſaid I would ſee him as early as he pleaſed in the morning. He

might think of any convenient place in London, or near it, mean time.

And so I retired from him. As I do from my pen; hoping for better rest for the few hours that remain of this night, than I have had of a long time.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 17.

LATE as I went to bed, I have had very little rest. Sleep and I have quarrelled; and although I court it, it will not be friends. I hope it's fellow-irreconcileables at Harlowe Place enjoy it's balmy comforts. Else, that will be an aggravation of my fault. My brother and sister, I dare say, want it not.

Mr. Lovelace, who is an early riser, as well as I, joined me in the garden about six; and, after the usual salutations, asked me to resume our last night's subject. It was upon lodgings at London, he said.

'I think you mentioned one to me, 'Sir—Did you not?'

'Yes, Madam, but' [watching the turn of my countenance] 'rather as 'what you would be welcome to, than 'perhaps approve of.'

'I believe so too. To go to town 'upon an *uncertainty*, I own, is not 'agreeable: but to be obliged to any 'persons of your acquaintance, when I 'want to be thought independent of 'you; and to a person especially, to 'whom my friends are to direct to me, 'if they vouchsafe to take notice of me 'at all; is an absurd thing to mention.'

He did not mention it as what he imagined I would accept, but only to confirm to me what he had said, that he himself knew of none fit for me.

'Has not your family, Madam, some 'one tradesman they deal with, who 'has conveniences of this kind? I would 'make it worth such a person's while, to 'keep the secret of your being at his 'house. Traders are dealers in pins,' said he; 'and will be more obliged by 'a penny customer, than by a pound 'present, because it is in their way:—yet 'will refuse neither, any more than a 'lawyer or a man of office his fee.'

My father's tradesmen, I said, would no doubt be the first employed to find me out. So that *that* proposal was as wrong as the other. And who is it that a creature so lately in favour with all her friends can apply to, in such a situation as mine, but must be (at least) equally the friends of her relations?

We had a good deal of discourse upon the same topick. But, at last, the result was this—He wrote a letter to one Mr. Doleman, a married man of fortune and character, (I excepting to Mr. Belford) desiring him to provide decent apartments ready-furnished [*I had told him what they should be*] for a single woman; consisting of a bed-chamber; another for a maid-servant; with the use of a dining-room or parlour. This letter he gave me to peruse; and then sealed it up, and dispatched it away in my presence, by one of his own servants, who having business in town, is to bring back an answer.

I attended the issue of it; holding myself in readiness to set out for London, unless you, my dear, advise the contrary.

LETTER XXXI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SAT. SUNDAY, MONDAY.

HE gives, in several letters, the substance of what is contained in the last seven of the lady's.

He tells his friend, that calling at the Lawn, in his way to M. Hall. (for he owns that he went not to Windsor) he found the letters from Lady Betty Lawrance, and his cousin Montague, which Mrs. Greme was about sending to him by a special messenger.

He gives the particulars from Mrs. Greme's report of what passed between the lady and her, and makes such declarations to Mrs. Greme of his honour and affection to the lady, as put her upon writing the letter to her sister Sorlings.

He then accounts, as follows, for the serious humour he found her in on his return—

UPON such good terms when we parted, I was surprized to find so solemn a brow upon my return, and her charming eyes red with weeping. But when I had understood she had received letters from Miss Howe, it was natural to imagine, that that little devil had put her out of humour with me.

It is easy for me to perceive, that my charmer is more sullen when she receives, and has perused, a letter from that vixen, than at other times. But as the sweet maid shews, even then, more of *passive grief*, than of *active spirit*, I hope she is rather lamenting than plotting. And indeed for what

now ſhould ſhe plot? when I am become a reformed man, and am hourly improving in my morals?—Nevertheleſs I muſt contrive ſome way or other to get at their correſpondence—Only to ſee the turn of it; that's all.

But no attempt of this kind muſt be made yet. A detected invaſion in an article ſo ſacred, would ruin me beyond retrieve. Nevertheleſs it vexes me to the heart to think that ſhe is hourly writing her whole mind on all that paſſes between her and me, I under the ſame roof with her, yet kept at ſuch awful diſtance, that I dare not break into a correſpondence, that may perhaps be a means to defeat all my devices.

Would it be *very* wicked, Jack, to knock her meſſenger o' the head, as he is carrying my beloved's letters, or returning with Miſs Howe's?—To attempt to bribe him, and not ſucceed, would utterly ruin me. And the man ſeems to be one *uſed to poverty*, one who can ſit down ſatisfied with it, and enjoy it; contented with hand-to-mouth conveniences, and not aiming to live better to-morrow, than he does to-day, and than he did yeſterday. Such a one is above temptation, unleſs it could come cloathed in the guiſe of *truth* and *truſt*. What likelihood of corrupting a man who has no hope, no ambition?

Yet the raſcal has but *half* life, and groans under that. Should I be anſwerable in this caſe for a *whole* life?—But hang the fellow! Let him live. Were I a king, or a miniſter of ſtate, an Antonio Perez, it were another thing. And yet, on ſecond thoughts, am I not a *rake*, as it is called? And who ever knew a rake ſtick at any-thing? But thou knoweſt, Jack, that the greateſt half of my wickedneſs is vapour, to ſhew my invention; and to prove that I *could* be miſchievous if I would.

When he comes to that part, where the lady ſays, in a ſarcaſtick way, waving her hand, and bowing, 'Excuſe me, *good* 'Mr. Lovelace, that I am willing to 'think the beſt of my father,' *he gives a deſcription of her air and manner, greatly to her advantage; and ſays—*

I could hardly forbear taking her into my arms upon it, in ſpite of an expected *tempeſt*. So much wit, ſo much beauty, ſuch a lively manner, and ſuch exceeding quickneſs and penetration! O Belford! ſhe muſt be nobody's but mine. I can now account for, and juſtify, Herod's command to deſtroy his Mariamne, if he returned not alive from his interview with Cæſar: for were I to know, that it were but probable, that any other man were to have this charming creature, even after my death, the very thought would be enough to provoke me to cut that man's throat, were he a prince.

I may be deemed by this lady a rapid, a boiſterous lover—and ſhe may like me the leſs for it: but all the ladies I have met till now, loved to raiſe a tempeſt, and to enjoy it: nor did they ever raiſe it, but I enjoyed it too!—Lord ſend us once happily to London!

Mr. Lovelace gives the following account of his rude rapture, when he ſeized her hand, and put her, by his WILD *manner, as ſhe expreſſes it, in ſuch terror.*

Darkneſs and light, I ſwore, were convertible at her pleaſure: ſhe could make any ſubject plauſible. I was all error: ſhe all perfection. And I ſnatched her hand; and more than kiſſed it, I was ready to devour it. There was, I believe, a kind of phrenzy in my manner, which threw her into a panick, like that of Semele perhaps, when the thunderer, in all his majeſty, ſurrounded with ten thouſand celeſtial burning-glaſſes, was about to ſcorch her into a cinder.

HAD not my heart miſgiven me, and had I not juſt in time, recollected that ſhe was not ſo much in my power, but that ſhe might abandon me at her pleaſure, having more friends in that houſe than I had, I ſhould at that moment have made offers, that would have decided all, one way or other.—But, apprehending that I have ſhewn too much meaning in my paſſion, I gave it another turn.—But little did the charmer think what an eſcape either ſhe or I had (as the event might have proved) from the ſudden guſt of paſſion, which had like to have blown me into her arms. She was born, I told her, to make me happy and to ſave a ſoul****

He gives the reſt of his vehement ſpeech pretty nearly in the ſame words as the lady gives them. And then proceeds—

I ſaw ſhe was frighted: and ſhe would have had reaſon, had the ſcene been London: and that place in London, which I have in view to carry her to. She confirmed me in my apprehenſion that I had alarmed her too much: ſhe told me, that ſhe ſaw what my boaſted regard to her injunctions was; and ſhe would take proper meaſures upon it, as I ſhould find: that ſhe was ſhocked

at my violent airs; and if I hoped any favour from her, I muſt that inſtant withdraw, and leave her to her recollection.

She pronounced this in ſuch a manner, as ſhewed ſhe was ſet upon it; and, having ſtept out of the *gentle*, the *polite* part I had ſo newly engaged to act, I thought ready obedience was the beſt atonement. And indeed I was ſenſible, from her anger and repulſes, that I wanted time myſelf for recollection. And ſo I withdrew, with the ſame veneration as a petitioning ſubject would withdraw from the preſence of his ſovereign. But, oh! Belford, had ſhe had but the leaſt patience with me—Had ſhe but made me think, that ſhe would forgive this initiatory ardour—Surely ſhe will not be always thus guarded.

I had not been a moment by myſelf, but I was ſenſible, that I had half-forfeited my newly-aſſumed character. It is exceedingly difficult, thou ſeeſt, for an honeſt man to act in diſguiſes: as the poet ſays, *Thruſt nature back with a pitch-fork, it will return.* I recollected, that what ſhe had inſiſted upon, was really a part of that declared will, before ſhe left her father's houſe, to which in another caſe (to humble her) I had pretended to have an inviolable regard. And when I had remembered her words of *taking her meaſures accordingly*, I was reſolved to ſacrifice a leg or an arm to make all up again, before ſhe had time to determine upon any new meaſures.

How ſeaſonably to this purpoſe have come in my aunt's and couſin's letters!

I HAVE ſent in again and again to implore her to admit me to her preſence. But ſhe will conclude a letter ſhe is writing to Miſs Howe, before ſhe will ſee me.—I ſuppoſe to give an account of what has juſt paſſed.

CURSE upon her perverſe tyranny! How ſhe makes me wait for an humble audience, though ſhe has done writing ſome time! A prince begging for her upon his knees ſhould not prevail upon me to ſpare her if I can but get her to London—Oons! Jack, I believe I have bit my lip through for vexation!—But one day *hers* ſhall ſmart for it.

Mr. Lovelace beginning a new date, gives an account of his admittance, and of the converſation that followed; which differing only in ſtyle from that the lady gives in the next letter, is omitted.

He collects the lady's expreſſions, which his pride cannot bear: ſuch as, that he is a ſtranger to the decorums which ſhe thought inſeparable from a man of birth and education; *and* that he is not the accompliſhed man he imagines himſelf to be; *and threatens to remember them againſt her.*

He values himſelf upon his propoſals and ſpeeches, which he gives to his friend pretty much to the ſame purpoſe that the lady does in her four laſt letters.

After mentioning his propoſal to her that ſhe would borrow a ſervant from Miſs Howe, till Hannah could come, he writes as follows—

Thou ſeeſt, Belford, that my charmer has no notion, that Miſs Howe herſelf is but a puppet danced upon my wires at ſecond or third hand. To outwit, and impel, as I pleaſe, two *ſuch girls* as theſe, who think they know every thing; and, by taking advantage of the pride and ill-nature of the old ones of both families, to play *them* off likewiſe at the very time they think they are doing me ſpiteful diſpleaſure; what charming revenge! Then the ſweet creature, when I wiſhed that her *brother* was not at the bottom of Mrs. Howe's reſentment, to tell me, that ſhe was afraid he *was*, or her uncle would not have appeared againſt her to that lady!—Pretty dear! how innocent!

But don't think me the *cauſe* neither of her family's malice and reſentment. It is in all their hearts. I work but with their materials. They, if left to their own wicked direction, would perhaps expreſs their revenge by fire and faggot; that is to ſay, by the private dagger, or by lord chief juſtices warrants, by law, and ſo forth: I only point the lightning, and teach it where to dart, without the thunder. In other words, I only guide the effects: the cauſe is in their malignant hearts: and while I am doing a little miſchief, I prevent a great deal.

Thus he exults on her mentioning London—

I wanted her to propoſe London herſelf. This made me again mention Windſor. If you would have a woman do one thing, you muſt always propoſe another, and that the very contrary. The ſex! the very ſex! as I hope to be ſaved!—Why, Jack, they lay a man under a neceſſity to deal doubly with them! And, when they find themſelves outwitted, they cry out upon an honeſt fellow, who has been too hard for them at their own weapons.

I could hardly contain myſelf. My heart was at my throat.—'Down, down,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'exuberant exultation!' A ſudden cough befriended me; I again turned to her, all as *indifferenced ever* as a girl at the firſt long-expected queſtion, who waits for two more. I heard out the reſt of her ſpeech: and when ſhe had done, inſtead of ſaying any-thing to her of London, I adviſed her *to ſend for her Mrs. Norton.*

As I *knew* ſhe would be afraid of lying under obligation, I could have propoſed to do ſo much for the good woman and her ſon, as would have made her reſolve, that I ſhould do nothing: this, however, not merely to avoid expence. But there was no ſuch thing as allowing of the preſence of Mrs. Norton. I might as well have had her mother or her aunt Hervey with her. Hannah, had ſhe been able to come, and had ſhe actually come, I could have done well enough with. What do I keep fellows idling in the country for, but to fall in love, and even to marry thoſe whom I would have them to marry? Nor, upon ſecond thoughts, would the preſence of her Norton, or of her aunt, or even of her mother, have ſaved the dear creature, had I decreed her fall.

How unequal is a modeſt woman to the adventure, when ſhe throws herſelf into the power of a rake!—Punctilio will, at any time, ſtand for reaſon with ſuch an one. She cannot break through a well-teſted modeſty. None but the impudent little rogues, who can name the parſon and the church before you think of either, and undreſs and go to bed before you the next hour, ſhould think of running away with a man.

I AM in the right train now. Every hour, I doubt not, will give me an increaſing intereſt in the affections of this proud beauty. I have juſt carried *unpolitenеſs* far enough to *make her afraid of me*; and to ſhew her that I am *no whiner*. Every inſtance of politeneſs, now, will give me double credit with her. My next point will be to make her acknowledge a *lambent* flame, a preference of me to all other men, at leaſt: and then my happy hour is not far off. An *acknowledged* reciprocality in love ſanctifies every little freedom: and little freedoms beget greater. And if ſhe call me *ungenerous*, I can call her *cruel*. The ſex love to be called cruel. Many a time have I complained of cruelty, even in the act of yielding, becauſe I knew it gratified the fair one's pride.

Mentioning that he had only hinted at Mr. Belford's lodgings as an inſtance to confirm what he had told her, that he knew of none in London fit for her, he ſays—

I had a mind to alarm her with ſomething fartheſt from my purpoſe; for (as much as ſhe diſliked my motion) I intend nothing by it: Mrs. Oſgood is too pious a woman: and would have been more *her* friend than *mine*.

I had a view, moreover, to give her an high opinion of her own ſagacity. I love, when I dig a pit, to have my prey tumble in with ſecure feet, and open eyes: then a man can look down upon her, with an '*O-ho, charmer, how 'came you there?*

MONDAY, APRIL 17.

I HAVE juſt now received a freſh piece of intelligence from my agent, honeſt Joſeph Leman. Thou knoweſt the hiſtory of poor Miſs Betterton of Nottingham. James Harlowe is plotting to revive the reſentments of her family againſt me. The Harlowes took great pains, ſome time ago, to endeavour to get to the bottom of that ſtory. But now the fooliſh devils are reſolved to do ſomething in it, if they can. My head is working to make this booby 'ſquire a plotter and a clever fellow, in order to turn his plots to my advantage, ſuppoſing his ſiſter ſhall aim to keep me *at arms-length when in town, and to ſend me from her*. But I will, in proper time, let thee ſee Joſeph's letter, and what I ſhall anſwer to it. To know in time a deſigned miſchief, is, with me, to diſappoint it, and to turn it upon the contriver's head.

Joſeph is plaguy ſqueamiſh again; but I know he only intends by his qualms to ſwell his merits with me. O Belford, Belford! what a vile corruptible rogue, whether in poor or rich, is human nature!

LETTER XXXII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTERS XXIV.—XXX. INCLUSIVE.]

TUESDAY, APRIL 18.

YOU have a moſt implacable family. Another viſit from your uncle Antony has not only confirmed my mother an enemy to our correſpondence, but has almoſt put her upon treading in their ſteps.

But to other ſubjects:

You plead generouſly for Mr. Hickman. Perhaps, with regard to him, I may have done, as I have often done in ſinging

ſinging—Begun a note or key too high; and yet, rather than begin again, proceed, though I ſtrain my voice, or ſpoil my tune. But this is evident, the man is the more obſervant of it; and you have taught me, that the ſpirit which is the humbler for ill uſage, will be inſolent upon better. So, good and grave Mr. Hickman, keep your diſtance a little longer, I beſeech you. You have erected an altar to me; and I hope you will not refuſe to bow to it.

But you aſk me, If I would treat Mr. Lovelace, were he to be in Mr. Hickman's place, as I do Mr. Hickman? Why really, my dear, I believe I ſhould not.—I have been very ſagely conſidering this point of behaviour (in general) on both ſides in courtſhips and I will very candidly tell you the reſult. I have concluded that politeneſs, even to exceſs, is neceſſary on the men's part, to bring us to liſten to their firſt addreſſes, in order to induce us to bow our necks to a yoke ſo unequal. But, upon my conſcience, I very much doubt whether a little intermingled inſolence is not requiſite from them, to keep up that intereſt, when once it has got footing. Men muſt not let us ſee, that we can make fools of them. And I think, that *ſmooth* love; that is to ſay, a paſſion without rubs; in other words, a paſſion without paſſion; is like a ſleepy ſtream that is hardly ſeen to give motion to a ſtraw. So that, ſometimes to make us fear, and even, for a ſhort ſpace, to *hate* the wretch, is productive of the *contrary* extreme.

If this be ſo, Lovelace, than whom no man was ever more polite and obſequious at the *beginning*, has hit the very point. For his turbulence *ſince*, his readineſs to humble himſelf, (as he is known to be a man of ſenſe, and of courage too) muſt keep a woman's paſſion alive; and at laſt, tire her into a non-reſiſtance that ſhall make her as paſſive as a tyrant-huſband would wiſh her to be.

I verily think that the different behaviour of our two heroes to their heroines makes out this doctrine to demonſtration. I am ſo much accuſtomed, for my own part, to Hickman's whining, creeping, ſubmiſſive courtſhip, that I now expect nothing but whine and cringe from him; and am ſo little moved with his nonſenſe, that I am frequently forced to go to my harpſichord, to keep me awake, and to ſilence his humdrum. Whereas Lovelace keeps up the ball with a witneſs, and all his addreſs and converſation is one continual game at raquet.

Your frequent quarrels and reconciliations verify this obſervation: and I really believe, that, could Hickman have kept my attention alive after the Lovelace manner, only that he had preſerved his morals, I ſhould have married the man by this time. But then he muſt have *ſet out* accordingly. For now he can never, never recover himſelf, that's certain; but muſt be a dangler to the end of the courtſhip-chapter; and, what is ſtill worſe for him, a paſſive to the end of his life.

'Poor Hickman!' perhaps you'll ſay. I have been called your echo—'Poor 'Hickman,' ſay I.

You wonder, my dear, that Mr. Lovelace took not notice to you over-night of the letters of Lady Betty, and his couſin. I don't like his keeping ſuch a material and *relative* circumſtance, as I may call it, one moment from you. By his communicating the contents of them to you next day, when you was angry with him, it looks as if he withheld them for *occaſional pacifiers*; and if ſo, muſt not he have a forethought that he might give you *cauſe* for anger? Of all the circumſtances that have happened ſince you have been with him, I think I like this the leaſt. This alone, my dear, ſmall as it may look to an *indifferent* eye, in *mine* warrants all your caution. Yet I think, that Mrs. Greme's letters to her ſiſter Sorlings; his repeated motions for Hannah's attendance; and for that of one of the widow Sorlings's daughters; and, above all, for that of Mrs Norton; are agreeable counterbalances. Were it not for theſe circumſtances, I ſhould have ſaid a great deal more of the other. Yet what a fooliſh fellow, to let you know overnight that he *had* ſuch letters?—I can't tell what to make of him.

I am pleaſed with the contents of theſe ladies letters. And the more, as I have cauſed the family to be again founded, and find that they are all as deſirous as ever of your alliance.

They really are, (every one of them) your very great admirers. And, as for Lord M. he is ſo much pleaſed with you, and with the confidence, as he calls it, which you have repoſed in his nephew, that he vows he will diſinherit him, if he reward it not as he ought. You muſt take care, that you loſe not both families.

I hear Mrs Norton is enjoined, as ſhe values the favour of the *other* fami-

ly,

ly, not to correſpond either with you or with me—Poor creatures!—But they are your—Yet they are not your *relations* neither, I believe. Had you had any other nurſe, I ſhould have concluded you had been changed. I ſuffer by their low malice—Excuſe me therefore.

You really hold this man to his good behaviour with more ſpirit than I thought you miſtreſs of; eſpecially when I judged of you by that meekneſs which you always contended for, as the proper diſtinction of the female character; and by the love which (think as you pleaſe) you certainly have for him. You may rather be proud of than angry at the imputation; ſince you are the only woman I ever knew, read, or heard of, whoſe love was ſo much governed by her prudence. But when once the indifference of the huſband takes place of the ardour of the lover, it will be *your* turn: and, if I am not miſtaken, this man, who is the only ſelf-admirer I ever knew who was not a coxcomb, will rather in his day expect homage than pay it.

Your handſome huſbands, my dear, make a wife's heart ache very often: and though you are as fine a perſon of a woman, at the leaſt, as he is of a man, he will take too much delight in *himſelf* to think himſelf more indebted to your favour, than you are to his diſtinction and preference of you. But no man, take your finer mind with your very fine perſon, can deſerve you. So you muſt be contented, ſhould your merit be under-rated; ſince that *muſt* be ſo, marry whom you will. Perhaps you will think I indulge theſe ſorts of reflections againſt your Narciſſuſes of men, to keep my mother's choice for me of Hickman in countenance with myſelf—I don't know but there is ſomething in it; at leaſt, enough to have given birth to the reflection.

I think there can be no objection to your going to London. There, as in the centre, you will be in the way of hearing from every-body, and ſending to any-body. And then you will put all his ſincerity to the teſt, *as to his promiſed abſence*, and ſuch-like.

But indeed, my dear, I think you have nothing for it but marriage. You may try (that you may ſay you *have* tried) what your relations can be brought to: but the moment they refuſe your propoſals, ſubmit to the yoke, and make the beſt of it. He will be a ſavage indeed, if he makes you ſpeak out. Yet, it is my opinion, that you *muſt* bend a little; for he cannot bear to be thought ſlightly of.

This was one of his ſpeeches once, I believe deſigned for me—'A woman 'who means one day to favour her lover 'with her hand, ſhould ſhew the world, 'for her *own* ſake, that ſhe diſtinguiſhes 'him from the common herd.'

Shall I give you another fine ſentence of his, and in the true libertine ſtile, as he ſpoke it, throwing out his challenging hand? — D—n him, if he would marry the firſt princeſs on earth, if he but thought ſhe balanced a minute in her choice of *him*, or of an *emperor*.

All the world, in ſhort, expect you to have this man. They think, that you left your father's houſe for this very purpoſe. The longer the ceremony is delayed, the worſe appearance it will have in the world's eye. And it will not be the fault of ſome of your relations, if a ſtur be not thrown upon your reputation, while you continue unmarried. Your uncle Antony, in particular, ſpeaks rough and vile things, grounded upon the morals of his *brother Orſon*. But hitherto your admirable character has antidoted the poiſon; the detector is deſpiſed, and every-one's indignation raiſed againſt him.

I have written through many interruptions: and you will ſee the firſt ſheet creaſed and rumpled, occaſioned by putting it into my boſom, on my mother's ſudden coming upon me. We have had one very pretty debate, I will aſſure you; but it is not worth while to trouble you with the particulars. — But upon my word—No matter though.

Your Hannah cannot attend you. The poor girl left her place about a fortnight ago, on account of a rheumatick diſorder, which has confined her to her room ever ſince. She burſt into tears, when Kitty carried to her your deſire of having her with you; and called herſelf doubly unhappy, that ſhe could not wait upon a miſtreſs whom ſhe ſo dearly loved.

Had my mother anſwered my wiſhes, I ſhould have been ſorry Mr. Lovelace had been the *firſt* propoſer of my Kitty for your attendant, till Hannah could come. To be altogether among ſtrangers, and a ſtranger to attend you every time you remove, is a very diſagreeable thing. But your conſiderateneſs and bounty will make you faithful ones wherever you go.

You muſt take your own way: but if you ſuffer any inconvenience, either as to cloaths or money, that it is in my power to remedy, I will never forgive you. My mother (if *that* be your objection) need not know any-thing of the matter.

We have all our defects: we have often regretted the particular fault, which though in venerable characters, we muſt have been blind not to ſee.

I remember what you once ſaid to me; and the caution was good: 'Let 'us, my Nancy,' were your words; 'let 'us, who have not the ſame failings as 'thoſe we cenſure, guard againſt *other* 'and *greater* in ourſelves.' Nevertheleſs I muſt needs tell you, that my mother has vexed me a little very lately, by ſome inſtances of her jealous narrowneſs. I will mention one of them, though I did not intend it.—She wanted to borrow thirty guineas of me: *only* while ſhe got a note changed. I ſaid, I could lend her but eight or ten. Eight or ten would not do: ſhe thought I was much richer. I could have told her, I was much cunninger than to let her know my ſtock; which, on a review, I find ninety-five guineas; and all of them moſt heartily at your ſervice.

I believe your uncle Tony put her upon this wiſe project; for ſhe was *out of caſh* in an hour after he left her. If he did, you will judge that they intend to diſtreſs you. If it will provoke *you* to demand your own in a legal way, I wiſh they would; ſince their putting you upon that courſe will juſtify the neceſſity of your leaving them. And as it is not for your credit to own, that you were tricked away contrary to your intention, this would afford a reaſon for your going off, that I ſhould make very good uſe of. You'll ſee, that I approve of Lovelace's advice upon this ſubject. I am not willing to allow the weight to your anſwer to him on that head, which perhaps ought to be allowed it.

You muſt be the leſs ſurprized at the inventions of this man, becauſe of his uncommon talents. Whatever he had turned his head to, he would have excelled in; or been (or done things) extraordinary. He is ſaid to be revengeful: a very bad quality! I believe, indeed, he is a devil in every-thing but his foot—This, therefore, is my repeated advice—Provoke him not too much againſt yourſelf: but unchain him, and let him looſe upon your ſiſter's vile Betty, and your brother's Joſeph Leman. This is reſenting *low:* but I know to whom I write, or elſe I would go a good deal *higher*, I'll aſſure you.

Your next, I ſuppoſe, will be from London. Pray direct it, and your future letters, till further notice, to Mr. Hickman, at his own houſe. He is entirely devoted to you. Don't take ſo heavily my mother's partiality and prejudices. I hope I am paſt a baby.

Heaven preſerve you, and make you as happy as I think you deſerve to be, prays *your ever-affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDN. MORN. APRIL 19.

I Am glad, my dear friend, that you approve of my removal to London.

The diſagreement between your mother and you gives me inexpreſſible affliction. I hope I think you both more unhappy than you are. But I beſeech you let me know the particulars of the debate you call *a very pretty one*. I am well acquainted with your dialect. When I am informed of the whole, let your mother have been ever ſo ſevere upon me, I ſhall be eaſier a great deal.—Faulty people ſhould rather deplore the occaſion they have given for anger than reſent it.

If I am to be obliged to any-body in England for money, it ſhall be to you. Your mother need not know of your kindneſs to me, you ſay—But ſhe *muſt* know it, if it be done, and if ſhe challenge my beloved friend upon it; for would you either falſify or prevaricate?—I wiſh your mother could be made eaſy on this head.—Forgive me, my dear.—But I know—Yet once ſhe had a better opinion of me.—O my inconſiderate raſhneſs!—Excuſe me once more, I pray you.—Pride, when it is *native*, will ſhew itſelf ſometimes in the midſt of mortifications—But my ſtomach is down already.

I AM unhappy that I cannot have my worthy Hannah. I am ſorry for the poor creature's illneſs and for my own diſappointment by it. Come, my dear Miſs Howe, ſince you preſs me to be beholden to you; and would think me proud if I abſolutely refuſed your favour; pray be ſo good as to ſend her two guineas in my name.

If I have nothing for it, as you ſay, but matrimony, it yields a little comfort, that his relations do not deſpiſe *the fugitive*, as perſons of their rank and quality-pride might be ſuppoſed to do, for having *been* a fugitive.

But, O my cruel, thrice cruel uncle! to ſuppoſe—But my heart checks my pen, and will not let it proceed, on an intimation ſo extremely ſhocking as that which he ſuppoſes!—Yet, if thus they have

have been perſuaded, no wonder if they are irreconcileable.

This is all my hard-hearted brother's doings!—His ſurmiſings—God forgive him—Prays his injured ſiſter!

LETTER XXXIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20.

MR. Lovelace's ſervant is already returned with an anſwer from his friend Mr. Doleman, who has taken pains in his enquiries, and is very particular. Mr. Lovelace brought me the letter as ſoon as he had read it: and as he now knows that I acquaint you with every-thing that offers, I deſired him to let me ſend it to you for your peruſal. Be pleaſed to return it by the firſt opportunity. You will ſee by it, that his friends in town have a notion, that we are actually married.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'TUESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 18.

'DEAR SIR,

'I AM extremely rejoiced to hear, 'that we ſhall ſo ſoon have you in town, 'after ſo long an abſence. You will be 'the more welcome ſtill, if what report 'ſays be true; which is, that you are *actually married* to the fair lady upon whom 'we have heard you make ſuch encomiums. Mrs. Doleman, and my ſiſter, 'both wiſh you joy if you are; and joy 'upon your near proſpect if you are not.

'I have been in town for this week 'paſt, to get help, if I could, from my 'paralytic complaints; and am in a 'courſe for them. Which, nevertheleſs, did not prevent me from making 'the deſired enquiries. This is the reſult.

'You may have a firſt floor, well furniſhed, at a mercer's in Bedford Street, 'Covent Garden, with conveniences for 'ſervants: and theſe either by the quarter or month. The terms according to 'the conveniences required.

'Mrs. Doleman has ſeen lodgings in 'Norfolk Street, and others in Cecil 'Street; but though the proſpects to 'the Thames and Surry Hills look inviting from both theſe ſtreets, yet I ſuppoſe they are too near the city.

'The owner of thoſe in Norfolk Street 'would have half the houſe go together. 'It would be too much for your deſcription therefore: and I ſuppoſe, that 'when you think fit to *declare your marriage*, you will hardly be in lodgings.

'Thoſe in Cecil Street are neat and 'convenient. The owner is a widow 'of good character; but ſhe inſiſts, that 'you take them for a twelvemonth 'certain.

'You may have good accommodations in Dover Street, at a widow's, the 'relict of an officer in the guards, who 'dying ſoon after he had purchaſed his 'commiſſion, (to which he had a good 'title by ſervice, and which coſt him 'moſt part of what he had) ſhe *was obliged to lett lodgings*.

'This may poſſibly be an objection. 'But ſhe is very careful, ſhe ſays, that 'ſhe takes no lodgers, but of *figure* and '*reputation*. She rents two good houſes, 'diſtant from each other, only joined 'by a *large handſome paſſage*. The *inner-houſe* is the genteeleſt, and very elegantly furniſhed; but you may have 'the uſe of a very handſome parlour in 'the *outer-houſe*, if you chuſe to look 'into the ſtreet.

'A little garden belongs to the inner-houſe, in which the old gentlewoman 'has diſplayed a true female fancy; having crammed it with vaſes, flowerpots, 'and figures, without number.

'As theſe lodgings ſeemed to me the 'moſt likely to pleaſe you, I was more 'particular in my enquiries about them. 'The apartments ſhe has to lett are in 'the inner-houſe: they are a dining-room, two or three handſome bed-chambers; one with a pretty light cloſet 'in it, which looks into the little garden, 'all furniſhed in taſte.

'A *dignified clergyman*, his *wife*, and '*maiden-daughter*, were the laſt who lived in them. They have but lately quitted them, on his being preſented to a 'conſiderable church preferment in Ireland. The gentlewoman ſays that he 'took the lodgings but for *three months* 'certain; but liked them and *her uſage* 'ſo well, that he continued in them *two years*; and left them with regret, 'though on ſo good an account. She 'bragged, that this was the way of all 'the lodgers ſhe ever had, who ſtaid with 'her *four times as long as they at firſt intended*.

'I had ſome knowledge of the colonel, 'who was always looked upon as a man 'of honour. His relict I never ſaw before. I think ſhe has a *maſculine air*, 'and is a *little forbidding at firſt:* but 'when I ſaw her behaviour to two agreeable *maiden gentlewomen*, her huſband's 'nieces, whom, for *that* reaſon, ſhe calls '*doubly* hers, and heard their praiſes of '*her*, I could impute her very bulk to 'good-humour; ſince we ſeldom ſee

'your

'your four, peevish people, plump. She 'lives *reputably*, and is, as I find, *afore-* 'hand in the world.

'If these, or any other of the lodgings 'I have mentioned, be not altogether 'to your lady's mind, she may continue 'in them *the less while*, and *chuse others for* '*herself*.

'The widow consents that you shall 'take them for a *month only*, and *what* of 'them you please. The terms, she says, 'she will not fall out upon, when she 'knows what your lady expects, and 'what *her* servants are to do, or *yours* will 'undertake; for she observed that ser-'vants are generally worse to deal with, 'than their masters or mistresses.

'The lady may board or not, as she 'pleases.

'As we *suppose you married*, but that 'you have reason, from family differ-'ences, to keep it private for the pre-'sent, I thought it not amiss to hint as 'much to the widow, (but as *uncertainty*, 'however;) and asked her, if she could, 'in that case, accommodate you and your 'servants, as well as the lady and hers? 'She said, she could; and wished by all 'means, it were to be so; since the cir-'cumstance of a person's *being single*, if 'not as well recommended as this lady, 'was *one of her usual exceptions*.

'If none of these lodgings please, you 'need not doubt very handsome ones in 'or near Hanover Square, Soho Square, 'Golden Square, or in some of the new 'streets about Grosvenor Square. And 'Mrs. Doleman, her sister, and myself, 'most cordially join to offer to your 'good lady the best accommodations we 'can make for her at Uxbridge, (and 'also for you, if you are the happy man 'we wish you to be) till she fits herself 'more to her mind.

'Let me add, that the lodgings at the 'mercer's, those in Cecil Street, those 'at the widow's in Dover Street, any 'of them, may be entered upon at a 'day's warning. I am, my dear Sir, '*your sincere and affectionate friend and* '*servant*, THO. DOLEMAN.'

You will easily guess, my dear, when you have read the letter, *which* lodgings I made choice of. But first to try him (as in so material a point I thought I could not be too circumspect) I seemed to prefer those in Norfolk Street, for the very reason the writer gives why he thought I would *not*; that is to say, for it's neighbourhood to a city so well gov-erned as London is said to be. Nor should I have disliked a lodging in the heart of it, having heard but indifferent accounts of the liberties sometimes taken at the other end of the town.—Then seeming to incline to the lodgings in Cecil Street—Then to the mercer's. But he made no visible preference: and when I asked his opinion of the widow-gentlewoman's, he said, He thought those the most to my taste and conveni-ence. But as he hoped that I would think lodgings necessary but for a very little while, he knew not which to give his vote for.

I then fixed upon the widow's; and he has written accordingly to Mr. Dole-man, making my compliments to his lady and sister, for their kind offer.

I am to have the dining-room, the bed-chamber with the light closet, (of which, if I stay any time at the widow's, I shall make great use) and a servant's room; and we propose to set out on Saturday morning. As for a maid-ser-vant, poor Hannah's illness is a great disappointment to me: but, as he ob-serves, I can make the widow satisfacti-on for one of hers, till I can get a ser-vant to my mind. And you know, I want not much attendance.

MR. Lovelace has just now, of his own accord, given me five guineas for poor Hannah. I send them inclosed. Be so good as to cause them to be conveyed to her: and to let her know from whom they came.

He has obliged me much by this little mark of his considerateness. Indeed I have had the better opinion of him ever since he proposed her return to me.

I HAVE just now *another* instance of his considerateness. He came to me, and said, that, on second thoughts, he could not bear that I should go up to town without some attendant, were it but for the look of the thing to the London widow and her nieces, who, according to his friend's account, *lived so genteelly*; and especially *as I required him to leave me soon after I arrived there*, and so would be left alone among strangers. He therefore thought, that I might en-gage Mrs. Sorlings to lend me one of her two maids, or let one of her daugh-ters go up with me, and stay till I were provided. And if the latter, the young gentlewoman, no doubt, would be glad of so good an opportunity to see the cu-riosities of the town, and would be a proper attendant on the same occasions.

I told him, as I had done before, that the two young gentlewomen were so

equally uſeful in their way, and ſervants in a buſy farm were ſo little to be ſpared, that I ſhould be loth to take them off their laudable employments. Nor ſhould I think much of diverſions for one while; and ſo the leſs want an attendant out of doors.

And now, my dear, leſt any-thing ſhould happen, in ſo variable a ſituation as mine, to over-cloud my proſpects, (which at preſent are more promiſing than ever yet they have been ſince I quitted Harlowe Place) I will ſnatch the opportunity to ſubſcribe myſelf *your not unhoping, and ever-obliged friend and ſervant,*

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20.

HE begins with communicating to him the letter he wrote to Mr. Doleman, to procure ſuitable lodgings in town, and which he ſent away by the lady's approbation: and then gives him a copy of the anſwer to it: upon which he thus expreſſes himſelf:

THOU knoweſt the widow; thou knoweſt her nieces; thou knoweſt the lodgings: and didſt thou ever read a letter more artfully couched, than this of Tom Doleman? Every poſſible objection anticipated! Every accident provided againſt! Every tittle of it plot-proof!

Who could forbear ſmiling, to ſee my charmer, like a farcical dean and chapter, chuſe what was before choſen for her; and ſagaciouſly (as *they* go in form to prayers, that Heaven would direct their choice) pondering upon the different propoſals, as if ſhe would make me believe, ſhe had a mind for *ſome other?* The dear fly rogue looking upon me, too, with a view to diſcover ſome emotion in me. Emotions I had; but I can tell her, that they lay deeper than her eye could reach, though it had been a ſun-beam.

No confidence in me, fair-one! None at all, 'tis plain. Thou wilt not, if I were inclined to change my views, encourage me by a generous reliance on my honour!—And ſhall it be ſaid, that I, a maſter of arts in love, ſhall be overmatched by ſo unpractiſed a novice?

But to ſee the charmer ſo far ſatisfied with my contrivance, as to borrow my friend's letter, in order to ſatisfy Miſs Howe likewiſe!

Silly little rogues! to walk out into by-paths on the ſtrength of their own judgment!—When nothing but *experience* can enable them to diſappoint us, and teach them grandmother-wiſdom! When they *have* it indeed, then may they ſit down, like ſo many Caſſandra's, and preach caution to others; who will as little mind *them*, as they did *their* inſtructreſſes, whenever a fine handſome confident young fellow, ſuch a one as thou knoweſt who, comes acroſs them.

But, Belford, didſt thou not mind that ſly rogue Doleman's naming *Dover Street* for the widow's place of abode?—What doſt think could be meant by that?—'Tis impoſſible thou ſhouldſt gueſs. So, not to puzzle thee about it, ſuppoſe the *widow Sinclair's in Dover Street* ſhould be enquired after by ſome officious perſon in order to come at characters; [Miſs Howe is as *ſly* as the devil, and as *buſy* to the full] and neither ſuch a name, nor ſuch a houſe, can be found in that ſtreet, nor a houſe to anſwer the deſcription; then will not the keeneſt hunter in England be at a fault?

'But how wilt thou do,' methinks thou aſkeſt, 'to hinder the lady from 'reſenting the fallacy, and miſtrufting 'thee the more on that account, when 'ſhe finds it out to be in another ſtreet?'

Pho! never mind that: either I ſhall have a way for it; or we ſhall thoroughly underſtand one another by that time: or if we don't, ſhe'll know enough of me, not to wonder at *ſuch* a peccadillo.

'But how wilt thou hinder the lady 'from apprizing her friend of the real 'name?'

She muſt firſt know it herſelf, monkey, muſt ſhe not?

'Well, but, how wilt thou do to hin'der her from knowing the ſtreet, and 'her friend from directing letters thi'ther; which will be the ſame thing as 'if the name were known?'

Let me alone for that too.

If thou further objecteſt, that Tom Doleman is too great a dunce to write ſuch a letter in anſwer to mine—Canſt thou not imagine, that, in order to ſave honeſt Tom all this trouble, I, who know the town ſo well, could ſend him a copy of what he ſhould write, and leave him nothing to do, but tranſcribe?

What now ſayeſt thou to *me*, Belford?

And ſuppoſe I had deſigned this taſk of enquiry for thee; and ſuppoſe the lady excepted againſt thee for no other reaſon in the world, but becauſe of my value for thee? What ſayeſt thou to the *lady*, Jack?

This it is to have leiſure upon my hands!

hands!—What a matchleſs plotter thy friend!—Stand by, and let me ſwell!—I am already as big as an elephant; and ten times wiſer!—Mightier too by far!—Have I not reaſon to ſnuff the moon with my proboſcis?—Lord help thee for a poor, for a very poor creature!—Wonder not, that I deſpiſe thee heartily; ſince the man who is diſpoſed immoderately to exalt himſelf, cannot do it but by deſpiſing every-body elſe in proportion.

I ſhall make good uſe of the *Dolemanick* hint of *being married*. But I will not tell thee all at once. Nor, indeed, have I thoroughly digeſted that part of my plot. When a general muſt regulate himſelf by the motions of a watchful adverſary, how can he ſay before-hand what he will, or what he will not, do?

'Widow SINCLAIR, didſt thou not 'ſay, Lovelace?'

Ay, SINCLAIR, Jack!—Remember the name! SINCLAIR, I repeat. She *has* no other. And her features being broad, and full-blown, I will ſuppoſe her to be of Highland extraction; as her huſband the colonel [*Mind that too*] was a Scot, as brave, as honeſt.

I never forget the *minutiæ* in my contrivances. In all matters that admit of doubt, the *minutiæ* cloſely attended to, and provided for, are of more ſervice than a thouſand oaths, vows, and proteſtations, made to ſupply the neglect of them, eſpecially when jealouſy has made it's way in the working mind.

Thou wouldſt wonder if thou kneweſt one half of my *providences*. To give thee but one—I have already been ſo good as to ſend up a liſt of books to be procured for the lady's cloſet, moſtly at *ſecond hand*. And thou knoweſt, that the women there are all well read. But I will not anticipate—Beſides, it looks as if I were afraid of leaving any-thing to my old friend CHANCE; which has many a time been an excellent ſecond to me; and ought not to be affronted or deſpiſed; eſpecially by one, who has the art of making unpromiſing incidents turn out in his favour.

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19.

I Have a piece of intelligence to give you, which concerns you much to know.

Your brother having been aſſured, that you are not married, has taken a reſolution to find you out, way lay you, and carry you off. A friend of his, a captain of a ſhip, undertakes to get you on ſhip-board; and to ſail away with you, either to Hull or Leith, in the way to one of your brother's houſes.

They are very wicked: for in ſpite of your virtue they conclude you to be *ruined*. But if they can be aſſured when they have you, that you are not, they will ſecure you till they can bring you out Mrs. Solmes. Mean time, in order to give Mr. Lovelace full employment, they talk of a proſecution which will be ſet up againſt him, for ſome crime they have got a notion of, which they think, if it do not coſt him his life, will make him fly his country.

This is very early news. Miſs Bell told it in confidence, and with mighty triumph over Lovelace, to Miſs Lloyd; who is at preſent her favourite; though as much your admirer as ever. Miſs Lloyd, being very apprehenſive of the miſchief which might follow ſuch an attempt, told it to me, with leave to apprize you privately of it—And yet neither ſhe nor I would be ſorry perhaps, if Lovelace were to be fairly hanged—that is to ſay, if *you*, my dear, had no objection to it. But we cannot bear that ſuch an admirable creature ſhould be made the tennis-ball of two violent ſpirits—Much leſs, that you ſhould be ſeized, and expoſed to the brutal treatment of wretches who have no bowels.

If you can engage Mr. Lovelace to keep his temper upon it, I think you ſhould acquaint him with it; but not to mention Miſs Lloyd. Perhaps his wicked agent may come at the intelligence, and reveal it to him. But leave it to your own diſcretion to do as you think fit in it. All my concern is, that this daring and fooliſh project, if carried on, will be a means of throwing you more into his power than ever. But as it will convince you, that there can be no hope of a reconciliation, I wiſh you were actually married, let the cauſe for the proſecution hinted at be what it will, ſhort of murder or a rape.

Your Hannah was very thankful for your kind preſent. She heaped a thouſand bleſſings upon you for it. She has Mr. Lovelace's too by this time.

I am pleaſed with Mr. Hickman, I can tell you:—for he has ſent her two guineas by the perſon who carries Mr. Lovelace's five, as from an unknown hand: nor am I, or you, to know it. But he does a great many things of this

ſort; and is as ſilent as the night in his charities; for nobody knows of them, till the gratitude of the benefited will not let them be concealed. He is now-and-then my almoner, and I believe always adds to my little benefactions.

But his time is not come to be praiſed to his face for theſe things; nor does he ſeem to want *that* encouragement.

The man has certainly a good mind. Nor can we expect in one man every good quality. But he is really a ſilly fellow, my dear, to trouble his head about me, when he ſees how much I deſpiſe his whole ſex; and muſt of courſe make a common man look like a fool, were he not to make *himſelf* look like one, by wiſhing to pitch his tent ſo oddly. Our likings and diſlikings, as I have often thought, are ſeldom governed by prudence, or with a view to happineſs. The eye, my dear, the wicked eye—has ſuch a ſtrict alliance with the heart—And both have ſuch enmity to the judgment!—What an unequal union, the mind and body! All the ſenſes, like the family at Harlowe Place, in a confederacy againſt that which would animate, and give honour to the whole, were it allowed it's proper precedence.

Permit me, I beſeech you, before you go to London, to ſend you forty-eight guineas. I mention that ſum to oblige you, becauſe, by accepting back the two to Hannah, I will hold you indebted to me fifty.—Surely *this* will induce you! You know that I cannot want the money. I told you, that I have near double that ſum; and that the half of it is more than my mother knows I am miſtreſs of. You are afraid, that my mother will queſtion me on this ſubject; and then you think I muſt own the truth—But little as I love equivocation, and little as you would allow of it in your Anna Howe, it is hard, if I cannot (were I to be put to it ever ſo cloſely) find ſomething to ſay, that would bring me off, and not impeach my veracity. With ſo little money as you have, what can you do at ſuch a place as London?—You don't know what occaſion you may have for meſſengers, intelligence, and ſuch-like. If you don't oblige me, I ſhall not think your ſtomach ſo much down as you ſay it is, and as, in this one particular, I think it ought to be.

As to the ſtate of things between my mother and me, you know enough of her temper, not to need to be told, that ſhe never eſpouſes or reſents with indifference. Yet will ſhe not remember, that I am *her* daughter. No, truly, I am all my *papa's girl*.

She was very ſenſible, ſurely, of the violence of my poor father's temper, that ſhe can ſo long remember *that*, when acts of tenderneſs and affection ſeem quite forgotten. Some daughters would be tempted to think, that controul ſat very heavy upon a mother who can endeavour to exert the power ſhe has over a child, and regret, for years after death, that ſhe had not the ſame over a huſband.

If this manner of expreſſion becomes not me, of my mother, the fault will be ſomewhat extenuated by the love I always bore to my father, and by the reverence I ſhall ever pay to his memory; for he was a fond father, and perhaps would have been as tender a huſband, had not my mother and he been too much of a temper to agree.

The misfortune was, in ſhort, that, when *one* was out of humour, the *other* would be ſo too: yet neither of their tempers *comparatively* bad. Notwithſtanding all which, I did not imagine, girl as I was in my father's life-time, that my mother's part of the yoke ſat ſo heavy upon her neck as ſhe gives me room to think it did whenever ſhe is pleaſed to diſclaim *her* part of me.

Both parents, as I have often thought, ſhould be very careful, if they would ſecure to themſelves the undivided love of their children, that, of all things, they ſhould avoid ſuch *durable* contentions with each other, as ſhould diſtreſs their children in chuſing their party, when they would be glad to reverence *both* as they ought.

But here is the thing: there is not a better manager of her affairs in the ſex, than my mother; and I believe a *notable* wife is more impatient of controul, than an *indolent* one. An indolent one, perhaps, thinks ſhe has ſomething to *compound* for; while women of the other character, I ſuppoſe, know too well their own ſignificance to think highly of that of any-body elſe. All muſt be their own way. In one word, becauſe they are *uſeful*, they will be *more* than uſeful.

I do aſſure you, my dear, were I a man, and a man who loved my quiet, I would not have one of theſe managing wives on any conſideration. I would make it a matter of ſerious enquiry beforehand, whether my miſtreſs's qualifications, if I heard ſhe was notable, were *maſculine* or *feminine* ones. If indeed I were an indolent, ſupine mortal, who might be in danger of becoming the property

property of my ſteward, I would then perhaps chuſe to marry for the qualifications of a ſteward.

But, ſetting my mother out of the queſtion, becauſe ſhe *is* my mother, have I not ſeen how Lady Hartley pranks up herſelf above all her ſex, becauſe ſhe knows how to manage affairs that do not *belong* to her ſex to manage?—Affairs that do no credit to her as a woman to underſtand; *practically*, I mean; for the *theory* of them may not be amiſs to be known.

Indeed, my dear, I do not think a *man-woman* a pretty character at all: and, as I ſaid, were I a *man*, I would ſooner chuſe a dove, though it were fit for nothing, but, as the play ſays, to go tame about houſe, and breed, than a wife that is ſetting at work (my inſignificant ſelf *preſent* perhaps) every buſy hour my never reſting ſervants, thoſe of the ſtud not excepted; and who, with a beſom in her hand, as I may ſay, would be continually filling me with apprehenſions, that ſhe wanted to ſweep me out of my own houſe as uſeleſs lumber.

Were indeed the miſtreſs of a family (like the wonderful young lady I ſo *much* and ſo *juſtly* admire) to know how to confine herſelf within her own reſpectable rounds of the needle, the pen, the houſekeeper's bills, the dairy for her amuſement; to ſee the poor fed from ſuperfluities that would otherwiſe be waſted; and exert herſelf in all the really uſeful branches of domeſtick management; then would ſhe move in her proper ſphere; then would ſhe render herſelf *amiably* uſeful, and *reſpectably* neceſſary; then would ſhe become the *miſtreſs*-wheel of the family; [Whatever you think of your Anna Howe, I would not have her be the *maſter*-wheel] and every-body would love her; as every-body did you, before your inſolent brother came back, flushed with his unmerited acquirements, and turned all things topſy-turvy.

If you *will* be informed of the particulars of our contention, after you have known in general, that *your* unhappy affair was the ſubject; why then, I think, I muſt tell you.

Yet how ſhall I?—I feel my cheek glow with mingled ſhame and indignation—Know then, my dear—that I have been—as I may ſay—that I have been *beaten*—Indeed 'tis true. My mother thought fit to ſlap my hands to get from me a ſheet of a letter ſhe caught me writing to you; which I tore, becauſe ſhe ſhould not read it, and burnt it before her face.

I know this will trouble you: ſo ſpare yourſelf the pains to tell me it does.

Mr. Hickman came in preſently after. I would not ſee him. I am either too much a woman to be beat, or too much a child to have an humble ſervant.—So I told my mother. What can one oppoſe but ſullens, when it would be unpardonable ſo much as to *think* of lifting up a finger?

In the Harlowe-ſtyle, ſhe *will* be obeyed, ſhe ſays: and even Mr. Hickman ſhall be forbid the houſe, if he contributes to the carrying on of a correſpondence which ſhe will not ſuffer to be continued.

Poor man! He ſtands a whimſical chance between us. But he knows he is *ſure* of my mother; but not of me. 'Tis eaſy then for him to chuſe his party, were it not his inclination to ſerve you, as it ſurely *is*. And this makes him a merit with me, which otherwiſe he would not have had; notwithſtanding the good qualities which I have juſt now acknowledged in his favour. For, my dear, let my faults in other reſpects be what they may, I will pretend to ſay, that I have in my own mind thoſe qualities which I praiſed him for: and if we are to come together, I could for that reaſon better diſpenſe with them in him. —So if a huſband, who has a bountiful-tempered wife, is not a niggard, nor ſeeks to reſtrain her, but has an opinion of all ſhe does, that is enough for him: as, on the contrary, if a bountiful-tempered huſband has a frugal wife, it is beſt for both. For one to give, and the other to give, except they have prudence, and are at ſo good an underſtanding with each other, as to compare notes, they may perhaps put it out of their power to be *juſt*. Good frugal doctrine, my dear! But this way of putting it, is middling the matter between what I have learnt of my mother's *ever*-prudent and your *enlarged* notions.—But from doctrine to fact.

I ſhut myſelf up all that day; and what little I did eat, eat alone. But at night ſhe ſent up Kitty, with a command, upon my obedience, to attend her at ſupper.

I went down: but moſt gloriouſly in the ſullens. YES, and NO, were great words with me, to every-thing ſhe aſked, for a good while.

That behaviour, ſhe told me, ſhould not do for her.

Beating

Beating ſhould not with me, I ſaid.

My bold reſiſtance, ſhe told me, had provoked her to ſlap my hand: and ſhe was ſorry to have been ſo provoked. But again inſiſted, that I would either give up my correſpondence abſolutely, or let her ſee all that paſſed in it.

I muſt not do either, I told her. It was unſuitable both to my inclination and to my honour, at the inſtigation of baſe minds, to give up a friend in diſtreſs.

She rung all the maternal changes upon the words duty, obedience, filial obligation, and ſo-forth.

I told her, that a duty too rigorouſly and unreaſonably exacted had been your ruin, if you *were* ruined.

If I were of age to be married, I hoped ſhe would think me capable of *making*, or at leaſt of *keeping*, my own friendſhips; ſuch a one eſpecially as this, with a *woman too*, and one whoſe friendſhip ſhe herſelf, till this diſtreſsful point of time, had thought the moſt uſeful and edifying that I had ever contracted.

The greater the merit, the worſe the action: the finer the talents, the more dangerous the example.

There were other duties, I ſaid, beſides the filial one; and I hoped I need not give up a ſuffering friend, eſpecially at the inſtigation of thoſe by whom ſhe ſuffered. I told her, that it was very hard to annex ſuch a condition as that to my duty; when I was perſuaded, that both duties might be performed, without derogating from either: that an unreaſonable command (ſhe muſt excuſe me; I muſt ſay it, though I were ſlapped again) was a degree of tyranny: and I could not have expected, that at theſe years I ſhould be allowed no will, no choice of my own! where a woman only was concerned, and the deviliſh ſex not in the queſtion.

What turned moſt in favour of her argument was, that I deſired to be excuſed from letting her read all that paſſes between us. She inſiſted much upon this: and ſince, ſhe ſaid, you were in the hands of the moſt intriguing man in the world; and a man, who had made a jeſt of her favourite Hickman, as ſhe has been told; ſhe knows not what conſequences, unthought of by you or me, may flow from ſuch a correſpondence.

So you ſee, my dear, that I fare the worſe on Mr. Hickman's account! My *mother* might ſee all that paſſes between us, did I not know, that it would cramp your ſpirit, and reſtrain the freedom of your pen, as it would alſo the freedom of mine: and were ſhe not moreover ſo firmly attached to the contrary ſide, that inferences, conſequences, ſtrained deductions, cenſures and conſtructions the moſt partial, would for ever be hawled in to teaze me, and would perpetually ſubject us to the neceſſity of debating and canvaſſing.

Beſides, I don't chuſe that ſhe ſhould know how much this artful wretch has outwitted, as I may call it, a perſon ſo much his ſuperior in all the nobler qualities of the human mind.

The generoſity of your heart, and the greatneſs of your ſoul, full well I know; but do not offer to diſſuade me from this correſpondence.

Mr. Hickman, immediately on the contention above, offered his ſervice; and I accepted of it, as you will ſee by my laſt. He thinks, though he has all honour for my mother, that ſhe is unkind to us both. He was pleaſed to tell me, (with an air, as I thought) that he not only *approved* of our correſpondence, but admired the ſteadineſs of my friendſhip; and having no opinion of your *man*, but a great one of *me*, thinks that my advice or intelligence from time to time may be of uſe to you; and on this preſumption, ſaid, that it would be a thouſand pities that you ſhould ſuffer for want of either.

Mr. Hickman pleaſed me in the main of his ſpeech; and it is well the general tenor of it was agreeable; otherwiſe, I can tell him, I ſhould have reckoned with him for his word *approve*; for it is a ſtile I have not yet permitted him to talk to me in. And you ſee, my dear, what theſe men are—No ſooner do they find that you have favoured them with the power of doing you an agreeable ſervice, but they take upon them to *approve*, forſooth, of your actions! By which is implied a right to *diſapprove*, if they think fit.

I have told my mother, how much you wiſh to be reconciled to your relations, and how independent you are upon Lovelace.

Mark the end of the latter aſſertion, ſhe ſays. And as to reconciliation, ſhe knows that nothing will do (and will have it, that nothing *ought* to do) but your returning back, without preſuming to condition with them. And this if you do, ſhe ſays, will beſt ſhew your independence on Lovelace.

You ſee, my dear, what your duty is, in my mother's opinion.

I ſuppoſe your next directed to Mr. Hickman,

Hickman, at his own houſe, will be from London.

Heaven preſerve you in honour and ſafety, is my prayer.

What you do for change of cloaths, I cannot imagine.

It is amazing to me what your relations can mean by diſtreſſing you as they ſeem reſolved to do. I ſee they will throw you into his arms, whether you will or not.

I ſend this by Robert, for diſpatch-ſake: and can only repeat the hitherto-rejected offer of my beſt ſervices. Adieu, my deareſt friend. Believe me ever *your affectionate and faithful*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20.

I Should think myſelf utterly unworthy of your friendſhip, did my own concerns, heavy as they are, ſo engroſs me, that I could not find leiſure for a few lines to declare to my beloved friend my ſincere diſapprobation of her conduct, in an inſtance where ſhe is ſo *generouſly* faulty, that the conſciouſneſs of that very generoſity may hide from her the fault, which I, more than any other, have reaſon to deplore as being the unhappy occaſion of it.

You know, you ſay, that your account of the contentions between your mother and you will trouble me; and ſo you bid me ſpare myſelf the pains to tell you that they do.

You did not uſe, my dear, to forbid me thus *beforehand*. You were wont to ſay, you loved me the better for my expoſtulations with you on that acknowledged warmth and quickneſs of your temper which your own good ſenſe taught you to be apprehenſive of. What though I have ſo miſerably fallen, and am unhappy? If ever I had any judgment worth regarding, it is now as much worth as ever, becauſe I can give it as freely againſt myſelf as againſt any-body elſe. And ſhall I not, when there ſeems to be an infection in my fault, and that it leads you likewiſe to reſolve to carry on a correſpondence againſt prohibition, expoſtulate with you upon it; when whatever conſequences flow from your diſobedience, they but widen my error, which is as the evil root, from which ſuch ſad branches ſpring?

The mind that can glory in being capable of ſo noble, ſo firm, ſo unſhaken friendſhip, as that of my dear Miſs Howe; a friendſhip which no caſualty or diſtreſs can leſſen, but which increaſes with the misfortunes of it's friend—Such a mind muſt be above taking amiſs the well-meant admonitions of that diſtinguiſhed friend. I will not therefore apologize for my freedom on this ſubject: and the leſs need I, when that freedom is the reſult of an affection, in the very inſtance, ſo *abſolutely* diſintereſted, that it tends to deprive myſelf of the only comfort left me.

Your acknowledged ſullens; your tearing from your mother's hands the letter ſhe thought ſhe had a right to ſee; and burning it, as you own, before her face; your refuſal to ſee the man, who is ſo willing to obey you for the ſake of your unhappy friend; and this purely to vex your mother; can you think, my dear, upon this brief recapitulation of hardly one half of the faulty particulars you give, that theſe faults are excuſable in one who ſo well knows her duty?

Your mother had a good opinion of me once: is not that a reaſon why ſhe ſhould be more regarded now, when I have, *as ſhe believes*, ſo deſervedly forfeited it? A prejudice in favour is as hard to be totally overcome, as a prejudice in diſfavour. In what a ſtrong light, then, muſt that error appear to her, that ſhould ſo totally turn her heart againſt me, herſelf not a principal in the caſe?

There are other duties, you ſay, beſides the filial-duty: but that, my dear, muſt be a duty prior to all other duties; a duty anterior, as I may ſay, to your very birth. And what duty ought not to give way to that, when they come in competition?

You are perſuaded, that the duty to your friend, and the filial duty, may be performed without derogating from either. Your *mother* thinks otherwiſe. What is the concluſion to be drawn from theſe premiſes?

When your mother ſees how much *I* ſuffer in my reputation from the ſtep I have taken, from whom ſhe and all the world expected better things, how much reaſon has ſhe to be watchful over you! One evil draws on another after it; and how knows ſhe, or any-body, where it may ſtop?

Does not the perſon who will vindicate, or ſeek to extenuate, a faulty ſtep in another, [In this light muſt your mother look upon the matter in queſtion between her and you] give an indication either

either of a culpable will, or a weak judgment; and may not she apprehend, that the cenſorious will think, that ſuch a one might probably have equally failed, under the ſame *inducements* and *provocations*, to *uſe your own words*, as applied to me in a former letter?

Can there be a ſtronger inſtance in human life than mine has ſo early furniſhed within a few months paſt, (not to mention the uncommon provocations to it, which I have met with) of the neceſſity of the continuance of a watchful parent's care over a daughter; let that daughter have obtained ever ſo great a reputation for her prudence?

Is not the ſpace from ſixteen to twenty-one, that which requires this care, more than any time of a young woman's life? For in that period, do we not generally attract the eyes of the other ſex, and become the ſubject of their addreſſes, and not ſeldom of their attempts? And is not that the period in which our conduct or miſconduct gives us a reputation or diſreputation, that almoſt inſeparably accompanies us throughout our whole future lives?

Are we not likewiſe then moſt in danger from *ourſelves*, becauſe of the diſtinction with which we are apt to behold particulars of that ſex?

And when our dangers multiply, both from *within* and *without*, do not our parents know, that their vigilance ought to be doubled? And ſhall that neceſſary increaſe of care ſit uneaſy upon us, becauſe we are grown up to ſtature and womanhood?

Will you tell me, if ſo, what is the preciſe ſtature and age, at which a good child ſhall conclude herſelf abſolved from the duty ſhe owes to a parent?—And at which a parent, after the example of the dams of the brute creation, is to lay aſide all care and tenderneſs for her offſpring?

Is it ſo hard for you, my dear, to be treated like a child? And can you not think it is hard for a good parent to imagine herſelf under the unhappy *neceſſity* of ſo treating her woman-grown daughter?

Do you think, if your mother had been *you*, and you your *mother*, and *your* daughter had ſtruggled with you, as you did with her, that you would not have been as apt as your mother was to have ſlapt your daughter's hands, to have made her quit her hold, and give up the prohibited letter?

Your mother told you with great truth, that you *provoked* her to this harſhneſs; and it was a great condeſcenſion in her (and not taken notice of by you as it deſerved) to ſay that ſhe was *ſorry for it*.

At *every* age on this ſide matrimony (for then we come under another ſort of protection, though that is far from abrogating the filial duty) it will be found, that the wings of our parents are our moſt neceſſary and moſt effectual ſafeguard from the vultures, the hawks, the kites, and other villainous birds of prey, that hover over us with a view to ſeize and deſtroy us the firſt time we are caught wandering out of the eye or care of our watchful and natural guardians and protectors.

Hard as you may ſuppoſe it, to be denied the *continuance* of a correſpondence once ſo much approved, even by the venerable denier; yet, if your mother think my fault to be of ſuch a nature, as that a correſpondence with me will caſt a ſhade upon your reputation; all my own friends have given me up—that hardſhip is to be ſubmitted to. And muſt it not make her the more ſtrenuous to ſupport her own opinion when ſhe ſees the firſt fruits of this tenaciouſneſs on your ſide, is to be *glorioufly in the ſullens*, as you call it; and in a diſobedient oppoſition?

I know that you have an humorous meaning in that expreſſion, and that this turn, in moſt caſes, gives a delightful poignancy both to your converſation and correſpondence; but indeed, my dear, *this* caſe will not bear humour.

Will you give me leave to add to this tedious expoſtulation, that I by no means approve of ſome of the things you write, in relation to the manner in which your father and mother lived—at times lived—Only *at times*, I dare ſay; though perhaps too often.

Your mother is anſwerable to *any-body*, rather than to her *child*, for whatever was wrong in her conduct, if any-thing *was* wrong, towards Mr. Howe: a gentleman, of whoſe memory I will only ſay, that it *ought* to be revered by you—But yet, ſhould you not examine yourſelf, whether your diſpleaſure at your mother had no part in your revived reverence for your father, at the time you wrote?

No one is perfect: and although your mother may not be ſo right to remember diſagreeableneſs againſt the departed, yet ſhould you not want to be reminded on *whoſe* account, and on *what* occaſion, ſhe remembered them. You cannot judge, nor ought you to *attempt* to judge, of what might have paſſed between both,

to

to embitter and keep awake disagreeable remembrances in the survivor.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

IN CONTINUATION.

BUT this subject must not be pursued. Another might, with more pleasure, (though not with more approbation) upon one of your lively excursions. It is upon the high airs you give yourself upon the word *approve*.

How comes it about, I wonder, that a young lady so noted for a predominating generosity should not be uniformly generous? That your generosity should fail in an instance, where policy, prudence, gratitude, would not permit it to fail? Mr. Hickman (as you confess) has indeed a worthy mind. If I had not long ago known that, he would never have found an advocate in me for my Anna Howe's favour to him. Often and often have I been concerned, when I was your happy guest, to see him, after a conversation in which he had well supported his part in your absence, sink at once into silence the moment you came into company.

I have told you of this before: and I believe I hinted to you once, that the superciliousness you put on *only* to him, was capable of a construction, which at the time would have very little gratified your pride to have had made; since it would have been as much in *his* favour, as in *your* disfavour.

Mr. Hickman, my dear, is a *modest* man. I never see a modest man, but I am sure (if he has not wanted opportunities) that he has a treasure in his mind, which requires nothing but the *key of encouragement* to unlock it, to make him shine—While a confident man, who, to *be* confident, must think as meanly of his company, as highly of himself, enters with magisterial airs upon any subject; and, depending upon his assurance to bring himself off when found out, talks of more than he is master of.

But a *modest* man!—O my dear, shall not a modest woman distinguish and wish to consort with a modest man?—A man, *before* whom, and *to* whom she may open her lips secure of his good opinion of all she says, and of his just and polite regard for her judgment? and who must therefore inspire her with an agreeable self confidence.

What a lot have I drawn!—We are all indeed apt to turn teachers—But, surely, I am better enabled to talk, to write upon these subjects, than ever I was.—But I will banish *myself*, if possible, from an address, which, when I began to write, I was determined to confine wholly to your own particular.

My dearest, dearest friend, how ready are you to tell us what *others* should do, and even what a *mother* should have done! But indeed you once, I remember, advanced, that, as different attainments required different talents to master them, so, in the writing way, a person might not be a bad critck upon the works of others, although he might himself be unable to write with excellence. But will you permit me to account for all this readiness of finding fault, by placing it to human nature, which, being sensible of the defects of human nature, (that is to say, of it's *own* defects) loves to be *correcting*? But in exercising that talent, chuses rather to turn it's eye *outward* than *inward*? In other words, to employ itself rather in the *out-door* search, than in the *in-door* examination?

And here give me leave to add (and yet it is with tender reluctance) that although you say very pretty things of notable wives; and although I join with you in opinion, that husbands may have as many inconveniences to encounter *with*, as conveniences to boast *of*, from women of that character; yet Lady Hartley perhaps would have had milder treatment from your pen, had it not been dipt in gall with a mother in your eye.

As to the money you so generously and repeatedly offer, don't be angry with me, if I again say, that I am very desirous that you should be able to aver, without the least qualifying or reserve, that nothing of that sort, has passed between us. I know your mother's strong way of putting the *question she is intent upon* having answered. But yet I promise that I will be obliged to nobody but you, when I have occasion.

LETTER XXXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

IN CONTINUATION.

AND now, my dear, a few words, as to the prohibition laid upon you; a subject that I have frequently touched upon, but cursorily, because I was afraid to trust myself with it, knowing that my judgment, if I did, would condemn my practice.

You command me not to attempt to dissuade you from this correspondence; and you tell me how kindly Mr. Hick-

man approves of it; and how obliging he is to me, to permit it to be carried on under cover to him—But this does not quite satisfy me.

I am a very bad casuist; and the pleasure I take in writing to you, who are the only one to whom I can disburden my mind, may make me, as I have hinted, very partial to my own wishes:—else, if it were not an artful evasion beneath an open and frank heart to wish to be complied with, I would be glad methinks to be permitted still to write to you; and only to have such *occasional returns* by Mr. Hickman's pen, as well as cover, as might set me right when I am wrong; confirm me, when right; and guide me where I doubt. This would enable me to proceed in the difficult path before me with more assuredness. For whatever I suffer from the censures of others, if I can preserve your good opinion, I shall not be altogether unhappy, let what will befall me.

And indeed, my dear, I know not how to *forbear* writing. I have now no other employment or diversion. And I must write on, although I were not to send it to any-body. You have often heard me own the advantages I have found from writing down every-thing of moment that befalls me; and of all I *think*, and of all I *do*, that may be of future use to me; for, besides that this helps to form one to a style, and opens and expands the ductile mind, every one will find, that many a good thought evaporates in thinking; many a good resolution goes off, driven out of memory perhaps by some other not so good. But when I set down what I *will* do, or what I *have* done, on this or that occasion; the resolution or action is before me either to be adhered to, or withdrawn, or amended; and I have entered into *compact* with myself, as I may say; having given it under my own hand to *improve*, rather than to go *backward*, as I live longer.

I would willingly therefore write to *you*, if I *might*; the rather as it would be the more inspiriting to have some end in view in what I write; some friend to please, besides merely seeking to gratify my passion for scribbling.

But why, if your mother will permit our correspondence on communicating to her all that passes in it, and if she would condescend to one only condition, may it not be complied with?

Would she not, do you think, my dear, be prevailed upon to have the communication made to her, *in confidence?*

If there were any prospect of a reconciliation with my friends, I should not have so much regard for my *pride*, as to be afraid of *any-body's* knowing how much I have been *outwitted*, as you call it. I would in *that* case (when I had left Mr. Lovelace) acquaint your mother, and all my own friends, with the whole of my story. It would behove me so to do, for my own reputation, and for their satisfaction.

But if I have no such prospect, what will the communication of my reluctance to go away with Mr. Lovelace, and of his arts to frighten me away, avail me? Your mother has hinted, that my friends would insist upon my returning to them (as a proof of the truth of my plea) to be disposed of, without condition, at their pleasure. If I scrupled this, my brother would rather triumph over me than keep my secret. Mr. Lovelace, whose pride already so ill brooks my regrets for meeting him, (when he thinks, if I had not, I must have been Mr. Solmes's wife) would perhaps treat me with indignity: and thus deprived of all refuge and protection, I should become the scoff of men of intrigue; and be thought with too great an appearance of reason, a disgrace to my sex—While that avowed love, *however indiscreetly shewn*, which is followed by marriage, will find more excuses made for it, *than generally it ought to find*.

But if your mother will receive the communication in confidence, pray shew her all that I have written, or will write. If my past conduct in that case shall not be found to deserve *heavy* blame, I shall then perhaps have the benefit of *her* advice, as well as *yours*. And if after a re-establishment in her favour, I shall wilfully deserve blame for the time to come, I will be content to be denied yours as well as hers for ever.

As to cramping my spirit, as you call it, (were I to sit down to write what I know your mother must see) that, my dear, is already cramped. And do not think so unhandsomely of your mother, as to fear that she would make *partial* constructions against me. Neither you nor I can doubt, but that, had she been left unprepossessedly to herself, she would have shewn favour to me. And so, I dare say, would my uncle Antony. Nay, my dear, I can extend my charity still farther: for I am sometimes of opinion, that were my brother and sister *absolutely certain*, that they had so far ruined me in the opinion of both my uncles, as that they need not be apprehensive of my clashing with their interests;

nterests; they would not oppose a pardon, although they might not wish a reconciliation; especially if I would make a few sacrifices to them: which I assure you, I should be inclined to make were I wholly free, and independent on this man. You know I never valued myself upon worldly acquisitions, but as they enlarged my power to do things I loved to do. And if I were denied the power, I must, as I now do, curb my inclination.

Do not however think me guilty of an affectation in what I have said of my brother and sister. Severe enough I am sure it is, in the most favourable sense. And an indifferent person will be of opinion, that *they* are much better warranted than ever for the sake of the family-honour, to seek to ruin me in the favour of all my friends.

But to the former topick—try, my dear, if your mother will, upon the condition above given, permit our correspondence, on seeing all we write. But if she will not, what a selfishness would there be in my love to you, were I to wish you to forego your duty for my sake?

And now, one word, as to the freedom I have treated you with in this tedious expostulatory address. I presume upon your forgiveness of it, because few friendships are founded on such a basis as ours:—which is, freely to *give* reproof, and thankfully to *receive* it as occasions arise; that so either may have opportunity to clear up mistakes, to acknowledge and amend errors, as well in behaviour as in words and deeds; and to rectify and confirm each other in the judgment each shall form upon persons, things and circumstances. And all this upon the following consideration; That it is much more eligible, as well as honourable, to be corrected with the gentleness that may be expected from an undoubted friend, than by continuing either blind or wilful, to expose ourselves to the censures of an envious, and perhaps malignant world.

But it is as needless, I dare say, to remind you of this, as it is to *repeat* my request, so often repeated, that you will not, in your turn, spare the follies and the faults of *your ever affectionate*

CL. HARLOWE.

SUBJOINED TO THE ABOVE.

I SAID, that I would avoid writing any-thing of my own particular affairs in the above address, if I could.

I will write one letter more, to inform you how I stand with this man. But, my dear, you must permit that one and your answer to it, (for I want your advice upon the contents of mine) and the copy of one I have written to my aunt, to be the last that shall pass between us, while the prohibition continues.

I fear, I very much fear, that my unhappy situation will draw me to be guilty of evasion, of little affectations, and of curvings from the plain simple truth which I was wont to delight in, and prefer to every other consideration. But allow me to say, and this for *your* sake, and in order to lessen your mother's fears of any ill consequences that she might apprehend from our correspondence, that if I am at any time guilty of a failure in these respects, I will not *go on in it*; but endeavour to recover my lost ground, that I may not bring error into habit.

I have deferred going to town, at Mrs. Sorlings's earnest request. But have fixed my removal to Monday, as I shall acquaint you in my next.

I have already made a progress in that next; but having an unexpected opportunity, will send this by itself.

LETTER XL.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

FRIDAY MORN. APRIL 21.

MY mother will not comply with your condition, my dear. I hinted it to her, as from myself. But *the Harlowes* (excuse me) have got her entirely in with them. It is a scheme of mine, she told me, formed to draw her into your party against your parents. Which, for your own sake, she is very careful about.

Don't be so much concerned about my mother and me, once more I beg of you. We shall do well enough together—Now a falling out, now a falling in.

It used to be so, when *you* were not in the question.

Yet do I give you my sincere thanks for every line of your reprehensive letters; which I intend to read as often as I find my temper rises.

I will freely own, however, that I winced a little at first reading them. But I see, that on every re-perusal, I shall love and honour you still more, if possible, than before.

Yet I think, I have one advantage over you; and which I will hold through

this letter, and through all my future letters; that is, that I will treat you as freely as you treat me; and yet will never think an *apology neceſſary to you for my freedom*.

But that you ſo think with reſpect to me, is the effect of your gentleneſs of temper, with a little ſketch of implied reflection on the warmth of mine. Gentleneſs in a woman you hold to be no fault: nor do I, a little due or provoked warmth—But what is this but praiſing on both ſides, what neither of us can help; nor perhaps *wiſh* to help? You can no more go out of your road, than I can go out of mine. It would be a pain to either to do ſo:—what then is it in either's approving of her own natural bias, but making a virtue of neceſſity?

But one obervation I will add, that were *your* character, and *my* character, to be truly drawn, mine would be allowed to be the moſt natural. Shades and lights are equally neceſſary in a fine picture. Yours would be ſurrounded with ſuch a flood of brightneſs, with ſuch a glory, that it would indeed dazzle; but leave one heartleſs to imitate it.

O may you not ſuffer from a baſe world for your gentleneſs; while my temper, by its warmth, keeping all impoſition at a diſtance, though leſs amiable in general, affords me not reaſon, as I have mentioned heretofore, to wiſh to make an exchange with you!

I ſhould indeed be inexcuſable to open my lips by way of contradiction to my mother, had I ſuch a fine ſpirit as yours to deal with. Truth is truth, my dear! Why ſhould narrowneſs run away with the praiſes due to a noble expanſion of heart? If every-body would ſpeak out, as I do, (that is to ſay, give praiſe where only praiſe is due; diſpraiſe where due likewiſe) *ſhame*, if not *principle*, would mend the world—Nay, ſhame would *introduce* principle in a generation or two. Very true, my dear: do you apply. I dare not.—For I *fear* you almoſt as much as I *love* you.

I will give you an inſtance, nevertheleſs, which will a-new demonſtrate, that none but very generous and noble-minded people ought to be implicitly obeyed. You know what I ſaid above, that *truth* is *truth*.

Inconveniences will ſometimes ariſe from having to do with perſons of modeſty and ſcrupuloufneſs. Mr. Hickman, you ſay, is a *modeſt* man. He put your corrective packet into my hand with a very fine bow, and a ſelf-ſatisfied air; [*we'll conſider what you ſay of this honeſt man by-and-by, my dear*] his ſtrut was not gone off, when in came my mother, as I was reading it.

When ſome folks find their anger has made them conſiderable, they will be always angry, or ſeeking occaſion for anger.

'Why now, Mr. Hickman—Why, 'now, Nancy,' [as I was huddling in the packet between my gown and my ſtays at her entrance.] 'You have a 'letter brought you this inſtant.'—While the *modeſt* man, with his pauſing bravings, 'Mad-da—Mad-dam,' looked as if he knew not whether he had beſt to run, and leave me and my mother to fight it out, or ſtand his ground and ſee fair-play.

It would have been poor to tell a lye for it. She flung away. I went out at the oppoſite door, to read the contents; leaving Mr. Hickman to exercite his *white teeth* upon his thumb-nails.

When I had read your letters, I went to find out my mother. I told her the generous contents, and that you deſired that the prohibition might be adhered to. I propoſed your condition, as for myſelf; and was rejected, as above.

She ſuppoſed, ſhe was finely painted between two young creatures, who had more wit than prudence: and inſtead of being prevailed upon by the generoſity of your ſentiments, made uſe of your opinion only to confirm her own, and renewed her prohibitions, charging me to return no other anſwer, but that ſhe *did* renew them: adding, that they ſhould ſtand, till your relations were reconciled to you; hinting as if ſhe had *engaged for as much*; and expected my compliance.

I thought of your reprehenſions, and was *meek*; though not pleaſed. And let me tell you, my dear, that as long as I can ſatisfy my own mind, that good is intended, and that it is hardly poſſible that evil ſhould enſue from our correſpondence—As long as I know, that this prohibition proceeds originally from the ſame ſpiteful minds which have been the occaſion of all theſe miſchiefs—As long as I know, that it is not your fault if your relations are not reconciled to you; and that upon conditions which no reaſonable people would refuſe—You muſt give me leave, with all deference to your judgment, and to your excellent leſſons, (*which would reach almoſt every caſe of this kind but the preſent*) to inſiſt upon your writing to me, and that minutely, as if this prohibition had not been laid.

It is not from humour, from perverſeneſs, that I inſiſt upon this. I cannot expreſs how much my heart is in your concerns. And you muſt, in ſhort, allow me to think, that if I can do you ſervice by writing, I ſhall be better juſtified in *continuing* to write, than my mother is in her prohibition.

But yet, to ſatisfy you all I can, I will as ſeldom return anſwers, while the interdict laſts, as may be conſiſtent with my notions of friendſhip, and with the ſervice I owe you, and can do you.

As to your expedient of writing by Hickman, [and now, my dear, your *modeſt man* comes in: and as you love modeſty in that ſex, I will do my endeavour, by holding him at a proper diſtance, to keep him in your favour] I know what you mean by it, my ſweet friend. It is to make that man ſignificant with me. As to the correſpondence, THAT *ſhall* go on, I do aſſure you, be as ſcrupulous as you pleaſe—So that *that* will not ſuffer if I do *not* cloſe with your propoſal as to him.

I muſt tell you, that I think it will be honour enough for him to have his name made uſe of ſo frequently betwixt us. This, of itſelf, is placing a confidence in him, that will make him walk bolt upright, and diſplay his *white hand*, and his *fine diamond ring*; and moſt mightily lay down his ſervices, *and* his pride to oblige, *and* his diligence, *and* his fidelity, *and* his contrivances to keep our ſecret, *and* his excuſes, *and* his evaſions to my mother, when challenged by her; with fifty *and's* beſide: and will it not moreover give him pretence and excuſe oftner than ever to pag-nag it hither to good Mrs. Howe's fair daughter?

But to admit him into my company tête à tête, and into my cloſet, as often as I would wiſh to write to you; I only to dictate to his pen—my mother all the time ſuppoſing that I was going to be heartily in love with him—To make him maſter of all my ſentiments, and of my *heart*, as I may ſay, when I write to you—Indeed, my dear, I *won't*. Nor were I married to the beſt HE in England, would I honour him with the communication of my correſpondences.

No, my dear, it is ſufficient ſurely, for him to parade it in the character of our letter-conveyer, and to be honoured in a cover. And never fear but, modeſt as you think him, he will make enough of that.

You are always blaming me for want of generoſity to this man, and for abuſe of power. But I profeſs, my dear, I cannot tell how to help it. Do, dear now, let me ſpread my plumes a little, and now-and-then make myſelf feared. This is my time, you know, ſince it would be no more to *my* credit than *his*, to give myſelf thoſe airs when I am married. He has a joy when I am pleaſed with him that he would not know, but for the pain my diſpleaſure gives him.

Men, no more than *women*, know how to make a moderate uſe of power. Is not that ſeen every day from the prince to the peaſant? If I do not make Hickman quake now-and-then, he will endeavour to make me fear. All the animals in the creation are more or leſs in a ſtate of hoſtility with each other. The wolf that runs away from the lion, will devour a lamb the next moment. I remember, that I was once ſo enraged at a game chicken that was continually pecking at another, (a poor humble one, as I thought him) that I had the offender caught, and without more ado, in a *pet of humanity*, wrung his neck off. What followed this execution? Why that other grew inſolent, as ſoon as *his* inſulter was gone, and was continually pecking at one or two under *him*. 'Peck 'and be hanged,' ſaid I,—'I might as 'well have preſerved the firſt; for I ſee 'it is in the *nature of the beaſt*.'

Excuſe my flippancies. I wiſh I were with you. I would make you ſmile in the midſt of your graveſt airs, as I uſed to do. O that you had accepted of my offer to attend you! But *nothing that I offer*, will you accept—Take care!—You will make me very angry with you: and when I am, you know I value nobody: for, dearly as I love you, I muſt be, and cannot always help it, *your ſaucy*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

MR. Lovelace communicated to me this morning early, from his intelligencer, the news of my brother's ſcheme. I like him the better for making very light of it; and for his treating it with contempt. And indeed, had I not the hint of it from you, I ſhould have ſuſpected it to be ſome contrivance of his, in order to haſten me to town, where he has long wiſhed to be himſelf.

He read me the paſſage in that Leman's letter, which is pretty much to the effect of what you wrote to me from

Miſs

Miſs Lloyd; with this addition, that one Singleton, a maſter of a Scots veſſel, is the man, who is to be the principal in this act of violence.

I have ſeen him. He has been twice entertained at Harlowe Place, as my brother's friend. He has the air of a very bold and fearleſs man; and I fancy it muſt be *his* project; as my brother, I ſuppoſe, talks to every-body of the raſh ſtep I have taken; for he did not ſpare me before he had this ſeeming reaſon to cenſure me.

This Singleton lives at Leith; ſo, perhaps, I am to be carried to my brother's houſe not far from that port.

Putting theſe paſſages together, I am not a little apprehenſive, that the deſign, lightly as Mr. Lovelace, from his fearleſs temper, treats it, may be attempted to be carried into execution; and of the conſequences that may attend it, if it be.

I aſked Mr. Lovelace, ſeeing him ſo frank and cool, what he would adviſe me to do?

'Shall I aſk *you*, Madam, what are 'your own thoughts?—Why I return 'the queſtion,' ſaid he, 'is, becauſe you 'have been ſo very earneſt that I ſhould 'leave you as ſoon as you are in London, 'that I know not what to propoſe, with-'out offending you.'

'My opinion is,' ſaid I, 'that I 'ſhould ſtudiouſly conceal myſelf from 'the knowledge of every-body but Miſs 'Howe; and that you ſhould leave me 'out of hand; ſince they will certainly 'conclude, that where *one* is, the *other* 'is not far off: and it is eaſier to trace '*you* than *me*.'

'You would not ſurely wiſh,' ſaid he, 'to fall into your brother's hands by 'ſuch a violent meaſure as this? I pro-'poſe not to throw myſelf officiouſly 'in their way; but ſhould they have 'reaſon to think I avoided them, would 'not that whet their diligence to find 'you, and their courage to attempt to 'carry you off; and ſubject me to inſults 'that no man of ſpirit can bear?'

'Lord bleſs me!' ſaid I, 'to what 'has this one fatal ſtep that I have been 'betrayed into——'

'Deareſt Madam, let me beſeech you 'to forbear this harſh language, when 'you ſee, by this new ſcheme, how de-'termined they were upon carrying 'their old ones, had you not been *betray-'ed*, as you call it. Have I offered to 'defy the laws of ſociety, as this brother 'of yours muſt do, if any-thing be in-'tended by this project? I hope you will 'be pleaſed to obſerve, that there are as 'violent and as wicked enterprizers as 'myſelf—But this is ſo very wild a pro-'ject, that I think there can be no room 'for apprehenſions from it. I know your 'brother well. When at college, he 'had always a romantick turn: but 'never had a head for any-thing but to 'puzzle and confound himſelf. A half 'invention, and a whole conceit; but 'not maſter of talents to do himſelf good, 'or others harm, but as thoſe others gave 'him the power by their own folly.'

'This is very volubly run off, Sir!—'But violent ſpirits are but too much 'alike; at leaſt in their methods of re-'ſenting. You will not preſume to make 'yourſelf a leſs innocent man ſurely, 'who had determined to brave my whole 'family in perſon, if my folly had not 'ſaved *you* the raſhneſs, and *them* the 'inſult.'

'Dear Madam!—Still muſt it be *folly*, '*raſhneſs*!—It is as impoſſible for you to 'think tolerably of any-body *out* of your 'own family, as it is for any-one *in it* to '*deſerve* your love! Forgive me, deareſt 'creature! If I did not love you as never 'man loved a woman, I might appear 'more indifferent to preferences ſo un-'deſervedly made. But let me aſk you, 'Madam, What have you borne from '*me*?—What cauſe have I given you to 'treat me with ſo much ſeverity, and ſo 'little confidence?—And what have you 'not borne from *them*? Malice and ill-'will, indeed, ſitting in judgment upon 'my character, may not give ſentence in 'my favour: but what *of your own know-'ledge* have you againſt me?'

Spirited queſtions, were they not, my dear?—And they were aſked with as ſpi-rited an air. I was ſtartled. But I was reſolved not to deſert myſelf.

'Is this a *time*, Mr. Lovelace, is this 'a *proper* occaſion taken, to give your-'ſelf theſe high airs to me, a young 'creature deſtitute of protection? It is 'a ſurprizing queſtion you aſk me. Had 'I aught againſt you *of my own knowledge*? '—I can tell you, Sir——' And away I would have flung.

He ſnatched my hand, and beſought me not to leave him in diſpleaſure. He pleaded his paſſion for me, and my ſe-verity to him, and partiality for thoſe from whom I had ſuffered ſo much; and whoſe intended violence, he ſaid, was now the ſubject of our deliberation.

I was forced to hear him.

'You condeſcended, deareſt creature,' ſaid he, 'to aſk my advice. It is very 'eaſy, give me leave to ſay, to adviſe

'you

'you what to do. I hope I may on this 'new occafion, fpeak without offence, 'notwithſtanding your former injunctions— 'You ſee that there can be no hope of 'reconciliation with your relations. Can 'you, Madam, conſent to honour with 'your hand, a wretch whom you have 'never yet obliged with one *voluntary* 'favour!'

What a *recriminating*, what a *reproachful way*, my dear, was this, of putting a queſtion of this nature!

I expected not from him, at the time, and juſt as I was very angry with him, either the queſtion or the manner. I am aſhamed to recollect the confuſion I was thrown into; all your advice in my head at the moment: yet his words ſo prohibitory. He confidently ſeemed to enjoy my confuſion. [*Indeed, my dear, he knows not what reſpectful love is!*] and gazed upon me, as if he would have looked me through.

He was ſtill more declarative afterwards indeed, as I ſhall mention by-and-by: but it was half extorted from him.

My heart ſtruggled violently between reſentment and ſhame, to be thus teazed by one who ſeemed to have all *his* paſſions at command, at a time when I had very little over *mine!* till at laſt I burſt into tears, and was going from him in high diſguſt: when throwing his arms about me, with an air, however, the moſt tenderly reſpectful, he gave a *ſtupid* turn to the ſubject.

It was far from his heart, he ſaid, to take ſo much *advantage* of the *ſtreight*, which the diſcovery of my brother's fooliſh project had brought me into, as to renew, *without my permiſſion*, a propoſal which I had hitherto diſcountenanced; and which for *that* reaſon—

And then he came with his *half-ſentences*, apologizing for what he had not ſo much as *half-propoſed*.

Surely, he had not the inſolence to *intend* to teaze me, to ſee if I could be brought to ſpeak what became me not to ſpeak—But, whether he had or not, it *did* teaze me; inſomuch that my very heart was fretted, and I broke out at laſt into freſh tears, and a declaration, that I was very unhappy. And juſt then recollecting how like a tame fool I ſtood with his arms about me, I flung from him with indignation. But he ſeized my hand, as I was going out of the room, and upon his knees beſought my ſtay for one moment: and then, in words the moſt clear and explicit, tendered himſelf to my acceptance, as the moſt effectual means to diſappoint my brother's ſcheme, and ſet all right.

But what could I ſay to this?—Extorted from him, as it ſeemed to me, rather as the effect of his compaſſion, than his love? What *could* I ſay? I pauſed, I looked ſilly—I am *ſure* I looked very ſilly. He ſuffered me to pauſe, and look ſilly; *waiting for* me *to ſay ſomething:* and at laſt (aſhamed of my confuſion, and aiming to make an *excuſe for it*) I told him that I deſired he would avoid ſuch meaſures as might add to the uneaſineſs, which it muſt be viſible to him I had, when he reflected upon the irreconcileableneſs of my friends, and upon what might follow from this unaccountable project of my brother.

He promiſed to be governed by me in every-thing. And again the wretch, inſtead of preſſing his fromer queſtion, aſked me, *if I forgave him for the humble ſuit he had made to me?* What had I to do, but to try for a palliation of my confuſion, ſince it ſerved me not?

I told him I had hopes it would not be long before Mr. Morden arrived; and doubted not, that gentleman would be the readier to engage in my favour, when he found that I made no other uſe of *his* (Mr. Lovelace's) aſſiſtance, than to free myſelf from the addreſſes of a man ſo diſagreeable to me as Mr. Solmes: I muſt therefore wiſh, that every-thing might remain as it was, till I could hear from my couſin.

This, although teazed by him as I was, was not, you ſee, my dear, a *denial*. But he muſt throw himſelf into a heat, rather than try to perſuade; which any other man, in his ſituation, I ſhould think would have done: and this warmth obliged me to adhere to my ſeeming negative.

This was what he ſaid, with a vehemence that muſt harden any woman's mind, who had a ſpirit above being frightened into paſſiveneſs.

'Good God! And will you, Madam, 'ſtill reſolve to ſhew me, that I am to 'hope for no ſhare in your favour, while 'any the remoteſt proſpect remains, 'that you will be received by my bit'tereſt enemies, at the price of my utter 'rejection?'

This was what I returned, with warmth, and with a ſalving art *too*—'You 'have ſeen, Mr. Lovelace, how much 'my brother's violence can affect me: 'but you will be miſtaken, if you let 'looſe yours upon me, with a thought 'of terrifying me into meaſures the

'contrary

'contrary of which you have acquiesced 'with.'

He only beſought me to ſuffer his *future* actions to ſpeak for him; and, if I ſaw him worthy of any favour, that I would not let him be the *only* perſon within my knowledge who was not entitled to my conſideration.

'You refer to a *future time*, Mr. Love-'lace, ſo do I, for the *future proof* of a 'merit you ſeem to think for the *paſt time* 'wanting: and *juſtly* you think ſo.' And I was again going from him.

One word more he begged me to hear —He was determined ſtudiouſly to avoid all miſchief, and every ſtep that might lead to miſchief, let my brother's proceedings, ſhort of violence upon my perſon, be what they would: but if any attempt that ſhould extend to that, were to be made, would I have him to be a quiet ſpectator of my being ſeized, or carried back, or on board, by this Singleton; or, in any caſe of extremity, was he not permitted to ſtand up in my defence?

'*Stand up in my defence*, Mr. Lovelace! '—I ſhould be very miſerable, were 'there to be a call for that. But do you 'think I might not be *ſafe* and *private* in 'London? By your friend's deſcription 'of the widow's houſe, I ſhould think I 'might be ſafe there.'

The widow's houſe, he replied, as deſcribed by his friend, being a *back-houſe within a front-one*, and *looking to a garden, rather than to a ſtreet*, had the *appearance* of privacy: but if, when there, it was not approved, it would be eaſy to find another more to my liking—Though, as to his part, the method he would adviſe ſhould be, to write to my uncle Harlowe as one of my truſtees, and wait the iſſue of it here at Mrs. Sorlings's, fearleſsly directing it to be anſwered *hither*. To be afraid of little ſpirits, was but to encourage inſults, he ſaid. The ſubſtance of the letter ſhould be, To demand as a right, what they would refuſe if requeſted as a courteſy: to acknowledge that I had put myſelf [too well, he ſaid, did their treatment juſtify me] into the protection of the *ladies* of his family, [by whoſe orders, and Lord M.'s, he himſelf would appear to act:] but that upon my own terms; which were ſuch, that I was under no obligation to thoſe ladies for the favour; it being no more than they would have granted to any one of my ſex, equally diſtreſſed. If I approved not of this method, happy ſhould he think himſelf, he ſaid, if I would honour him with the opportunity of making ſuch a claim in his *own* name—But this was a point [with his *buts* again in the ſame breath!] that *he durſt but juſt touch upon*. He hoped, however, that I would think their violence a ſufficient inducement for me to take ſuch a wiſhed-for reſolution.

Inwardly vexed, I told him, That he himſelf had propoſed to leave me when I was in town: that I expected he would: and that, when I was known to be abſolutely independent, I ſhould conſider what to write, and what to do; but that, while he was with me, I neither would nor could.

He would be very ſincere with me, he ſaid: this project of my brother's had changed the face of things. He muſt, before he left me, ſee whether I ſhould or ſhould not approve of the London widow, and her family, if I chuſe to go thither. They might be people whom my brother might buy. But if he ſaw they were perſons of integrity, he then might go for a day or two, or ſo. But he muſt needs ſay, he could not leave me longer at a time.

'Do you propoſe, Sir,' ſaid I, 'to 'take up your lodgings in the houſe 'where I ſhall lodge?'

He did *not*, he ſaid; as he knew the uſe I intended to make of his abſence, and my punctilio—And yet the houſe where he had lodgings was new-fronting, and not in condition to receive him: but he could go to his friend Belford's, in Soho; or perhaps he might reach to the ſame gentleman's houſe at Edgware, over-night, and return on the mornings, till he had reaſon to think this wild project of my brother's laid aſide, But to no greater diſtance till then ſhould he care to venture.

The reſult of all was, to ſet out on Monday next for town. I hope it will be in a happy hour. CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

AS it was not probable, that the lady could give ſo particular an account of her own confuſion, in the affecting ſcene ſhe mentions on Mr. Lovelace's offering himſelf to her acceptance; the following extracts are made from his letter of the above date.

AND now, Belford, what wilt thou ſay, if like the fly buzzing about the bright taper, I had like to have ſinged the ſilken wings of my liberty? Never was man in greater danger of being caught

caught in his own ſnares: all my views anticipated; all my ſchemes untried; the admirable creature not brought to town; nor one effort made to know if ſhe be really angel or woman.

I offered myſelf to her acceptance, with a ſuddenneſs, 'tis true, that gave her no time to wrap herſelf in reſerves; and in terms *leſs tender* than *fervent*, tending to upbraid her for her paſt indifference, and to remind her of her injunctions; for it was the fear of her brother, not her love of me, that had inclined her to diſpenſe with thoſe injunctions.

I never beheld ſo ſweet a confuſion. What a glory to the pencil, could it do juſtice to it, and to the mingled impatience which viſibly informed every feature of the moſt meaning and moſt beautiful face in the world! She hemmed twice or thrice: her look, now ſo charmingly ſilly, then ſo ſweetly ſignificant; till at laſt the lovely teazer, teazed by my heſitating expectation of her anſwer, out of all power of articulate ſpeech, burſt into tears, and was turning from me with precipitation, when, preſuming to fold her in my happy arms—'O 'think not, beſt beloved of my heart,' ſaid I, 'think not, that this motion, 'which you may believe to be ſo con'trary to your *former injunctions*, pro'ceeds from a deſign to avail myſelf of 'the cruelty of your relations: if I have '*diſobliged* you by it, (and you know 'with what *reſpectful tenderneſs* I have 'preſumed to hint it) it ſhall be my ut'moſt care for the future——' There I ſtopt.

Then ſhe ſpoke; but with vexation—'I am—I am—*very* unhappy!'—Tears trickling down her crimſon cheeks; and her ſweet face, as my arms ſtill encircled the fineſt waiſt in the world, ſinking upon my ſhoulder; the dear creature ſo abſent that ſhe knew not the honour ſhe permitted me.

'But why, but why unhappy, my 'deareſt life?' ſaid I—'All the grati'tude that ever overflowed the heart of 'the moſt obliged of men—'

Juſtice to myſelf there ſtopped my mouth: for what *gratitude* did I owe her for obligations ſo involuntary?

Then recovering herſelf, and her uſual reſerves, and ſtruggling to free herſelf from my claſping arms, 'How 'now, Sir!' ſaid ſhe, with a cheek more indignantly glowing, and eyes of a fiercer luſtre.

I gave way to her angry ſtruggle; but, abſolutely overcome by ſo charming a diſplay of innocent confuſion, I caught hold of her hand as ſhe was flying from me; and kneeling at her feet, 'O my 'angel!' ſaid I, (quite deſtitute of reſerve, and hardly knowing the tenor of my own ſpeech; and had a parſon been there, I had certainly been a gone man) 'receive the vows of your faithful Love'lace. Make him yours, and only yours, 'for ever. This will anſwer every end. 'Who will dare to form plots and ſtra'tagems againſt my wife? That you are 'not ſo, is the ground of all their fooliſh 'attempts, and of their inſolent hopes 'in Solmes's favour.—O be mine!—I 'beſeech you (thus on my knee I *beſeech* 'you) to be mine. We ſhall then have 'all the world with us. And every-body 'will applaud an event that every-body 'expects.'

Was the devil in me! I no more intended all this extatick nonſenſe, than I thought the ſame moment of flying in the air! All power is with this charming creature. It is I, not ſhe, at this rate, that muſt fail in the arduous trial.

Didſt thou ever before hear of a man uttering ſolemn things by an involuntary impulſe, in defiance of premeditation, and of all his proud ſchemes? But this ſweet creature is able to make a man forego every purpoſe of his heart that is not favourable to her. And I verily think I ſhould be inclined to ſpare her all further trial, [And yet what trial has ſhe had?] were it not for the contention that her vigilance has ſet on foot, *which* ſhall overcome the *other*. Thou knoweſt my generoſity to my uncontending Roſebud—And ſometimes do I qualify my ardent aſpirations after even this very fine creature, by this reflection—That the moſt charming woman on earth, were ſhe an empreſs, can excel the meaneſt, in the cuſtomary viſibles only.—Such is the equality of the diſpenſation, to the prince and the peaſant, in this prime gift, WOMAN.

Well, but what was the reſult of this involuntary impulſe on my part?—Wouldſt thou not think, I was taken at my offer?—An offer ſo ſolemnly made, and on one knee too?

No ſuch thing!—The pretty trifler let me off as eaſily as I could have wiſhed.

Her brother's project; and to find, that there were no hopes of a reconciliation for her; and the apprehenſion ſhe had of the miſchiefs that might enſue—Theſe, not *my offer*, nor *love of me*, were the cauſes to which ſhe aſcribed all her ſweet confuſion—An *aſcription* that is high treaſon againſt my ſovereign pride—To make marriage with *me*, but a ſe-

cond-place refuge; and as good as to tell me, that her confusion was owing to her concern that there were no hopes that my enemies would accept of her intended offer to renounce a man who had ventured his life for her, and was still ready to run the same risque in her behalf!

I re-urged her to make me happy—But I was to be postponed to her cousin Morden's arrival. On him are now placed all her hopes.

I raved; but to no purpose.

Another letter was to be sent, or had been sent, to her aunt Hervey; to which she hoped an answer.

Yet sometimes I think, that fainter and fainter would have been her procrastinations, had I been a man of courage —*But so fearful was I of offending!*

A confounded thing! The man to be so bashful; the woman to want so much courting!—How shall two such come together; no kind mediatress in the way?

But I must be contented. It is seldom, however, that a love *so ardent* as mine meets with a spirit *so resigned* in the *same person*. But true love, I am now convicted, only wishes: nor has it any active will but that of the adored object.

But, O the charming creature, again of herself to mention London! Had Singleton's plot been of *my own contriving*, a more happy expedient could not have been thought of to induce her to resume her purpose of going thither; nor can I divine what could be her reason for postponing it.

I inclose the letter from Joseph Leman, which I mentioned to thee in mine of Monday last, with my answer to it. I cannot resist the vanity that urges me to the communication. Otherwise, it were better, perhaps, that I suffer thee to imagine, that this lady's stars fight against her, and dispense the opportunities in my favour which are only the consequences of my own superlative invention.

LETTER XLIII.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ. HIS HONNER.

SAT. APRIL 15.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONNER,

THIS is to let your honner kno', as how I have been employed in a bisness I would have been excused from, if so be I could, for it is to gitt evidense from a young man, who has of late com'd out to be my cuzzen by my grandmother's side; and but lately come to live in these partes, about a very vile thing, as younge master calls it, relating to your honner. God forbid I should call it so without your leafe. It is not for so plane a man as I be, to tacks my betters. It is consarning one Miss Batirton, of Notingam; a very pritty crature, belike.

Your honner got her away, it seems, by a false letter to her, macking believe as howe her she cuzzen that she derely loved, was coming to see her; and was tacken ill upon the rode: and so Miss Batirton set out in a chase, and one sarvant, to set her cuzzen from the inne where she laid sick, as she thote: and the sarvant was tricked, and braute back the chase; but Miss Batirton was not harde of for a month, or so. And when it came to passe, that her friends founde her oute, and would have prossekutid your honner, your honner was gone abroad: and so she was broute to-bed, as one may say, before your honner's return: and she got colde in her lyin-inn, and languitched, and soon died: and the child is living; but your honner never troubles your honner's hedd about it in the least. And this and some such other matters of verry bad reporte, Squier Solmes was to tell my young lady of, if so be she would have harde him speke, before we lost her sweet company, as I may say, from heere.

I hope your honner will excuse me But I was forsed to tell all I harde, because they had my cuzzen in to them, and he would have said he had tolde me: so could not be melely-mouthed, for fere to be blone up, and plese your honner.

Your honner helped me to many ugly stories to tell against your honner to my younge master, and younge mistriss; but did not tell me about this.

I most humbelly beseeche your honner to be good and kinde and sethful to my dearest younge lady, now you have her; or I shall brake my harte for having done some dedes that have helped to bring things to this passe. Pray youre dere good honner, be just! Pravey do!—As God shall love ye! pravey do!—I cannot write no more for this present, for verry fear and grief.

But now I cumm'd to my writing agen, will your honner be pleased to tell me, if as how there be any danger to your honner's life from this bisness; for my cuzzen is actlie hier'd to go down to Miss Batirton's frendes, to see if they will stir in it: for you must kno' your honner,

honner, as how he lived in the Batirton family at the time, and could be a good evidenſe, and all that.

I hope it was not ſo verry bad, as Titus ſays it was; for he ſes as how there was a rape in the caſe betwixt you *at furſte*, and pleſe your honner; and my cuzzen Titus is a very honiſt younge man as ever brocke bred. This is his carackter; and this made me willinger to owne him for my relation, when we came to talck.

If there ſhould be danger of your honner's life, I hope your honner will not be hanged like as one of us common men; only have your hedd cut off, or ſo: and yet it is pity ſuch a hedd ſhould be loſſed: but if as how it ſhoulde be proſſekutid to that furr, which God forbid, be pleſed, natheleſs, to thinck of youre feithful Joſeph Leman, before your hedd be condemned; for after condemnation, as I have been told, all will be the king's or the ſhreeve's.

I thote as how it was beſt to acquent your honner of this; and for you to let me kno' if I could do any-thing to ſarve your honner, and prevent miſchief with my cuzzen Titus, on his coming back from Nottingam, before he mackes his reporte.

I have gin him a hint already: 'For 'what,' as I ſed to him, 'cuzzen Titus, 'ſignifies ſtirring up the coles, and mack-'ing of ſtrife, to make rich gentilfolkes 'live at varience, and to be cutting of 'throtes, and ſuch-like?'

'Very trewe,' ſed little Titus. And this and pleſe your honner gis me hopes of him, if ſo be your honner gis me direction; ſen', as God kno'es, I have a poor, a verry poor invenſhon; only a willing mind to prevent miſchief, that is the chief of my aim, and always was, I bleſs my God! — Els I could have made much miſchief in my time; as indeed any ſarvant may. Your honner, natheleſs, praiſes my invenſhon every now-and-then: alas! and pleſe your honner, what invenſhon ſhould ſuche a plane man as I have?—But when your honner ſets me agoing by *your* fine invenſhon, I can do well enuff. And I am ſure I have a hearty good-will to deſerve your honner's faver, if I mought.

Two days, as I may ſay, off and on, have I been writing this long letter. And yet I have not ſed all I would ſay. For, be it knone unto your honner, as how I do not like that Capten Singelton, which I told you of *in my two laſt letters*. He is always laying his hedd and my young maſter's hedd together; and I ſuſpect much if ſo be ſome miſchief is not going on between them: and ſtill the more, as becauſe my eldeſt young lady ſemes to be joined to them ſometimes.

Laſt week my young maſter ſed before my faſe, '*My harte's blood boils over,* '*Capten Singelton, for revenge upon this——*' And he called your honner by a name it is not for ſuch a won as me to ſay what. Capten Singelton whiſpered my younge maſter, being I was by. So younge maſter ſed, '*You may ſay any-thing befor* '*Joſeph; for althoff he looks ſo ſcallie, he* '*has as good a harte, and as good a hedd* '*as any ſarvant in the worlde nede to have.*' My conſcience touched me juſt then. But why ſhoulde it? when all I do is to prevent miſcheff; and ſeing your honner has ſo much patience, which younge maſter has not; ſo am not affeard of telling your honner any-thing whatſomever.

And furthermore, I have ſuche a deſire to deſarve your honner's bounty to me, as mackes me let nothing paſs I can tell you of, to prevent harm: and toobeſides your honner's goodneſs about the Blew Bore; which I have ſo good an accounte of!—I am ſure I ſhall be bounden to bleſs your honner the longeſt day I have to live.

And then the Blew Bore is not all neither; ſen', and pleſe your honner, the pretty Sowe (God forgive me for geſting in ſo ſerus a matter) runs in my hedd likewiſe. I believe I ſhall love her maymap more than your honner would have me; for ſhe begins to be kind and good-humered, and liſtens, and pleſe your honner, licke as *if ſhe was among beans*, when I talke about the Blew Bore, and all that.

Prayey your honner forgive the geſting of a poor plane man. We common fokes have our joys, and pleſe your honner, lick as our betters have; and if we be ſometimes ſnubbed, we can find our underlings to ſnub them agen; and if not, we can get a wife mayhap, and ſnub her: ſo are maſters ſome how or other ourſells.

But how I try your honner's patience! —Sarvants will ſhew their joyful hartes, tho' off but in partinens, when encouredg'd.

Be pleſed from the prems's to let me kno' if as how I can be put upon any ſarvice to ſarve your honner, and to ſarve my deereſt younge lady; which God grant! For I begin to be affeard for her, hearing what peple talck—To

be ſure your honner will not do her no *harum*, as a man may ſay. But I kno' your honner muſt be good to ſo wonderous a younge lady. How can you help it!—But herre my conſcience ſmites me, that *but for ſome of my ſtories, which your honner taute me, my old maſter and my old lady, and the two old ſquires, would not have been able to be half ſo hard harted as they be. for all what my young maſter and young miſtreſs ſayes.*

And here is the ſad thing; they cannot come to clere up matters with my deereſt young lady, becauſe, as *your honner has ordered it*, they have theſe ſtories as if bribed by me out of your honner's ſarvant; which muſt not be known for fere you ſhould kill'n and me too, and blacken the briber!—Ah! your honner!—I dout as that I am a very vild fellow, (Lord bleſs my ſoul, I pray God) and did not intend it.

But if my deereſt young lady ſhould come to harm and pleſe your honner, the horſepond at the Blew Bore—But Lord preſerve us all from all bad miſchieff, and all bad ends, I pray the Lord!—For tho'ſi your honner is kinde to me in worldly pelff, yet *what ſhall a man get to loos his ſoul*, as Holy Skritture ſays, and pleſe your honner?

But, natheleſs, I am in hope of reppentence hereafter, being but a younge man, if I do wrong thro' ignorens; your honner being a great man, and a great wit; and I a poor crature, not worthy notice; and your honner able to anſwer for all. But, howſomever, I am *your honner's feithful ſarvant in all dowtie*,

JOSEPH LEMAN.

APRIL 15 AND 16.

LETTER XLIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOSEPH LEMAN.

MONDAY, APRIL 17.

HONEST JOSEPH,

YOU have a worſe opinion of your invention than you ought to have. I muſt praiſe it again. Of a plain man's head, I have not known many better than yours. How often have your foreca ſt and diſcretion anſwered my wiſhes in caſes which I could not foreſee, not knowing how my general directions would ſucceed, or what might happen in the execution of them! You are too doubtful of your own abilities, honeſt Joſeph; that's your fault. But it being a fault that is owing to natural *modeſty*, you ought rather to be *pitied* for it than *blamed*.

The affair of Miſs Betterton was a youthful frolick. I love dearly to exerciſe my invention. I do aſſure you, Joſeph, that I have ever had more pleaſure in my contrivances, than in the end of them. I am no ſenſual man; but a man of ſpirit—One woman is like another—*You underſtand me, Joſeph*——In courſing all the ſport is made by the winding hare. A barn-door chick is better eating. *Now you take me, Joſeph.*

Miſs Betterton was but a tradeſman's daughter. The family, indeed, were grown rich, and aimed at a new line of gentry; and were unreaſonable enough to expect a man of my family would marry her. I was honeſt. I gave the young lady no hope of that; for ſhe put it to me. She reſented: kept up, and was kept up. A little innocent contrivance was neceſſary to get her out—But no rape in the caſe, I aſſure you, Joſeph—She loved me: I loved her. Indeed, when I got her to the inn, I aſked her no queſtions. It is cruel to aſk a modeſt woman for her conſent. It is creating difficulties to both. Had not her friends been officious, I had been conſtant and faithful to her to this day, as far as I know—For then I had not known my angel.

I went not abroad upon *her* account. She loved me too well, to have appeared againſt me. She refuſed to ſign a paper they had drawn up for her, to found a proſecution upon. and the brutal creatures would not permit the midwife's aſſiſtance, till her life was in danger; and I believe to this her death was owing.

I went into mourning for her, though abroad at the time. A diſtinction I have ever paid to thoſe worthy creatures who died in childbed by me.

I was ever nice in my loves. Theſe were the rules I laid down to myſelf on my entrance into active life: To ſet the mother above want, if her friends were cruel, and if I could not get her a huſband worthy of her: to ſhun common women; a piece of juſtice I owed to innocent ladies, as well as to myſelf: to marry off a former miſtreſs, if poſſible, before I took to a new one: to maintain a lady handſomely in her lying-in: to provide for the little one, if it lived, according to the degree of it's mother: to go into mourning for the mother, if ſhe died. And the promiſe of this was a great comfort to the pretty dears, as they grew near their times.

All my errors, all my expences, have been with and upon women. So I could acquit my conſcience, (acting thus honourably

nourably by them) as well as my diſcretion, as to point of fortune.

All men love women: and find me a man of more honour in theſe points, if you can, Joſeph.

No wonder the ſex love me as they do!

But *now* I am ſtrictly virtuous. I am reformed. So I have been for a long, long time: reſolving to marry, as ſoon as I can prevail upon the moſt admirable of women to have me. I think of nobody elſe: it is impoſſible I ſhould. I have ſpared very pretty girls for her ſake. Very true, Joſeph! So ſet your honeſt heart at reſt—You ſee the pains I take to ſatisfy your qualms.

But as to Miſs Betterton—No rape in the caſe I repeat. Rapes are unnatural things: and more *are* than are imagined, Joſeph. I ſhould be loth to be put to ſuch a ſtreight. I never was. Miſs Betterton was taken from me againſt her own will. In that caſe, her friends, not I, committed the rape.

I have contrived to ſee the boy twice, unknown to the aunt, who takes care of him; loves him; and would not now part with him, on any conſideration. The boy is a fine boy, I thank God. No father need be aſhamed of him. He will be well provided for. If not, I would take care of him. He will have his mother's fortune. They curſe the father, ungrateful wretches! but bleſs the boy—Upon the whole, there is nothing vile in this matter on my ſide; a great deal on the Bettertons.

Wherefore, Joſeph, be not thou in pain, either for *my* head, or for *thy* own neck; nor for the Blue Boar; nor for the pretty Sow.

I love your jeſting. Jeſting better becomes a poor man, than qualms.—I love to have you jeſt. All we ſay, all we do, all we wiſh for, is a jeſt. He that makes life itſelf not ſo, is a ſad fellow, and has the worſt of it.

I doubt not, Joſeph, but you have had your joys, as you ſay, as well as your betters. May you have more and more, honeſt Joſeph!—He that grudges a poor man joy, ought to have none himſelf. Jeſt on, therefore: jeſting, I repeat, better becomes thee than qualms.

I had no *need* to tell you of Miſs Betterton: did I not furniſh you with ſtories enough without hers, againſt myſelf, to augment your credit with your cunning maſters? Beſides, I was loth to mention Miſs Betterton, her friends being all living, and in credit. I loved her too; for ſhe was taken from me by her cruel friends while our joys were young.

But enough of dear Miſs Betterton. *Dear*, I ſay; for death *endears*.—Reſt to her worthy ſoul!—There, Joſeph, off went a deep ſigh to the memory of Miſs Betterton!

As to the journey of little Titus, (I now recollect the fellow by his name) let that take its courſe: a lady dying in child-bed eighteen months ago; no proceſs begun in her life-time; refuſing herſelf to give evidence againſt me while ſhe lived—Pretty circumſtances to found an indictment for a rape upon!

As to your young lady, the ever-admirable Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, I always courted her for a wife. Others rather expected marriage from the vanity of their own hearts, than from my promiſes. For I was always careful of what I promiſed. You know, Joſeph, that I have gone beyond my promiſes to *you*. I do to every-body: and why? Becauſe it is the beſt way of ſhewing, that I have no grudging or narrow ſpirit. A promiſe is an obligation. *A juſt man will keep his promiſe. A generous man will go beyond it.* This is my rule.

If you doubt my honour to your young lady, it is more than ſhe does. She would not ſtay with me an hour if ſhe did. Mine is the ſteadieſt heart in the world. Haſt thou not reaſon to think it ſo?—Why this ſqueamiſhneſs then, honeſt Joſeph?

But it is becauſe thou *art* honeſt: ſo I forgive thee. Whoever loves my divine Clariſſa, loves me.

Let James Harlowe call me what names he will. For his ſiſter's ſake I will bear them. Do not be concerned for me. Her favour will make me rich amends. His own vilely malicious heart will make his blood *boil over* at any time: and when it does, thinkeſt thou that I will let it touch my conſcience?—And if not *mine*, why ſhould it touch *thine*? Ah! Joſeph, Joſeph! what a fooliſh teazer is thy conſcience!—Such a conſcience, as gives a plain man trouble, when he intends to do for the beſt, is weakneſs, not conſcience.

But ſay what thou wilt, write all thou knoweſt or heareſt of, to me: I'll have patience with every-body. Why ſhould I not, when it is as much the deſire of my heart, as it is of thine, to prevent miſchief?

So now, Joſeph, having taken all this pains to ſatisfy thy conſcience, and anſwer all thy doubts, and to baniſh all thy fears; let me come to a *new point*.

Your endeavours and mine, which were

were deſigned, *by round-about ways*, to reconcile all, even againſt the wills of the moſt obſtinate, have not, we ſee, anſwered the end we hoped they would anſwer; but, on the contrary, have widened the unhappy differences between our families. But this has not been either your fault or mine: it is owing to the black pitch-like blood of your venomous-hearted young maſter, *boiling over*, as he owns, that our honeſt wiſhes have hitherto been fruſtrated.

Yet we muſt proceed in the ſame courſe: we ſhall tire them out in time, and they will propoſe terms; and when they do, they ſhall find how reaſonable mine ſhall be, little as they deſerve from me.

Perſevere therefore, Joſeph; honeſt Joſeph, perſevere; and, unlikely as you may imagine the means, our deſires will be at laſt obtained.

We have nothing for it now, but to go through with our work in the way we have begun. For ſince (as I told you in my laſt) my beloved miſtruſts you, ſhe will blow you up, if ſhe be *not* mine. If ſhe *be*, I can and will protect you; and as, if there will be any fault, in her opinion, it will be rather mine than yours, ſhe *muſt* forgive you, and keep her huſband's ſecrets, for the ſake of his reputation: elſe ſhe will be guilty of a great failure in her duty. So now, you have ſet your hand to the plough, Joſeph, there is no looking back.

And what is the conſequence of all this? One labour more, and that will be all that will fall to your lot; at leaſt, of conſequence.

My beloved is reſolved not to think of marriage till ſhe has tried to move her friends to a reconciliation with her. You know they are determined not to be reconciled. She has it in her head, I doubt not, to make me ſubmit to the people I hate; and if I did, they would rather inſult me, than receive my condeſcenſion as they ought. She even owns, that ſhe will renounce me, if they inſiſt upon it, provided they will give up Solmes! So, to all appearance, I am ſtill as far as ever from the happineſs of calling her mine: indeed I am more likely than ever to loſe her; (if I cannot contrive ſome way to avail myſelf of the preſent critical ſituation) and then, Joſeph, all I have been ſtudying, and all you have been doing, will ſignify nothing.

At the place where we are, we cannot long be private. The lodgings are inconvenient for us, while both together, and while ſhe refuſes to marry. She wants to get me at a diſtance from her. There are extraordinary convenient lodgings in my eye in London, where we could be private, and all miſchief avoided. When *there*, (if I *get* her thither) ſhe will inſiſt, that I ſhall leave her. Miſs Howe is for ever putting her upon contrivances. That, you know, is the reaſon I have been obliged, by your means, to play the family off at Harlowe Place upon Mrs. Howe, and Mrs. Howe upon her daughter—Ah! Joſeph! —Little need for your fears for my angel: *I* only am in danger—But were I the free liver I am reported to be, all this could I get over with a wet finger, as the ſaying is.

But, by the help of one of your hints, I have thought of an expedient which will do every-thing; and raiſe your reputation, though already ſo high, higher ſtill. This Singleton, I hear, is a fellow who loves enterprizing: the view he has to get James Harlowe to be his principal owner in a larger veſſel which he wants to be put into command of, may be the ſubject of their preſent cloſe converſation. But ſince he is taught to have ſo good an opinion of you, Joſeph, cannot you (ſtill pretending an abhorrence of me, and of my contrivances) propoſe to Singleton to propoſe to James Harlowe (who ſo much thirſts for revenge upon me) to aſſiſt him with his whole ſhip's crew, upon occaſion, to carry off his ſiſter to Leith, where both have houſes, or elſewhere?

You may tell them, that if this can be effected, it will make me raving mad; and bring your young lady into all their meaſures.

You can inform them, *as from my ſervant*, of the diſtance ſhe keeps me at, in hopes of procuring her father's forgiveneſs, by cruelly giving me up, if inſiſted upon.

You can tell them, that as the only ſecret my ſervant has kept from you, is, the place we are in, you make no doubt, that a two-guinea bribe will bring that out, and alſo an information when I ſhall be at a diſtance from her, that the enterprize may be conducted with ſafety.

You may tell them, (ſtill as from my ſervant) that we are about removing from inconvenient lodgings to others more convenient; (which is true) and that I muſt be often abſent from her.

If they liſten to your propoſal, you will promote your intereſt with Betty, by telling it to her as a ſecret. Betty will tell Arabella of it. Arabella will be

be overjoyed at any-thing that will help forward her revenge upon me; and will reveal it (if her brother do not) to her uncle Antony. He probably will whiſper it to Mrs. Howe. She can keep nothing from her daughter, though they are always jangling. Her daughter will acquaint my beloved with it. And if it will not, or if it will, come to my ears from ſome of thoſe, you can write it to me, as in confidence, by way of preventing miſchief; which is the ſtudy of us both.

I can then ſhew it to my beloved. Then will ſhe be for placing a greater confidence in me. That will convince me of her love, which now I am ſometimes ready to doubt. She will be for haſtening to the ſafer lodgings. I ſhall have a pretence to ſtay about her perſon, as a guard. She will be convinced, that there is no expectation to be had of a reconciliation. You can give James Harlowe and Singleton continual falſe ſcents, as I ſhall direct you; ſo that no miſchief can poſſibly happen.

And what will be the happy, happy, thrice happy conſequence?—The lady will be mine in an honourable way. We ſhall all be friends in good time. The two guineas will be an agreeable addition *to the many gratuities I have helped you to by the like contrivances from this ſtingy family*. Your reputation, both for head and heart, as I hinted before, will be heightened. The Blue Boar will alſo be yours. Nor ſhall you have the leaſt difficulty about raiſing money to buy the ſtock, if it be worth your while to have it.

Betty will likewiſe then be yours. You have both ſaved money, it ſeems. The whole Harlowe family, whom you have ſo faithfully ſerved, ['Tis ſerving them, ſurely, to prevent the miſchief which their violent ſon would have brought upon them] will throw you in ſomewhat towards houſekeeping. I will ſtill add to your ſtore. So nothing but happineſs before you!

Crow, Joſeph, crow! A dunghill of thy own in view: ſervants to ſnub at thy pleaſure. A wife to quarrel with, or to love as thy humour leads thee: *landlord* and *landlady* at every word. To be paid, inſtead of paying, for thy eating and drinking. But not thus happy only in thyſelf; happy in promoting peace and reconciliation between two good families, in the long run; without hurting any Chriſtian ſoul. O Joſeph, honeſt Joſeph! what envy wilt thou raiſe! —And who would be ſqueamiſh with ſuch proſpects before him!

This one labour, I repeat, crowns the work. If you can get but ſuch a deſign entertained by them, whether they proſecute it, or not, it will be equally to the purpoſe of *your loving friend*, R. LOVELACE.

LETTER XLV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. HERVEY.

[INCLOSED IN HER LAST TO MISS HOWE.]

THURSDAY, APRIL 20.

HONOURED MADAM,

HAVING not had the favour of an anſwer to a letter I took the liberty to write to you on the 14th, I am in ſome hopes that it may have miſcarried; for I had much rather it ſhould, than to have the mortification to think that my aunt Hervey deemed me unworthy of the honour of her notice.

In this hope, having kept a copy of it, and not being able to expreſs myſelf in terms better ſuited to the unhappy circumſtances of things, I tranſcribe and incloſe what I then wrote. And I humbly beſeech you to favour the contents of it with your intereſt.

Hitherto it is in my power to perform what I undertake for in this letter; and it would be very grievous to me to be precipitated upon meaſures, which may render the deſirable reconciliation more difficult.

If, Madam, I were permitted to write to you with the hopes of being anſwered, I could clear my intention with regard to the ſtep I have taken, although I could not perhaps acquit myſelf to ſome of my ſevereſt judges, of an imprudence previous to it. You, I am ſure, would pity me, if you knew all I could ſay, and how miſerable I am in the forfeiture of the good opinion of all my friends.

I flatter myſelf, that *their* favour is yet retrievable. But whatever be the determination at Harlowe Place, do not *you*, my deareſt aunt, deny me the favour of a few lines, to inform me if there can be any hope of a reconciliation upon terms leſs ſhocking than thoſe heretofore endeavoured to be impoſed upon me; or if (which God forbid!) I am to be for ever reprobated.

At leaſt, my dear aunt, procure for me the juſtice of my wearing apparel, and the little money and other things which I wrote to my ſiſter for, and mention in the incloſed to you; that I may not be deſtitute of common con-

venience

veniences, or be under a neceſſity to owe an obligation for ſuch, where (at preſent, however) I would leaſt of all owe it.

Allow me to ſay, that had I *deſigned* what happened, I might (as to the money and jewels at leaſt) have ſaved myſelf ſome of the mortifications which I have ſuffered, and which I ſtill further apprehend, if my requeſt be not complied with.

If you are permitted to encourage an eclairciſſement of what I hint, I will open my whole heart to you, and inform you of every-thing.

If it be any pleaſure to have me mortified, be pleaſed to let it be known, that I am extremely mortified: and yet it is *entirely* from my own reflections that I am ſo; having nothing to find fault with, in the behaviour of the perſon from whom every evil was apprehended.

The bearer having buſineſs your way, will bring me your anſwer on Saturday morning, if you favour me according to my hopes. I knew not that I ſhould have this opportunity till I had written the above,

I am, my deareſt aunt, *your ever-dutiful* CL. HARLOWE.

Be pleaſed to direct for me, if I am to be favoured with a few lines, 'To be left at Mr. Oſgood's, near 'Soho Square,' and nobody ſhall ever know of your goodneſs to me, if you deſire it to be kept a ſecret.

LETTER XLVI.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22.

I Cannot for my life account for your wretch's teazing ways. But he certainly doubts your love of him. In this *he* is a *modeſt* man, as well as *ſomebody* elſe; and tacitly confeſſes, that he does not deſerve it.

Your Iſraelitiſh hankerings after the Egyptian onion; (teſtified ſtill more in your letter to your aunt) your often-repeated regrets for meeting him; for being betrayed away by him—Theſe he cannot bear.

I have been looking back on the whole of his conduct, and comparing it with his general character; and find that he is more *conſiſtently*, more *uniformly*, mean, revengeful, and proud, than either of us once imagined.

From his cradle, as I may ſay, as an *only child*, and a *boy*, humourſome, ſpoiled, miſchievous; the governor of his governors.

A libertine in his riper years, hardly regardful of appearances; and deſpiſing the ſex in general, for the faults of particulars of it, who made themſelves too cheap to him.

What has been his behaviour in your family, a CLARISSA in view, (from the time your fooliſh brother was obliged to take a life from him) but defiance for defiances?—Getting you into his power by terror, by artifice. What politeneſs can be expected from ſuch a man?

Well, but what in ſuch a ſituation is to be done? Why, you muſt deſpiſe him: you muſt hate him—if you can—and run away from him—But whither? Whither indeed, now that your brother is laying fooliſh plots to put you in a ſtill worſe condition, as it may happen?

But if you cannot deſpiſe and hate him; if you care not to break with him; you muſt part with ſome punctilios, and if the ſo doing bring not on the ſolemnity, you muſt put yourſelf into the protection of the ladies of his family.

Their reſpect for you is of itſelf a ſecurity for his honour to you, if there could be any room for doubt. And at leaſt you ſhould remind him of his offer to bring one of the Miſs Montagues to attend you at your new lodgings in town, and accompany you till all is happily over.

This, you'll ſay, will be as good as *declaring* yourſelf to be his *And ſo let it*. You ought not now to think of anything elſe but to be *his*. Does not your brother's project convince you more and more of this?

Give over then, my deareſt friend, any thoughts of this hopeleſs reconciliation, *which has kept you balancing thus long*. You own, in the letter before me, that he made very explicit offers, though you give me not the very words. And he gave his reaſons, I perceive, with his wiſhes, that you ſhould accept them: which very few of the ſorry fellows do; whoſe plea is generally but a compliment to our ſelf-love—*That we muſt love them*, however preſumptuous and unworthy, *becauſe they love us*.

Were I in *your place*, and had *your* charming delicacies, I ſhould, perhaps, do as you do. No doubt but I ſhould expect that the man ſhould urge me with reſpectful warmth; that he ſhould ſup-

plicate

plicate with conſtancy, and that all his words and actions ſhould tend to the one principal point—Nevertheleſs, if I ſuſpected art or delay, founded upon his doubts of my love, I would either condeſcend to clear up his doubts or renounce him for ever.

And in this laſt caſe, I, your Anna Howe, would exert myſelf, and either find you a private refuge, or reſolve to ſhare fortunes with you.

What a wretch, to be ſo eaſily anſwered by your reference to the arrival of your couſin Morden! But I am afraid that you was too ſcrupulous:—for did he not reſent that reference?

Could we have *his* account of the matter, I fancy, my dear, I ſhould think you over-nice, over-delicate. Had you laid hold of his *acknowledged* explicitneſs, he would have been as much in *your* power, as now you ſeem to be in *his*—You wanted not to be told, that the perſon who had been tricked into ſuch a ſtep as you had taken, muſt of neceſſity ſubmit to many mortifications.

But were it to *me*, a girl of ſpirit as I am thought to be, I do aſſure you, I would in a quarter of an hour (all the time I would allow to punctilio in ſuch a caſe as yours) know what he drives at: ſince either he muſt mean *well* or *ill*. If *ill*, the ſooner you know it, the better. If *well*, whoſe modeſty is it he diſtreſſes, but that of his own wife?

And meth'nks you ſhould endeavour to avoid all exaſperating recriminations, as to what you have heard of his failure in morals; eſpecially while you are ſo happy, as not to have occaſion to ſpeak of them by experience.

I grant, that it gives a worthy mind ſome ſatisfaction in having borne it's teſtimony againſt the immoralities of a bad one. But that correction which is unſeaſonably given, is more likely either to harden or make an hypocrite, than to reclaim.

I am pleaſed, however, as well as you, with his making light of your brother's *wiſe* project.—Poor creature! and muſt Maſter Jemmy Harlowe, with his half wit, pretend to plot, and contrive miſchief, yet rail at Lovelace for the ſame things?—A witty villain deſerves hanging at once; (and without ceremony if you pleaſe) but a half-witted one deſerves broken bones firſt, and hanging afterwards. I think Lovelace has given his character in few words.

Be angry at me, if you pleaſe; but as ſure as you are alive, now that this poor creature, whom ſome call your brother, finds he has ſucceeded in making you fly your father's houſe, and that he has nothing to fear but your getting into your *own*, and into an independence of him, he thinks himſelf equal to any-thing, and ſo has a mind to fight Lovelace with his own weapons.

Don't you remember his pragmatical triumph, as told you by your aunt, and prided in by that ſaucy Betty Barnes, from his own fooliſh mouth?

I expect nothing from your letter to your aunt. I hope Lovelace will never know the contents of it. In every-one of yours, I ſee that he as warmly reſents as he dares, the little confidence you have in him. I ſhould reſent it too, were I he; and knew I deſerved better.

Don't be ſcrupulous about cloaths, if you think of putting yourſelf into the protection of the ladies of his family. They know how matters ſtand between you and your relations, and love you never the worſe for the ſilly peoples cruelty.

I know you won't demand poſſeſſion of your eſtate. But give *him* a right to demand it for you; and that will be ſtill better.

Adieu, my dear! May Heaven guide and direct you in all your ſteps, is the daily prayer of *your ever-affectionate and faithful*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLVII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

THOU, Lovelace, haſt been long the *entertainer*; I the *entertained*. Nor have I been ſolicitous to animadvert, as thou wenteſt along, upon thy inventions, and their tendency. For I believed, that with all thy airs, the unequalled perfections and fine qualities of this lady would always be her protection and ſecurity. But now, that I find, thou haſt ſo far ſucceeded, as to induce her to come to town, and to chuſe her lodgings in a houſe, the people of which will too probably damp and ſuppreſs any honourable motions which may ariſe in thy mind in her favour, I cannot help writing: and that profeſſedly in her behalf.

My inducements to this are not owing to virtue: but if they *were*, what hope could I have of affecting thee, by pleas ariſing from it?

Nor would ſuch a man as thou art be deterred; were I to remind thee of the vengeance which thou mayeſt one day expect,

expeſt, if thou inſulteſt a woman of her character, family, and fortune.

Neither are gratitude and honour motives to be mentioned in a woman's favour, to men, ſuch as we are, who conſider all thoſe of the ſex as fair prize, over whom we can obtain a power. For *our honour*, and *honour* in the *general acceptation* of the word, are two things.

What then is my motive?—What, but the true friendſhip that I bear thee, Lovelace; which makes me plead *thy own ſake*, and *thy family's ſake*, in the juſtice thou oweſt to this incomparable creature; who, however, ſo well deſerves to have *her ſake* to be mentioned as the principal conſideration.

Laſt time I was at M. Hall, thy noble uncle ſo earneſtly preſſed me to uſe my intereſt to perſuade thee to enter the pale, and gave me ſo many family reaſons for it that I could not help engaging myſelf heartily on his ſide of the queſtion; and the rather as I knew, that thy own intentions with regard to this fine woman were then worthy of *her*. And of this I aſſured his lordſhip; who was half-afraid of thee, becauſe of the ill uſage thou receiveſt from her family. But now, that the caſe is altered, let me preſs the matter home to thee from other conſiderations.

By what I have heard of this lady's perfections from every mouth, as well as from thine, and from every letter thou haſt written, where wilt thou find ſuch another woman? And why ſhouldſt thou tempt her virtue?—Why ſhouldſt thou wiſh to try where there is no reaſon to doubt!

Were I in thy caſe, and deſigned to marry, and if I preferred a woman as I know thou doſt this, to all the women in the world, I ſhould dread to make further trial, knowing what *we* know of the ſex, for *fear* of ſucceeding; and eſpecially if I doubted not, that if there were a woman in the world virtuous at heart, it is ſhe.

And let me tell thee, Lovelace, that in this lady's ſituation, the trial is not a fair trial. Conſidering the depths of thy plots and contrivances; conſidering the opportunities which I ſee thou muſt have with her, in ſpite of her own heart; all her relations follies acting in concert, though unknown to themſelves, with thy wicked ſcheming head; conſidering how deſtitute of protection ſhe is; conſidering the houſe ſhe is to be in, where ſhe will be ſurrounded with thy implements; *ſpecious*, *well-bred*, and *genteel* creatures, not eaſily to be detected when they are diſpoſed to preſerve appearances, eſpecially by the young, unexperienced lady wholly unacquainted with the town: conſidering all theſe things, I ſay, what glory, what cauſe of triumph, wilt thou have, if ſhe ſhould be overcome?—Thou, too, a man born for intrigue, full of invention, intrepid, remorſeleſs, able patiently to watch for thy opportunity, not hurried, as moſt men, by guſts of violent paſſion, which often nip a project in the bud, and make the ſnail that was juſt putting out his horns to meet the inviter, withdraw into it's ſhell—A man who has no regard to his word or oath to the ſex; the lady ſcrupulouſly ſtrict to *her* word, incapable of art or deſign; apt therefore to believe well of others—It would be a miracle if ſhe ſtood ſuch an attempter, ſuch attempts, and ſuch ſnares, as I ſee will be laid for her. And after all, I ſee not when men are ſo frail *without* importunity, that ſo much ſhould be expected from women, daughters of the ſame fathers and mothers, and made up of the ſame brittle compounds, (education all the difference) nor where the triumph is in ſubduing them.

'May there not be other Lovelaces,' thou aſkeſt, 'who, attracted by her beau-'ty, may endeavour to prevail with her?'

No, there cannot, I anſwer, be ſuch another man, perſon, mind, fortune, and thy character, as above given, taken in. If thou imagineſt there could, ſuch is thy pride, that thou wouldſt think the worſe of thyſelf.

But let me touch upon thy predominant paſſion, *revenge*; for *love* is but ſecond to that, as I have often told thee, though it has ſet thee into raving at me: what poor pretences for revenge are the difficulties thou hadſt in getting her off; allowing that ſhe had run a riſque of being Solmes's wife, had ſhe ſtaid? If theſe are other than pretences, why thankeſt thou not thoſe who, by their perſecutions of her, anſwered thy hopes and threw her into thy power?—Beſides, are not the pretences thou makeſt for further trial, moſt ungratefully as well as *contradictorily*, founded upon the ſuppoſition of error in her, occaſioned by her *favour* to thee?

And let me, for the utter confuſion of thy poor pleas of this nature, aſk thee—Would ſhe, in thy opinion, had ſhe *willingly gone off with thee*, have been entitled to *better* quarter?—For a *miſtreſs* indeed ſhe might: but wouldſt thou for a *wife* have had cauſe to like her half ſo well, as now?

Has

Has ſhe not demonſtrated, that even the higheſt provocations were not ſufficient to warp her from her duty to her parents, though a *native*, and, as I may ſay, an originally *involuntary* duty, becauſe *native*? And is not this a charming earneſt that ſhe will ſacredly obſerve ſtill a higher duty into which ſhe propoſes to enter, when ſhe does enter, by *plighted* vows, and entirely as a *volunteer*?

That ſhe loves thee, wicked as thou art, and cruel as a panther, there is no reaſon to doubt. Yet, what a command has ſhe over herſelf, that ſuch a penetrating ſelf-flatterer as thyſelf, is ſometimes ready to doubt it! Though perſecuted on the one hand, as ſhe was, by her own family, and attracted on the other, by the ſplendor of thine; every one of whom courts her to rank herſelf among them?

Thou wilt perhaps think, that I have departed from my propoſition, and pleaded the *lady's ſake* more than *thine* in the above—But no ſuch thing. All that I have written, is more in *thy* behalf than in *her's*; ſince ſhe may make *thee* happy; but it is next to impoſſible, I ſhould think, if ſhe preſerves her delicacy, that thou canſt make *her* ſo. What is the love of a rakiſh heart? There cannot be *peculiarity* in it. But I need not give my further reaſons. Thou wilt have ingenuouſneſs enough, I dare ſay, were there occaſion for it, to ſubſcribe to my opinion.

I plead not for the ſtate from any great liking to it myſelf. Nor have I, at preſent, thoughts of entering into it. But as thou art the laſt of thy name; as thy family is of note and figure in thy country; and as thou thyſelf thinkeſt that thou ſhalt one day marry: is it poſſible, let me aſk thee, that thou canſt have ſuch another opportunity as thou now haſt, if thou letteſt this ſlip? A woman in her family and fortune not unworthy of thine own; (though thou art ſo apt, from pride of anceſtry, and pride of heart to ſpeak ſlightly of the families, thou diſlikeſt) ſo celebrated for beauty; and ſo noted at the ſame time for prudence, for *ſoul*, (I will ſay, inſtead of *ſenſe*) and for virtue?

If thou art not ſo narrow-minded an elf, as to prefer thine own *ſingle* ſatisfaction to *poſterity*, thou, who ſhouldſt wiſh to beget children for duration, wilt not poſtpone till the rake's uſual time; that is to ſay, till diſeaſes or years, or perhaps both lay hold of thee; ſince in that caſe thou wouldſt entitle thyſelf to the curſes of thy legitimate progeny for giving them a being altogether miſerable: a being which they will be obliged to hold upon a worſe tenure than that *tenant-courteſy*, which thou calleſt the *worſt*; to wit, upon the *doctor's courteſy*; thy deſcendants alſo propogating a wretched race that ſhould entail the curſe, or the *reaſon* for it, upon remote generations.

Wicked as the ſober world accounts you and me, we have not yet, it is to be hoped, got over all compunction. Although we find religion againſt us, we have not yet preſumed to make a religion to ſuit our practices. We deſpiſe thoſe who do. And we know better than to be even *doubters*. In ſhort, we believe a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. But as we have ſo much youth and health in hand, we hope to have time for repentance. That is to ſay, in plain Engliſh, [nor think thou me too grave, Lovelace: *thou* art grave ſometimes, though not often] we hope to live to ſenſe, as long as ſenſe can reliſh, and purpoſe to reform when we can ſin no longer.

And ſhall this admirable woman ſuffer for her generous endeavours to ſet on foot thy reformation; and for inſiſting upon proofs of the ſincerity of thy profeſſions before ſhe will be thine?

Upon the whole matter, let me wiſh thee to conſider well what thou art about, before thou goeſt a ſtep farther in the path which thou haſt chalked out for thyſelf to tread, and art juſt going to enter upon. Hitherto all is ſo far right, that if the lady *miſtruſts* thy honour, ſhe has no *proofs*. Be honeſt to her, then, in *her* ſenſe of the word. None of thy companions, thou knoweſt, will offer to laugh at what *thou* doſt. And if they *ſhould*, (on entering into a ſtate which has been ſo much ridiculed by thee, and all of us) thou haſt one advantage—It is this; that thou canſt not be aſhamed.

Deferring to the poſt-day to cloſe my letter, I find one left at my coufin Ogood's, with directions to be forwarded to the lady. It was brought within theſe two hours by a *particular* hand, and has a Harlowe-ſeal upon it. As it may therefore be of importance, I diſpatch it with my own, by my ſervant, poſt-haſte*.

* This letter was from Miſs Arabella Harlowe. See Letter LI.

I ſuppoſe you will ſoon be in town. Without the lady, I hope. Farewel. *Be honeſt and be happy.*

J. BELFORD.

SAT. APR. 29.

LETTER XLVIII.

MRS. HERVEY, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTER XIV.]

DEAR NIECE,

IT would be hard not to write a few lines, ſo much preſſed to write to one I ever loved. Your former letter I received; yet was not at liberty to anſwer it. I break my word to anſwer you now.

Strange informations are every day received about you. The wretch you are with, we are told, is every hour triumphing and defying—Muſt not theſe informations aggravate? You know the uncontroulableneſs of the man. He loves his own humour better than he loves you—though ſo fine a creature as you are! I warned you over and over: no young lady was ever more warned! —Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe to do ſuch a thing!

You might have given your friends the meeting. If you had *held* your averſion, it would have been complied with. As ſoon as I was entruſted myſelf with their *intention* to give up the point, I gave you a hint—a dark one perhaps—But who would have thought—O Miſs! —Such an *artful* flight!—Such *cunning* preparation!

But you want to clear up things—*What* can you clear up? Are you not gone off?—With a Lovelace too? *What*, my dear, would you clear up?

You did not *deſign* to go, you ſay. Why did you meet him then, chariot-and-ſix, horſemen, all prepared by him? O, my dear, how art produces art!—Will it be believed?—If it *would*, what power will he be thought to have had over you!—He—Who?—*Lovelace!*—The vileſt of libertines!—Over whom! —A *Clariſſa!*—Was your love for ſuch a man above your reaſon? Above your reſolution?—What credit would a belief of this, *if* believed, bring you?—How mend the matter?—O! that you had ſtood the next meeting!

I'll tell you all that was intended if you had.

It was indeed, imagined, that you would not have been able to reſiſt your father's entreaties and commands. He was reſolved to be all condeſcenſion, if anew you had not provoked him. '*I* '*love my Clary Harlowe*,' ſaid he, but an hour before the killing tidings were brought him; '*I love her as my life: I* '*will kneel to her, if nothing elſe will do, to* '*prevail upon her to oblige me.*'

Your father and mother (the reverſe of what ſhould have been!) would have humbled themſelves to *you:* and if you *could* have denied them, and refuſed to ſign the ſettlements previous to the meeting, they would have yielded, although with regret.

But it was preſumed, ſo naturally ſweet your temper, ſo ſelf-denying, as they thought you, that you could *not* have withſtood them, notwithſtanding all your diſlike of the *one* man, without a greater degree of head-ſtrong paſſion for the *other*, than you had given any of us reaſon to expect from you.

If you *had*, the meeting on Wedneſday would have been a lighter trial to you. You would have been preſented to all your aſſembled friends, with a ſhort ſpeech only, That this was the young creature, till very lately faultleſs, condeſcending, and obliging; now having cauſe to glory in a triumph over the wills of father, mother, uncles, the moſt indulgent; over family-intereſts, family-views; and preferring her own will to every body's; and this for a tranſitory preference to *perſon* only; there being no compariſon between the men as to their *morals*.

Thus complied with, and perhaps bleſſed, by your father and mother, and the conſequences of your diſobedience deprecated in the ſolemneſt manner by your inimitable mother, your *generoſity* would have been appealed to, ſince your duty would have been found too weak an inducement, and you would have been bid to withdraw for one half-hour's conſideration: then would the ſettlements have been again tendered for your ſigning, by the perſon leaſt diſobliging to you; by your good Norton perhaps; the perhaps ſeconded by your father again: and if again refuſed, you would have again been led in, to declare ſuch your refuſal. Some reſtrictions which you yourſelf had propoſed, would have been inſiſted upon. You would have been permitted to go home with me, or with your uncle Antony, (with *which* of us was not agreed upon, becauſe they hoped you might be perſuaded) there to ſtay till the arrival of your couſin Morden; or till your father could have borne to ſee you; or till aſ-

ſured, that the views of Lovelace were at an end.

This the intention, your father ſo ſet upon your compliance, ſo much in hopes that you would have yielded, that you would have been prevailed upon by methods ſo condeſcending and ſo gentle; no wonder that *he*, in particular, was like a diſtracted man, when he heard of your flight—of your flight ſo *premeditated*;—with your Ivy Summer Houſe dinings, your arts to blind me, and all of us!—naughty, naughty young creature!

I, for my part, would not believe it, when told of it. Your uncle Hervey would not believe it. We rather expected, we rather feared, a ſtill more deſperate adventure. There could be but one more deſperate; and I was readier to have the caſcade firſt reſorted to, than the garden back-door.—Your mother fainted away, while her heart was torn between the two apprehenſions.—Your father, poor man! your father was beſide himſelf for near an hour—What imprecations!—What dreadful imprecations!—To this day he can hardly bear your name: yet can think of nobody elſe. Your merits, my dear, but aggravate your fault.—Something of freſh aggravation almoſt every hour.—How can any favour be expected?

I am ſorry for it; but am afraid nothing you aſk will be complied with.

Why mention you, my dear, the ſaving you from mortifications, who have gone off with a man? What a poor pride is it to ſtand upon any thing elſe?

I dare not open my lips in your favour. Nobody dare. Your letter muſt ſtand by itſelf. This has cauſed me to ſend it to Harlowe Place. Expect therefore great ſeverity. May you be enabled to ſupport the lot you have drawn! O my dear! how unhappy have you made every-body! Can *you* expect to be happy? Your father wiſhes you had never been born. Your poor mother—But why ſhould I afflict you? There is now no help!—You muſt be changed indeed, if you are not very unhappy yourſelf in the reflections your thoughtful mind muſt ſuggeſt to you.

You muſt now make the beſt of your lot. Yet *not* married, it ſeems!

It is in your power you ſay, to perform whatever you ſhall undertake to do. You may deceive yourſelf: you hope that your reputation and the favour of your friends may be retrieved. Never, never, both, I doubt; if either. Every offended perſon (and that is all who loved you, and are related to you) muſt *join* to reſtore you: when can theſe be of *one* mind in a caſe ſo notoriouſly wrong?

It would be very grievous, you ſay, to be precipitated upon meaſures, that may make the deſirable reconciliation more difficult. Is it *now*, my dear, a time for you to be afraid of being *precipitated*? At *preſent*, if *ever*, there can be no thought of reconciliation. The *upſhot* of your precipitation muſt firſt be ſeen. There may be murder yet, as far as we know. Will the man you are with part willingly with you? If *not*, what may be the conſequence? If he *will*—Lord bleſs me! what ſhall we think of his reaſons for it?—I will fly this thought. I know your purity—But, my dear, are you not out of all protection?—Are you not unmarried?—Have you not (making your daily payers uſeleſs) thrown yourſelf into temptation? And is not the man the moſt wicked of plotters?

You have hitherto, you ſay (and I think, my dear, with an air unbecoming your declared penitence) *no fault to find with the behaviour of a man from whom every evil was apprehended:* like Cæſar to the Roman augur, which I heard you tell of, who had bid him *beware of the ides of March*: '*The ides of March*,' ſaid Cæſar, ſeeing the augur among the crowd, as he marched in ſtate to the ſenate-houſe, from which he never was to return alive, '*the ides of March are come*.'—'*But they are not paſt*,' the augur replied. Make the application, my dear: may you be able to make this reflection upon his good behaviour to the laſt of your knowledge of him! May he behave himſelf better to you, than he ever did to any body elſe over whom he had power! Amen!

No anſwer, I beſeech you. I hope your meſſenger will not tell any-body that I have written to you. And I dare ſay you will not ſhew what I have written to Mr. Lovelace—For I have written with the leſs reſerve, depending upon your prudence.

You have my prayers.

My Dolly knows not that I write. Nobody does *: not even Mr. Hervey.

Dolly would have ſeveral times written: but having defended your fault with heat, and with a partiality that

* Notwithſtanding what Mrs. Hervey here ſays, it will be hereafter ſeen that this ſevere letter of hers was written in private concert with the implacable Arabella.

alarmed

alarmed us, [such a fall as yours, my dear, must be alarming to all parents] she has been forbidden, on pain of losing our favour for ever: and this at your family's request, as well as by her father's commands.

You have the poor girl's hourly prayers, I will, however, tell you, though she knows not what I do, as well as those of *your truly affectionate aunt*,

D. HERVEY.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

LETTER XLIX

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WITH THE PRECEDING.

SAT. MORN. APRIL 22.

I Have just now received the inclosed from my aunt Hervey. Be pleased, my dear, to keep her secret of having written to the unhappy wretch her niece.

I may go to London, I see, or where I will. No matter what becomes of me.

I was the willinger to suspend my journey thither, till I heard from Harlowe Place. I thought, if I could be encouraged to hope for a reconciliation, I would let this man see, that he should not have me in his power, but upon my own terms, if at all.

But I find I must be *his*, whether I will or not; and perhaps through still greater mortifications, than those great ones which I have already met with—And must I be so absolutely thrown upon a man, with whom I am not at all satisfied!

My letter is sent, you see, to Harlowe Place. My heart aches for the reception it may meet with there.

One comfort only arises to me from it's being sent; that my aunt will clear *herself* by the communication from the supposition of having corresponded with the poor creature whom they have all determined to reprobate. It is no small part of my misfortune that I have weakened the confidence one dear friend has in another, and made one look cool upon another. My poor cousin Dolly, you see, has reason to regret on this account, as well as my aunt. Miss Howe, my dear Miss Howe, is but too sensible of the effects of my fault, having had more words with her mother on my account, than ever she had on any other. Yet the man who has drawn me into all this evil, I must be thrown upon!—Much did I consider, much did I apprehend, *before* my fault, supposing I *were* to be guilty of it: but I saw it not in all it's shocking lights.

And now, to know that my father, an hour before he received the tidings of my supposed flight, owned that he loved me as his life; that he would have been all condescension: that he would—Oh! my dear, how tender, how mortifyingly tender, now in him! My aunt need not have been afraid, that it should be known that she has sent me such a letter as this!—A father to KNEEL to his child!—There would not indeed have been any bearing of that!—What I should have done in such a case, I know not. Death would have been much more welcome to me than such a sight, on such an occasion, in behalf of a man so very, very disgustful to me!—But I had deserved annihilation, had I suffered my father to kneel in vain.

Yet, had but the sacrifice of *inclination* and *personal preference* been *all*, less than KNEELING should have done. My *duty* should have been the conqueror of my *inclination*. But an aversion—an aversion so *very* sincere!—The triumph of a cruel and ambitious brother, ever so uncontroulable, joined with the insults of an envious sister, bringing wills to *theirs*, which otherwise would have been favourable to *me:* the marriage duties, so absolutely indispensable, so solemnly to be engaged for: the marriage-intimacies [permit me to say to you, my friend, what the purest, although with apprehension, must think of] so *very* intimate: myself one, who never looked upon any duty, much less a voluntary-vowed one, with indifference; could it have been honest in me to have given my hand to an odious hand, and to have consented to a more than reluctant, such an *immiscible* union, if I may so call it?—For life too!—Did I not *think* more and deeper than most young creatures think; did I not *weigh*, did I not *reflect*; I might perhaps have been less obstinate.—*Delicacy*, (may I presume to call it?) *thinking*, *weighing*, *reflection*, are not blessings (I have not found them such) in the degree I have them. I wish I had been able, in some very nice cases, to have known what *indifference* was; yet not to have my *ignorance* imputable to me as a fault. Oh! my dear! the finer sensibilities, if I may suppose mine to be such, make not happy!

What a method had my friends intended to take with me? This, I dare say, was a method chalked out by my brother. *He*, I suppose, was to have presented me to all my assembled friends, as the daughter capable of preferring her own will to the wills of them all. It would have

have been a sore trial, no doubt. Would to Heaven, however, I had stood it—Let the issue have been what it would, would to Heaven I had stood it!

There may be murder, my aunt says. This looks as if she knew of Singleton's rash plot. Such an *upshot*, as *she* calls it, of this unhappy affair, Heaven avert!

She flies a thought, that I can *less* dwell upon—A *cruel* thought—But she has a poor opinion of the purity she compliments me with, if she thinks that I am not, by GOD's grace, above temptation, from this sex. Although I never saw a man, whose *person* I could like, before this man; yet his faulty character allowed me but little merit from the indifference I pretended to on his account. But, now I see him *in nearer lights*, I like him less than ever. Unpolite, cruel, insolent!—Unwise! A trifler with his own happiness; the destroyer of mine!—His last treatment—*My fate too visibly in his power—Master of his own wishes*, [shame to say it!] *if he knew what to wish for.*—Indeed I never liked him so little as now. Upon my word, I think I could hate him (if I do not already hate him) sooner than any man I ever thought tolerably of—A good reason why: because I have been more disappointed in my expectations of him; although they never were so high, *as to have made him my choice in preference to the single life, had that been permitted me.* Still, if the giving him up for ever will make my path to reconciliation easy, and if they will signify as much to me, they shall see that I never will be *his*: for I have the vanity to think my soul his soul's superior.

You will say I rave: forbidden to write to my aunt, and taught to despair of reconciliation, you, my dear, must be troubled with my passionate resentments. What a wretch was I to give him a meeting, since by that I put it out of my power to meet my assembled friends!—All would now, if I had met them, have been over; and who can tell when my present distresses will?—Rid of both men, I had been now perhaps at my aunt Hervey's, or at my uncle Antony's; wishing for my cousin Morden's arrival; who might have accommodated all.

I *intended*, indeed, to have stood it; and, if I had, how know I by whose name I might now have been called? For how should I have resisted a condescending, a *kneeling* father, had he been able to have kept his temper with me?

Yet my aunt says, he would have relented, if *I* had not. Perhaps he would have been moved by my humility, before he could have shewn such undue condescention. Such temper as he would have received me with, might have been improved upon in my favour. And that he had designed *ultimately* to relent, how it clears my friends, (at least to themselves) and condemns me! O why were my aunt's hints [I remember them now] so very dark?—Yet I intended to have returned after the interview; and then perhaps she would have explained herself.—O this artful, this designing Lovelace—Yet I must repeat, that most ought I to blame myself for meeting him.

But far, far, be banished from me fruitless recrimination! Far banished, *because* fruitless! Let me wrap myself about in the mantle of my own integrity, and take comfort in my unfaulty intention! Since it is now too late to look back, let me collect all my fortitude, and endeavour to stand those shafts of angry Providence, which it will not permit me to shun! That whatever the trials may be, which I am destined to undergo, I may not behave unworthily in them; and may come out amended by them.

Join with me in this prayer, my beloved friend; for your own honour's sake, as well as for love's sake, join with me in it: lest a deviation on my side should, with the censorious, cast a shade upon a friendship, which has no levity in it; and the basis of which is improvement, as well in the greater as lesser duties. CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER L.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 22.

O My best, my *only* friend! Now indeed is my heart broken! It has received a blow it never will recover. Think not of corresponding with a wretch who now seems absolutely devoted. How can it be otherwise, if a parent's curses have the weight I always attributed to them, and have heard so many instances in confirmation of that weight!—Yes, my dear Miss Howe, superadded to all my afflictions, I have the consequences of a father's curse to struggle with! How shall I support this reflection!—My past and my present situation so much authorizing my apprehensions!

I have, at last, a letter from my unrelenting sister. Would to Heaven I had

had not provoked it by my second letter to my aunt Hervey! It lay ready for me, it seems. The thunder slept, till I awakened it. I inclose the letter itself. Transcribe it I cannot. There is no bearing the thoughts of it: for [shocking reflection!] the curse extends to the life beyond this.

I am in the depth of vapourish despondency. I can only repeat, Shun, fly, correspond not with a wretch so devoted, as CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LI.

TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TO BE LEFT AT MR. OSGOOD'S, NEAR SOHO SQUARE.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

IT was *expected* you would send again to me, or to my aunt Hervey. The inclosed has lain ready for you therefore by direction. You will have no answer from any-body, write to *whom* you will, and as *often* as you will, and *what* you will.

It was designed to bring you back by proper authority, or to send you whither the disgraces you have brought upon us all, should be in the likeliest way, after a while, to be forgotten. But I believe that design is over: so you may *range* securely—Nobody will think it worth while to give themselves any trouble about you. Yet my mother has obtained leave to send you your cloaths of all sorts: but your cloaths only. This is a favour you'll see by the within letter not *designed* you: and *now* not granted for your sake, but because my poor mother cannot bear in her sight any-thing you used to wear. Read the inclosed, and tremble.

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

'TO THE MOST UNGRATEFUL AND 'UNDUTIFUL OF DAUGHTERS.

'HARLOWE PLACE, APRIL 15.

'SISTER THAT WAS!

'FOR I know not what name you 'are *permitted*, or *chuse* to go by. You 'have filled us all with distraction. My 'father, in the first agitations of his 'mind, on discovering your wicked, 'your shameful elopement, imprecated 'on his knees, a fearful curse upon you. 'Tremble at the recital of it!—No less, 'than that you may meet your punish'ment both *here* and *hereafter*, by means 'of the very wretch, in whom you have 'chosen to place your wicked confidence.

'Your cloaths will not be sent you. 'You seem, by leaving them behind 'you, to have been secure of them, 'whenever you demanded them; but 'perhaps you could think of nothing 'but meeting your fellow;—nothing 'but how to get off your forward self! '—For every-thing seems to have been 'forgotten but what was to contribute 'to your wicked flight—Yet you judg'ed right, perhaps, that you would have 'been detected, had you endeavoured 'to get away your cloaths.—Cunning 'creature! not to make *one* step that we 'could guess at you by! Cunning to 'effect your own ruin, and the disgrace 'of all the family!

'But does the wretch put you upon 'writing for your things, for fear you 'should be too expensive to him?—'That's it, I suppose.

'Was there ever a giddier creature? '—Yet this is the celebrated, the blaz'ing Clarissa—Clarissa, *what? Harlowe*, 'no doubt!—And Harlowe it will be, to 'the disgrace of us all!

'Your drawings and your pieces are 'all taken down; as is also your own 'whole-length picture, in the Vandyke 'taste, from your late parlour; they 'are taken down, and thrown into your 'closet, which will be nailed up, as if 'it were not a part of the house, there 'to perish together: for who can bear 'to see them? Yet, how did they use to 'be shewn to every-body; the former, 'for the magnifying of your dainty 'finger works; the latter, for the im'puted dignity (dignity now in the dust!) 'of your boasted figure; and this by 'those fond parents from whom you 'have run away with so *much*, yet with 'so little contrivance!

'My brother vows revenge upon 'your liberine—For the *family's* sake 'he vows it—Not for *yours!*—For he 'will treat you, he declares, like a 'common creature, if ever he sees you: 'and doubts not that this will be your 'fate.

'My uncle Harlowe renounces you 'for ever.

'So does my uncle Antony.

'So does my aunt Hervey.

'So do *I*, base unworthy creature! 'the disgrace of a good family, and the 'property of an infamous rake, as ques'tionless you will soon find yourself, if 'you are not already.

'Your books, since they have not 'taught you what belongs to your fami'ly, to your sex, and to your education, 'will not be sent you. Your money 'neither. Nor yet the jewels so unde-

'servedly

'ſervedly made yours. For it is wiſhed 'you may be ſeen a beggar along Lon-'don ſtreets.

'If all this is heavy, lay your hand 'to your heart, and aſk yourſelf, Why 'you have deſerved it?

'Every man whom your pride taught 'you to reject with ſcorn, (Mr. Solmes 'excepted, who, however, has reaſon 'to rejoice that he miſſed you) triumphs 'in your ſhameful elopement; and now 'knows how to account for his being 'refuſed.

'Your worthy Norton is aſhamed of 'you, and mingles her tears with your 'mother's; both reproaching themſelves 'for their ſhares in you, and in ſo fruit-'leſs an education.

'Every-body, in ſhort, is aſhamed of 'you: but none more than

'ARABELLA HARLOWE.'

LETTER LII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25.

BE comforted; be not dejected; do not deſpond, my deareſt and beſt-beloved friend. God Almighty is juſt and gracious, and gives not his aſſent to raſh and inhuman curſes. Can you think that Heaven will ſeal to the black paſſions of it's depraved creatures? If it did, malice, envy, and revenge, would triumph; and the beſt of the humane race, blaſted by the malignity of the worſt, would be miſerable in both worlds.

This outrageouſneſs ſhews only what manner of ſpirit they are of, and how much their ſordid views exceed their parental love. 'Tis all owing to rage and diſappointment—Diſappointment in deſigns proper to be fruſtrated.

If you conſider this maledi&tion as it ought to be conſidered, a perſon of your piety muſt and will rather pity and pray for your *raſh father*, than terrify *yourſelf* on the occaſion. None but God can curſe. Parents, or others, whoever they be, can only pray to him to curſe: and ſuch prayers can have no weight with a juſt and all-perfect Being, the motives to which are unreaſonable, and the end propoſed by them cruel.

Has not God commanded us *to bleſs and curſe not?* Pray for your father then, I repeat, that he incur not the maledi&tion he has announced on you; ſince he has broken, as you ſee, a command truly divine; while you, by obeying that other precept which enjoins us *to pray for them that perſecute and curſe us*, will turn the curſe into a bleſſing.

My mother blames them for this wicked letter of your ſiſter; and ſhe pities you; and, of her own accord, wiſhed me to write to comfort you, for this once; for ſhe ſays, It is pity your heart, which was ſo noble, (and when the ſenſe of your fault, and the weight of a parent's curſe, are ſo ſtrong upon you) ſhould be quite broken.

Lord bleſs me, how your aunt writes!—Can there be two rights and two wrongs in palpable caſes!—But, my dear, ſhe *muſt* be wrong: ſo they all have been, juſtify themſelves now as they will. They can only juſtify themſelves *to* themſelves from ſelfiſh principles, reſolving to *acquit*, not fairly to *try* themſelves. Did your unkind aunt, in all the tedious progreſs of your contentions with them, give you the leaſt hope of their relenting?—Her dark hints now I recollect, as well as you. But why was any-thing good or hopeful to be darkly hinted?—How eaſy was it for *her*, who pretended always to love you; for *her*, who can give ſuch flowing licence to her pen for your hurt; to have given you one word, one line (in confidence) of their pretended change of meaſures!

But do not mind their after-pretences, my dear—All of them ſerve but for tacit confeſſions of their vile uſage of you. I will keep your aunt's ſecret, never fear. I would not, on any conſideration, that my mother ſhould ſee her letter.

You will now ſee, that you have nothing left, but to overcome all ſcrupuloufneſs, and marry as ſoon as you have an opportunity. Determine ſo to do, my dear.

I will give you a motive for it, regarding myſelf. For this I have reſolved, and this I have vowed, [O friend, the beſt beloved of my heart, be not angry with me for it!] That ſo long as your happineſs is in ſuſpenſe, I will never think of marrying. In juſtice to the man I ſhall have, I have vowed this: for, my dear, muſt not I be miſerable, if you are ſo? And what an unworthy wife muſt I be to any man who cannot have intereſt enough in my heart to make his obligingneſs a balance for an affliction he has not cauſed?

I would ſhew Lovelace your ſiſter's abominable letter, were it to me. I incloſe it. It ſhall not have a place in this houſe. This will enter him of courſe into the ſubject which now you ought

to have moſt in view. Let him ſee what you ſuffer for him. He cannot prove baſe to ſuch an excellence. I ſhould never enjoy my head or my ſenſes, ſhould this man prove a villain to you! —With a merit ſo exalted, you may have puniſhment more than enough for your involuntary fault in that huſband.

I would not have you be too ſure, that their project to ſeize you is over. The words intimating that it *is* over, in the letter of that abominable Arabella, ſeem calculated to give you ſecurity.—She only ſays, ſhe *believes* that deſign is over —And I do not yet find from Miſs Lloyd, that it is diſavowed. So it will be beſt, when you are in London, to be private, and, for fear of the worſt, to let every direction be to a *third place*; for I would not, for the world, have you fall into the hands of ſuch flaming and malevolent ſpirits by ſurprize.

I will myſelf be content to direct to you at *ſome third place*; and I ſhall then be able to aver to my mother, or to any other, if occaſion be, *that I know not where you are.*

Beſides, this meaſure will make you leſs apprehenſive of the conſequences of their violence, ſhould they reſolve to attempt to carry you off in ſpite of Lovelace.

I would have you direct to Mr. Hickman, even your anſwer to this. I have a reaſon for it. Beſides, my mother, notwithſtanding this particular indulgence, is very poſitive. They have prevailed upon her, I know, to give her word to this purpoſe—Spiteful poor wretches! How I hate in particular your fooliſh uncle Antony.

I would not have your thoughts dwell on the contents of your ſiſter's ſhocking letter; but purſue other ſubjects—The ſubjects before you. And let me know your progreſs with Lovelace, and what he ſays to this diabolical curſe. So far you may enter into this hateful ſubject. I expect that this will aptly introduce the grand topick between you, without needing a mediator.

Come, my dear, when things are at worſt, they will mend. Good often comes, when evil is expected.—But if you deſpond, there can be no hopes of cure. Don't let them break your heart; for that is plain to me, is now what ſome people have in view to do.

How poor, to withold from you your books, your jewels, and your money! As money is all you can at preſent want, ſince they will vouchſafe to ſend your cloaths, I ſend fifty guines by the bearer, incloſed in ſingle papers in my *Norris's Miſcellanies*. I charge you, as you love me, return them not.

I have more at your ſervice. So if you like not your lodgings or his behaviour when you get to town, leave both them and him out of hand.

I would adviſe you to write to Mr. Morden without delay. If he intends for England, it may haſten him. And you will do very well till he can come. But ſurely Lovelace will be infatuated, if he ſecure not his happineſs by *your conſent*, before that of Mr. Morden's is made needful on his arrival.

Once more, my dear, let me beg of you to be comforted. Manage with your uſual prudence the ſtake before you, and all will ſtill be happy. Suppoſe yourſelf to be *me*, and me to be *you*, [You *may*—for your diſtreſs is mine;] and then you will add full day to theſe but glimmering lights which are held out to you by *your ever-affectionate and faithful*

ANNA HOWE.

I hurry this away by Robert. I will enquire into the truth of your aunt's pretences about the change of meaſures which ſhe ſays they intended in caſe you had not gone away.

LETTER LIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 26.

YOUR letter, my beloved Miſs Howe, gives me great comfort. How ſweetly do I experience the truth of the wiſe man's obſervation, *That a faithful friend is the medicine of life!*

Your meſſenger finds me juſt ſetting out for London: the chaiſe at the door. Already I have taken leave of the good widow, who has obliged me with the company of her eldeſt daughter, at Mr. Lovelace's requeſt, while he rides by us. The young gentlewoman is to return in two or three days with the chaiſe, in it's way to my Lord M.'s Hertfordſhire ſeat.

I received my ſiſter's dreadful letter on Sunday, when Mr. Lovelace was out. He ſaw, on his return, my *extreme anguiſh and dejection*; and he was told *how much worſe I had been*: for I had fainted away more than once.

I think the contents of it have touched my head as well as my heart.

He would fain have ſeen it. But I would not permit that, becauſe of the threatenings he would have found in it againſt himſelf. As it *was*, the effect it had upon me, made him break out into execrations and menaces. I was ſo ill,

ill, that he himſelf adviſed me to delay going to town on Monday, as I propoſed to do.

He is extremely regardful and tender of me. All that you ſuppoſe *would* follow this violent letter, from him, *has* followed it. He has offered himſelf to my acceptance, in ſo unreſerved a manner, that I am concerned I have written ſo freely and ſo diffidently of him. Pray, my deareſt friend, keep to yourſelf every-thing that may appear diſreputable of him from me.

I muſt acquaint you, that his kind behaviour, and my low-ſpiritedneſs, co-operating with your former advice, and my unhappy ſituation, made me that very Sunday evening *receive unreſervedly his declarations:* and now indeed I am more in his power than ever.

He preſſes me every hour [indeed as *needleſsly*, as *unkindly*] for freſh tokens of my eſteem *for* him, and confidence in him. And, as I have been brought to *ſome verbal conceſſions*, if he ſhould prove unworthy, I am ſure, I ſhall have great reaſon to blame this violent letter: for I have no reſolution at all. Abandoned thus of all my natural friends, of whoſe returning favour I have now no hopes, and only you to pity me, and *you* reſtrained, as I may ſay, I have been forced to turn my deſolate heart to ſuch protection as I could find.

All my comfort is, that your advice repeatedly given to the ſame purpoſe, in your kind letter before me, warrants me. I now ſet out the more cheerfully to London on that account: for before, a heavy weight hung upon my heart; and, although I thought it beſt and ſafeſt to go, yet my ſpirits ſunk, I know not why, at every motion I made towards a preparation for it.

I hope no miſchief will happen on the road.—I hope theſe violent ſpirits will not meet.

Every-one is waiting for me.—Pardon me, my beſt, my kindeſt friend, that I return your Norris. In theſe more promiſing proſpects, I cannot have occaſion for your favour. Beſides, I have ſome hope, that with my cloaths they will ſend me the money I wrote for, although it is denied me in the letter. If they do not, and if I ſhould have occaſion, I can but ſignify my wants to ſo ready a friend. And I have promiſed to be obliged only to you. But I had rather, methinks, you ſhould have it *ſtill to ſay*, if challenged, that nothing of this nature has been either requeſted or done. I ſay this, with a view entirely to my future hopes of recovering your mother's favour, which, next to that of my own father and mother, I am moſt ſolicitous to recover.

I muſt acquaint you with one thing more, notwithſtanding my hurry; and that is, that Mr. Lovelace offered either to attend me to Lord M.'s, or to ſend for his chaplain, yeſterday. He preſſed me to conſent to this propoſal, moſt earneſtly; and even ſeemed deſirous rather to have the ceremony paſs here, than in London: for when there, I had told him, it was time enough to conſider of ſo weighty and important a matter. Now, upon the receipt of your kind, your conſolatory letter, methinks I could almoſt wiſh it had been *in my power* to comply with his earneſt ſolicitations. But this dreadful letter *has unhinged my whole frame*. Then ſome *little punctilio* ſurely is neceſſary. No preparation made. No articles drawn. No licence ready. Grief ſo extreme: no pleaſure in proſpect, nor ſo much as in wiſh—O my dear, who could think of entering into ſo ſolemn an engagement? Who, *ſo* unprepared, could ſeem to be *ſo* ready!

If I could flatter myſelf, that my indifference to all the joys of this life proceeded from *proper* motives, and not rather from the diſappointments and mortifications my pride has met with, how much rather, I think, ſhould I chuſe to be wedded to my ſhroud, than to any man on earth!

Indeed I have at preſent no pleaſure, but in *your* friendſhip. Continue that to me, I beſeech you. If my heart riſes hereafter to a capacity of more, it muſt be built on that foundation.

My ſpirits ſink again, on ſetting out. Excuſe this depth of vapourith dejection, which forbids me even *hope*, the cordial that keeps life from ſtagnating, and which never was denied me till within theſe eight-and-forty hours.

But it is time to relieve you.

Adieu, my beſt beloved and kindeſt friend! Pray for your CLARISSA.

LETTER LIV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27.

I Am ſorry you ſent back my Norris. But you muſt be allowed to do as you pleaſe. So muſt I, in my turn. We muſt neither of us, perhaps, expect abſolutely of the other what is the righteſt to be done: and yet few folks, ſo young as we are, *better* know, *what that right is.*

I cannot ſeparate myſelf from you; although I give a double inſtance of my vanity in joining myſelf with you in this particular aſſertion.

I am moſt heartily rejoiced, that your proſpects are ſo much mended; and that, as I hoped, good has been produced out of evil. What muſt the man have been, what muſt have been his views, had he not taken ſuch a turn, upon a letter ſo vile, and upon a treatment ſo unnatural; himſelf principally the occaſion of it?

You *know beſt* your *motives* for ſuſpending: but I wiſh you *could* have taken him at offers ſo earneſt*. Why ſhould you not have permitted him to ſend for Lord M.'s chaplain? If punctilio only was in the way, and want of a licence, and of proper preparations, and ſuch-like, my ſervice to you, my dear: and there is ceremony tantamount to your ceremony.

Do not, do not, my dear friend, *again* be ſo very melancholy a decliner, as to prefer a ſhroud, when the matter you wiſh for is in your power; and when, as you have juſtly ſaid heretofore, perſons *cannot die when they will*.

But it is a ſtrange perverſeneſs in human nature, that we ſlight that when near us, which at a diſtance we wiſh for.

You have now but one point to purſue; that is marriage: let that be ſolemnized. Leave the reſt to Providence; and, to uſe your own words in a former letter, follow as that leads. You will have a handſome man; a genteel man; he would be a *wiſe* man, if he were not vain of his endowments, and wild and intriguing: but while the eyes of many of our ſex, taken by ſo ſpecious a form and ſo brilliant a ſpirit, encourage that vanity, you muſt be contented to ſtay till grey hairs and prudence enter upon the ſtage together. You would not have every-thing in the ſame man.

I believe Mr. Hickman treads no crooked paths; but he hobbles moſt ungracefully in a ſtrait one. Yet Mr. Hickman, though he *pleaſes* not my eye, nor *diverts* my ear, will not, as I believe, *diſguſt* the one, nor *ſhock* the other. Your man, as I have lately ſaid, will always keep up attention; you will always be alive with him, though perhaps more from fears than hopes: while Mr. Hickman will never ſay any-thing to keep one awake; nor yet, by ſhocking adventures, make one's ſlumbers uneaſy.

I believe I now know which of the two men ſo prudent a perſon as *you* would, at firſt, have choſen; nor doubt I, that you can gueſs which *I* would have made choice of, if I might. But proud as we are, the proudeſt of us all can *only* refuſe, and many of us accept the but half-worthy, for fear a ſtill worſe ſhould offer.

If men had choſen their miſtreſſes for ſpirits like their own, although Mr. Lovelace, at the long run, might have been *too many for me*, I don't doubt but I ſhould have given heart-ache for heart-ache, for one half-year at leaſt; while you, with my dull-ſwift, would have glided on *as* ſerenely, *as* calmly, *as* unaccountably, as the ſucceeding ſeaſons; and varying no otherwiſe than they, to bring on new beauties and conveniences to all about you.

I WAS going on in this ſtile—But my mother broke in upon me, with a prohibitory aſpect. She gave me leave for one letter only.—She had juſt parted with your odious uncle; and they have been in cloſe conference again.

She has vexed me. I muſt lay this by till I hear from you again; not knowing whither to ſend it.

Direct me to a *third-place*, as I deſired in my former.

I told my mother, (on her challenging me) that I was writing indeed, and to you: but it was only to amuſe myſelf; proteſting, *that I knew not where to ſend to you*.

I hope that your next may inform me of your nuptials, although the next to that were to acquaint me, that he was the ungratefulleſt monſter on earth; as he muſt be, if not the kindeſt huſband in it.

My mother has vexed me. But ſo, on reviſing, I wrote before.—But ſhe has *unhinged me*, as you call it: pretended to catechize Hickman, I aſſure you, for contributing to our ſuppoſed correſpondence. Catechized him *ſeverely* too, upon my word!—I believe I have a ſneaking kindneſs for the ſneaking-fellow; for I cannot endure that any-body ſhould treat him like a fool but myſelf.

I believe, between you and me, the good lady forgot herſelf. I heard her loud. She poſſibly imagined, that my father was come to life again.—Yet the meekneſs of the man might have ſoon convinced her, I ſhould have thought;

* Mr. Lovelace in his next letter tells his friend how extremely ill the lady was; recovering from fits to fall into ſtronger fits, and nobody expecting her life. She had not, he ſays, acquainted Miſs Howe, how *very* ill ſhe was. In page 374 ſhe tells Miſs Howe, that her motives for ſuſpending were not *merely ceremonious* ones.

for

for my father, it ſeems, would talk as loud as ſhe, I ſuppoſe, (though within a few yards of each other) as if both were out of their way, and were hallooing at half a mile's diſtance, to get in again.

I know you'll blame me for this faucineſs—But I told you I was vexed: and if I had not a ſpirit, my parentage on both ſides might be doubted.

You muſt not chide me too ſeverely, however, becauſe I have learned of you not to defend myſelf in an error; and I own I am wrong; and that's enough: you won't be ſo generous in this caſe, as you are in every other, if you don't think it is.

Adieu, my dear! I muſt, I will love you; and love you for ever! So ſubſcribes your ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LV.

FROM MISS HOWE. INCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27.

I Have been making enquiry, as I told you I would, whether your relations had really (before you left them) reſolved upon that change of meaſures which your aunt mentions in her letter; and by laying together ſeveral pieces of intelligence, ſome drawn from my mother, through your uncle Antony's communications; ſome from Miſs Lloyd, by your ſiſter's; and ſome by a third way, that I ſhall not tell you of; I have reaſon to think the following a true ſtate of the caſe.

That there was no intention of a change of meaſures, till within two or three days of your going away. On the contrary, your brother and ſiſter, though they had no hope of prevailing with you in Solmes's favour, were reſolved never to give over their perſecutions till they had puſhed you upon taking ſome ſtep, which, by help of *their good offices*, ſhould be deemed inexcuſable by the half-witted ſouls they had to play upon.

But that at laſt your mother (tired with and perhaps aſhamed of the paſſive part ſhe had acted) thought fit to declare to Miſs Bell, that ſhe was determined to try to put an end to the family-feuds; and to get your uncle Harlowe to ſecond her endeavours.

This alarmed your brother and ſiſter; and then a change of meaſures was reſolved upon. Solmes's offers were, however, too advantageous to be given up; and your father's condeſcenſion was now to be their ſole dependence, and (as *they* give it out) the trying of what that would do with you, their laſt effort.

And, indeed, my dear, this muſt have ſucceeded, I verily think, with ſuch a daughter as they had to deal with, could that father who never, I dare ſay, kneeled in his life but to his God, have ſo far condeſcended as your aunt writes he would.

But then, my dear, what would this have done?—Perhaps you would have given Lovelace the *meeting*, in hopes to pacify him, and prevent miſchief; ſuppoſing that they had given you time, and not hurried you directly into the ſtate. But if you had *not* met him, you ſee, that he was reſolved to viſit them, and well attended too: and what muſt have been the conſequence?

So that, upon the whole, we know not but matters may be beſt as they *are*, however diſagreeable that *beſt* is.

I hope your conſiderate and thoughtful mind will make a good uſe of this hint. Who would not with patience ſuſtain even a great evil, if ſhe could perſuade herſelf, that it was kindly diſpenſed, in order to prevent a *ſtill* greater?—Eſpecially, if ſhe could ſit down, as you can, and acquit her own heart?

Permit me one further obſervation—Do we not ſee, from the above ſtate of the matter, what might have been done before, *by the worthy perſon* of your family, had ſhe exerted the *mother*, in behalf of a child ſo meritorious, yet ſo much oppreſſed?

Adieu, my dear. I will be ever yours.

ANNA HOWE.

Clariſſa, in her anſwer to the firſt of the two laſt letters, chides her friend for giving ſo little weight to her advice, in relation to her behaviour to her mother. It may be proper to inſert here the following extracts from that anſwer, though a little before the time.

'You aſſume, my dear,' *ſays ſhe*, 'your 'uſual, and ever-agreeable ſtile, in what 'you write of the two gentlemen, and 'how unaptly you think they have choſen, 'Mr. Hickman in addreſſing you; Mr. 'Lovelace me. But I am inclinable to 'believe, that with a view to happineſs, 'however two mild tempers might agree, 'two high ones would make ſad work 'of it, both at one time violent and un-'yielding. You two might indeed have 'raqueted the ball betwixt you, as you 'ſay. But Mr. Hickman, by his gen-'tle manners, ſeems formed for you, if 'you go not too far with him. If you

'do,

'do, it would be a tameneſs in him to 'bear it, which would make a man more 'contemptible than Mr. Hickman can 'ever deſerve to be made. Nor is it a 'diſgrace for even a brave man, who 'knows what a woman is to vow to him '*afterwards*, to be very obſequious *be-*'*forehand*.

'Do you think it is to the credit of 'Mr. Lovelace's character, that he can 'be offenſive and violent?—Does he not, 'as all ſuch ſpirits muſt, ſubject himſelf 'to the neceſſity of making ſubmiſſions 'for his exceſſes, far more mortifying 'to a proud heart than thoſe conde-'ſcenſions which the high-ſpirited are ſo 'apt to impute as a weakneſs of mind in 'ſuch a man as Mr. Hickman?

'Let me tell you, my dear, that Mr. 'Hickman is ſuch a one, as would rather 'bear an affront *from* a lady, than offer 'one *to* her. He had rather, I dare ſay, 'that ſhe ſhould have occaſion to aſk *his* 'pardon, than he *hers*. But, my dear, '*you have outlived your firſt paſſion*; and 'had the ſecond man been an angel, he 'would not have been more than indiffe-'rent to you.

'My motives for ſuſpending,' *proceeds ſhe*, 'were not *merely ceremonious ones*. I 'was really very ill. I could not hold 'up my head. The contents of my ſiſter's 'letters had pierced my heart. Indeed, 'my dear, I was *very* ill. And was I, 'moreover, to be as ready to accept his 'offer, as if I were afraid *he never would* '*repeat it?*

'I ſee with great regret, that your 'mamma is ſtill immoveably bent againſt 'our correſpondence. What ſhall I do 'about it?—It goes againſt me to con-'tinue it, or to wiſh you to favour me 'with returns.—Yet I have ſo managed 'my matters, that I have no friend but 'you to adviſe with. It is enough to 'make one, indeed, wiſh to be married 'to this man, though a man of errors; 'as he has worthy relations of my own 'ſex; and I ſhould have ſome friends, I 'hope—And having *ſome*, I might have '*more*.—For as money is ſaid to increaſe 'money, ſo does the countenance of per-'ſons of character increaſe friends: 'while the deſtitute *muſt* be deſtitute.—'It goes againſt my heart to beg of you 'to diſcontinue correſponding with me; 'and yet it is againſt my conſcience to 'carry it on againſt parental prohibition. 'But I dare not uſe all the arguments 'againſt it that I could uſe—And why? '—For fear I ſhould convince you; and 'you ſhould reject me as the reſt of my 'friends have done. I leave, therefore, 'the determination of this point upon 'you.—I am not, I find, to be truſted 'with it. But be *mine* all the fault, and 'all the puniſhment, if it be puniſhable! '—And certainly it muſt, when it can 'be the cauſe of thoſe over-lively ſen-'tences wherewith you conclude the 'letter I have before me, and which I 'muſt no farther animadvert upon, be-'cauſe you forbid me to do ſo.'

To the ſecond letter, among other things, ſhe ſays,

'So, my dear, you ſeem to think, that 'there was a *fate* in my error. The cor-'dial, the conſiderate friend is ſeen in the 'obſervation you make on this occaſion. 'Yet ſince things have happened as 'they have, would to Heaven I could 'hear, that all the world acquitted my 'father, or, at leaſt, my mother! whoſe 'character, before theſe family-feuds 'broke out, was the ſubject of every 'one's admiration. Don't let any-body 'ſay from you, ſo that it may come to '*her* ear, that ſhe might, by a timely 'exertion of her fine talents, have ſaved 'her unhappy child. You will obſerve, 'my dear, that *in her own good time*, when 'ſhe ſaw that there was not likely to be 'an end to my brother's perſecutions, 'ſhe reſolved to exert herſelf. But the 'pragmatical daughter, *by the fatal meet-*'*ing*, precipitated all, and fruſtrated her 'indulgent deſigns. O my love, I am 'now convinced, by dear experience, 'that while children are ſo happy as to 'have parents or guardians, whom they '*may* conſult, they ſhould not preſume '(no, not with the beſt and pureſt in-'tentions) to follow their own conceits, 'in material caſes.

'A ray of hope of future reconciliation 'darts in upon my mind, from the inten-'tion you tell me my mother had to ex-'ert herſelf in my favour, had I not 'gone away. And my hope is the 'ſtronger, as this communication points 'out to me, that my *uncle Harlowe's in-*'*tereſt* is likely, in my mother's opinion, 'to be of weight, if it could be engaged. 'It will behove me, perhaps, to apply 'to that dear uncle, if a proper occa-'ſion offer.'

LETTER LVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY, APRIL 24.

FATE is weaving a whimſical web for thy friend; and I ſee not but I ſhall be inevitably manacled.

Here

Here have I been at work, dig, dig, dig, like a cunning miner, at one time, and ſpreading my ſnares, like an artful fowler, at another, and exulting in my contrivances to get this inimitable creature abſolutely into my power. Everything made for me. Her brother and uncles were but my pioneers: her father ſtormed as I directed him to ſtorm. Mrs. Howe was acted by the ſprings I ſet at work: her daughter was moving for me, and yet imagined herſelf plumb againſt me: and the dear creature herſelf had already run her ſtubborn neck into my gin, and knew not that ſhe was caught, for I had not drawn my ſprindges cloſe about her—And juſt as all this was compleated, wouldſt thou believe, that I ſhould be my own enemy, and her friend?—That I ſhould be ſo totally diverted from all my favourite purpoſes, as to propoſe to marry her before I went to town, in order to put it out of my own power to reſume them?

When thou knoweſt this, wilt thou not think that my black angel plays me booty, and has taken it into his head to urge me on to the indiſſoluble tie, that he might be more ſure of me (from the complex tranſgreſſions to which he will certainly ſtimulate me, when wedded) than perhaps he thought he could be from the ſimple ſins, in which I have ſo long allowed myſelf, that they ſeem to have the plea of habit.

Thou wilt be ſtill the more ſurprized, when I tell thee, that there ſeems to be a coalition going forward between the black angels and the white ones; for here has hers induced her in one hour, and by one retrograde accident, to *acknowledge*, what the charming creature never before acknowledged, a preferable favour for me. She even avows an intention to be mine—Mine, without reformation-conditions.—She permits me to talk of love to her: of the irrevocable ceremony: yet, another extraordinary! poſtpones that ceremony; chuſes to ſet out for London; and even to go to the widow's in town.

'Well, but how comes all this about?' methinks thou aſkeſt.—'Thou, Love-'lace, dealeſt in wonders; yet aimeſt 'not at the *marvellous*—How did all this 'come about?'

I will tell thee—I was *in danger of loſing my charmer for ever*.—She was ſoaring upwards to her native ſkies. She was got above the earth, by means, too, of the *earth-born;* and ſomething extraordinary was to be done to keep her with us ſublunaries. And what ſo effectually as the ſoothing voice of love, and the attracting offer of matrimony from a man not hated, can fix the attention of the maiden heart aching with uncertainty; and before impatient of the queſtionable queſtion?

This, in ſhort, was the caſe—While ſhe was refuſing all manner of obligation to me, keeping me at haughty diſtance, in hopes that her couſin Morden's arrival would ſoon fix her in a full and abſolute independence of me; diſguſted likewiſe at her adorer, for holding himſelf the reins of his own paſſions, inſtead of giving them up to her controul—She writes a letter, urging an anſwer to a letter before ſent, for her apparel, her jewels, and ſome gold, which ſhe had left behind her; all which was to ſave her pride from obligation, and to promote the independence her heart was ſet upon. And what followed but a ſhocking anſwer, made ſtill more ſhocking by the communication of a father's curſe upon a daughter deſerving only bleſſings?—A curſe upon the curſer's heart, and a double one upon the tranſmitter's, the ſpiteful, the envious Arabella!

Abſent when it came; on my return, I found her recovering from fits, again to fall into ſtronger fits; and nobody expecting her life; half a dozen meſſengers diſpatched to find me out. Nor wonder at her being ſo affected; ſhe, whoſe filial piety gave her dreadful faith in a father's curſes; and the curſe of this gloomy tyrant extending (to uſe her own words when ſhe could ſpeak) *to both worlds*.—O that it had turned, in the moment of it's utterance, to a mortal quinſey, and ſticking in his gullet, had choaked the old execrator, as a warning to all ſuch unnatural fathers!

What a miſcreant had I been, not to have endeavoured to bring her back, by all the endearments, by all the vows, by all the offers that I could make her?

I *did* bring her back. More than a father to her; for I have given her a life her unnatural father had well-nigh taken away: ſhall I not cheriſh the fruits of my own benefaction? I was earneſt in my vows to marry; and my ardour to urge the preſent time was a *real* ardour. But extreme dejection, with a mingled delicacy, that in her dying moments I doubt not ſhe will preſerve, have cauſed her to refuſe me the *time*, though not the ſolemnity; for ſhe has told me, that now ſhe muſt be wholly in my protection, [*being deſtitute of every other!*]—More indebted ſtill, thy friend,

as

as thou ſeeſt, to her cruel relations, than to herſelf, for her favour!

She has written to Miſs Howe an account of their barbarity; but *has not acquainted her, how very ill ſhe was.*

Low, very low, ſhe remains; yet, dreading her ſtupid brother's enterprize, ſhe wants to be in London; where but for *this* accident, and (wouldſt thou have believed it?) for *my perſuaſions*, ſeeing her ſo very ill, ſhe would have been this night; and we ſhall actually ſet out on Wedneſday morning, if ſhe be not worſe.

And now for a few words with thee, on thy heavy preachment of Saturday laſt.

Thou art apprehenſive, that the lady is now truly in danger; and it is a miracle, thou telleſt me, if ſhe withſtand ſuch an attempter; knowing what we know of the ſex, thou ſayeſt, thou ſhouldſt dread, wert thou to make farther trial, leſt thou ſhouldſt ſucceed. And in another place, telleſt me, that thou pleadeſt not for the ſtate for any favour thou haſt for it.

What an advocate art thou for matrimony!—Thou wert ever an unhappy fellow at argument. Does the trite ſtuff with which the reſt of thy letter abounds, in *favour* of wedlock, ſtrike with the force that this which I have tranſcribed does *againſt* it?

Thou takeſt great pains to convince me, and that from the diſtreſſes the lady is reduced to, (chiefly by her friends perſecutions and implacableneſs, I hope thou wilt own, and not from me, as yet) that the propoſed trial will not be a fair trial. But let me aſk thee, Is not calamity the teſt of virtue? And wouldſt thou not have me value this charming creature upon *proof* of her merits?—Do I not intend to reward her by marriage, if ſhe ſtand that *proof?*

But why repeat I what I have ſaid before?—Turn back, thou egregious arguer, turn back to my long letter of the 19th; [*See letter XIV.*] and thou wilt there find every ſyllable of what thou haſt written either anſwered or invalidated.

But I am not angry with thee, Jack. I love oppoſition. As gold is tried by fire, and virtue by temptation; ſo is ſterling wit by oppoſition. Have I not, before thou ſetteſt out as an advocate for my fair one, often brought thee in, as making objections to my proceedings, for no other reaſons than to exalt myſelf by proving thee a man of ſtraw? As Homer raiſes up many of his champions, and gives them terrible names, only to have them knocked on the head by his heroes.

However, take to thee this one piece of advice—Evermore be ſure of being in the right, when thou preſumeſt to ſit down to correct thy maſter.

And another, if thou wilt—Never offer to invalidate the force which a virtuous education ought to have in the ſex, by endeavouring to find excuſes for *their* frailty from the frailty of ours. For, are we not devils to each other? They tempt us; we tempt them. Becauſe we *men* cannot reſiſt temptation, is that a reaſon that *women* ought not, when the whole of their education is caution and warning againſt our attempts? Do not their grandmothers give them one eaſy rule?—Men are to aſk—Women are to deny.

Well, but to return to my principal ſubject; let me obſerve, that be my future reſolutions what they will as to this lady, the contents of the violent letter ſhe has received, have ſet me at leaſt a month forward with her. I can now, as I hinted, talk of love and marriage, without controul and reſtriction; her injunctions no more my terror.

In this ſweetly familiar way ſhall we ſet out together for London. Mrs. Sorlings's eldeſt daughter, at my motion, is to attend her in the chaiſe; while I ride by way of eſcort: for ſhe is extremely apprehenſive of the Singleton plot; and has engaged me to be all patience, if any thing ſhould happen on the road. But nothing I am ſure *will* happen: for by a letter received juſt now from Joſeph, I underſtand, that James Harlowe has already laid aſide his ſtupid project. And this by the earneſt deſire of all thoſe of his friends to whom he had communicated it; who were afraid of the conſequences that might attend it. But it is not over with *me* however; although I am not determined at preſent as to the uſes I may make of it.

My beloved tells me, ſhe ſhall have her cloaths ſent her: ſhe hopes alſo her jewels, and ſome gold which ſhe left behind her. But Joſeph ſays, cloaths *only* will be ſent. I will not, however, tell her that: on the contrary, I ſay, there is no doubt but they will ſend *all* ſhe wrote for. The greater her diſappointment *from them*, the greater muſt be her dependence *on me.*

But, after all, I hope, I ſhall be enabled to be honeſt to a merit ſo tranſcendent. The devil take thee though for

thy opinion given so mal-à-propos, that she *may be* overcome.

'If thou designest to be honest,' methinks thou sayest, 'why should not 'Singleton's plot be over with *thee*, as it 'is with her *brother*?'

Because, (if I *must* answer thee) where people are so modestly doubtful of what they are able to do, it is good to leave a loop-hole. And let me add, that when a man's heart is set upon a point, and any thing occurs to beat him off, he will find it very difficult when the suspending reason ceases, to forbear resuming it.

LETTER LVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25.

ALL hands at work in preparation for London. What makes my heart beat so strong? Why rises it to my throat, in such half-choaked flutters, when I think of what this removal may do for me? I am hitherto resolved to be honest: and that increases my wonder at these involuntary commotions. 'Tis a plotting villain of a heart: it ever was; and ever will be, I doubt. Such a joy when any roguery is going forward!—I so little it's master!—A head likewise so well turned to answer the triangular varlet's impulses!—No matter. I will struggle with thee, old friend; and if I cannot overcome thee now, I never will again attempt to conquer thee.

The dear creature continues extremely low and dejected. Tender blossom! How unfit to contend with the rude and ruffling wings of passion, and haughty and insolent controul!—Never till now from under the wing (it is not enough to say of indulging, but) of *admiring* parents; the mother's bosom only fit to receive this charming flower!

This was the reflection, that with mingled compassion, and augmented love, arose to my mind, when I beheld the charmer reposing her lovely face upon the bosom of the widow Sorlings, from a recovered fit, as I entered soon after she had received her execrable sister's letter. How lovely in her tears!—And as I entered, her lifted-up face significantly bespeaking my protection, as I thought. And can I be a villain to such an angel!—I hope not—But why, Belford, why, once more, puttest thou me in mind, that she *may be* overcome? And why to her own reliance on my honour so late and so reluctantly shewn?

But after all, so low, so dejected continues she to be, that I am terribly afraid I shall have a vapourish wife, if I *do* marry. I should then be doubly undone. Not that I shall be *much at home with her, perhaps, after the first fortnight or so.* But when a man has been ranging, like the painful bee, from flower to flower, perhaps for a month together, and the thoughts of home and a wife begin to have their charms with him, to be received by a Niobe, who, like a wounded vine, weeps her vitals away, while she but involuntarily curls about him; how shall I be able to bear that?

May heaven restore my charmer to health and spirits, I hourly pray—that a man may see whether she can love anybody but her father and mother! In *their* power, I am confident, it will be, at any time to make her husband joyless; and that, as I hate them so heartily, is a shocking thing to reflect upon.—Something *more* than woman, an *angel*, in some things; but a *baby* in others: so father-sick! so family-fond! what a poor chance stands a husband with such a wife, unless, forsooth, they vouchsafe to be reconciled to her, and *continue* reconciled?

It is infinitely better for her and for me, that she should not marry. What a delightful manner of life [O that I could persuade her to it!] would the life of honour be with such a woman? The fears, the inquietudes, the uneasy days, the restless nights; all arising from doubts of having disobliged me! Every absence dreaded to be an absence for ever! And then how amply rewarded, and rewarding, by the rapture-causing return! Such a passion as this keeps love in a continual fervour; makes it all alive. The happy pair, instead of sitting dozing and nodding at each other in opposite chimney-corners in a winter-evening, and over a wintry love, always new to each other, and having always something to say.

Thou knowest, in my verses to my Stella, my mind on this occasion. I will lay those verses in her way, as if undesignedly, when we are together at the widow's; that is to say, if we do not soon go to church by consent. She will thence see what my notions are of wedlock. If she receives them with any sort of temper, that will be a foundation; and let me alone to build upon it.

Many a girl has been *carried*, who never would have been *attempted*, had

she shewed a proper resentment, when her ears or her eyes were first invaded. I have tried a young creature by a bad book, a light quotation, or an indecent picture; and if she has borne that, or only blushed, and not been angry; and more especially if she has leered and smiled; that girl have I, and old Satan, put down for our own. O how I could warn these little rogues if I would! Perhaps envy, more than virtue, will put me upon setting up beacons for them, when I grow old and joyless.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

If you are in London when I get thither, you will see me soon. My charmer is a little better than she was. Her eyes shew it; and her harmonious voice, hardly audible last time I saw her, now begins to cheer my heart once more. But yet she has no love, no sensibility!—There is no addressing her with those *meaning* yet *innocent* freedoms, (innocent *at first setting out*, they may be called) which soften others of her sex. The more strange this, as she now acknowledges preferable favour for me; and is highly susceptible of grief. Grief mollifies and enervates. The grieved mind looks round it, silently implores consolation, and loves the soother. Grief is ever an inmate with joy. Though they won't shew themselves at the same window at *one* time; yet they have the whole house in common between them.

LETTER LVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDN. APRIL 26.

AT last my lucky star has directed us into the desired port, and we are safely landed. Well says Rowe—

'The wise and active conquer difficulties,
'By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
'Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
'And *make* th' impossibility they *fear*.'

But in the midst of my exultation, something, I know not what to call it, checks my joys, and glooms over my brighter prospects. If it be not conscience, it is wonderfully like what I thought so, many, many years ago.

'Surely, Lovelace,' methinks thou sayest, 'thy good motions are not gone 'off already! Surely thou wilt not now 'at last be a villain to this lady!'

I can't tell what to say to it. Why would not the dear creature accept of me, when I so sincerely offered myself to her acceptance? Things already appear with a very different face *now I have got her here*. Already have our mother and her daughters been about me: 'Charming lady! What a complexion! 'What eyes! What majesty in her per-'son—O Mr. Lovelace, you are a happy 'man!—*You owe us such a lady!*' Then they remind me of my revenge, and of my hatred to her whole family.

Sally was so struck with her, at first sight, that she broke out to me in these lines of Dryden—

'——Fairer to be seen
'Than the fair lily on the flowery green!
'More fresh than May herself in blossoms
'new!'

I sent to thy lodgings within half an hour after our arrival, to receive thy congratulation upon it: but thou wert at Edgware, it seems.

My beloved, who is charmingly amended, is retired to her constant employment, writing. I must content myself with the same amusement, till she shall be pleased to admit me to her presence; for already have I given to everyone her cue.

And, among the rest, who dost thou think is to be her maid-servant?—Deb. Butler.

'Ah, Lovelace!'

And ah, Belford! It can't be otherwise. But what dost think Deb.'s name is to be!—Why, Dorcas, Dorcas Wykes. And won't it be admirable, if either through fear, fright, or good-liking, we can get my beloved to accept of Dorcas Wykes for a bed-fellow?

In so many ways will it be now in my power to have the dear creature, that I shall not know which of them to chuse!

But here comes the widow, with Dorcas Wykes in her hand; and I am to introduce them both to my fair-one.

So!—The honest girl is accepted—Of good parentage: but, through a neglected education, plaguy illiterate—She can neither write, nor read writing. A kinswoman of Mrs. Sinclair—Could not therefore well be refused, the widow in person recommending her; and the wench only taken till her Hannah can come. What an advantage has an imposing or forward nature over a courteous one! So here may something arise to lead into correspondences, and so forth. To be sure, a person need not be *so wary, so cautious of what she writes, or what she leaves upon her table or toilette, when her attendant cannot read.*

It would be a miracle, as thou sayest,



Rob.t Lovelace Esq.r *Introducing* Mr.s Sinclair *to* Dorcas Wykes.

Published by Alex.r Hogg Oct.r 5. 1793.

if this lady can ſave herſelf—And having gone ſo far, how can I recede?—Then my revenge upon the Harlowes!—To have run away with a daughter of theirs, to make her a Lovelace—To make her one of a family ſo ſuperior to her own, what a triumph, as I have heretofore obſerved, to *them!*—But to run away with her, and to bring her to my lure in the *other* light, what a mortification of their pride! What a gratification of my own!

Then theſe women are continually at me. Theſe women, who, before my whole ſoul and faculties were abſorbed in the love of this ſingle charmer, uſed always to oblige me with the flower and firſt-fruits of their garden! Indeed, indeed my goddeſs ſhould not have choſen this London widow's—But I dare ſay, if I *had*, ſhe would *not*. People who will be dealing in contradiction, ought to pay for it. And to be puniſhed by the conſequences of our own choice, what a moral lies there!—What a deal of good may I not be the occaſion of from a little evil!

Dorcas is a neat creature, both in perſon and dreſs; her countenance not vulgar. And I am in hopes, as I hinted above, that her lady will accept of her for her bed-fellow, in a ſtrange houſe, for a week or ſo. But I ſaw ſhe had a diſlike to her at her very firſt appearance: yet I thought the girl behaved very modeſtly—*Over-did* it a little, perhaps—Her lady ſhrunk back, and looked ſhy upon her. The doctrine of ſympathies and antipathies is a ſurprizing doctrine—But Dorcas will be exceſſively obliging, and win her lady's favour ſoon, I doubt not. I am ſecure in one of the wench's qualities however—She is not to be corrupted. A great point that—Since a lady and her maid, when heartily of one party, will be too hard for half a ſcore devils.

The dear creature was no leſs ſhy when the widow firſt accoſted her at her alighting. Yet I thought, that honeſt Doleman's letter had prepared her for her maſculine appearance.

And now I mention that letter, why doſt thou not wiſh me joy, Jack?

'Joy of what?'

Why, joy of my nuptials.—Know then, that '*ſaid* is *done* with me, when I have a mind to have it ſo; and that we are actually man and wife: only that conſummation has not paſſed—Bound down to the contrary of that, by a ſolemn vow, till a reconciliation with her family take place. The women here are told ſo. They know it, before my beloved knows it; and that, thou wilt ſay, is odd.

But how ſhall I do to make my fair-one keep her temper on the intimation? *Why, is ſhe not here?*—At Mrs. Sinclair's? But if ſhe will hear reaſon, I doubt not to convince her, that ſhe ought to acquieſce.

She will inſiſt, I ſuppoſe, upon my leaving her, and that I ſhall not take up my lodgings under the ſame roof. But circumſtances are changed ſince I firſt made her that promiſe. I have taken all the vacant apartments; and muſt carry this point alſo.

I hope in a while to get her with me to the public entertainments. She knows nothing of the town, and has ſeen leſs of it's diverſions than ever woman of her taſte, her fortune, her endowments, did ſee. She has indeed a natural politeneſs, which tranſcends all acquirement. The moſt capable of any one I ever knew, of judging what an *hundred* things are, by ſeeing *one* of a like nature. Indeed ſhe took ſo much pleaſure in her own choſen amuſements till perſecuted out of them, that ſhe had neither leiſure nor inclination for the town-diverſions.

Theſe diverſions will amuſe. And the deuce is in it, if a little ſuſceptibility will not put forth, now ſhe receives my addreſs; eſpecially if I can manage it ſo, as to be allowed to live under one roof with her. What though the ſenſibility be at firſt faint and reluctant, like the appearance of an early ſpring-flower in frofty weather, which ſeems afraid of being nipt by an eaſterly blaſt? That will be enough for me.

I hinted to thee in a former, that I had provided books for the lady's indoor amuſement. Sally and Polly are readers. My beloved's light cloſet was their library. And ſeveral pieces of devotion have been put in, bought on purpoſe, at *ſecond-hand*.

I was always for forming a judgment of the reading part of the ſex by their books. The obſervations I have made on this occaſion have been of great uſe to me, as well in England as out of it. The ſagacious lady may poſſibly be as curious in this point as her Lovelace.

So much for the preſent. Thou ſeeſt, that I have a great deal of buſineſs before me. Yet I will write again ſoon.

Mr. Lovelace ſends another letter with this; in which he takes notice of young Mrs. Sorlings's ſetting out with them, and leaving them at Barnet: but as it's contents are nearly the ſame with thoſe in the lady's next letter, it is omitted.

LETTER LIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDN. AFTERNOON, APRIL 26.

AT length, my deareſt Miſs Howe, I am in London, and in my new lodgings. They are neatly furniſhed, and the ſituation, for the town, is pleaſant.

But, I think, you muſt not aſk me, how I like the old gentlewoman. Yet ſhe ſeems courteous and obliging. Her kinſwomen juſt appeared to welcome me at my alighting. They ſeem to be genteel young women. But more of their anſt and of them, as I ſhall ſee more.

Miſs Sorlings has an uncle at Barnet, whom ſhe found ſo very ill, that her uneaſineſs on that account (having large expectations from him) made me comply with her deſire to ſtay with him. Yet I wiſhed, as her uncle did not expect her, that ſhe would ſee me ſettled in London; and Mr. Lovelace was ſtill more earneſt that ſhe would, offering to ſend her back again in a day or two and urging, that her uncle's malady threatened not a ſudden change. But leaving the matter to *her choice*, after ſhe knew what *would have been mine*, ſhe made me not the expected compliment. Mr. Lovelace, however, made her a handſome preſent at parting.

His genteel ſpirit on all occaſions makes me often wiſh him more conſiſtent.

As ſoon as I arrived I took poſſeſſion of my apartment. I ſhall make good uſe of the light cloſet in it, if I ſtay here any time.

One of his attendants returns in the morning to The Lawn; and I made writing to you by him, an excuſe for my retiring.

And now give me leave to chide you, my deareſt friend, for your raſh, and I hope revocable reſolution, not to make Mr. Hickman the happieſt man in the world, while my happineſs is in ſuſpence. Suppoſe I were to be unhappy, what, my dear, would this reſolution of yours avail me? Marriage is the higheſt ſtate of friendſhip: if happy, it leſſens our cares by dividing them, at the ſame time that it doubles our pleaſures by a mutual participation. Why, my dear, if you love me, will you not rather give another friend to one who has *not two* that ſhe is ſure of?—Had you married on your mother's laſt birth-day, as ſhe would have had you, I ſhould not, I dare ſay, have wanted a refuge, that would have ſaved many mortifications, and much diſgrace.

HERE I was broke in upon by Mr. Lovelace; introducing the widow leading in a kinſwoman of hers to attend me, if I approved of her, till my Hannah ſhould come, or till I had provided myſelf with ſome other ſervant. The widow gave her many good qualities; but ſaid, that ſhe had one great defect; which was, that ſhe could not write, nor read writing; that part of her education having been neglected when ſhe was young: but for diſcretion, fidelity, obligingneſs, ſhe was not to be out-done by any-body. She commended her likewiſe for her ſkill at the needle.

As for *her defect*, I can eaſily forgive that. She is very likely and genteel; too genteel indeed, I think, for a ſervant. But, what I like leaſt of all in her, ſhe has a ſtrange ſly eye. I never ſaw ſuch an eye—Half-confident, I think. But indeed Mrs. Sinclair herſelf (for that is the widow's name) has an odd winking eye; and her reſpectfulneſs ſeems too much ſtudied, methinks, for the London eaſe and freedom. But people can't help their looks, you know; and after all, ſhe is extremely civil and obliging. And as for the young woman, (Dorcas is her name) ſhe will not be long with me.

I accepted her: how could I do otherwiſe, (if I had had a mind to make objections, which in my preſent ſituation I had not) her aunt preſent, and the young woman alſo preſent; and Mr. Lovelace officious in his introducing them, to oblige me? But, upon their leaving me, I told *him*, (who ſeemed inclinable to begin a converſation with me) that I deſired that this apartment might be conſidered as my retirement: that when I ſaw him, it might be in the dining-room; (which is up a few ſtairs; for this back-houſe being once two, the rooms do not all of them very conveniently communicate with each other) and that I might be as little broken in upon as poſſible, when I am here. He withdrew very reſpectfully to the door; but there ſtopt; and aſked for my company *then* in the dining-room. If he were about ſetting out for other lodgings, I would go with him now, I told him: but if he did not juſt then go, I would firſt finiſh my letter to Miſs Howe.

I ſee he has no mind to leave me, if he can help it. My brother's ſcheme may give him a pretence to try to engage me to diſpenſe with his promiſe;

But if I now do, I muſt acquit him of it entirely.

My approbation of his tender behaviour in the midſt of my grief has given him a right, as he ſeems to think, of addreſſing me with all the freedom of an approved lover. I ſee by this man, that when once a woman embarks with this ſex, there is no receding. One conceſſion is but the prelude to another with them. He has been ever ſince Sunday laſt continually complaining of the diſtance I keep him at; and thinks himſelf entitled now, to call in queſtion my value for him; ſtrengthening his doubts by my former declared readineſs to give him up to a reconciliation with my friends—And yet has himſelf fallen off from that *obſequious tenderneſs*, if I may couple the words, which drew from me the conceſſions he builds upon.

While we were talking at the door, my new ſervant came up, with an invitation to us both to tea. I ſaid, *he* might accept of it, if he pleaſed; but I muſt purſue my writing: and not chuſing either tea or ſupper, I deſired him to make my excuſes below, as to both; and inform them of my choice to be retired as much as poſſible. Yet to promiſe for me my attendance on the widow and her nieces at breakfaſt in the morning.

He objected particularity in the eye of ſtrangers, as to avoiding ſupper.

'You know,' ſaid I, 'and you can 'tell them, that I ſeldom eat ſuppers. 'My ſpirits are low. You muſt never 'urge me againſt a declared choice. 'Pray, Mr. Lovelace, inform them of 'all my particularities. If they are 'obliging, they will allow for them. 'I come not hither to make new ac'quaintance.'

I have turned over the books I found in my cloſet; and am not a little pleaſed with them; and think the better of the people of the houſe for their ſakes.

Stanhope's Goſpels; Sharp's, Tillotſon's, and South's Sermons; Nelſon's Feaſts and Faſts; a Sacramental piece of the Biſhop of Man, and another of Dr. Gauden, Biſhop of Exeter; and Inett's Devotions; are among the devout books: and among thoſe of a lighter turn, the following not ill choſen ones. A Telemachus in French, another in Engliſh; Steele's, Rowe's, and Shakeſpeare's plays; that genteel comedy of Mr. Cibber, The Careleſs Huſband, and others of the ſame author; Dryden's Miſcellanies; the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians; Pope's and Swift's, and Addiſon's works.

In the blank leaves of the Nelſon and Biſhop Gauden, is Mrs. Sinclair's name; and in thoſe of moſt of the others, either Sarah Martin, or Mary Horton, the names of the two nieces.

A

I AM exceedingly out of humour with Mr. Lovelace: and have great reaſon to be ſo. As you will allow, when you have read the converſation I am going to give you an account of; for he would not let me reſt till I gave him my company in the dining-room.

He began with letting me know, that he had been out to enquire after the character of the widow, which was the more neceſſary, he ſaid, as he ſuppoſed that I would *expect his frequent abſence*.

I *did*, I ſaid; and that he would not think of taking up his lodging in the ſame houſe with me. 'But what,' ſaid I, 'is the reſult of your enquiry?'

Why, indeed, the widow's character was, in the main, what he liked well enough. But as it was Miſs Howe's opinion, as I had told him, that my brother had not given over his ſcheme; as the widow lived by letting lodgings; and had others to lett in the ſame part of the houſe, which might be taken by an enemy; he knew no better way, than for him to take them all, as it could not be for a long time—*unleſs I would think of removing to others*.

So far was well enough: but as it was eaſy for me to ſee, that he ſpoke the ſlighter of the widow, in order to have a pretence to lodge here himſelf, I aſked him his intention in that reſpect. And he frankly owned, that if I choſe to ſtay here, he could not, as matters ſtood, think of leaving me for ſix hours together; and he had prepared the widow to expect, that we ſhould be here but for a few days—only till we could fix ourſelves in a houſe ſuitable to our condition; and this, that I might be under the leſs embarraſs, if I pleaſed to remove.

'Fix *our*-ſelves in a houſe, and 'and *our*, Mr. Lovelace—Pray, in what 'light—'

He interrupted me—'Why, my deareſt life, if you will hear me with pa'tience—Yet I am half-afraid, that I 'have been too forward, as I have not 'conſulted you upon it—But as my 'friends in town, according to what 'Mr. Doleman has written, in the letter you have ſeen, conclude us to be 'married—'

'Surely, Sir, you have not preſumed—'

'Hear

'Hear me out, dearest creature—You have received with favour my addresses —You have made me hope for the honour of your consenting hand: yet, by declining my most fervent tender of myself to you at Mrs. Sorlings's, have given me apprehensions of delay: I would not for the world be thought so ungenerous a wretch, now you have honoured me with your confidence, *as to wish to precipitate you*: yet your brother's schemes are not given up. Singleton, I am afraid, is actually in town; his vessel lies at Rotherhith—Your brother is absent from Harlowe Place; indeed not with Singleton yet, as I can hear. If you are *known* to be mine, or if you are but *thought* to be so, there will probably be an end of your brother's contrivances. The widow's character may be as worthy *as it is said to be*. But the worthier she is, the more danger, if your brother's agent should find us out; since she may be prevailed, that she ought in conscience to take a parent's part, against a child who stands in opposition to them. But if she believes us married, her good character will stand us in stead, and she will be of our party.—Then I have taken care to give her a reason why two apartments are requisite for us, at the hour of retirement.'

I perfectly raved at him. I would have flung from him in resentment; but he would not let me: and what could I do? Whither go, the evening advanced?

'I am astonished at you!' said I.—'If you are a man of honour, what need of all this strange obliquity? You delight in crooked ways—Let me know, since I *must* stay in your company, (for he held my hand) let me know all you have said to the people below.—Indeed, indeed, Mr. Lovelace, you are a very unaccountable man.'

'My dearest creature, need I to have mentioned any-thing of this? And could I not have taken up my lodgings in this house unknown to you, if I had not intended to make you the judge of all my proceedings? But *this* is what I have told the widow before her kinswomen, and before your new servant—That indeed we were privately married at Hertford; but that you had preliminarily bound me under a solemn vow, which I am most religiously resolved to keep, to be contented with separate apartments, and even not to lodge under the same roof, 'till a certain reconciliation shall take 'place, which is of high consequence 'to both. And further, that I might 'convince you of the purity of my intentions, and that my whole view in 'this was to prevent mischief, I have 'acquainted them, that I have solemnly 'promised to behave to you before every-'body, as if we were only betrothed, 'and not married; not even offering to 'take any of those innocent freedoms 'which are not refused in the most punc-'tilious loves.'

And then he solemnly vowed to me the strictest observance of the same respectful behaviour to me.

I said, that I was not by any means satisfied with the tale he had told, nor with the necessity he wanted to lay me under, of appearing what I was not: that every step he took was a wry one, a needless wry one: and since he thought it necessary to tell the people below anything about me, I insisted, that he should unsay all he had said, and tell them the truth.

What he had told them, he said, was with so many circumstances, that he could sooner die than contradict it. And still he insisted upon the propriety of appearing to be married, for the reasons he had given before—'And dearest crea-'ture,' said he, 'why this high displea-'sure with me upon so well-intended an 'expedient? You know, that I cannot 'wish to shun your brother, or his Sin-'gleton, but upon your account. The 'first step I would take, if left to myself, 'would be to find them out. *I have al-'ways acted in this manner, when any-body 'has presumed to give out threatenings a-'gainst me.*

''Tis true, I would have consulted 'you first, and had your leave. But 'since you dislike what I have said, let 'me implore you, dearest Madam, to 'give the only proper sanction to it, by 'naming an early day. Would to Hea-'ven that were to be to-morrow!—For 'God's sake, let it be to-morrow! But 'if not,' [Was it his business, my dear, before I spoke, (yet he seemed to be afraid of me) to say, *if not?*] 'let me 'beseech you, Madam, if my behaviour 'shall not be to your dislike, that you 'will not to-morrow, at breakfast-time, 'discredit what I have told them. The 'moment I give you cause to think, that 'I take any advantage of your conces-'sion, that moment revoke it, and ex-'pose me, as I shall deserve.—And once 'more, let me remind you, that I have 'no view either to serve or save myself

by

'by this expedient. It is only to pre-
'vent a probable miſchief, for your own
'mind's ſake, and for the ſake of thoſe
'who deſerve not the leaſt conſideration
'from me.'

What could I ſay? What could I do?—I verily think, that had he urged me again, in a *proper manner*, I ſhould have conſented (little ſatisfied as I am with him) to give him a meeting to-morrow morning at a more ſolemn place than in the parlour below.

But this I reſolve, that he ſhall not have my conſent to ſtay a night under this roof. He has now given me a ſtronger reaſon for this determination than I had before.

ALAS! my dear, how vain a thing to ſay, what we will or what we will not do, when we have put ourſelves into the power of this ſex!—He went down to the people below, on my deſiring to be left to myſelf; and ſtaid till their ſupper was juſt ready; and then, deſiring a moment's *audience*, as he called it, he beſought my leave to ſtay that one night, promiſing to ſet out either for Lord M.'s or for Edgware to his friend Belford's, in the morning, after breakfaſt. But if I were againſt it, he ſaid, he would not ſtay ſupper; and would attend me about eight next day—Yet he added, that my denial would have a very particular appearance to the people below, from what he had told them; and the more, as he had actually agreed for all the vacant apartments (indeed only for a month) for the reaſon he had before hinted at: but I need not ſtay here two days, if, upon converſing with the widow and her nieces in the morning, I ſhould have any diſlike to them.

I thought, notwithſtanding my reſolution above-mentioned, that it would ſeem too punctilious to deny him, under the circumſtances he had mentioned:—having, beſide, no reaſon to think he would obey me; for he looked, as if he were determined to debate the matter with me. And now as I ſee no likelihood of a reconciliation with my friends, and as I have actually received his addreſſes; I thought I would not quarrel with him, if I could help it, eſpecially as he aſked to ſtay but for one night, and could have done ſo without my knowing it; and you being of opinion, that the proud wretch, diſtruſting his own merits with me, or at leaſt my regard for him, will probably bring me to ſome conceſſions in his favour—For all theſe reaſons, I thought proper to yield *this* point: yet I was ſo vexed with him on the *other*, that it was impoſſible for me to comply with that grace which a conceſſion ſhould be made with, or not made at all.

This was what I ſaid—'What you
'*will* do, you *muſt* do, I think. You
'are very ready to promiſe; very ready
'to depart form your promiſe. You
'ſay, however, that you will ſet out
'to-morrow for the country. You know
'how ill I have been. I am not well
'enough now to debate with you upon
'your encroaching ways. I am utterly
'diſſatisfied with the tale you have told
'below. Nor will I promiſe to appear
'to the people of the houſe to-morrow
'what I am not.'

He withdrew in the moſt reſpectful manner, beſeeching me only to favour him with ſuch a meeting in the morning, as might not make the widow and her nieces think he had given me reaſon to be offended with him.

I retired to my own apartment, and Dorcas came to me ſoon after to take my commands. I told her, that I required very little attendance, and always dreſſed and undreſſed myſelf.

She ſeemed concerned, as if ſhe thought I had repulſed her; and ſaid, It ſhould be her whole ſtudy to oblige me.

I told her, that I was not difficult to be pleaſed: and ſhould let her know from time to time what aſſiſtance I ſhould expect from her. But for that night I had no occaſion for her further attendance.

She is not only genteel, but is well-bred, and well-ſpoken.—She muſt have had what is generally thought to be the polite part of education: but it is ſtrange, that fathers and mothers ſhould make ſo light, as they generally do, of that preferable part in girls, which would improve their minds, and give a grace to all the reſt.

As ſoon as ſhe was gone, I inſpected the doors, the windows, the wainſcot, the dark cloſet as well as the light one; and finding very good faſtenings to the door, and to all the windows, I again had recourſe to my pen.

MRS. SINCLAIR is juſt now gone from me. Dorcas, ſhe told me, had acquainted her, that I had diſmiſſed her for the night. She came to aſk me how I liked my apartment, and to wiſh me good reſt. She expreſſed her concern, that they could not have my company at ſupper. Mr. Lovelace, ſhe ſaid, had informed

ſhewed them of my love of retirement. She aſſured me, that I ſhould not be broken in upon. She highly extolled him, and gave me a ſhare in the praiſe, as to perſon. But was ſorry, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe was likely to loſe us ſo ſoon as Mr. Lovelace talked of.

I anſwered her with a ſuitable civility; and ſhe withdrew with great tokens of reſpect. With greater, I think, than ſhould be from diſtance of years, as ſhe was the wife of a gentleman; and as the appearance of every-thing about her, as well houſe as dreſs, carries the marks of ſuch good circumſtances, as require not abaſement.

If, my dear, you *will* write againſt prohibition, be pleaſed to direct, '*To Miſs* '*Laetitia Beaumont*; *to be left till called for*, '*at Mr. Wilſon's in Pall Mall.*'

Mr. Lovelace propoſed this direction to me, not *knowing* of your deſire that your letters ſhould paſs by a third hand. As his motive for it was, that my brother might not trace out where we are, I am glad, as well from this inſtance as from others, that he ſeems to think he has done miſchief enough already.

Do you know how my poor Hannah does?

Mr. Lovelace is ſo full of his contrivances and expedients, that I think it may not be amiſs to deſire you to look carefully to the ſeals of my letters, as I ſhall to thoſe of yours. If I find him baſe in this particular, I ſhall think him capable of any evil; and will fly him as my worſt enemy.

LETTER LX.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WITH HER TWO LAST LETTERS, N° LIV. LV. INCLOSED.

THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 27.

I Have your's; juſt brought me. Mr. Hickman has helped me to a lucky expedient, which, with the aſſiſtance of the poſt, will enable me to correſpond with you every day. An honeſt higler [Simon Collins his name] by whom I ſhall ſend this, and the two incloſed, (now I have your direction whither) goes to town conſtantly on Mondays, Wedneſdays, and Fridays; and can bring back to me from Mr. Wilſon's what you ſhall have cauſed to be left for me.

I congratulate you on your arrival in town, ſo much amended in ſpirits. I muſt be brief. I hope you'll have no cauſe to repent returning my Norris. She is forthcoming on demand.

I am ſorry your Hannah can't be with you. She is very ill ſtill; but not dangerouſly.

I long for your account of the women you are with. If they are not right people, you will find them out in one breakfaſting.

I know not what to write upon his reporting to them that you are actually married. His reaſons for it are plauſible. But he delights in odd expedients and inventions.

Whether you like the people or not, do not, by your noble ſincerity and plain-dealing, make yourſelf enemies. You are in the *world* now, you know.

I am glad you had thoughts of taking him at his offer; if he had re-urged it. I wonder he did not. But if he do not ſoon, and in ſuch a way as you *can* accept of it, don't think of ſtaying with him.

Depend upon it, my dear, he will not leave you, either night or day, if he can help it, now he has got footing.

I ſhould have abhorred him for his report of your marriage, had he not made it with ſuch circumſtances as leave it ſtill in your power to keep him at a diſtance. If once he offer at the *leaſt* familiarity —But this is needleſs to ſay to you. He can have, I think, no other deſign but what he profeſſes; becauſe he muſt needs think, that his report of being married to you muſt increaſe your vigilance.

You may depend upon my looking narrowly into the ſealings of your letters. If, as you ſay, he be baſe in that point, he will be ſo in every-thing. But to a perſon of your merit, of your fortune, of your virtue, he cannot be baſe. The man is no fool. It is his intereſt, as well with regard to his expectations from his own friends, as from you, to be honeſt. Would to Heaven, however, that you were *really* married! This is now the predominant wiſh of *your*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURS. MORN. EIGHT O'CLOCK.

I Am more and more diſpleaſed with Mr. Lovelace, on reflection, for his boldneſs in hoping to make me, though but *paſſively*, as I may ſay, teſtify to his great untruth. And I ſhall like him ſtill leſs for it, if his view in it does not come out to be *the hope of accelerating my reſolution in his favour*, by the difficulty

it

it will lay me under as to my behaviour to him. He has ſent me his compliments by Dorcas, with a requeſt that I will permit him to attend me in the dining-room—perhaps, that he may gueſs from thence whether I will meet him in good humour, or not: but I have anſwered, that as I ſhall ſee him at breakfaſt-time I deſired to be excuſed.

TEN O'CLOCK.

I TRIED to adjuſt my countenance, before I went down, to an eaſier air than I had a heart, and was received with the higheſt tokens of reſpect by the widow, and her two nieces: agreeable young women enough in their perſons; but they ſeemed to put on an air of reſerve; while Mr. Lovelace was eaſy and free to all, as if he were of long acquaintance with them: gracefully enough, I cannot but ſay; an advantage which travelled gentlemen have over other people.

The widow, in the converſation we had after breakfaſt, gave us an account of the military merit of the colonel her huſband, and, upon this occaſion, put her handkerchief to her eyes twice or thrice. I hope for the ſake of her ſincerity, ſhe wetted it, becauſe ſhe would be *thought* to have done ſo; but I ſaw not that ſhe did. She wiſhed that I might never know the loſs of a huſband ſo dear to me, as her beloved colonel was to her: and ſhe again put the handkerchief to her eyes.

It muſt, no doubt, be a moſt affecting thing to be ſeparated from a good huſband, and to be left in difficult circumſtances beſides, and that not by *his* fault, and expoſed to the inſults of the baſe and ungrateful, as ſhe repreſented her caſe to be at his death. This moved me a good deal in her favour.

You know, my dear, that I have an open and free heart; and naturally have as open and free a countenance; at leaſt my complimenters have told me ſo. At once, where I like, I mingle minds without reſerve, encouraging reciprocal freedoms, and am forward to diſſipate diffidences. But with theſe two nieces of the widow I never can be intimate —I don't know why.

Only, that circumſtances, and what paſſed in converſation, encouraged not the notion, or I ſhould have been apt to think, that the young ladies and Mr. Lovelace were of longer acquaintance than of yeſterday. For he, by ſtealth, as it were, caſt glances ſometimes at them, which they returned; and, on my ocular notice, their eyes fell, as I may ſay, under my eye, as if they could not ſtand examination.

The widow directed all her talk to me, as to Mrs. Lovelace; and I, with a very ill grace, bore it. And once ſhe expreſſed, more forwardly than I thanked her for, her wonder that any vow, any conſideration, however weighty, could have force enough with ſo charming a couple, as ſhe called him and me, to make us keep ſeparate beds.

Their eyes, upon this hint, had the advantage of mine. Yet was I not conſcious of guilt. How know I then, upon recollection, that my cenſures upon theirs are not too raſh? There are, no doubt, many truly modeſt perſons, (putting myſelf out of the queſtion) who, by bluſhes at an injurious charge, have been ſuſpected, by thoſe who cannot diſtinguiſh between the confuſion which guilt will be attended with, and the noble conſciouſneſs that overſpreads the face of a fine ſpirit, to be thought but capable of an imputed evil.

The great Roman, as we read, who took his ſirname from one part in three (the fourth not then diſcovered) of the world he had triumphed over, being charged with a mean crime to his ſoldiery, choſe rather to ſuffer exile (the puniſhment due to it, had he been found guilty) than to have it ſaid that Scipio was queſtioned in publick, on ſo ſcandalous a charge. And think you, my dear, that Scipio did not bluſh with indignation, when the charge was firſt communicated to him?

Mr. Lovelace, when the widow expreſſed her forward wonder, looked ſly and leering, as if to obſerve how I took it: and ſaid, they might take notice that his regard for my will and pleaſure (calling me his dear creature) had greater force upon him than the oath by which he had bound himſelf.

Rebuking both him and the widow, I ſaid, it was ſtrange to me to hear a mouth or vow ſo lightly treated, as to have it thought but of ſecond conſideration whatever were the firſt.

The obſervation was juſt, Miſs Martin ſaid; for that nothing could excuſe the breaking of a ſolemn vow, be the occaſion of making it what it would.

I aſked after the neareſt church, for I have been too long a ſtranger to the ſolemn worſhip. They named St. James's, St. Anne's, and another in Bloomſbury; and the two nieces ſaid, they often went

went to St. James's church, becauſe of the good company, as well as the excellent preaching.

Mr. Lovelace ſaid, the Royal Chapel was the place he oftenеſt went to, when in town. Poor man! little did I expect to hear he went to any place of devotion. I aſked, if the preſence of the viſible king of, comparatively, but a ſmall territory, did not take off, too generally, the requiſite attention to the ſervice of the inviſible King and Maker of a thouſand worlds?

He believed this might be ſo with ſuch as came for curioſity, when the royal family were preſent. But otherwiſe, he had ſeen as many contrite faces at the Royal Chapel, as any-where elſe: 'And 'why not? Since the people about court 'have as deep ſcores to wipe off, as any 'people whatever.'

He ſpoke this with ſo much levity, that I could not help ſaying, that nobody queſtioned but he knew how to chuſe his company.

'Your ſervant, my dear,' bowing, were his words; and turning to them, 'You will obſerve upon numberleſs oc-'caſions, ladies, as we are further ac-'quainted, that my beloved never ſpares 'me upon theſe topicks. But I admire 'her as much in her reproofs, as I am 'fond of her approbation.'

Miſs Horton ſaid, There was a time for every-thing. She could not but ſay, that ſhe thought innocent mirth was mighty becoming in young people.

'Very true,' joined in Miſs Martin. 'And Shakeſpare ſays well, *That youth* '*is the ſpring of life, the bloom of gaudy* '*years.*' [With a theatrical air ſhe ſpoke it:] and, for her part, ſhe could not but admire in my ſpouſe, that charming vivacity which ſo well ſuited his time of life.

Mr. Lovelace bowed. The man is fond of praiſe. More fond of it, I doubt, than of deſerving it. Yet this ſort of praiſe he *does* deſerve. He has, you know, an eaſy free manner, and no bad voice: and this praiſe ſo expanded his gay heart, that he ſung the following lines from Congreve, as he told us they were—

'Youth does a thouſand pleaſures bring,
'Which from decrepit age will fly;
'Sweets that wanton in the boſom of the ſpring,
'In winter's cold embraces die.'

And this for a compliment, as he ſaid, to the two nieces. Nor was it thrown away upon them. They encored it; and his compliance fixed them in my memory.

We had ſome talk about meals; and the widow very civilly offered to conform to any rules I would ſet her. I told her how eaſily I was pleaſed, and how much I choſe to dine by myſelf, and that from a plate ſent me from any ſingle diſh. But I will not trouble you, my dear, with ſuch particulars.

They thought me very ſingular; and with reaſon: but as I liked them not ſo *very* well as to forego my own choice in compliment to them, I was the leſs concerned for what they thought.—And ſtill the leſs, as Mr. Lovelace had put me very much out of humour with him.

They, however, cautioned me againſt melancholy. I ſaid, I ſhould be a very unhappy creature, if I could not bear my own company.

Mr. Lovelace ſaid, That he muſt let the ladies into my ſtory; and then they would know how to allow for my ways. 'But, *my dear, as you love me*,' ſaid the confident wretch, 'give as little way 'to melancholy as poſſible. Nothing 'but the ſweetneſs of your temper, 'and your high notions of a duty that 'never can be deſerved where you place 'it, can make you ſo uneaſy as you are. '—Be not angry, *my dear love*, for ſay-'ing ſo,' [ſeeing me frown, I ſuppoſe:] and ſnatched my hand, and kiſſed it.—I left him with them; and retired to my cloſet and my pen.

Juſt as I have written thus far, I am interrupted by a meſſage from him that he is ſetting out on a journey, and deſires to take my commands—So here I will leave off, to give him a meeting in the dining room.

I WAS not diſpleaſed to ſee him in his riding-dreſs.

He ſeemed deſirous to know how I liked the gentlewomen below. I told him, that although I did not think them *very* exceptionable; yet as I wanted not, in my preſent ſituation, new acquaintance, I ſhould not be fond of cultivating theirs.

He urged me ſtill further on this head.

I could not ſay, I told him, that I greatly liked either of the young gentlewomen, any more than their aunt: and that were my ſituation ever ſo happy, they had much too gay a turn for me.

He did not wonder, he ſaid, to hear me ſay ſo. He knew not any of the ſex who had been accuſtomed to ſhew themſelves at the town-diverſions and amuſements, that would appear tolerable to me. 'Silences and *bluſhes*, Madam, are 'now no graces with our fine ladies in 'town.

'town. Hardened by frequent publick 'appearances, they would be as much 'aſhamed to be found guilty of theſe 'weakneſſes, as men.'

'Do you defend theſe two gentlewo- 'men, Sir, by reflections upon half the 'ſex? But you muſt ſecond me, Mr. 'Lovelace, (and yet I am not fond of 'being thought particular) in my deſire 'of breakfaſting and ſupping (when I 'do ſup) by myſelf.'

If I would have it ſo, to be ſure it ſhould be ſo. The people of the houſe were not of conſequence enough to be apologized to, in any point where my pleaſure was concerned. And if I ſhould diſlike them ſtill more on further knowledge of them, he hoped I would think of *ſome other lodgings*.

He expreſſed a great deal of regret at leaving me, declaring, that it was abſolutely in obedience to my commands: but that he could not have conſented to go, while my brother's ſchemes were on foot, if I had not done him the credit of my countenance in the report he had made that we were married; which, he ſaid, had bound all the family to his intereſt, ſo that he could leave me with the greater ſecurity and ſatisfaction.

He hoped, he ſaid, that on his *return* I would name his happy day; and the rather, as I might be convinced, by my brother's projects, that no reconciliation was to be expected.

I told him, that perhaps I might write one letter to my uncle Harlowe. He once loved me. I ſhould be eaſier when I had made one direct application. I might poſſibly propoſe ſuch terms, in relation to my grandfather's eſtate, as might procure me their attention; and I hoped he would be long enough abſent to give me time to write to him, and receive an anſwer from him.

That, he muſt beg my pardon, he could not promiſe. He would inform himſelf of Singleton's and my brother's motions; and if on his return he found no reaſon for apprehenſion, he would go directly for Berks, and endeavour to bring up with him his couſin Charlotte, who, he hoped, would induce me to give him an earlier day, than at preſent I *ſeemed to think of*.—I *ſeemed to think of*, my dear! Very acquieſcent, as I ſhould imagine!

I told him that I ſhould take that young lady's company for a great favour.

I was the more pleaſed with this motion, as it came from himſelf, and with no ill grace.

He earneſtly preſſed me to accept of a Bank note: but I declined it. And then he offered me his ſervant William for my attendant in his abſence; who, he ſaid, might be diſpatched to him, if anything extraordinary fell out. I conſented to that.

He took his leave of me in the moſt reſpectful manner, only kiſſing my hand. He left the Bank note, unobſerved by me, upon the table. You may be ſure, I ſhall give it him back at his return.

I am in a much better humour with him than I was.

Where doubts of any perſon are removed, a mind not ungenerous is willing, by way of amends for having conceived thoſe doubts, to conſtrue everything that happens *capable* of a good conſtruction, in that perſon's favour. Particularly, I cannot but be pleaſed to obſerve, that although he ſpeaks of the ladies of his family with the freedom of relationſhip, yet it is always with tenderneſs. And from a man's kindneſs to his relations of the ſex, a woman has ſome reaſon to expect his good behaviour to herſelf, when married, if ſhe be willing to deſerve it from him.

And thus, my dear, am I brought to ſit down ſatisfied with this man, where I find room to infer that he is not by nature a ſavage. But how could a creature, who (treating herſelf unpolitely) gave a man an opportunity to run away with her, expect to be treated by that man with a very high degree of politeneſs?

'But why, now, when fairer proſpects 'ſeem to open, why theſe melancholy 'reflections?' will my beloved friend aſk of her Clariſſa.

Why? Can you aſk why, my deareſt Miſs Howe, of a creature, who, in the world's eye, has enrolled her name among the giddy and the inconſiderate; who labours under a parent's curſe, and the cruel uncertainties, which muſt ariſe from reflecting, that, equally againſt duty and principle, ſhe has thrown herſelf into the power of a man, and that man an immoral one?—Muſt not the ſenſe ſhe has of her inconſideration darken her moſt hopeful proſpects? Muſt it not even riſe *ſtrongeſt* upon a thoughtful mind, when her hopes are the faireſt? Even her pleaſures, were the man to prove better than ſhe expects, coming to her with an abatement, like that which perſons who are in poſſeſſion of ill-gotten wealth muſt then moſt poignantly experience, (if they have reflecting and unſeared minds) when, all their wiſhes anſwered, (if the wiſhes of ſuch perſons can ever be wholly

answered) they ſit down in hopes to *enjoy* what they have unjuſtly obtained, and find their own reflections their greateſt torment.

May you, my dear friend, be always happy in your reflections, prays *your ever-affectionate* CL. HARLOWE.

Mr. Lovelace, in his next letter, triumphs on his having carried his two great points of making the lady yield to paſs for his wife to the people of the houſe, and to his taking up his lodgings in it, though but for one night. He is now, *he ſays*, in a fair way, and doubts not but that he ſhall ſoon prevail, if not by perſuaſion, by ſurprize. *Yet he pretends to have ſome little remorſe, and* cenſures himſelf as acting the part of the grand tempter. But having ſucceeded thus far, he cannot, *he ſays*, forbear trying, according to the reſolution he had before made, whether he cannot go farther.

He gives the particulars of their debates on the above-mentioned ſubjects, to the ſame effect as in the lady's laſt letters.

It will by this time be ſeen, that his whole merit, with regard to this lady, lies in doing juſtice to her excellences both of mind and perſon, though to his own condemnation. Thus he begins his ſucceeding letter:

'And now, Belford, will I give thee 'an account of our firſt breakfaſt-converſation.

'All ſweetly ſerene and eaſy was the 'lovely brow and charming aſpect of 'my goddeſs, on her deſcending among 'us; commanding reverence from every 'eye; a curtſey from every knee; and 'ſilence, awful ſilence, from every quivering lip: while ſhe, armed with conſcious worthineſs and ſuperiority, looked and behaved, as an empreſs would look and behave among her vaſſals; yet with a freedom from pride and haughtineſs, as if born to dignity, and to a behaviour habitually gracious.'

He takes notice of the jealouſy, pride, and vanity, of Sally Martin and Polly Horton, on his reſpectful behaviour to the lady: *creatures who, brought up too high for their fortunes, and to a taſte of pleaſure, and the publick diverſions, had fallen an eaſy prey to his ſeducing arts*, (as will be ſeen in the *concluſion* of this work:) *and who, as he obſerves*, had not yet got over that diſtinction in their love, which makes a woman prefer one man to another,

'How difficult is it,' *ſays he*, 'to make 'a woman ſubſcribe to a preference 'againſt herſelf, though ever ſo viſible; 'eſpecially where love is concerned! This 'violent, this partial little devil, Sally, 'has the inſolence to compare herſelf 'with my angel—yet owns her to be an 'angel. "I charge you, Mr. Lovelace," 'ſays ſhe, "ſhew none of your extrava-"gant acts of kindneſs before me to this "ſullen, this gloomy beauty—I cannot "bear it." Then was I reminded of 'her firſt ſacrifice.

'What a rout do theſe women make 'about nothing at all! Were it not for 'what the *learned biſhop*, in his letter 'from Italy, calls the Entanglements of 'Amour, and *I* the Delicacies of Intrigue, what is there, Belford, in all 'they can do for us?

'How do theſe creatures endeavour to 'ſtimulate me! A fallen woman is a 'worſe devil than even a profligate man. 'The former is incapable of remorſe: 'that am not I—Nor ever ſhall they prevail upon me, though aided by all the 'powers of darkneſs, to treat this admirable creature with indignity.—So far, 'I mean, as indignity can be ſeparated 'from the trials which will prove her to 'be either woman or angel.

'Yet with them, I am a craven. I 'might have had her before now, if I 'would. If I would treat her as fleſh 'and blood, I ſhould find her ſuch. They 'thought I knew, if any man living did, 'that if a man made a goddeſs of a woman, ſhe would aſſume the goddeſs; 'that if power were given her, ſhe would 'exert that power to the giver, if to nobody elſe—And D—r's wife is thrown 'into my diſh, who, thou knoweſt, kept 'her ceremonious huſband at haughty 'diſtance, and whined in private to her 'inſulting footman. O how I curſed the 'blaſpheming wretches! They will make 'me, as I tell them, hate their houſe, and 'remove from it. And by my ſoul, 'Jack, I am ready at times to think that 'I ſhould not have brought her hither, 'were it but on Sally's account. And 'yet, without knowing either Sally's 'heart, or Polly's, the dear creature reſolves againſt having any converſation 'with them but ſuch as ſhe cannot avoid. 'I am not ſorry for this, thou mayeſt 'think; ſince jealouſy in woman is not 'to be concealed from woman. And 'Sally has no command of herſelf.

'What doſt think!—Here this little 'devil Sally, not being able, as ſhe told 'me, to ſupport life under my diſpleaſure, was going into a fit: but when I 'ſaw her *preparing* for it, I went out of 'the room; and ſo ſhe thought it would

'not

'not be worth her while to ſhew away.' *In this manner he mentions what his meaning was in making the lady the compliment of his abſence:*

'As to leaving her; if I go but for *one* 'night, I have fulfilled my promiſe: and 'if ſhe think not, I can mutter and 'grumble, and yield again, and make a 'merit of it; and then unable to live out 'of her preſence, ſoon return. Nor are 'women ever angry at bottom for being 'diſobeyed through exceſs of love. They 'like an uncontroulable paſſion. They 'like to have every favour raviſhed from 'them; and to be eaten and drunk quite 'up by a voracious lover. Don't I know 'the ſex!—Not ſo, indeed, as yet, my 'Clariſſa: but, however, with *her* my 'frequent egreſſes will make me look 'new to her, and create little buſy ſcenes 'between us. At the leaſt, I may ſurely, 'without exception, ſalute her at part-'ing, and at return; and will not thoſe 'occaſional freedoms, (which civility 'will warrant) by degrees, familiarize 'my charmer to them?

'But here, Jack, what ſhall I do with 'my uncle and aunts, and all my lov-'ing couſins? For I underſtand, that 'they are more in haſte to have me 'married than I am myſelf.'

LETTER LXII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, APRIL 28.

MR. Lovelace is returned already. My brother's projects were his pretence. I could not but look upon this ſhort abſence as an evaſion of his promiſe; eſpecially as he had taken ſuch precautions with the people below; and as he knew that I propoſed to keep cloſe within doors. I cannot bear to be dealt meanly with; and angrily inſiſted, that he ſhould directly ſet out for Berkſhire, in order to engage his couſin, as he had promiſed.

'O my deareſt life!' ſaid he, 'why 'will you baniſh me from your preſence? 'I cannot leave you for ſo long a time, 'as you ſeem to expect I ſhould. I have 'been hovering about the town ever 'ſince I left you. Edgware was the far-'theſt place I went to; and there I was 'not able to ſtay two hours, for fear, at 'this criſis, any-thing ſhould happen. 'Who can account for the workings of 'an apprehenſive mind, when all that 'is dear and valuable to it is at ſtake? 'You may ſpare yourſelf the trouble of 'writing to any of your friends, till the 'ſolemnity has paſſed that ſhall entitle 'me to give weight to your application. 'When they know we are married, your 'brother's plots will be at an end; and 'your father, and mother, and uncles, 'muſt be reconciled to you. Why then 'ſhould you heſitate a moment to con-'firm my happineſs? Why, once more, 'would you baniſh me from you? Why 'will you not give the man, who has 'brought you into difficulties, and who 'ſo honourably wiſhes to extricate you 'from them, the happineſs of doing ſo?'

He was ſilent. My voice failed to ſe-cond the inclination I had to ſay ſome-thing not wholly diſcouraging to a point ſo warmly preſſed.

'I'll tell you, my angel,' reſumed he, 'what I propoſe to do, if you approve 'of it. I will inſtantly go out to view 'ſome of the handſome new ſquares, or 'fine ſtreets round them, and make a 'report to you of any ſuitable houſe I 'find to be lett. I will take ſuch a one 'as you ſhall chuſe, and ſet up an equi-'page befitting our condition. You 'ſhall direct the whole. And on ſome 'early day, either before or after we 'fix, [*It muſt be at your own choice*] be 'pleaſed to make me the happieſt of 'men. And then will every-thing be 'in a deſirable train. You ſhall receive 'in your own houſe (if it can be ſo ſoon 'furniſhed as I wiſh) the compliments 'of all my relations. Charlotte ſhall 'viſit you in the interim: and if it take 'up time, you ſhall chuſe whom you 'will honour with your company, firſt, 'ſecond, or third, in the ſummer-'months; and on your return you ſhall 'find all that was wanting in your new 'habitation ſupplied; and pleaſures in 'a conſtant round ſhall attend us. O 'my angel, take me to you, inſtead of 'baniſhing me from you, and make me 'yours for ever!'

You ſee, my dear, that here was no *day* preſſed for; I was not uneaſy about that; and the ſooner recovered myſelf, as there was not. But, however, I gave him no reaſon to upbraid me for refu-ſing his offer of going in ſearch of a houſe.

He is accordingly gone out for this purpoſe. But I find, that he intends to take up his lodging here to-night; and if to-night, no doubt on other nights, while he is in town. As the doors and windows of my apartment have good faſtenings; as he has not, in all this time, given me cauſe for apprehenſion; as he has the pretence of my brother's ſchemes to plead; as the people below

are

are very courteous and obliging; Miſs Horton eſpecially, who ſeems to have taken a great liking to me, and to be of a gentler temper and manners, than Miſs Martin; and, as we are now in a tolerable way—I imagine, it would look particular to them all, and bring me into a debate with a man, who (let him be ſet upon what he will) has always a great deal to ſay for himſelf, if I were to inſiſt upon his promiſe: on all theſe accounts, I think, I will take no notice of his lodging here, if he don't.—Let me know, my dear, your thoughts of every-thing.

You may believe I gave him back his Bank note the moment I ſaw him.

FRIDAY EVENING.

MR. LOVELACE has ſeen two or three houſes; but none to his mind. But he has heard of one which looks promiſing, he ſays, and which he is to enquire about in the morning.

SATURDAY MORNING.

HE has made his enquiries, and actually ſeen the houſe he was told of laſt night. The owner of it is a young widow lady; who is inconſolable for the death of her huſband; *Fretchville* her name. It is furniſhed quite in taſte, every-thing being new within theſe ſix months. He believes, if I like not the furniture, the uſe of it may be agreed for, with the houſe, for a time certain: but if I like it, he will endeavour to take the one, and purchaſe the other, directly.

The lady ſees nobody; nor are the beſt apartments above-ſtairs to be viewed till ſhe is either abſent, or gone into the country; which ſhe talks of doing in a fortnight, or three weeks, at fartheſt; and to live there retired.

What Mr. Lovelace ſaw of the houſe (which were the ſaloon and two parlours) was perfectly elegant; and he was aſſured, all is of a piece. The offices are alſo very convenient; coach-houſe and ſtables at hand.

He ſhall be very impatient, he ſays, till I ſee the whole; nor will he, if he finds he can have it, look farther till I have ſeen it, except any-thing elſe offer to my liking. The price he values not.

He now does nothing but talk of the *ceremony*; but not indeed of the *day*. I don't want him to urge that—But I wonder he does not.

He has juſt now received a letter from Lady Betty Lawrance, by a particular hand; the contents principally relating to an affair ſhe has in Chancery. But in the poſtſcript ſhe is pleaſed to ſay very reſpectful things of me.

They are all impatient, ſhe ſays, for the happy day being over; which they flatter themſelves will *enſure his reformation*.

He hoped, he told me, that I would *ſoon* enable him to anſwer *their* wiſhes and *his own*.

But, my dear, although the opportunity was ſo inviting, he urged not for the *day*. Which is the *more extraordinary*, as he was ſo preſſing for marriage before we came to town.

He was very earneſt with me to give him, and four of his friends, my company on Monday evening, at a little collation. Miſs Martin and Miſs Horton cannot, he ſays, be there, being engaged in a party of their own with two daughters of Colonel Solcombe, and two nieces of Sir Antony Holmes, upon an annual occaſion. But Mrs. Sinclair will be preſent, and ſhe gave him hope of the company of a young lady of very great fortune and merit, (Miſs *Partington*) an heireſs, to whom Colonel Sinclair, it ſeems, in his life-time, was guardian, and who therefore calls Mrs. Sinclair 'Mamma.'

I deſired to be excuſed. He had laid me, I ſaid, under a moſt diſagreeable neceſſity of appearing as a married perſon; and I would ſee as few people as poſſible who were to think me ſo.

He would not urge it, he ſaid, if I were *much* averſe: but they were his ſelect friends; men of birth and fortune; who longed to ſee me. It was true, he added, that they, as well as his friend Doleman, believed we were married: but they thought him under the reſtrictions that he had mentioned to the people below. I might be aſſured, he told me, that his politeneſs before them ſhould be carried into the higheſt degree of reverence.

When he is ſet upon any-thing, there is no knowing, as I have ſaid heretofore, what one *can* do. But I will not, if I can help it, be made a ſhow of; eſpecially to men of whoſe characters and principles I have no good opinion. I am, my deareſt friend, *your ever-affectionate*

CL. HARLOWE.

Mr. Lovelace in his next letter gives an account of his quick return: of his reaſons to the lady for it: of her diſpleaſure upon it: and of her urging his abſence from the ſafety ſhe was in from the ſituation of the houſe,

houſe, except ſhe were to be traced out by his viſits.

'I was confoundedly puzzled,' *ſays he,* 'on this occaſion, and on her inſiſting 'upon the execution of a too-ready offer which I made her to go down to 'Berks, to bring up my couſin Charlotte 'to viſit and attend her. I made miſerable excuſes; and, fearing that they 'would be mortally reſented, as her paſſion began to riſe upon my ſaying 'Charlotte was delicate, which ſhe took 'ſtrangely wrong, I was obliged to 'ſcreen myſelf behind the moſt ſolemn 'and explicit declarations.'

He then repeats thoſe declarations, to the ſame effect with the account ſhe gives of them.

'I began,' *ſays he,* 'with an intention 'to keep my life of honour in view, in 'the declarations I made her; but, as it 'has been ſaid of a certain orator in the 'Houſe of Commons, who more than 'once, in a long ſpeech, convinced himſelf as he went along, and concluded 'againſt the ſide he ſet out intending to 'favour, ſo I in earneſt preſſed without 'reſerve for matrimony in the progreſs 'of my harangue, which ſtate I little 'thought of urging upon her with ſo 'much ſtrength and explicitneſs.'

He then values himſelf upon the delay that his propoſal of taking and furniſhing a houſe muſt occaſion.

He wavers in his reſolutions whether to act honourable or not by a merit ſo exalted.

He values himſelf upon his own delicacy, in expreſſing his indignation againſt her friends, for ſuppoſing what he pretends his heart riſes againſt them for preſuming to ſuppoſe.

'But have I not reaſon,' *ſays he,* 'to 'be angry with her, for not praiſing me 'for this my delicacy, when ſhe is ſo 'ready to call me to account for the leaſt 'failure in punctilio?—However, I believe I can excuſe her too, upon this 'generous conſideration, [For *generous* 'I am ſure it is, becauſe it is againſt myſelf;] that her mind being the eſſence 'of delicacy, the leaſt want of it ſhocks 'her; while the meeting with what is 'ſo very extraordinary to *me*, is too familiar to *her* to obtain her notice, *as* an 'extraordinary.'

He glories in the ſtory of the houſe, and of the young widow-poſſeſſor of it, Mrs. Fretchville he calls her; and leaves it doubtful to Mr. Belford, whether it be a real or a fictitious ſtory.

He mentions his different propoſals in relation to the ceremony, which he ſo earneſtly preſſed for; and owns his artful intention in avoiding to name the day.

'And now,' *ſays he,* 'I hope ſoon to 'have an opportunity to begin my operations; ſince all is *Halcyon* and ſecurity.

'It is impoſſible to deſcribe the dear 'creature's ſweet and ſilent confuſion, 'when I touched upon the matrimonial 'topicks.

'She *may* doubt. She *may* fear. The 'wiſe in all important caſes will doubt, 'and will fear, till they are ſure. But 'her apparent willingneſs to think well 'of a ſpirit ſo inventive, and ſo machinating, is a happy prognoſtick for me. 'O theſe reaſoning ladies!—How I love 'theſe reaſoning ladies!—'Tis all over 'with them, when once love has crept 'into their hearts: for then will they 'employ all their reaſoning powers to 'excuſe rather than to *blame* the conduct 'of the *doubted* lover, let appearances 'againſt him be ever ſo ſtrong.

'Mowbray, Belton, and Tourville, 'long to ſee my angel, and will be there. 'She has *refuſed* me; but *muſt be preſent* 'notwithſtanding. So generous a ſpirit 'as mine is, cannot enjoy it's happineſs 'without communication. If I raiſe 'not your envy and admiration both at 'once, but half-joy will be the joy of 'having ſuch a charming fly entangled 'in my web. She therefore muſt comply. And thou muſt come. And then 'I will ſhew thee the pride and glory of 'the Harlowe-family, my implacable 'enemies; and thou ſhalt join with me 'in my triumph over them all.

'I know not what may ſtill be the 'perverſe beauty's fate: I want thee, 'therefore, to ſee and admire her, while 'ſhe is ſerene and full of hope: before 'her apprehenſions are realized, if realized they are to be; and if evil apprehenſions of me ſhe really has: before her beamy eyes have loſt their luſtre: while yet her charming face is 'ſurrounded with all it's virgin glories; 'and before the plough of diſappointment has thrown up furrows of diſtreſs 'upon every lovely feature.

'If I can procure you this honour, 'you will be ready to laugh out, as I 'have often much ado to forbear, at 'the puritanical behaviour of the mother before this lady. Not an oath, 'not a curſe, nor the leaſt free word 'eſcapes her lips. She minces in her 'gaite. She prims up her horſe-mouth. 'Her voice, which, when ſhe pleaſes, 'is the voice of thunder, is ſunk into an 'humble whine. Her ſtiff hams, that

'have

'have not been bent to a civility for ten 'years past, are now limbered into curt-'seys three deep at every word. Her 'fat arms are croſſed before her; and 'ſhe can hardly be prevailed upon to ſit 'in the preſence of my goddeſs.

'I am drawing up inſtructions for ye 'all to obſerve on Monday night.

'SATURDAY NIGHT.'

'MOST confoundedly alarmed!—"Lord Sir, what do you think?" cried 'Dorcas—"My lady is reſolved to go "to church to-morrow!" I was at qua-'drille with the women below.—"To "church!" ſaid I; and down I laid my 'cards. "*To church!*" repeated they, 'each looking upon the other. We had 'done playing for *that* night.

'Who could have dreamt of ſuch a 'whim as this?—Without notice, with-'out queſtions! Her cloaths not come! 'No leave aſked!—Impoſſible ſhe ſhould 'think of being *my wife!*—Beſides, ſhe 'don't conſider, if ſhe go to church, I 'muſt go too!—Yet not to aſk for my 'company! Her brother and Singleton 'ready to ſnap her up, as far as ſhe 'knows!—Known by her cloaths—Her 'perſon, her features, ſo diſtinguiſhed! '—Not ſuch another woman in Eng-'land!—"To church, of all places! "is the devil in the girl?" ſaid I, as 'ſoon as I could ſpeak.

'Well, but to leave this ſubject till 'to-morrow morning, I will now give 'you the inſtructions I have drawn up 'for yours and your companions beha-'viour on Monday night.

'*Inſtructions to be obſerved by John Bel-'ford, Richard Mowbray, Thomas Belton, 'and James Tourville, Eſquires of the Body 'to General Robert Lovelace, on their admiſ-'ſion to the preſence of his goddeſs.*

'YE muſt be ſure to let it ſink deep 'into your heavy heads, that there is no 'ſuch lady in the world as Miſs Clariſſa 'Harlowe; and that ſhe is neither more 'nor leſs than Mrs. Lovelace, though 'at preſent, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, 'a virgin.

'Be mindful alſo, that your old mo-'ther's name, after that of *her* mother 'when a maid, is Sinclair; that her 'huſband was a lieutenant-colonel; and 'all that ye, Belford, know from honeſt 'Doleman's letter of her, that let your 'brethren know.

'Mowbray and Tourville, the two 'greateſt blunderers of the four, I al-'low be acquainted with the widow and 'nieces, from the knowledge they had 'of the colonel. They will not forbear 'familiarities of ſpeech to the mother, 'as of longer acquaintance than a day. 'So I have ſuited their parts to their 'capacities.

'They may praiſe the widow and the 'colonel for people of great honour—'But not too groſsly; not to labour the 'point ſo as to render themſelves ſuſ-'pected.

'The mother will lead ye into her 'own and the colonel's praiſes; and 'Tourville and Mowbray may be both 'her vouchers—I, and you, and Bel'on, 'muſt be only hearſay confirmers.

'As poverty is generally ſuſpectible, 'the widow muſt be got handſomely 'aforehand; and no doubt but ſhe is. 'The elegance of her houſe and furni-'ture, and her readineſs to diſcharge all 'demands upon her, which ſhe does 'with oſtentation enough, and which 'makes her neighbours, I ſuppoſe, like 'her the better, demonſtrate this. She 'will propoſe to do handſome things by 'her two nieces. Sally is near mar-'riage—with an eminent woollen-draper 'in the Strand, if ye have a mind to it; 'for there are five or ſix of them there.

'The nieces may be enquired after, 'ſince they will be abſent, as perſons 'reſpected by Mowbray and Tourville, 'for their late worthy uncle's ſake.

'Watch ye diligently every turn of 'my countenance—every motion of my 'eye; for in my eye, and in my coun-'tenance, will ye find a ſovereign re-'gulator. I need not bid you reſpect 'me mightily: your allegiance obliges 'you to that: and who that ſees me, 'reſpects me not?

'Priſcilla Partington (for her looks 'ſo innocent, and diſcretion ſo deep, 'yet ſeeming ſo ſoftly) may be greatly 'relied upon. She will accompany the 'mother, gorgeouſly dreſſed, with all 'her Jew's extravagance flaming out 'upon her; and firſt *indiwe*, then *counte-'nance*, the lady. She has her cue, and 'I hope will make her acquaintance co-'veted by my charmer.

'Miſs Partington's hiſtory is this: 'The daughter of Colonel Sinclair's 'brother-in-law: that brother-in-law 'may have been a Turky merchant, 'or any merchant, who died confound-'edly rich: the colonel one of her guardi-'ans. [*Collateral credit in that to the old 'one:*] whence ſhe always calls Mrs. Sin-'clair *Mamma*; though not ſucceeding to 'the truſt.

'She

'She is just come to pass a day or two, 'and then to return to her surviving 'guardian's at Barnet.

'Miss Partington has suitors a little 'hundred; (her grandmother, an alder- 'man's dowager, having left her a great 'additional fortune) and is not trusted 'out of her guardian's house, without 'an old governante noted for discretion, 'except to her mamma Sinclair; with 'whom now-and-then she is permitted 'to be for a week together.

'Prif. will mamma up Mrs. Sinclair, 'and will undertake to court her guar- 'dian to let her pass a delightful week 'with her—Sir Edward Holden, he may 'as well be, if your shallow pates will 'not be clogged with too many circum- 'stantials. Lady Holden perhaps will 'come with her; for she always delighted 'in her mamma Sinclair's company: and 'talks of her, and her good manage- 'ment, twenty times a day.

'Be it principally thy part, Jack, who 'art a parading fellow, and aimest at 'wisdom, to keep thy brother-varlets 'from blundering; for, as thou must 'have observed from what I have writ- 'ten, we have the most watchful and 'most penetrating lady in the world to 'deal with: a lady worth deceiving! But 'whose eyes will pierce to the bottom of 'your shallow souls the moment she hears 'you open. Do thou therefore place 'thyself between Mowbray and Tour- 'ville: their toes to be played upon and 'commanded by thine, if they go wrong; 'thy elbows to be the ministers of ap- 'probation.

'As to your general behaviour; no 'hypocrisy!—I hate it: so does my 'charmer. If I had studied for it, I be- 'lieve I *could* have been an hypocrite: 'but my general character is so well 'known, that I should have been sus- 'pected at once, had I aimed at making 'myself too white. But what necessity 'can there be for hypocrisy, unless the 'generality of the sex were to *refuse* us 'for our immoralities? The best of them 'love to have the credit of reforming us. 'Let the sweet souls try for it: if they 'fail, their intent was good. That will 'be a consolation to them. And as to '*us*, our work will be the easier; our sins 'the fewer: since they will draw them- 'selves in with a very little of our help; 'and we shall save a parcel of cursed 'falsehoods, and appear to be what we '*are* both to angels and men.—Mean 'time their very grandmothers will ac- 'quit us, and reproach them with their '*self-do, self-have*; and as having *erred* '*against knowledge*, and ventured against '*manifest appearances*. What folly there- 'fore for men of our character to be 'hypocrites!

'Be sure to instruct the rest, and do 'thou thyself remember, not to talk ob- 'scenely. You know I never permitted 'any of you to talk obscenely. Time 'enough for that, when ye grow old, 'and can ONLY talk. Besides, ye must 'consider Prisc.'s *affected* character, my 'goddess's *real* one. Far from obsce- 'nity therefore, do not so much as touch 'upon the double entendre. What! 'as I have often said, cannot you touch 'a lady's heart, without wounding her 'ear?

'It is *necessary*, that ye should appear 'worse men than myself. You cannot 'help appearing so, you'll say. Well 'then, there will be the less restraint up- 'on you—The less restraint, the less af- 'fectation.—And if Belton begins his 'favourite subject in behalf of *keeping*, 'it may make me take upon myself to 'oppose him: but fear not; I shall not 'give the argument all my force.

'She must have some curiosity, I think, 'to see what sort of men my companions 'are: she will not expect any of you to 'be saints. Are ye not men born to 'considerable fortunes, although ye are 'not all of ye men of parts? Who is it 'in this mortal life, that *wealth does not* '*mislead*? And as it gives people the '*power of being mischievous*, does it not 'require great virtue to forbear the use 'of that power? Is not the devil said to 'be the god of this world? Are we not 'children of this world? Well then! 'Let me tell thee my opinion—It is this, 'that were it not for the *poor* and the '*middling*, the world would probably, 'long ago, have been destroyed by fire 'from Heaven. Ingrateful wretches the 'rest, thou wilt be apt to say, to make 'such sorry returns, as they generally 'do make, to the poor and the *middling*!

'This dear lady is prodigiously learn- 'ed in *theories*. But as to *practics*, as to '*experimentals*, must be, as you know 'from her tender years, a mere novice. 'Till she knew me, I dare say, she did 'not believe, whatever she had read, 'that there were such fellows in the 'world, as she will see in you four. I 'shall have much pleasure in observing 'how she'll stare at her company, when 'she finds me the politest man of the five.

'And so much for instructions gene- 'ral and particular for your behaviour 'on Monday night.

'And let me add, that you must at- 'tend

'tend to every minute circumſtance, 'whether you think there be reaſon in 'it, or not. Deep, like golden ore, 'frequently lies my meaning, and richly 'worth digging for. The hint of *leaſt* 'moment, as *you* may imagine it, is 'often pregnant with events of the *great-eſt*. Be implicit. Am not I your ge-'neral? Did I ever lead you on that I 'brought you not off with ſafety and 'ſucceſs, ſometimes to your own ſtupid 'aſtoniſhment?

'And now, methinks, thou art cu-'rious to know, what can be my view 'in riſquing the diſpleaſure of my fair-'one, and alarming her fears, after four 'or five halcyon days have gone over 'our heads? I'll ſatisfy thee.

'The viſitors of the two nieces will 'croud the houſe. Beds will be ſcarce. 'Miſs Partington, a ſweet modeſt gen-'teel girl, will be prodigiouſly taken 'with my charmer; will want to begin 'a friendſhip with her. A ſhare in her 'bed, for one night only, will be re-'queſted. Who knows, but on that 'very Monday night I may be ſo unhap-'py as to give *mortal offence* to my be-'loved? *The ſlyeſt birds may be caught 'napping.* Should ſhe *attempt to fly me* 'upon it, cannot I *detain her?* Should 'ſhe *actually fly*, cannot I *bring her back* 'by authority civil or uncivil, if I have 'evidence upon evidence that ſhe ac-'knowledged, though but tacitly, her 'marriage?—And *ſhould I, or ſhould I 'not* ſucceed, and ſhe *forgive me*, or if 'ſhe but deſcend to *expoſtulate*, or if ſhe '*bear me in her ſight*; then will ſhe be all 'my own. All delicacy is my charmer. 'I long to ſee how ſuch a delicacy, on '*any* of theſe occaſions, will behave, and 'in my ſituation it behoves me to pro-'vide againſt every accident.

'I muſt take care, knowing what an 'eel I have to do with, that the little 'riggling rogue does not ſlip through 'my fingers. How ſilly ſhould I look 'ſtaring after her, when ſhe had ſhot 'from me into the muddy river, her fa-'mily, from which with ſo much diffi-'culty I have taken her!

'Well then; here are—Let me ſee—'How many perſons are there who, after 'Monday night, will be able to ſwear, 'that ſhe has gone by my name, anſwer-'ed to my name, had no other view in 'leaving her friends, but to go by my 'name? her own relations neither able 'nor willing to deny it.—Firſt, here are '*my* ſervants; her ſervant Dorcas; Mrs. 'Sinclair; Mrs. Sinclair's two nieces; 'and Miſs Partington.

'But for fear theſe evidences ſhould 'be ſuſpected, here comes the jet of the 'buſineſs—No leſs than four worthy 'gentlemen of fortune and family, who 'were all in company ſuch a night par-'ticularly, at a collation to which they 'were invited by Robert Lovelace, of 'Sandoun Hall in the county of Lancaſ-'ter, Eſquire, in company with Magda-'len Sinclair widow, and Priſcilla Par-'tington ſpinſter, and the lady com-'plainant; when the ſaid Robert Love-'lace addreſſed himſelf to the ſaid lady, 'on a multitude of occaſions, as *his* wife; 'as they and others did, as Mrs. Love-'lace; every-one complimenting and 'congratulating her upon her nuptials; 'and that ſhe received ſuch their com-'pliments and congratulations with no 'other viſible diſpleaſure or repug-'nance, than ſuch as a young bride, full 'of bluſhes and pretty confuſion, might 'be ſuppoſed to expreſs upon ſuch con-'templative revolvings as thoſe compli-'ments would naturally inſpire. Nor do 'thou rave at me, Jack, nor *rebel*—Doſt 'think I brought the dear creature hi-'ther for nothing?

'And here's a faint ſketch of my plot. '—Stand by, varlets—Tanta-ra-ra-ra! '—Veil your bonnets, and confeſs your 'maſter!'

LETTER LXIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BEL-FORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY.

HAVE been at church, Jack—Be-haved admirably well too! My charmer is pleaſed with me now: for I was exceedingly attentive to the diſ-courſe, and very ready in the auditor's part of the ſervice.—Eyes did not much wander. How could they, when the loveliеſt object, infinitely the loveliеſt in the whole church, was in my view!

Dear creature! how fervent, how amiable, in her devotions! I have got her to own *that ſhe prayed for me.* I hope a prayer from ſo excellent a mind will not be made in vain.

There is, after all, ſomething beau-tifully ſolemn in devotion. The Sabbath is a charming inſtitution to *keep* the heart right, when it *is* right. One day in ſeven, how reaſonable!—I think I'll go to church once a day often. I fancy it will go a great way towards making me a reformed man. To ſee multitudes of well-appearing people all joining in one reverend act: an exerciſe how worthy of a rational being! Yet it adds a ſting

or two to my former ſtings, when I think of my projects with regard to this charming creature. In my conſcience, I believe if I were to go conſtantly to church, I could not purſue them.

I had a ſcheme come into my head while there: but I will renounce it, becauſe it obtruded itſelf upon me in ſo good a place. Excellent creature! How many *ruins* has ſhe prevented by attaching me to herſelf! by engroſſing my whole attention!

But let me tell thee what paſſed between us in my firſt viſit of this morning; and then I will acquaint thee more largely with my good behaviour at church.

I could not be admitted till after eight. I found her ready prepared to go out. I pretended to be ignorant of her intention, having charged Dorcas not to own that ſhe had told me of it.

'Going abroad, Madam?'—with an air of indifference.

'Yes, Sir; I intend to go to church.'

'I hope, Madam, I ſhall have the 'honour to attend you.'

No: ſhe deſigned to take a chair, and go to the next church.

This ſtartled me: a chair to carry her to the next church from Mrs. Sinclair's, her right name not Sinclair, and to bring her back hither in the face of people who might not think well of the houſe! —There was no permitting that. Yet I was to appear indifferent. But ſaid, I ſhould take it for a favour, if ſhe would permit me to attend her in her coach, as there was time for it, to St. Paul's.

She made objections to the gaiety of my dreſs; and told me, that if ſhe went to St. Paul's, ſhe could go in a coach without *me*.

I objected Singleton and her brother, and offered to dreſs in the plaineſt ſuit I had.

'I beg the favour of attending you, 'dear Madam,' ſaid I. 'I have not 'been at church a great while. We ſhall 'ſit in different ſtalls. And the next 'time I go, I hope it will be to give my-'ſelf a title to the greateſt bleſſing I can 'receive.

She made ſome further objections: but at laſt permitted me the honour of attending her.

I got myſelf placed in her eye, that the time might not ſeem tedious to me; for we were there early. And I gained her good opinion, as I mentioned above, by my behaviour.

The ſubject of the diſcourſe was particular enough: it was about a prophet's ſtory or parable of an ewe-lamb taken by a rich man from a poor one, who dearly loved it, and whoſe only comfort it was. Deſigned to ſtrike remorſe into David, on his adultery with Uriah's wife Bathſheba, and his murder of the huſband. Theſe women, Jack, have been the occaſion of all manner of miſchief from the beginning! Now, when David, full of indignation, ſwore [King David would ſwear, Jack: but how ſhouldſt thou know who King David was? The ſtory is in the Bible] that the rich man ſhould ſurely die; Nathan, which was the prophet's name, and a good ingenious fellow, cried out, (which were the words of the text) '*Thou art the man!*'— By my ſoul I thought the parſon looked directly at me: and at that moment I caſt my eye full on my ewe-lamb. But I muſt tell thee too, that I thought a good deal of my roſe-bud.—'A better 'man than King David, in *that* point, 'however!' thought I.

When we came home, we talked upon the ſubject; and I ſhewed my charmer my attention to the diſcourſe, by letting her know where the doctor made the moſt of his ſubject, and where it might have been touched to greater advantage: for it is really a very affecting ſtory, and has as pretty a contrivance in it as ever I read. And this I did in ſuch a grave way, that ſhe ſeemed more and more pleaſed with me; and I have no doubt, that I ſhall get her to favour me to-morrow night with her company at my collation.

SUNDAY EVENING.

We all dined together in Mrs. Sinclair's parlour. All *exceſſively* right! The two nieces have topp'd their parts; Mrs. Sinclair hers. Never ſo eaſy as now!—She really thought a little oddly of theſe people at firſt, ſhe ſaid: Mrs. Sinclair ſeemed very forbidding! Her nieces were perſons with whom ſhe could not wiſh to be acquainted. 'But 'really we ſhould not be too haſty in 'our cenſures. Some people improve 'upon us. The widow ſeems *tolerable*.' She went no farther than *tolerable*. Miſs Martin and Miſs Horton are young people of good ſenſe, and have read a great deal. What Miſs Martin particularly ſaid of marriage, and of her humble ſervant, was very ſolid. She believes, with ſuch notions ſhe cannot make a bad wife. I have ſaid, Sally's humble ſervant is a woollen-draper of great reputation; and ſhe is ſoon to be married.

I have been letting her into thy character, and into the characters of my other three eſquires, in hopes to excite her curioſity to ſee you to-morrow night. I have told her ſome of the *worſt*, as well as *beſt* parts of your characters, in order to exalt myſelf, and to obviate any ſudden ſurprizes, as well as to teach her, what ſort of men ſhe may expect to ſee, if ſhe will oblige me with her company.

By her after-obſervations upon each of you, I ſhall judge what I may or may not do to *obtain* or *keep* her good opinion; what ſhe will *like*, what *not*; and ſo purſue the one, or avoid the other, as I ſee proper.—So, while ſhe is penetrating into your ſhallow heads, I ſhall enter *her* heart, and know what to bid *my own* to hope for.

The houſe is to be taken in three weeks: all will be over in three weeks, or bad will be my luck!—Who knows but in three days?—Have I not carried that great point of making her paſs for my wife to the people below? And that other great one, of fixing myſelf here night and day?—What woman ever eſcaped me, who lodged under one roof with me?—The houſe too, THE houſe; the people, people after my own heart: her ſervants, Will, and Dorcas, both *my* ſervants—*Three days* did I ſay! Pho! pho! pho!—*Three hours!*

I HAVE carried my third point; but ſo extremely to the diſlike of my charmer, that I have been threatened, for ſuffering Miſs Partington to be introduced to her without her leave. Which laid her under a neceſſity to deny or comply with the urgent requeſt of ſo fine a young lady; who had engaged to honour me at my collation, on condition that my beloved would be preſent at it.

To be obliged to appear before my friends as what ſhe was not! She was for inſiſting, that I ſhould acquaint the women here with the truth of the matter; and not to go on propagating ſtories for her to countenance; making her a ſharer in my guilt.

But what points will not perſeverance carry? eſpecially when it is covered over with the face of yielding *now*, and, Parthian-like, returning to the charge *anon*. Do not the ſex carry all their points with their men by the ſame methods? Have I converſed with them ſo freely as I have done, and learnt nothing of them? Didſt thou ever know that a woman's denial of any favour, whether the leaſt or the greateſt, that my heart was ſet upon, ſtood her in any ſtead? The more perverſe ſhe, the more ſteady I; that is my rule.

But the point thus ſo much againſt her will carried, I doubt thou wilt ſee in her more of a ſullen than of an obliging charmer. For when Miſs Partington was withdrawn, What was Miſs Partington to her? In her ſituation ſhe wanted no new acquaintance. And what were my four friends to her in her preſent circumſtances? She would aſſure me, if ever again—And there ſhe ſtopt, with a twirl of her hand.

When we meet, I will, in her preſence, tipping thee a wink, ſhew thee the motion, for it was a very pretty one. Quite new. Yet have I ſeen an hundred pretty paſſionate twirls too, in my time, from other fair-ones. How univerſally engaging is it to put a woman of ſenſe, to whom a man is not married, in a paſſion, let the reception given to every ranting ſcene in our plays teſtify. Take care, my charmer, now thou art come to delight me with thy angry twirls, that thou tempteſt me not to provoke a *variety of them* from one, whoſe every motion, whoſe every air, carries in it ſo much ſenſe and ſoul.

But, angry or pleaſed, this charming creature muſt be all lovelineſs. Her features are all harmony, and made for one another. No other feature could be ſubſtituted in the place of any one of hers, but muſt abate of her perfection: and think you that I do not long to have your opinion of my fair prize?

If you love to ſee features that glow, though the heart is frozen, and never yet was thawed; if you love fine ſenſe, and adages flowing through teeth of ivory, and lips of coral; an eye that penetrates all things: a voice that is harmony itſelf; an air of grandeur, mingled with ſweetneſs that cannot be deſcribed; a politeneſs that, if ever equalled, was never excelled—You'll ſee all theſe excellences, and ten times more, in this my GLORIANA.

Mark her majeſtick fabrick!—She's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
Her ſoul the deity that lodges there:
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.

Or, to deſcribe her in a ſofter ſtyle with Rowe—

'The bloom of op'ning flow'rs, unſully'd beauty,
'Softneſs, and ſweeteſt innocence ſhe wears.
'And looks like nature in the world's firſt ſpring.'

Adieu,

Adieu, varlets four!—At ſix on Monday evening, I expect ye all.

LETTER LXIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY, APRIL 30.

MR. Lovelace in his laſt letters having taken notice of the moſt material paſſages contained in this letter, the following extracts from it are only inſerted.

She gives pretty near the ſame account that he does of what paſſed between them, on her reſolution to go to church; and of his propoſal of St. Paul's, and deſire of attending her. She praiſes his good behaviour there; as alſo the diſcourſe, and the preacher: is pleaſed with it's ſeaſonableneſs. Gives particulars of the converſation between them afterwards, and commends the good obſervations he makes upon the ſermon.

'I AM willing,' *ſays ſhe* 'to have 'hopes of him: but am ſo unable to 'know how to depend upon his ſerioufneſs for an hour together, that all my 'favourable accounts of him in this 'reſpect muſt be taken with allowance.

'Being very much preſſed, I could 'not tell how to refuſe dining with the 'widow and her nieces this day. I am 'better pleaſed with them, than I ever 'thought I ſhould be. I cannot help 'blaming myſelf for my readineſs to 'give ſevere cenſures, where reputation 'is concerned. Peoples ways, humours, conſtitutions, education, and 'opportunities allowed for, my dear, 'many perſons, as far as I know, may 'appear blameleſs, whom others of 'different humours and educations are 'too apt to blame; and who, from the 'ſame fault, may be as ready to blame 'them. I will therefore make it a rule 'to myſelf for the future, never to 'judge peremptorily on firſt appearances: but yet I muſt obſerve that 'theſe are not people I ſhould chuſe to 'be intimate with, or whoſe ways I can 'like. Although, for the ſtations they 'are in, they may go through the world 'with tolerable credit.

'Mr. Lovelace's behaviour has been 'ſuch, as makes me calls this, ſo far as 'it is paſſed, an agreeable day. Yet, 'when eaſieſt as to him, my ſituation 'with my friends takes place in my 'thoughts, and cauſes me many a tear.

'I am the more pleaſed with the people of the houſe, becauſe of the perſons of rank they are acquainted with, 'and who viſit them.'

'SUNDAY EVENING.

'I AM ſtill well pleaſed with Mr. 'Lovelace's behaviour. We have had 'a good deal of ſerious diſcourſe together. The man has really juſt and 'good notions. He confeſſes how much 'he is pleaſed with this day, and hopes 'for many ſuch. Nevertheleſs, he ingenuouſly warned me, that his unlucky 'vivacity might return: but he doubted not, that he ſhould be fixed at laſt 'by my example and converſation.

'He has given me an entertaining 'account of the four gentlemen he is to 'meet to-morrow night: *entertaining*, 'I mean, for his humorous deſcription of their perſons, manners, &c. 'but ſuch a deſcription as is far from 'being to their praiſe. Yet he ſeemed 'rather to deſign to divert my melancholy by it, than to degrade them. 'I think at bottom, my dear, that he 'muſt be a good-natured man; but that 'he was ſpoiled young for want of check 'or controul.

'I cannot but call this, my circumſtances conſidered, an happy day to 'the end of it. Indeed, my dear, I 'think I could prefer him to all the 'men I ever knew, were he but to be 'always what he has been this day. 'You ſee how ready I am to own all 'you have charged me with, when I 'find myſelf out. It is a difficult thing, 'I believe, ſometimes, for a young 'creature that is able to deliberate with 'herſelf, to know when ſhe loves, or 'when ſhe hates: but I am reſolved, 'as much as poſſible, to be determined 'both in my hatred and love by *actions*, 'as they make the man worthy or unworthy.'

She dates again on Monday, and declares herſelf highly diſpleaſed at Miſs Partington's being introduced to her: and ſtill more for being obliged to promiſe to be preſent at Mr. Lovelace's collation. She foreſees, ſhe ſays, a murdered evening.

LETTER LXV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

MONDAY NIGHT, MAY 1.

I Have juſt eſcaped from the very diſagreeable company I was obliged,

ſo

ſo much againſt my will, to be in. As a very particular relation of this even-ing's converſation would be painful to me, you muſt content yourſelf with what you ſhall be able to collect from the outlines, as I may call them, of the characters of the perſons; aſſiſted by the little hiſtories Mr. Lovelace gave me of each yeſterday.

The names of the gentlemen are Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and Belford. Theſe four, with Mrs. Sinclair, Miſs Partington, the great heireſs mentioned in my laſt, Mr. Lovelace, and myſelf, made up the company.

I gave you before the favourable ſide of Miſs Partington's character, ſuch as it was given me by Mrs. Sinclair, and her nieces. I will now add a few words from my own obſervation upon her behaviour in *this* company.

In *better* company perhaps ſhe would have appeared to leſs advantage: but, notwithſtanding her *innocent looks*, which Mr. Lovelace alſo highly praiſed, he is the laſt perſon whoſe judgment I would take upon real modeſty. For I obſerved, that, upon ſome talk from the gentlemen, not free enough to be openly cenſured, yet too indecent in it's implication to come from well-bred perſons, in the company of virtuous people, this young lady was very ready to apprehend; and yet, by ſmiles and ſimperings, to encourage, rather than diſcourage, the culpable freedoms of perſons, who, in what they went out of their way to ſay, muſt either be guilty of abſurdity, meaning *nothing*; or meaning *ſomething*, of rudeneſs.

But indeed I have ſeen women, of whom I had a better opinion, than I can ſay I have of Mrs. Sinclair, who have allowed *gentlemen*, and *themſelves* too, in greater liberties of this ſort, than I have thought conſiſtent with that purity of manners which ought to be the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtick of our ſex: for what are *words*, but the *body* and *dreſs* of *thought*? And is not the mind of a perſon ſtrongly indicated by outward dreſs?

But to the *gentlemen*; as they muſt be called in right of their anceſtors, it ſeems; for no other do they appear to have.

Mr. BELTON has had univerſity-education, and was deſigned for the gown; but that not ſuiting with the gaiety of his temper, and an uncle dying, who devi-ſed to him a good eſtate, he quitted the college, came up to town, and commenced fine gentleman. He is ſaid to be a man of ſenſe.—Mr. Belton dreſſes gaily, but not quite foppiſhly; drinks hard; keeps all hours, and glories in doing ſo; games, and has been hurt by that pernicious diverſion: he is about thirty years of age; his face is of a fiery red, ſomewhat bloated and pimply; and his irregularities threaten a brief duration to the ſenſual dream he is in. For he has a ſhort conſumptive cough, which ſeems to denote bad lungs; yet makes himſelf and his friends merry by his ſtupid and inconſiderate jeſts upon very threatening ſymptoms which ought to make him more ſerious.

Mr. MOWBRAY has been a great traveller; ſpeaks as many languages as Mr. Lovelace himſelf, but not ſo fluently: is of a good family; ſeems to be about thirty-three or thirty-four: tall and comely in his perſon; bold and daring in his look: is a large-boned ſtrong man; has a great ſcar in his forehead, with a dent, as if his ſkull had been beaten in there; and a ſeamed ſcar in his right-cheek. He dreſſes likewiſe very gaily: has his ſervants always about him, whom he is continually calling upon, and ſending on the moſt trifling meſſages; half a dozen inſtances of which we had in the little time I was among them; while they ſeem to watch the turn of his fierce eye, to be ready to run, before they have half his meſſage, and ſerve him with fear and trembling. Yet to his equals the man ſeems tolerable: he talks not amiſs upon publick entertainments and diverſions; eſpecially upon thoſe abroad. Yet has a romancing air; and avers things ſtrongly, which ſeem quite improbable. Indeed, he *doubts* nothing, but what he ought to *believe*: for he jeſts upon ſacred things; and profeſſes to hate the clergy of all religions. He has high notions of *honour*, a word hardly ever out of his mouth; but ſeems to have no great regard to *morals*.

Mr. TOURVILLE occaſionally told his age; juſt turned of thirty one. He is alſo of an ancient family; but in his perſon and manners, more of what I call the coxcomb, than any of his companions. He dreſſes richly; would be thought elegant in the choice and faſhion of what he wears; yet, after all, appears rather tawdry than fine. One ſees, by the care he takes of his outſide, and the notice he beſpeaks from *every-one* by his *own* notice of himſelf, that the inſide takes up the leaſt of his attention. He dances finely, Mr. Lovelace ſays: is a maſter of muſick; and ſinging is one

of

of his principal excellences. They prevailed upon him to ſing; and he obliged them both in Italian and French; and, to do him juſtice, his ſongs in both were decent. They were all highly delighted with his performance; but his greateſt admirers were Mrs. Sinclair, Miſs Partington, and *himſelf*. To me he appeared to have a great deal of affectation.

Mr. Tourville's converſation and addreſs are inſufferably full of thoſe really groſs affronts upon the underſtanding of our ſex, which the moderns call *compliments*, and are intended to paſs for ſo many inſtances of good breeding, though the moſt hyperbolical, unnatural ſtuff that can be conceived, and which can only ſerve to ſhew the inſincerity of the *complimenter*; and the ridiculous light in which the *complimented* appears in his eyes, if he ſuppoſes a woman capable of reliſhing the romantick abſurdities of his ſpeeches.

He affects to introduce into his common talk Italian and French words; and often anſwers an Engliſh queſtion in French, which language he greatly prefers to the barbarouſly hiſſing Engliſh. But then he never fails to tranſlate into this his *odious* native tongue the words and the ſentences he ſpeaks in the other two—Leſt, perhaps, it ſhould be queſtioned whether he underſtands what he ſays.

He loves to tell ſtories: always calls them *merry*, *facetious*, *good*, or *excellent*, before he begins, in order to beſpeak the attention of the hearers; but never gives himſelf concern in the *progreſs* or *concluſion* of them, to make good what he promiſes in his *preface*. Indeed he ſeldom brings any of them to a concluſion; for if his company have patience to hear him out, he breaks in upon himſelf by ſo many parenthetical intruſions, as one may call them, and has ſo many incidents ſpringing in upon him, that he frequently drops his own thread, and ſometimes ſits down ſatisfied halfway; or, if at other times he would reſume it, he applies to his company to help him in again, with a *devil fetch him* if he remembers what he was driving at — But enough, and too much of Mr. Tourville.

Mr. BELFORD is the fourth gentleman, and one of whom Mr. Lovelace ſeems more fond than any of the reſt; for he is a man of tried bravery, it ſeems; and this pair of friends came acquainted upon occaſion of a quarrel (poſſibly about a woman) which brought on a challenge, and a meeting at Kenſington Gravel-pits; which ended without unhappy conſequences, by the mediation of three gentlemen ſtrangers, juſt as each had made a paſs at the other.

Mr. Belford it ſeems is about ſeven or eight-and-twenty. He is the youngeſt of the five, except Mr. Lovelace: and they are perhaps the wickedeſt; for they ſeem to lead the other three as they pleaſe. Mr. Belford, as the others, dreſſes gaily. But has not thoſe advantages of perſon, not from his dreſs, which Mr. Lovelace is too proud of. He has, however, the appearance and air of a gentleman. He is well read in claſſical authors, and in the beſt Engliſh poets and writers: and, by his means, the converſation took now-and-then a more agreeable turn: and I, who endeavoured to put the beſt face I could upon my ſituation, as I paſſed for Mrs. Lovelace with them, made ſhift to join in it, at ſuch times, and received abundance of compliments from all the company, on the obſervations I made.

Mr. Belford ſeems good-natured and obliging; and, although very complaiſant, not ſo fulſomely ſo, as Mr. Tourville; and has a polite and eaſy manner of expreſſing his ſentiments on all occaſions. He ſeems to delight in a logical way of argumentation, as alſo does Mr. Belton. Theſe two attacked each other in this way; and both looked at us women, as if to obſerve whether we did not admire their learning, or, when they had ſaid a ſmart thing, their wit. But Mr. Belford had viſibly the advantage of the other, having quicker parts, and by taking the worſt ſide of the argument, ſeemed to *think* he had. Upon the whole of his behaviour and converſation, he put me in mind of that character in Milton—

——— 'His tongue
'Dropt manna, and could make the worſe
'appear
'The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
'Matureſt counſels; for his thoughts were
'low;
'To vice induſtrious: but to nobler deeds
'Tim'rous and ſlothful:—yet he pleas'd the
'ear.'

How little ſoever matters in general may be to our liking, we are apt, when hope is ſtrong enough to permit it, to endeavour to make the beſt we can of the lot we have drawn; and I could not but obſerve often, how much Mr. Lovelace excelled all his four friends in everything

thing they ſeemed deſirous to excel in. But, as to wit and vivacity, he had no equal there. All the others gave up to him, when his lips began to open. The haughty Mowbray would call upon the prating Tourville for ſilence, and would elbow the ſupercilious Belton into attention, when Lovelace was going to ſpeak. And when he had ſpoken, the words, 'Charming fellow!' with a free word of admiration or envy, fell from every mouth.

He has indeed ſo many advantages in his perſon and manner, that what would be inexcuſable in another, would, if one watched not over one's ſelf, and did not endeavour to diſtinguiſh what is the eſſence of right and wrong, look becoming in him.

Mr. Belford, to my no ſmall vexation and confuſion, with the forwardneſs of a favoured and intruſted friend, ſneaked me out, on Mr. Lovelace's being ſent for down, to make me congratulatory compliments on my ſuppoſed nuptials; which he did with a caution, not to inſiſt too long on the rigorous vow I had impoſed upon a man ſo univerſally admired—

'See him among twenty men,' ſaid he, 'all of diſtinction, and nobody is 'regarded but Mr. Lovelace.'

It muſt, indeed, be confeſſed, that there is in his whole deportment a natural dignity, which renders all inſolent or imperative demeanor as unneceſſary as inexcuſable. Then that deceiving ſweetneſs which appears in his ſmiles, in his accent, in his whole aſpect, and addreſs, when he thinks it worth his while to oblige, or endeavour to attract, how does this ſhew, that he was *born* innocent, as I may ſay; that he was not *naturally* the cruel, the boiſterous, the impetuous creature, which the wicked company he may have fallen into have made him! For he has, beſides, an open, and, I think, an honeſt countenance. Don't *you* think ſo, my dear?—On all theſe ſpecious appearances, have I founded my hopes of ſeeing him a reformed man.

But it is amazing to me, I own, that with ſo much of the gentleman, ſuch a general knowledge of books and men, ſuch a ſkill in the learned as well as modern languages, he can take ſo much delight as he does in the company of ſuch perſons as I have deſcribed, and in ſubjects of frothy impertinence, unworthy of his talents, and of his natural and acquired advantages. I can think but of one reaſon for it, and that muſt argue a very low mind, his VANITY; which makes him deſirous of being conſidered as the head of the people he conforts with. A man to love praiſe, yet to be content to draw it from ſuch contaminated ſprings!

One compliment paſſed from Mr. Belford to Mr. Lovelace, which haſtened my quitting the ſhocking company—'You are a happy man, Mr. Lovelace,' ſaid he, upon ſome fine ſpeeches made him by Mrs. Sinclair, and aſſented to by Miſs Partington: 'you have ſo much 'courage and ſo much wit, that neither 'man nor woman can ſtand before you.'

Mr. Belford looked at me, when he ſpoke: yes, my dear, he ſmilingly looked at me: and he looked upon his complimented friend: and all their *aſſenting*, and therefore *affronting* eyes, both mens and womens, were turned upon your Clariſſa: at leaſt, my ſelf-reproaching heart made me think ſo; for that would hardly permit my eye to look up.

Oh! my dear, were but a woman, who gives reaſon to the world to think her to be in love with a man, [and this muſt be believed to be my caſe: or to what can my *ſuppoſed* voluntary going off with Mr. Lovelace be imputed?] to reflect one moment on the exaltation ſhe gives *him*, and the diſgrace ſhe brings upon *herſelf*; the low pity, the ſilent contempt, the inſolent ſneers and whiſpers, to which ſhe makes herſelf obnoxious from a cenſuring world of both ſexes; how would ſhe deſpiſe herſelf! and how much more eligible would ſhe think death itſelf than ſuch diſcovered debaſement!

What I have thus in general touched upon, will account to you, why I could not more particularly relate what paſſed in this evening's converſation: which, as may be gathered from what I have written, abounded with *approbatory* accuſations, and *ſuppoſed* witty retorts.

LETTER LXVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

MONDAY MIDNIGHT.

I AM very much vexed and diſturbed at an odd incident. Mrs. Sinclair has juſt now left me; I believe in diſpleaſure, on my declining to comply with a requeſt ſhe made me: which was, to admit Miſs Partington to a ſhare in my

my bed; her houſe being crouded by her nieces gueſts and by their attendants, as well as by thoſe of Miſs Partington.

There might be nothing in it; and my denial carried a ſtiff and ill-natured appearance. But inſtantly, upon her making the requeſt, it came into my thought, that I was in a manner a ſtranger to every-body in the houſe: not ſo much as a ſervant I could call my own, or of whom I had any great opinion: that there were four men of free manners in the houſe, *avowed* ſupporters of Mr. Lovelace in matters of offence; himſelf a man of enterprize; all, as far as I knew, (and as I had reaſon to think by their noiſy mirth after I left them) drinking deeply: that Miſs Partington herſelf is not ſo bathful a perſon as ſhe was repreſented to me to be: that *officious pains* were taken to give me a good opinion of her: and that Mrs. Sinclair made a greater parade in prefacing the requeſt, than ſuch a requeſt needed. 'To deny,' thought I, 'can carry only 'an appearance of ſingularity to people 'who *already* think me ſingular. To 'conſent, may poſſibly, if not probably, 'be attended with inconveniences.' The conſequences of the alternative ſo very diſproportionate, I thought it more prudent to incur the cenſure, than to riſque the inconvenience.

I told her, that I was writing a long letter: that I ſhould chuſe to write till I were ſleepy: and that a companion would be a reſtraint upon me, and I upon her.

She was loth, ſhe ſaid, that ſo delicate a young creature, and ſo great a fortune as Miſs Partington, ſhould be put to lie with Dorcas in a preſs-bed. She ſhould be very ſorry, if ſhe had aſked an improper thing. She had never been ſo put to it before. And Miſs would ſtay up with *her* till I had done writing.

Alarmed at this urgency, and it being eaſier to perſiſt in a denial *given*, than to give it at *firſt*, I ſaid Miſs Partington ſhould be welcome to my whole bed, and I would retire into the dining-room, and there, locking myſelf in, write all the night.

The poor thing, ſhe ſaid, was afraid to lie alone. To be ſure Miſs Partington would not put me to ſuch an inconvenience.

She then withdrew: but returned; begged my pardon for returning: but the poor child, ſhe ſaid, was in tears. Miſs Partington had never ſeen a young lady ſhe ſo much admired, and ſo much wiſhed to imitate, as me. The dear girl hoped that nothing had paſſed in her behaviour to give me diſlike to her.—Should ſhe bring her to me?

I was very buſy, I ſaid. The letter I was writing was upon a very important ſubject. I hoped to ſee the young lady in the morning; when I would apologize to her for my particularity. And then Mrs. Sinclair heſitating and moving towards the door, (though ſhe turned round to me again) I deſired her *(lighting her)* to take care how ſhe went down.

'Pray, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, on the ſtairs head, 'don't give yourſelf all this trou-'ble. God knows my heart, I meant 'no affront; but ſince you ſeem to take 'my freedom amiſs, I beg you will not 'acquaint Mr. Lovelace with it; for he, 'perhaps will think me bold and impertinent.'

Now, my dear, is not this a particular incident: either as I have made it, or as it was deſigned? I don't love to do an uncivil thing. And if nothing were meant by the requeſt, my refuſal deſerves to be called uncivil. Then I have ſhewn a ſuſpicion of foul uſage by it, which ſurely dare not be meant. If *juſt*, I ought to apprehend every-thing, and fly the houſe and man as I would an infection. If *not juſt*, and if I cannot contrive to clear myſelf of having entertained ſuſpicions, by aſſigning ſome other plauſible reaſon for my denial, the very *ſtaying here* will have an appearance not at all reputable to myſelf.

I am now out of humour with him, with myſelf, with all the world, but you. His companions are ſhocking creatures. Why, again I repeat, ſhould he have been deſirous to bring me into ſuch company? Once more, I like him not. Indeed I do not like him!

LETTER LXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY, MAY 2.

WITH infinite regret I am obliged to tell you, that I can no longer write to you, or receive letters from you. Your mother has ſent me a letter incloſed in a cover to Mr. Lovelace, directed for him at Lord M.'s, (and which was brought him juſt now) reproaching me on this ſubject in very angry

terms, and forbidding me, as I would not be thought to intend to make her and you unhappy, to write to you without her leave.

This, therefore, is the laſt you will receive from me, till happier days: and as my proſpects are not very bad, I preſume we ſhall ſoon have leave to write again; and even to ſee each other: ſince an alliance with a family ſo honourable as Mr. Lovelace's is, will not be a diſgrace.

She is pleaſed to write, that if I would wiſh to *inflame* you, I ſhould let you know her written prohibition: but if otherwiſe, find ſome way of my own accord (without bringing *her* into the queſtion) to decline a correſpondence, which I muſt know ſhe has for ſome time paſt forbidden. But all I can ſay is, to beg of you *not* to be inflamed;—to beg of you not to let her *know*, or even by your behaviour to her, on this occaſion, *gueſs*, that I have acquainted you with my reaſon for declining to write to you. For how elſe, after the ſcruples I have heretofore made on this very ſubject, yet proceeding to correſpond, can I honeſtly ſatisfy you about my motives for this ſudden ſtop? So, my dear, I chuſe, you ſee, rather to rely upon your diſcretion, than to feign reaſons with which you would not be ſatisfied, but, with your uſual active penetration, ſift to the bottom, and at laſt find me to be a mean and low qualifier; and that with an implication injurious to you, that I ſuppoſed you had not prudence enough to be truſted with the naked truth.

I repeat, that my proſpects are not bad. The houſe, I preſume, will ſoon be taken. The people are very reſpectful, notwithſtanding my nicety about Miſs Partington. Miſs Martin, who is near marriage with an eminent tradeſman in the Strand, juſt now in a very reſpectful manner, aſked my opinion of ſome patterns of rich ſilks for the occaſion. The widow has a leſs forbidding appearance than at firſt. Mr. Lovelace, on my declared diſlike of his four friends, aſſured me, that neither they nor any-body elſe ſhall be introduced to me, without my leave.

Theſe circumſtances I mention, (as you will ſuppoſe) that your kind heart may be at eaſe about me; that you may be induced by them to acquieſce with your mother's commands, (*cheerfully* acquieſce) and that for *my ſake*, leſt I ſhould be thought an *inflamer*; who am, with very contrary intentions, my deareſt and beſt beloved friend, *your ever-obliged and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3.

I Am aſtoniſhed that my mother ſhould take ſuch a ſtep—purely to exerciſe an unreaſonable act of authority; and to oblige the moſt remorſeleſs hearts in the world. If I find, that I can be of uſe to you either by advice or information, do you think I will not give it? —Were it to any other perſon, much *leſs* dear to me than you are, do you think, in ſuch a caſe, I would forbear giving it?

Mr. Hickman, who pretends to a little caſuiſtry in ſuch a nice matter, is of opinion, that I ought not to decline a correſpondence thus circumſtanced. And 'tis well he is: for my mother having ſet me up, I muſt have ſomebody to quarrel with.

This I will come into, if it will make you eaſy—I will forbear to write to *you* for a few days, if nothing extraordinary happen, and till the rigour of her prohibition is abated. But be aſſured, that I will not diſpenſe with your writing to *me*. My heart, my conſcience, my honour will not permit it.

But how will I help myſelf?—How—eaſily enough. For I do aſſure you that I want but very little further provocation to fly privately to London. And if I do, I will not leave you till I ſee you either honourably married, or abſolutely quit of the wretch: and in this laſt caſe I will take you down with me, in defiance of the whole world: or, if you refuſe to go with me, ſtay with you, and accompany you as your ſhadow whitherſoever you go.

Don't be frightened at this declaration. There is but one conſideration, and but one hope, that withold me, watched as I am in all my retirements; obliged to read to her without a voice; to work in her preſence without fingers; and to lie with her every night againſt my will. The *conſideration* is, Leſt you ſhould apprehend that a ſtep of this nature would look like a doubling of your fault, in the eyes of ſuch as think your going away a fault. The *hope* is, That things will ſtill end happily, and that ſome people

people will have reaſon to take ſhame to themſelves for the ſorry parts they have acted. Nevertheleſs I am often balancing—But your reſolving to give up the correſpondence at this criſis, will turn the ſcale. *Write* therefore, or *take the conſequence*.

A few words upon the ſubject of your laſt letters—I know not whether your brother's wife project be given up or not. A dead ſilence reigns in your family. Your brother was abſent three days; then at home one; and is now abſent: but whether with Singleton or not, I cannot find out.

By your account of your wretch's companions, I ſee not but they are a ſet of *infernals*, and he the *Beelzebub*. What could he mean, as you ſay, by his earneſtneſs to bring you into ſuch company, and to give you ſuch an opportunity to make him and them reflecting-glaſſes to one another? The man's a *fool* to be ſure, my dear—A *filly fellow*, at leaſt—The wretches muſt put on their *beſt* before you, no doubt—Lords of the creation!—Noble fellows theſe!—Yet who knows how many poor deſpicable ſouls of our ſex the worſt of them has had to whine after him!

You have brought an inconvenience upon yourſelf, as you obſerve, by your refuſal of Miſs Partington for your bedfellow. Pity you had not admitted her! Watchful as *you* are, what *could* have happened? If violence were intended, he would not ſtay for the *night*. You might have ſat up after her, or not gone to bed. Mrs. Sinclair preſſed it too far. You was over-ſcrupulous.

If any-thing happen to delay your nuptials, I would adviſe you to remove: but if you marry, perhaps you may think it no great matter to ſtay where you are, till you take poſſeſſion of your own eſtate. The knot once tied, and with ſo reſolute a man, it is my opinion, your relations will ſoon reſign what they cannot legally hold: and, were even a litigation to follow, you will not be *able*, nor ought you to be *willing*, to help it; for your eſtate will then be his right; and it will be unjuſt to wiſh it to be witheld from him.

One thing I would adviſe you to think of; and that is, of proper ſettlements: it will be to the credit of your prudence and of his juſtice, (and the more as matters ſtand) that ſomething of this ſhould be done before you marry. Bad as he is, nobody accounts him a ſordid man. And I wonder he has been hitherto ſilent on that ſubject.

I am not diſpleaſed with his propoſal about the widow-lady's houſe. I think it will do very well. But if it muſt be three weeks before you can be certain about it, ſurely you need not put off his day for that ſpace: and he may beſpeak his equipages. Surprizing to me as well as you, that he could be ſo acquieſcent!

I repeat—Continue to write to me. I inſiſt upon it; and that as minutely as poſſible: or, take the conſequence. I ſend this by a particular hand. I am, and ever will be, *your moſt affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY, MAY 4.

I Forego every other engagement, I ſuſpend every wiſh, I baniſh every other fear, to take up my pen, to beg of you, that you will not think of being *guilty* of ſuch an act of love as I can never thank you for; but muſt for ever regret. If I *muſt* continue to write to you, I muſt. I know full well your impatience of controul, when you have the leaſt imagination that your generoſity or friendſhip is likely to be wounded by it.

My deareſt, deareſt creature, would you incur a maternal, as I have a paternal, malediction? Would not the world think there was an infection in my fault, if it were followed by Miſs Howe? There are ſome points ſo flagrantly wrong, that they will not bear to be argued upon. This is one of them. I need *not* give reaſons againſt ſuch a raſhneſs. Heaven forbid that it ſhould be known that you had it but once in your *thought*, be your motives ever ſo noble and generous, to follow ſo bad an example; the rather as that you would, in ſuch a caſe, want the extenuations that might be pleaded in my favour; and particularly that one of being *ſurprized* into the unhappy ſtep!

The reſtraint your mother lays you under, would not have appeared heavy to you, but on my account. Would you have once thought it a hardſhip to be admitted to a part of her bed?—How did I uſe to be delighted with ſuch a favour from *my* mother!—How did I

love to work in her preſence!—So did you in the preſence of yours once. And to read to her in winter evenings I know was one of your joys.—Do not give me cauſe to reproach *myſelf* on the reaſon that may be aſſigned for the change in *you*.

Learn, my dear, I beſeech you learn, to ſubdue you own paſſions. Be the motives what they will, exceſs is exceſs. Thoſe paſſions in our ſex, which we take no pains to ſubdue, may have one and the ſame ſource with thoſe infinitely blacker paſſions, which we uſed ſo often to condemn in the violent and headſtrong of the other ſex; and which may be only heightened in *them* by *cuſtom*, and their *freer education*. Let us both, my dear, ponder well this thought; look into ourſelves, and fear.

If I write, as I find I muſt, I inſiſt upon *your* forbearing to write. Your ſilence to *this* ſhall be the ſign to me, that you will not think of the raſhneſs you threaten me with; and that you will obey your mother as to *your own* part of the correſpondence, however: eſpecially as you can inform or adviſe me in every weighty caſe by Mr. Hickman's pen.

My trembling writing will ſhew you, my dear impetuous creature, what a trembling heart you have given to *your ever obliged*, or, if you take ſo raſh a ſtep, *your for-ever diſobliged*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

My cloaths were brought to me juſt now. But you have ſo much diſcompoſed me; that I have no heart to look into the trunks. Why, why, my dear, will you fright me with your flaming love? Diſcompoſure gives diſtreſs to a weak heart, whether it ariſe from friendſhip or enmity.

A ſervant of Mr. Lovelace carries this to Mr. Hickman for diſpatch ſake. Let that worthy man's pen relieve my heart from this new uneaſineſs.

LETTER LXX.

MR. HICKMAN, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[SENT TO WILSON'S BY A PARTICULAR HAND.]

FRIDAY, MAY 5.

MADAM,

I Have the honour of dear Miſs Howe's commands, to acquaint you, without knowing the occaſion, That ſhe is exceſſively concerned for the concern ſhe has given you in her laſt letter: and that, if you will but write to her, under cover as before, ſhe will have no thoughts of what you are ſo very apprehenſive about.—Yet ſhe bid me write, That if ſhe has but the *leaſt* imagination that ſhe can *ſerve* you, and *ſave* you, thoſe are her words, all the cenſures of the world will be but of ſecond conſideration with her. I have great temptations, on this occaſion, to expreſs my own reſentments upon your preſent ſtate; but not being fully apprized of what that is—only conjecturing from the diſturbance upon the mind of the deareſt lady in the world to me, and the moſt ſincere of friends to you, that *that* is not altogether ſo happy as were to be wiſhed; and being, moreover, forbid to enter into the cruel ſubject; I can only offer, *as I do*, my beſt and faithfulleſt ſervices! and wiſh you a happy deliverance from all your troubles. For I am, *moſt excellent young lady, your faithful and moſt obedient ſervant*,

CH. HICKMAN.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE

HISTORY

OF

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

LETTER I.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, MAY 2.

MERCURY, as the fabuliſt tells us, having the curioſity to know the eſtimation he ſtood in among mortals, deſcended in diſguiſe, and in a ſtatuary's ſhop cheapened a Jupiter, then a Juno, then one, then another, of the *Dii majores*; and, at laſt, aſked, What price that fame ſtatue of *Mercury* bore? 'O 'Sir,' ſays the artiſt, 'buy one of the 'others, and I'll throw you in that for 'nothing.'

How ſheepiſh muſt the god of thieves look upon this rebuff to his vanity!

So thou! a thouſand pounds wouldſt thou give for the good opinion of this ſingle lady—To be only thought tolerably of, and not quite unworthy of her converſation, would make thee happy. And at parting laſt night, or rather this morning, thou madeſt me promiſe a few lines to Edgware, to let thee know what ſhe thinks of thee, and of thy brethren.

Thy thouſand pounds, Jack, is all thy own: for moſt heartily does ſhe diſlike ye all —Thee as much as any of the reſt.

I am ſorry for it too, as to thy part, for two reaſons—*One*, that I think thy motive for thy curioſity was fear or conſciouſneſs: whereas that of the arch-thief was vanity, intolerable vanity. And he was therefore juſtly ſent away with a bluſh upon his cheeks to Heaven, and could not brag—The *other*, that I am afraid, if ſhe diſlike *thee*, ſhe diſlikes *me*; for are we not birds of a feather?

I muſt never talk of reformation, ſhe told me, having ſuch companions, and taking ſuch delight, as I ſeemed to take, in their frothy converſation.

I, no more than you, Jack, imagined ſhe could poſſibly like ye: but then, as *my* friends, I thought a perſon of her education would have been more ſparing of her cenſures.

I don't know how it is, Belford; but women think themſelves entitled to take any freedoms with us, while we are unpolite, forſooth, and I can't tell what, if we don't tell a pack of curſed lies, and make black white, in *their* favour—teaching us to be hypocrites, yet ſtigmatizing us, at other times, for deceivers.

I defended ye all as well as I could: but you know there was no attempting ought but a palliative defence, to one of her principles.

I will ſummarily give thee a few of my pleas.

To the *pure*, every little deviation ſeemed offenſive: yet I ſaw not, that there was any-thing amiſs the whole evening, either in the words or behaviour of any of my friends. Some people could talk but upon *one* or *two* ſubjects: ſhe upon *every one*. No wonder, therefore, *they* talked to what they underſtood beſt: and to mere objects of ſenſe. Had ſhe honoured us with more of *her* converſation, ſhe would have been leſs diſguſted with *ours*; for ſhe ſaw how every-one was prepared to admire her, whenever ſhe opened her lips. You, in particular, had ſaid, when ſhe retired, that virtue itſelf ſpoke when ſhe ſpoke: but that you had ſuch an awe upon you, after ſhe had favoured us with an obſervation or two on a ſubject ſtarted, that you ſhould ever be afraid in her company, to be found *moſt* ex-

ceptionable, when you intended to be *leſs* ſo.

Plainly, ſhe ſaid, ſhe neither liked my companions, nor the houſe ſhe was in.

I liked not the houſe any more than ſhe: though the people were very obliging, and ſhe had owned they were leſs exceptionable to herſelf, than at firſt. And were we not about another of our own?

She did not like Miſs Partington—Let her fortune be what it would, and ſhe had heard a great deal ſaid of her fortune, ſhe ſhould not chuſe an intimacy with her. She thought it was a hardſhip to be put upon ſuch a difficulty as ſhe was put upon the preceding night, when there were lodgers in the front-houſe whom they had reaſon to be freer with, than, upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, with her.

I pretended to be an utter ſtranger as to this particular; and, when ſhe explained herſelf upon it, condemned Mrs. Sinclair's requeſt, and called it a confident one.

She, *artfully*, made lighter of her denial of the girl for a bed-fellow, than ſhe *thought* of it, I could ſee that; for it was plain, ſhe ſuppoſed there was room for me to think ſhe had been either *over-nice*, or *over-cautious*.

I offered to reſent Mrs. Sinclair's freedom.

No; there was no great matter in it. It was beſt to let it paſs. It might be thought more particular in her to deny ſuch a requeſt, than in Mrs. Sinclair to make it, or in Miſs Partington to expect it to be complied with. But as the people below had a large acquaintance, ſhe did not know how often ſhe might have her retirements invaded, if ſhe gave way. And indeed, there were levities in the behaviour of that young lady, which ſhe could not ſo far paſs over as to wiſh an intimacy with her.

I ſaid, I liked Miſs Partington as little as *ſhe* could. Miſs Partington was a ſilly young creature; who ſeemed too likely to juſtify the watchfulneſs of her guardians over her.—But, nevertheleſs, as to her general converſation and behaviour laſt night, I muſt own, that I thought the girl (for *girl* ſhe was, as to diſcretion) not exceptionable; only carrying herſelf like a free good natured creature who believed herſelf ſecure in the honour of her company.

It was very well ſaid of me, ſhe replied: but, if that young lady were ſo well ſatisfied with her company, ſhe muſt needs ſay, that I was very kind to ſuppoſe her ſuch an *innocent*—For her own part, ſhe had ſeen nothing of the London world: but thought, ſhe muſt tell me plainly, that ſhe never was in ſuch company in her life; nor ever again wiſhed to be in ſuch.

There, Belford!—Worſe off than Mercury!—Art thou not?

I was nettled. Hard would be the lot of *more* diſcreet women, as far as I knew, than Miſs Partington, were they to be judged by ſo rigid a virtue as hers.

Not ſo, ſhe ſaid: but if I really ſaw nothing exceptionable to a virtuous mind, in that young perſon's behaviour, my ignorance of *better* behaviour was, ſhe muſt needs tell me, as pitiable as *hers*. And it were to be wiſhed, that minds *ſo* paired, for their own ſakes, ſhould never be ſeparated.

See, Jack, what I get by my charity!

I thanked her heartily. But ſaid, that I muſt take the liberty to obſerve, that good folks were generally ſo uncharitable, that, devil take me, if I would chuſe to be good, were the conſequence to be, that I muſt think hardly of the whole world beſides.

She congratulated me upon my charity; but told me, that to *enlarge her own*, ſhe hoped it would not be expected of her to approve of the *low company* I had brought her into laſt night.

No exception for thee, Belford!—Safe is thy thouſand pounds.

I ſaw not, I ſaid, begging her pardon, that ſhe liked *any-body*. [*Plain-dealing for plain-dealing, Jack!—Why then did ſhe abuſe my friends?*] However, let me but know whom and what ſhe did or did not like; and, if poſſible, I would like and diſlike the very ſame perſons and things.

She bid me then, in a pet, *diſlike myſelf*.

Curſed ſevere!—Does ſhe think ſhe muſt not pay for it one day, or one night?—And if one, many: *that's my comfort.*

I was in ſuch a train of being happy, I ſaid, before my earneſtneſs to procure her to favour my friends with her company, that I wiſhed the devil had had as well my friends as Miſs Partington—And yet I muſt ſay, that I ſaw not how good people could anſwer half their end, which is to reform the wicked by precept as well as example, were they to accompany *only* with the good.

I had like to have been blaſted by two or three flaſhes of lightning from her indignant eyes; and ſhe turned ſcornfully from me, and retired to her own apartment.

Once more, Jack, ſafe, as thou ſeeſt, is thy thouſand pounds.

She ſays, I am not a polite man: but

is the, in the inſtance before us, more polite for a woman?

And now, doſt thou not think, that I owe my charmer ſome revenge for her cruelty in obliging ſuch a fine young creature, and ſo vaſt a fortune, as Miſs Partington, to croud into a preſs-bed with Dorcas the maid-ſervant of the proud refuſer?—Miſs Partington too (with tears) declared by Mrs. Sinclair, that would Mrs. Lovelace do her the honour of a viſit at Barnet, the beſt bed and beſt room in her guardian's houſe ſhould be at her ſervice. Thinkeſt thou, that I could not gueſs at her diſhonourable fears of me?—That ſhe apprehended, that the ſuppoſed *huſband* would endeavour to take poſſeſſion of *his own*?—And that Miſs Partington would be willing to contribute to ſuch a piece of juſtice?

Thus, then, thou both remindeſt, and defieſt me, charmer!—And ſince thou reliеſt more on thy own precaution than upon my honour; be it unto thee, fair-one, as thou apprehendeſt!

And now, Jack, let me know, what thy opinion, and the opinions of thy brother varlets, are of my Gloriana.

I have juſt now heard, that Hannah hopes to be ſoon well enough to attend her young lady, when in London. It ſeems the girl has had no phyſician. I muſt ſend her one, out of pure love and reſpect to her miſtreſs. Who knows but medicine may *weaken* nature, and *ſtrengthen* the diſeaſe?—As her malady is not a *fever*, very likely it may do ſo.—But perhaps the wench's hopes are too forward. *Bluſtering weather in this month yet.*—And that is bad for rheumatick complaints.

LETTER II.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY MAY 2.

JUST as I had ſealed up the incloſed, comes a letter to my beloved, in a cover to me, directed to Lord M.'s. From whom, thinkeſt thou?—From Mrs. Howe!

'And what the contents?'

How ſhould I know, unleſs the dear creature had communicated them to me? But a very cruel letter I believe it is, *by the effect it had upon her.* The tears ran down her cheeks as ſhe read it; and her colour changed ſeveral times. No end of her perſecutions, I think!

'What a cruelty in my fate!' ſaid the ſweet lamenter.—'Now the *only* comfort 'of my life muſt be given up!'

Miſs Howe's correſpondence, no doubt.

But *ſhould* ſhe be ſo much grieved at this? This correſpondence was prohibited before, and that, to the *daughter*, in the ſtrongeſt terms: but yet carried on by *both*; although *a brace of impeccables*, an't pleaſe ye. Could they expect, that a mother would not vindicate her authority?—and finding her prohibition ineffectual with her perverſe *daughter*, was it not reaſonable to ſuppoſe ſhe would try what effect it would have upon her *daughter's friend*?—And now I believe the end will be effectually anſwered: for my beloved, I dare ſay, will make a point of conſcience of it.

I hate cruelty, eſpecially in *women*; and ſhould have been more concerned for this inſtance of it in Mrs. Howe, had I not had a ſtronger inſtance of the ſame in my beloved to Miſs Partington; *for* how did ſhe know, ſince ſhe was ſo much afraid for *herſelf*, whom Dorcas might let in to that innocent and *leſs watchful* young lady? But nevertheleſs I muſt needs own, that I am not very ſorry for this prohibition, let it *originally* come from the *Harlowes*, or *from whom it will*; becauſe I make no doubt, that it is owing to Miſs Howe, in a great meaſure, that my beloved is ſo much upon her guard, and thinks ſo hardly of me. And who can tell, *as characters here are ſo tender*, and *ſome diſguiſes ſo ſlimſy*, what conſequences might follow this undutiful correſpondence?—I ſay, therefore, I am not ſorry for it: now will ſhe not have any-body to compare notes with; any-body to alarm her; and I may be ſaved the guilt and diſobligation of inſpecting into a correſpondence that has long made me uneaſy.

How every-thing works for me!—Why will this charming creature make *ſuch contrivances* neceſſary, as will increaſe my trouble, and my guilt too, as ſome will account it? But why, rather I ſhould aſk, will ſhe fight againſt her ſtars?

LETTER III.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

EDGWARE, TUES. NIGHT, MAY 2.

WITHOUT ſtaying for the promiſed letter from you to inform us what the lady ſays of *us*, I write to tell you, that we are all of *one* opinion with regard to *her*; which is, that there is not of her age a finer woman in the world,

world, as to her underſtanding. As for her perſon, ſhe is at the age of bloom, and an admirable creature; a perfect beauty: but this *poorer* praiſe, a man, who has been honoured with her converſation, can hardly deſcend to give; and yet ſhe was brought amongſt us contrary to her will.

Permit me, dear Lovelace, to be a means of ſaving this excellent creature from the dangers ſhe hourly runs from the moſt plotting heart in the world. In a former, I pleaded your own family, Lord M.'s wiſhes particularly; and then I had not ſeen her: but now, I join *her* ſake, *honour's* ſake, motives of juſtice, generoſity, gratitude, and humanity, which are all concerned in the preſervation of ſo fine a woman. Thou knoweſt not the anguiſh I ſhould have had (whence ariſing, I cannot deviſe) had I not known before I ſet out this morning, that the incomparable creature had diſappointed thee in thy curſed view of getting her to admit the ſpecious Partington for a bedfellow.

I have done nothing but talk of this lady ever ſince I ſaw her. There is ſomething *ſo awful*, and yet *ſo ſweet*, in her aſpect, that were I to have the virtues and the graces all drawn in one piece, they ſhould be taken, every one of them, from different airs and attributes in her. She was born to adorn the age ſhe was given to, and would be an ornament to the firſt dignity. What a piercing, yet gentle eye; every glance, I thought, mingled with love and fear of you! What a ſweet ſmile darting through the cloud that overſpread her fair face, demonſtrating that ſhe had more apprehenſions and grief at her heart, than ſhe cared to expreſs!

You may think what I am going to write too flighty; but, by my faith, I have conceived ſuch a profound reverence for her ſenſe and judgment, that, far from thinking the man excuſable who ſhould treat her baſely, I am ready to regret that ſuch an angel of a woman ſhould even marry. She is in my eye all mind: and were ſhe to meet with a man all mind likewiſe, why ſhould the charming qualities ſhe is miſtreſs of, be endangered? Why ſhould ſuch an angel be plunged ſo low as into the vulgar offices of domeſtick life? Were ſhe mine, I ſhould hardly wiſh to ſee her a mother, unleſs there were a kind of moral certainty, that minds like hers could be propagated. For why, in ſhort, ſhould not the work of bodies be left to *mere* bodies? I know, that you yourſelf have an opinion of her little leſs exalted. Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, are all of my mind; are full of her praiſes; and ſwear, it would be a million of pities to ruin a woman in whoſe fall none but devils can rejoice.

What muſt that merit and excellence be which can extort this from *us*, free livers, like yourſelf, and all of us your partial friends, who have joined with you in your juſt reſentments againſt the reſt of her family, and offered our aſſiſtance to execute your vengeance on them? But we cannot think it reaſonable, that you ſhould puniſh an innocent creature, who loves you ſo well, and who is in your protection, and has ſuffered ſo much for you, for the faults of her relations.

And here let me put a ſerious queſtion or two. Thinkeſt thou, truly admirable as this lady is, that the *end* thou propoſeſt to thyſelf, if obtained, is anſwerable to the *means*, to the trouble thou giveſt thyſelf, and to the perfidies, tricks, ſtratagems, and contrivances, thou haſt already been guilty of, and ſtill meditateſt? In every real excellence ſhe ſurpaſſes all her ſex. But in the article thou ſeekeſt to ſubdue her for, a mere ſenſualiſt, a Partington, a Horton, a Martin, would make a ſenſualiſt a thouſand times happier than ſhe either will or can.

'Sweet are the joys that come with willing-
'neſs.'

And wouldſt thou make *her* unhappy for her whole life, and *thyſelf* not happy for a ſingle moment?

Hitherto, it is not too late; and that perhaps is as much as can be ſaid, if thou meaneſt to preſerve her eſteem and good opinion, as well as perſon; for I think it is impoſſible ſhe can get out of thy hands now ſhe is in this curſed houſe. O that damned hypocritical *Sinclair*, as thou calleſt her! How was it poſſible ſhe ſhould behave ſo ſpeciouſly as ſhe did all the time the lady ſtaid with us! Be honeſt, and marry; and be thankful that ſhe will condeſcend to have thee. If thou doſt not, thou wilt be the worſt of men; and wilt be condemned in this world and the next: as I am ſure thou oughteſt, and ſhouldeſt too, wert thou to be judged by one, who never before was ſo much touched in a woman's favour; and whom thou knoweſt to be *thy partial friend*,

J. BELFORD.

Our companions conſented, that I ſhould withdraw to write to the above effect.

They

They can make nothing of the characters we write in; ſo I read this to them. They approve of it; and of their own motion each man would ſet his name to it. I would not delay ſending it, for fear of ſome deteſtable ſcheme taking place.

THOMAS BELTON,
RICHARD MOWBRAY,
JAMES TOURVILLE.

Juſt now are brought me both yours. I vary not my opinion, nor forbear my earneſt prayers to you in her behalf, notwithſtanding her diſlike of me.

LETTER IV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3.

WHEN I have already taken pains to acquaint thee in full with regard to my views, deſigns, and reſolutions, with regard to this admirable woman, it is very extraordinary, that thou ſhouldſt vapour as thou doſt in her behalf, when I have made no trial, no attempt: and yet, giveſt it as thy opinion in a former letter, that advantage *may be* taken of the ſituation ſhe is in; and that ſhe *may be* overcome.

Moſt of thy reflections, particularly that which reſpects the difference as to the joys to be given by the virtuous and the libertine of her ſex, are fitter to come in as after-reflections, than as *antecedencies*.

I own with thee, and with the poet, *That ſweet are the joys that come with willingneſs*—But is it to be expected, that a *woman of education*, and a *lover of forms*, will yield before ſhe is attacked? And have I ſo much as ſummoned this to ſurrender? I doubt not but I ſhall meet with difficulty. I muſt therefore make my firſt effort by ſurprize. There may poſſibly be ſome *cruelty* neceſſary: but there may be *conſent in ſtruggle*; there may be *yielding in reſiſtance*. But the firſt conflict over, whether the following may not be weaker and weaker, till *willingneſs* enſue, is the point to be tried. I will illuſtrate what I have ſaid by the ſimile of a bird new-caught. We begin, when boys, with birds; and when grown up, go on to women; and both perhaps, in turn, experience our ſportive cruelty.

Haſt thou not obſerved the charming gradations by which the enſnared volatile has been brought to bear with it's new condition? How, at firſt, refuſing all ſuſtenance, it beats and bruiſes itſelf againſt it's wires, till it makes it's gay plumage fly about, and overſpread it's well-ſecured cage. Now it gets out it's head; ſticking only at it's beautiful ſhoulders: then, with difficulty, drawing back it's head, it gaſps for breath, and erectly perched, with meditating eyes, firſt ſurveys, and then attempts, it's wired canopy. As it gets breath, with renewed rage, it beats and bruiſes again it's pretty head and ſides, bites the wires, and pecks at the fingers of it's delighted tamer. Till at laſt, finding it's efforts ineffectual, quite tired and breathleſs, it lays itſelf down, and pants at the bottom of the cage, ſeeming to bemoan it's cruel fate and forfeited liberty. And after a few days it's ſtruggles to eſcape ſtill diminiſhing as it finds it to no purpoſe to attempt it, it's new habitation becomes familiar; and it hops about from perch to perch, reſumes it's wonted cheerfulneſs, and every day ſings a ſong to amuſe itſelf, and reward it's keeper.

Now, let me tell thee, that I have known a bird actually ſtarve itſelf, and die with grief, at it's being caught and caged. But never did I meet with a woman, who was ſo ſilly.—Yet I have heard the dear ſouls moſt vehemently threaten their own lives on ſuch an occaſion. But it is ſaying nothing in a woman's favour, if we do not allow her to have *more ſenſe than a bird*. And yet we muſt all own, that it is more difficult to catch a *bird* than a *lady*.

To purſue the compariſon—If the diſappointment of the captivated lady be very great, ſhe will threaten, indeed, as I ſaid: ſhe will even refuſe her ſuſtenance for ſome time, eſpecially if you entreat her much, and ſhe thinks ſhe gives you concern by her refuſal. But then the ſtomach of the dear ſullen one will ſoon return. 'Tis pretty to ſee how ſhe comes to by degrees: preſſed by appetite, ſhe will firſt ſteal, perhaps, a weeping morſel by herſelf; then be brought to piddle and ſigh, and ſigh and piddle, before you; now-and-then, if her viands be unſavoury, ſwallowing with them a reliſhing tear or two: then ſhe comes to eat and drink, to oblige you: then reſolves to live for your ſake: her exclamations will, in the next place, be turned into blandiſhments; her vehement upbraidings into gentle murmuring—'How *dare* you, traitor!'—into 'How *could* you, deareſt!' She will draw you to her, inſtead of puſhing you from her: no longer, with unſheathed claws,

will ſhe reſiſt you; but, like a pretty, playful, wanton kitten, with gentle paws, and concealed talons, tap your cheek, and with intermingled ſmiles, and tears, and careſſes, implore your conſideration for her, and your *conſtancy*: all the favour ſhe then has toask of you!—And this is the time, were it given to man to confine himſelf to one object, to be happier every day than another.

Now, Belford, were I to go no farther than I have gone with my beloved Miſs Harlowe, how ſhall I know the difference between *her* and *another* bird? To let her fly now, what a pretty jeſt would that be!—How do I know, except I try, whether ſhe may not be brought to ſing me a fine ſong, and to be as well contented as I have brought other birds to be, and very ſhy ones too?

But now let us reflect a little upon the confounded partiality of us human creatures. I can give two or three familiar, and if they were *not familiar*, they would be *ſhocking*, inſtances of the cruelty both of men and women, with reſpect to other creatures, perhaps as worthy as (at leaſt more innocent than) themſelves. By my ſoul, Jack, there is more of the ſavage in human nature than we are commonly aware of. Nor is it, after all, ſo much amiſs, that we ſometimes avenge the more innocent animals upon our own ſpecies.

To particulars:

How uſual a thing is it for women, as well as men, without the leaſt remorſe, to enſnare, to cage, and torment, and even with burning knitting-needles to put out the eyes of the poor feathered ſongſter, [Thou ſeeſt I have not yet done with birds;] which, however, in proportion to it's bulk, has more life than themſelves, (for a bird is all ſoul;) and of conſequence has as much feeling as the human creature! When at the ſame time, if an honeſt fellow, by the gentleſt perſuaſion, and the ſofteſt arts, has the good luck to prevail upon a mewed-up lady, to countenance her own eſcape, and ſhe conſents to break cage, and be ſet a flying into the all-cheering air of liberty, mercy on us! what an outcry is generally raiſed againſt him!

Juſt like what you and I once ſaw raiſed in a paltry village near Cheimsford, after a poor hungry fox, who, watching his opportunity, had ſeized by the neck, and ſhouldered, a ſleek-feathered gooſe: at what time we beheld the whole vicinage of boys and girls, old men, and old women, all the furrows and wrinkles of the latter filled up with malice for the time; the old men armed with prongs, pitchforks, clubs, and cat-ſticks; the old women with mops, brooms, fire-ſhovels, tongs, and pokers; and the younger fry with dirt, ſtones, and brick-bats, gathering as they ran like a ſnow-ball, in purſuit of the wind-out-ſtripping prowler; all the mongrel curs of the *circumjacencies* yelp, yelp, yelp, at their heels, compleating the horrid chorus.

Remembereſt thou not this ſcene? Surely thou muſt. My imagination, inflamed by a tender ſympathy for the danger of the adventurous marauder, repreſents it to my eye, as if it were but yeſterday. And doſt thou not recollect how generouſly glad we were, as if our own caſe, that honeſt Reynard, by the help of a lucky ſtyle, over which both old and young tumbled upon one another, and a winding courſe, eſcaped their brutal fury, and flying cat-ſticks; and how, in fancy, we followed him to his undiſcovered retreat; and imagined we beheld the intrepid thief enjoying his dear-earned purchaſe with a delight proportioned to his paſt danger?

I once made a charming little ſavage ſeverely repent the delight ſhe took in ſeeing her tabby favourite make cruel ſport with a pretty ſleek bead-eyed mouſe, before ſhe devoured it. 'Egad, 'my love,' ſaid I to myſelf, as I ſat meditating the ſcene, 'I am determined to 'lie in wait for a fit opportunity to try 'how *thou* wilt like to be toſt over my 'head, and be caught again: how *thou* 'wilt like to be parted from me, and 'pulled to me. Yet will I rather give 'life than take it away, as this barba-'rous quadrupede has at laſt done by 'her prey.' And after all was over between my girl and me, I reminded her of the incident to which my reſolution was owing.

Nor had I at another time any mercy upon the daughter of an old epicure, who had taught the girl, without the leaſt remorſe, to roaſt lobſters alive; to cauſe a poor pig to be whipped to death; to ſcrape carp the contrary way of the ſcales, making them leap into the ſtew-pan, and dreſſing them in their own blood for ſauce. And this for luxury-ſake, and to provoke an appetite; which I had without ſtimulation, in my way, and that I can tell thee a very ravenous one.

Many more inſtances of the like nature could I give, were I to leave nothing to thyſelf, to ſhew that the beſt take the ſame liberties, and perhaps worſe, with ſome ſort of creatures, that

we

we take with others; and *creatures* ſtill! and creatures too, as I have obſerved above, replete with ſtrong life, and ſenſible feeling!—If, therefore, people pretend to mercy, let mercy go through all their actions. I have read ſomewhere, *That a merciful man is merciful to his beaſt.*

So much at preſent for thoſe parts of thy letter in which thou urgeſt to me motives of compaſſion for the lady.

But I gueſs at thy principal motive in this thy earneſtneſs in behalf of this charming creature. I know that thou correſpondeſt with Lord M. who is impatient, and has long been deſirous, to ſee me ſhackled. And thou wanteſt to make a merit with the uncle, with a view to one of his nieces. But knoweſt thou not, that *my conſent* will be wanting to complete thy wiſhes?—And what a commendation will it be of thee to ſuch a girl as Charlotte, when I ſhall acquaint her with the affront thou putteſt upon the whole ſex, by aſking, *Whether I think my reward, when I have ſubdued the moſt charming woman in the world, will be equal to my trouble?*—Which, thinkeſt thou, will a woman of ſpirit ſooneſt forgive; the undervaluing varlet who *can put ſuch a queſtion*; or him, who *prefers the purſuit and conqueſt of a fine woman to all the joys of life?* Have I not known even *a virtuous woman*, as ſhe would be thought, vow everlaſting antipathy to a man who gave out, that ſhe was *too old for him to attempt?* And did not Eſſex's perſonal reflection on Queen Elizabeth, that ſhe was *old and crooked*, contribute more to his ruin, than his treaſon?

But another word or two, as to thy objection relating to my trouble and reward.

Does not the keen fox-hunter endanger his neck and his bones in purſuit of a vermin, which, when killed, is neither fit food for men nor dogs?

Do not the hunters of the noble game value the veniſon leſs than the ſport?

Why then ſhould I be reflected upon, and the ſex affronted, for my patience and perſeverance in the moſt noble of all chaces; and for not being a poacher in love, as thy queſtion may be *made to imply?*

Learn of thy maſter, for the future, to treat more reſpectfully a ſex that yields us our principal diverſions and delights.

Proceed anon.

LETTER V.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

WELL ſayeſt thou, that mine is the *moſt plotting heart in the world.* Thou doſt me honour; and I thank thee heartily. Thou art no bad judge. How like Boileau's parſon, I ſtrut behind my double chin! Am I not obliged to deſerve thy compliment? And wouldſt thou have me repent of a murder before I have committed it?

'The Virtues and the Graces are this 'lady's handmaids. She was certainly 'born to adorn the age ſhe was given to.' —Well ſaid, Jack—'And would be an 'ornament to the firſt dignity.' But what praiſe is that, unleſs the firſt dignity were adorned with the firſt merit? —Dignity! gewgaw!—*Firſt dignity!* thou ideot!—Art thou, who knoweſt *me*, ſo taken with ermine and tinſel?—I, who have won the gold, am only fit to wear it. For the future, therefore, correct thy ſtile, and proclaim her the ornament of the happieſt man, and (reſpecting herſelf and ſex) the greateſt conqueror in the world.

Then, that ſhe *loves me*, as thou imagineſt, by no means appears clear to me. Her conditional offers to renounce me; the little confidence ſhe places in me; entitle me to aſk, What merit can ſhe have with a man, who won her in ſpite of herſelf; and who fairly, in ſet and obſtinate battle, took her priſoner?

As to what thou inferreſt from her *eye* when with us, thou knoweſt nothing of her *heart* from that, if thou imagineſt there was one glance of love ſhot from it. Well did I note her eye, and plainly did I ſee, that it was all but juſt civil diſguſt to me and to the company I had brought her into. Her early retiring that night, againſt all entreaty, might have convinced thee, that there was very little of the gentle in her heart for me. And her eye never knew what it was to contradict her heart.

She is, thou ſayeſt, *all mind.* So ſay I. But why ſhouldſt thou imagine, that ſuch a mind as hers, meeting with ſuch a one as mine; and, to dwell upon the word, *meeting* with an inclination in hers; ſhould not propagate minds like her own?

Were I to take thy ſtupid advice, and marry; what a figure ſhould I make in rakiſh annals! The lady in my power: yet not having *intended* to put herſelf in my power: declaring againſt love, and a rebel to it: ſo much open-eyed caution: no confidence in my honour: her family expecting the worſt *hath* paſſed; herſelf ſeeming to expect, that the worſt *will* be attempted: [Priſcila Partington for that!] What! wouldſt thou not have me act in character?

But why calleſt thou the lady *in-*

nocent? And why ſayeſt thou *ſhe loves me?*

By *innocent*, with regard to me, and not taken as a general character, I muſt inſiſt upon it, ſhe is *not* innocent. Can *ſhe* be innocent, who, by wiſhing to ſhackle me in the prime and glory of my youth, with ſuch a capacity as I have for noble miſchief, would make my perdition more certain, were I to break, as I doubt I ſhould, the moſt ſolemn vow I could make? I ſay no man ought to take even a common oath, who thinks he cannot keep it. This is conſcience! This is honour!—And when I think I can keep the marriage-vow, then will it be time to marry.

No doubt of it, as thou ſayeſt, the devils would rejoice in the fall of ſuch a woman. But this is my confidence, that I ſhall have it in my power to marry when I will. And if I do her this *juſtice*, ſhall I not have a claim to her *gratitude?* And will ſhe not think herſelf the obliged, rather than the obliger? Then let me tell thee, Belford, it is impoſſible ſo far to hurt the *morals of this lady*, as thou and thy brother-varlets have hurt others of the ſex, who now are caſting about the town fire-brands and double death. Take ye that thiſtle to mumble upon.

A SHORT interruption. I now reſume.

That the morals of this lady cannot fail, is a conſideration that will leſſen the guilt on both ſides. And if, when ſubdued, ſhe knows but how to middle the matter between virtue and love, then will ſhe be a wife for me: for already I am convinced, that there is not a woman in the world that is love-proof and plot-proof, if ſhe be not the perſon.

And now imagine (the charmer overcome) thou ſeeſt me ſitting ſupinely croſs-kneed, reclining on my ſofa, the God of Love dancing in my eyes, and rejoicing in every mantling feature; the ſweet rogue, late ſuch a proud rogue, wholly in my power, moving up ſlowly to me, at my beck, with heaving ſighs, half-pronounced upbraidings from murmuring lips, her finger in her eye, and quickening her pace at my '*Come hither, 'deareſt!*'

One hand ſtuck in my ſide, the other extended to encourage her baſhful approach—'*Kiſs me, love!*—"*Sweet,*" as Jack Belford ſays, "*are the joys that come "with willingneſs.*"

She tenders her purple mouth, [Her coral lips will be purple then, Jack!] 'Sigh not ſo deeply, my beloved!—'Happier hours await thy humble love, 'than did thy proud reſiſtance.'

Once more bent to my ardent lips the ſwanny gloſſineſs of a neck late ſo ſtately—

'There's my precious!

'Again!

'Obliging lovelineſs!

'O my ever-blooming glory! I 'have tried thee enough. To-morrow's 'ſun——'

Then I riſe, and fold to my almoſt-talking heart the throbbing-boſomed charmer.

'And now ſhall thy humble pride 'confeſs it's obligation to me!'

'To-morrow's ſun——' And then I diſengage myſelf from the baſhful paſſive, and ſtalk about the room—'To-'morrow's ſun ſhall gild the altar at 'which my vows ſhall be paid thee!'

Then, Jack, the rapture! then the darted ſun-beams from her gladdened eye, drinking up, at one ſip, the precious diſtillation from the pearl-dropped cheek! Then hands ardently folded, eyes ſeeming to pronounce, 'God bleſs 'my Lovelace!' to ſupply the joy-locked tongue: her tranſports too ſtrong, and expreſſion too weak, to give utterance to her grateful meanings;—All—All the ſtudies—All the ſtudies of her future life vowed and devoted (when ſhe can ſpeak) to acknowledge and return the perpetuated obligation!

If I could bring my charmer to this, would it not be the eligible of eligibles?—Is it not worth trying for?—As I ſaid, I can marry her when I will. She *can* be nobody's but mine, neither for ſhame, nor by choice, nor yet by addreſs: for who, that knows my character, believes that the worſt ſhe dreads, is *now* to be dreaded?

I have the higheſt opinion that man can have (thou knoweſt I have) of the merit and perfections of this admirable woman; of her virtue and honour too, although thou, in a former, art of opinion, that ſhe *may be overcome*. Am I not, therefore, obliged to go further, in order to contradict thee, and, as I have often urged, to be *ſure*, that ſhe is what I really think her to be, and, if I am ever to marry her, hope to find her?

Then this lady is a miſtreſs of our paſſions: no one ever had to ſo much perfection the art of moving. This all her family know, and have equally feared and revered her for it. This I know too; and doubt not more and more to experience. How charmingly muſt this divine creature warble forth (if a proper occaſion be given) her melodious elegiacks!—

acks!—Infinite beauties are there in a weeping eye. I firſt taught the two nymphs below to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral accents of the *lamentable* in a new ſubject, and how admirably ſome, more than others, become their diſtreſſes!

But to return to thy objections—Thou wilt perhaps tell me, in the names of thy brethren, as well as in thy own name, That among all the objects of your reſpective attempts, there was not one of the rank and merit of my charming Miſs Harlowe.

But let me aſk, Has it not been a conſtant maxim with us, that the greater the *merit* on the woman's ſide, the nobler the victory on the man's? And as to *rank*, ſenſe of honour, ſenſe of ſhame, pride of family, may make rifled rank get up, and ſhake itſelf to rights: and if any-thing come of it, ſuch a one may ſuffer only in her pride, by being obliged to take up with a ſecond-rate match inſtead of a firſt; and, as it may fall out, be the *happier*, as well as the more *uſeful*, for the miſadventure; ſince (taken off of her publick gaddings, and *domeſticated* by her diſgrace) ſhe will have reaſon to think herſelf obliged to the man who has ſaved her from *further reproach*; while *her* fortune and alliance will lay an obligation upon *him*; and her paſt fall, if ſhe have prudence and conſciouſneſs, will be his preſent and future ſecurity.

But a *poor* girl, [ſuch a one as my *Roſebud*, for inſtance] having no recals from education; being driven out of every family that pretends to reputation; perſecuted moſt perhaps by ſuch as have only kept their ſecret better; and having no refuge to fly to—The common, the ſtews, the ſtreet, is the fate of ſuch a poor wretch; penury, want, and diſeaſe, her ſure attendants; and an untimely end, perhaps, cloſes the miſerable ſcene.

And will you not now all join to ſay, that it is more manly to attack a lion than a ſheep?—Thou knoweſt, that I always illuſtrated my eagleſhip, by aiming at the nobleſt quarries; and by diſdaining to make a ſtoop at wrens, phyltits, and wag-tails.

The worſt reſpecting myſelf, in the caſe before me, is that my triumph, when compleated, will be ſo glorious a one, that I ſhall never be able to keep up to it. All my future attempts muſt be poor to this. I ſhall be as unhappy, after a while, from my reflections upon this conqueſt, as Don John of Auſtria was, in his, on the renowned victory of Lepanto, when he found that none of his future atchievements could keep pace with his early glory.

I am ſenſible that my pleas and my reaſoning may be eaſily anſwered, and perhaps juſtly cenſured; but by whom cenſured? Not by any of the confraternity, whoſe conſtant courſe of life, even long before I became your general, to this hour, has juſtified what ye now in a fit of ſqueamiſhneſs, and through envy, condemn. Having therefore vindicated myſelf and my intentions to YOU, that is all I am at preſent concerned for.

Be convinced then, that *I* (according to *our* principles) am right, *thou* wrong; or, at leaſt, be ſilent. But I *command thee to be convinced*. And in thy next, be ſure to tell me that thou art.

LETTER VI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

EDGWARE, THURSDAY, MAY 4.

I Know that thou art ſo abandoned a man, that to give thee the beſt reaſons in the world againſt what thou haſt once reſolved upon, will be but acting the madman whom once we ſaw trying to buffet down a hurricane with his hat. I hope, however, that the lady's merit will ſtill avail her with thee. But if thou perſiſteſt; if thou wilt avenge thyſelf on this ſweet lamb which thou haſt ſingled out from a flock thou hateſt, for the faults of the dogs who kept it; if thou art not to be moved by beauty, by learning, by prudence, by innocence, all ſhining out in one charming object; but ſhe muſt fall, fall by the man whom ſhe has choſen for her protector; I would not for a thouſand worlds have thy crime to anſwer for.

Upon my faith, Lovelace, the ſubject ſticks with me, notwithſtanding I find I have not the honour of the lady's good opinion. And the more, when I reflect upon the father's brutal curſe, and the villainous hard-heartedneſs of all her family. But, nevertheleſs, I ſhould be deſirous to know, *(if thou wilt proceed)* by what gradations, arts, and contrivances, thou effecteſt thy ingrateful purpoſe. And, O Lovelace! I conjure thee, if thou art a *man*, let not the ſpecious devils thou haſt brought her among, be ſuffered to triumph over her; nor make her the victim of *unmanly artifices*. If ſhe yield to *fair ſeductions*, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf; if thou canſt raiſe a weakneſs in her by love, or by arts not inhuman; I ſhall the leſs pity her: and

ſhall then conclude, that there is not a woman in the world who can reſiſt a bold and reſolute lover.

A meſſenger is juſt now arrived from my uncle. The mortification, it ſeems, is got to his knee; and the ſurgeons declare, that he cannot live many days. He therefore ſends for me directly, with theſe ſhocking words, *That I will come and cloſe his eyes.* My ſervant or his muſt of neceſſity be in town every day on his caſe, or on other affairs; and one of them ſhall regularly attend you for any letter or commands. It will be charity to write to me as often as you can. For although I am likely to be a conſiderable gainer by the poor man's death, yet I cannot ſay, that I at all love theſe ſcenes of death and the doctor ſo near me. The *doctor* and *death* I ſhould have ſaid; for that's the natural order, and, generally ſpeaking, the one is but the harbinger to the other.

If, therefore, you decline to oblige me, I ſhall think you are diſpleaſed with my freedom. But let me tell you at the ſame time, that no man has a right to be diſpleaſed at freedoms taken with him for faults he is not aſhamed to be guilty of.

J. BELFORD.

LETTER VII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

I Thank you and Mr. Hickman for his letter, ſent me with ſuch kind expedition; and proceed to obey my dear menacing tyranneſs.

She then gives the particulars of what paſſed between herſelf and Mr. Lovelace on Tueſday morning, in relation to his four friends, and to Miſs Partington, pretty much to the ſame effect as in Mr. Lovelace's Letter, No. I. *And then proceeds:*

He is conſtantly accuſing me of over-ſcrupulouſneſs. He ſays, I am always out of humour with him: that I could not have behaved more reſervedly to Mr. Solmes: and that it is contrary to all his hopes and notions, that he ſhould not, in ſo long a time, find himſelf able to inſpire the perſon whom he hoped ſo ſoon to have the honour to call his, with the leaſt diſtinguiſhing tenderneſs for him before hand.

Silly and partial encroacher! not to know *to what to attribute the reſerve I am forced to treat him with!* But his *pride* has eaten up his *prudence.* It is indeed a dirty low pride, that has ſwallowed up the *true* pride, which ſhould have ſet him above the vanity that has overrun him.

Yet he pretends, that he has no pride but in obliging me; and is always talking of his reverence and humility, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff: but of this I am ſure, that he has, as I obſerved the firſt time I ſaw him, too much regard to his own perſon, greatly to value that of his wife, marry he whom he will: and I muſt be blind, if I did not ſee, that he is exceedingly vain of his external advantages, and of that addreſs, which, if it has *any* merit in it to an outward eye, is perhaps owing more to his confidence, than to any-thing elſe.

Have you not beheld the man, when I was your happy gueſt, as he walked to his chariot, looking about him, as if to obſerve what eyes his ſpecious perſon and air had attracted?

But, indeed, we had ſome homely coxcombs as proud as if they had perſons to be proud of; at the ſame time that it was apparent, that the pains they took about themſelves but the more expoſed their defects.

The man who is fond of being thought *more* or *better* than he *is*, as I have often obſerved, but provokes a ſcrutiny into his pretenſions; and that generally produces contempt. For pride, as I believe I have heretofore ſaid, is an infallible ſign of weakeneſs; of *ſomething wrong in the head or heart, or in both.* He that exalts himſelf, inſults his neighbour; who is provoked to queſtion in him even that merit, which, were he modeſt, would perhaps be allowed to be his due.

You will ſay, that I am very grave: and ſo I am. Mr. Lovelace is extremely ſunk in my opinion ſince Monday night: nor ſee I before me any-thing that can afford me a pleaſing hope. For what, with a mind ſo *unequal as his* can be my *beſt* hope?

I think I mentioned to you, in my former, that my cloaths were brought me. You fluttered me ſo, that I am not ſure I did. But I know I deſigned to mention that they were. They were brought me on Thurſday; but neither my few guineas with them, nor any of my books, except a *Drexelius on Eternity*, the good old *Practice of Piety*, and a *Francis Spira*. My brother's wit, I ſuppoſe. He thinks he does well to point out death and deſpair to me. I wiſh for the one, and every now-and-then am on the brink of the other.

You will the leſs wonder at my being

ſo

ſo very ſolemn, when added to the above, and to my uncertain ſituation, I tell you, that they have ſent me with theſe books a letter from my couſin Morden. It has ſet my heart againſt Mr. Lovelace. Againſt myſelf too. I ſend it incloſed. If you pleaſe, my dear, you may read it here.

'COLONEL MORDEN, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'FLORENCE, APRIL 13.

'I AM extremely concerned to hear 'of a difference betwixt the reſt of a 'family ſo near and dear to me, and '*you* ſtill dearer to me than any of the 'reſt.

'My couſin James has acquainted me 'with the offers you have had, and with 'your refuſals. I wonder not at either. 'Such charming promiſes at ſo early an 'age as when I left England; and thoſe 'promiſes, as I have often heard, ſo 'greatly exceeded, as well in your perſon as mind; how much muſt you be 'admired! How few muſt there be 'worthy of you!

'Your parents, the moſt indulgent in 'the world, to a child the moſt deſerving, 'have given way, it ſeems, to your refuſal of ſeveral gentlemen. They have 'contented themſelves at laſt to name 'one with *earneſtneſs* to you, becauſe of 'the addreſs of another whom they cannot approve.

'They had not reaſon, it ſeems, from 'your behaviour, to think you greatly 'averſe: ſo they proceeded: perhaps 'too haſtily for a delicacy like yours. 'But when all was fixed on their parts, 'and moſt extraordinary terms concluded in your favour; terms, which abundantly ſhew the gentleman's juſt 'value for you: you flew off with a 'warmth and vehemence little ſuited to 'that ſweetneſs which gave grace to all 'your actions.

'I know very little of either of the 'gentlemen: but of Mr. Lovelace I 'know more than of Mr. Solmes. I 'wiſh I could ſay more to his advantage 'than I can. As to every qualification 'but *one*, your brother owns there is no 'compariſon. But that *one* outweighs 'all the reſt together. It cannot be 'thought, that Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe 'will diſpenſe with MORALS in a huſband.

'What, my deareſt couſin, ſhall I 'plead firſt to you on this occaſion? 'Your duty, your intereſt, your temporal, and your eternal welfare, do, 'and may all, depend upon this ſingle 'point, *The morality of a huſband.* A 'woman who hath a wicked huſband, 'may find it difficult to *be* good, and out 'of her power to *do* good; and is therefore in a worſe ſituation than the man 'can be in, who hath a bad wife. You 'preſerve all your religious regards, I 'underſtand. I wonder not that you do. 'I ſhould have wondered had you not. 'But what can you promiſe yourſelf, as to 'perſeverance in them with an immoral 'huſband?

'If your parents and you differ in 'ſentiment on this important occaſion, 'let me aſk you, my dear couſin, who 'ought to give way? I own to you, that 'I ſhould have thought there could not 'any-where have been a more ſuitable 'match for you, than with Mr. Lovelace, had he been a moral man. I 'ſhould have little to ſay againſt a man, 'of whoſe actions I am not to ſet up myſelf as a judge, did he not addreſs my 'couſin. But, on this occaſion, let me 'tell you, my dear Clariſſa, that Mr. 'Lovelace cannot poſſibly deſerve you. 'He *may* reform, you'll ſay: but he 'may *not*. Habit is not ſoon or eaſily 'ſhaken off. Libertines, who are libertines in defiance of talents, of ſuperior lights, of conviction, hardly 'ever reform but by miracle, or by incapacity. Well do I know mine own 'ſex. Well am I able to judge of the 'probability of the reformation of a licentious young man, who has not been 'faſtened upon by ſickneſs, by affliction, 'by calamity: who has a proſperous 'run of fortune before him: his ſpirits 'high: his will uncontroulable: the 'company he keeps, perhaps ſuch as 'himſelf, confirming him in all his 'courſes, aſſiſting him in all his enterprizes.

'As to the other gentleman, ſuppoſe, 'my dear couſin, you do not like him at '*preſent*, it is far from being unlikely, 'that you will *hereafter:* perhaps the 'more, for not liking him *now*. He 'can hardly ſink *lower* in your opinion: 'he may *riſe*. Very ſeldom is it, that '*high* expectations are ſo much as *tolerably* anſwered. How, indeed, *can* they, 'when a fine and extenſive imagination 'carries it's expectation infinitely beyond reality, in the higheſt of our 'ſublunary enjoyments? A woman adorned with ſuch an imagination ſees 'no defect in a favoured object, (the 'leſs, if ſhe be not conſcious of any wilful fault in herſelf) till it is too late to 'rectify the miſtakes occaſioned by her 'generous credulity.

'But

'But suppose a person of your talents were to marry a man of inferior talents; who, in this case, can be so happy in *herself*, as Miss Clarissa Harlowe? What delight do you take in doing good! How happily do you devote the several portions of the day to your own improvement, and to the advantage of all that move within your sphere!—And *thus* such is your taste, such are your acquirements in politer studies, and in the politer amusements; such your excellence in all the different parts of œconomy fit for a young lady's inspection and practice; that your friends would wish you to be taken off as little as possible by regards that may be called merely *personal*.

'But as to what may be the consequence respecting yourself, respecting a young lady of your talents, from the preference you are suspected to give to a libertine, I would have you, my dear cousin, consider what that may be. A mind so pure, to mingle with a mind impure! And will not such a man as this engross all your solitudes! Will he not perpetually fill you with anxieties for him and for yourself!—The divine and civil powers defied, and their sanctions broken through by him, on every not merely *accidental*, but *meditated* occasion. To be agreeable to him, and to hope to preserve an interest in his affections, you must probably be obliged to abandon all your laudable pursuits. You must enter into his pleasures and distastes. You must give up your own virtuous companions for his profligate ones—Perhaps be forsaken by yours, because of the scandal he daily gives. Can you hope, cousin, with such a man as this, to be *long* so good as you *now* are? If not, consider which of your present laudable delights you would chuse to give up? Which of his culpable ones to follow him in? How could you brook to go backward, instead of forward, in those duties which you now so exemplarily perform? And how do you know, if you once give way, where you shall be suffered, where you shall be *able*, to stop?

'Your brother acknowledges, that Mr. Solmes is not near so agreeable in person as Mr. Lovelace. But what is *person*, with such a lady as I have the honour to be now writing to? He owns likewise that he has not the address of Mr. Lovelace: but what a *more* personal advantage is a plausible *address*, without *morals*? A woman had better take a husband whose manners she were to fashion, than to find them ready-fashioned to her hand, at the price of his morality? a price that is often paid for travelling accomplishments. O my dear cousin, were you but with us here at Florence, or at Rome, or at Paris, (where also I resided for many months) to see the gentlemen whose supposed *rough* English manners at setting out are to be polished, and what their improvements are in their return through the same places, you would infinitely prefer the man in his *first* stage to the same man in his *last*. You find the difference on their return—A fondness for foreign fashions, an attachment to foreign vices, and a supercilious contempt of his own country and countrymen; (himself more despicable than the most despicable of those he despises) these, with an unblushing effrontery, are too generally the attainments that concur to finish the travelled gentleman!

'Mr. Lovelace, I know, deserves to have an exception made in his favour; for he is really a man of parts and learning: he was esteemed so both here and at Rome; and a fine person and a generous turn of mind, gave him great advantages. But you need not be told, that a libertine man of sense does infinitely more mischief, than a libertine of weak parts is able to do. And this I will tell you farther, that it was Mr. Lovelace's own fault that he was not still more respected than he was, among the *literati* here. There were, in short, some liberties in which he indulged himself, that endangered his person and his liberty; and made the best and most worthy of those who honoured him with their notice, give him up; and his stay both at Florence and at Rome shorter than he designed.

'This is all I chuse to say of Mr. Lovelace. I had much rather have had reason to give him a quite contrary character. But as to rakes or libertines in general, I, who know them well, must be allowed, because of the mischiefs they have *always* in their *hearts*, and *too often* in their *power*, to do your sex, to add still a few more words upon this topick.

'A libertine, my dear cousin, a *plotting*, an *intriguing* libertine, must be generally *remorseless*—*Unjust* he must always be. The noble rule of doing to others what he would have done to himself, is the first rule he breaks, and every day he breaks it; the oftener,

'the

'the greater his triumph. He has great 'contempt for your ſex. He believes 'no woman chaſte, becauſe he is a pro- 'fligate. Every woman who *favours him*, '*confirms him* in his wicked incredulity. 'He is always plotting to extend the 'miſchiefs he delights in. If a woman 'loves ſuch a man, how can ſhe bear the 'thought of dividing her intereſts in 'his affections, with half the town, and 'that perhaps the dregs of it? Then ſo 'ſenſual!—How will a young lady of 'your delicacy bear with ſo ſenſual a 'man? A man who makes a jeſt of his 'vows; and who perhaps will break 'your ſpirits by the moſt unmanly in- 'ſults. To be a libertine, at *ſetting out*, 'all compulſion, all humanity, muſt be 'overcome. To *continue* to be a liber- 'tine, is to continue to be every-thing 'vile and inhuman. Prayers, tears, and 'the moſt abject ſubmiſſion, are but fuel 'to his pride: wagering perhaps with 'lewd companions, and, not impro- 'bably, with lewder women, upon in- 'ſtances which he boaſts of to them of 'your patient ſufferings, and broken 'ſpirit, and bringing them home to wit- 'neſs both.

'I write what I know *has* been.

'I mention not fortunes ſquandered, 'eſtates mortgaged or ſold, and poſte- 'rity robbed—Nor yet a multitude of 'other evils, too groſs, too ſhocking to 'your delicacy.

'All theſe, my dear couſin, to be 'ſhunned, all the evils I have named to 'be avoided; the power of doing all the 'good you have been accuſtomed to do, 'preſerved, nay, increaſed by the ſepa- 'rate proviſion that will be made for 'you: your charming diverſions, and 'exemplary employments, all maintain- 'ed; and every good habit perpetuated: 'and all by *one* ſacrifice, the fading plea- 'ſure of the eye! Who would not, (ſince 'every-thing is not to be met with in 'one man; who would not) to preſerve 'ſo many eſſentials, give up ſo light, ſo 'unpermanent a pleaſure!

'Weigh all theſe things, which I might 'inſiſt upon to more advantage, did I 'think it needful to one of your pru- 'dence—Weigh them well, my belov- 'ed couſin; and if it be not the will of 'your parents that you ſhould continue 'ſingle, reſolve to oblige them; and 'let it not be ſaid, that the powers of 'fancy ſhall (as in many others of your 'ſex) be too hard for your duty and 'your prudence. The leſs agreeable 'the man, the more obliging the com- 'pliance. Remember that he is a ſober 'man—A man who has reputation to loſe, 'and whoſe reputation therefore is a ſe- 'curity for his good behaviour to you.

'You have an opportunity offered 'you to give the higheſt inſtance, that 'can be given of filial duty. Embrace 'it. It is worthy *of* you. It is ex- 'pected *from* you; however, for your 'inclination ſake, we may be ſorry that 'you are called upon to give it. Let 'it be ſaid, that you have been able to 'lay an obligation upon your parents, '(a proud word, my couſin!) which you 'could not do, were it not laid *againſt* 'your inclination!—Upon parents who 'have laid a thouſand upon you: who 'are ſet upon this point: who will not 'give it up: who have given up many 'points to you, even of this very na- 'ture: and in their turn, for the ſake 'of their own authority, as well as judg- 'ment, expect to be obliged.

'I hope I ſhall ſoon, in perſon, con- 'gratulate you upon this your merito- 'rious compliance. To ſettle and give 'up my truſteeſhip, is one of the prin- 'cipal motives of leaving theſe parts. 'I ſhall be glad to ſettle it to every one's 'ſatisfaction; to yours particularly.

'If on my arrival I find a happy uni- 'on, as formerly, reign in a family ſo 'dear to me, it will be an unſpeakable 'pleaſure to me; and I ſhall perhaps ſo 'diſpoſe my affairs, as to be near you 'for ever.

'I have written a very long letter, and 'will add no more, than that I am, with 'the greateſt reſpect, my deareſt couſin, '*your moſt affectionate and faithful ſervant*,

'WM. MORDEN.'

I will ſuppoſe, my dear Miſs Howe, that you have read my couſin's letter. It is now in vain to wiſh it had come ſooner. But if it *had*, I might perhaps have been ſo raſh as to give Mr. Lovelace the *fatal meeting*, as I little thought of going away with him.

But I ſhould hardly have given him the *expectation* of ſo doing, *previous* to the meeting, which made him come prepared; and the revocation of which he ſo artfully made ineffectual.

Perſecuted as I was, and little expecting ſo much condeſcenſion, as my aunt, to my great mortification, has told me (and you confirm) I ſhould have met with, it is however hard to ſay, what I ſhould or ſhould not have done as to *meeting him*, had it come in time: but this effect I verily believe it would have had—To have made me inſiſt with all my might, on going over, out of all

their ways, to the kind writer of the inſtructive letter, and on making a father (a protector, as well as a friend) of a kinſman, who is one of my truſtees. This, circumſtanced as I was, would have been a natural, at leaſt an unexceptionable protection.—But I *was to be* unhappy! And how it cuts me to the heart to think that I can already ſubſcribe to my couſin's character of a libertine, ſo well drawn in the letter which I ſuppoſe you now to have read!

That a man of a character, which ever was my abhorrence, ſhould fall to my lot!—But depending on my own ſtrength; having no reaſon to apprehend danger from headſtrong and diſgraceful impulſes; I too little perhaps caſt up my eyes to the Supreme Director: in whom, miſtruſting myſelf, I ought to have placed my whole confidence—And the more, when I ſaw myſelf ſo perſeveringly addreſſed by a man of this character.

Inexperience and preſumption, with the help of a brother and ſiſter who have low ends to anſwer in my diſgrace, have been my *ruin!*—A hard word, my dear. But I repeat it upon deliberation: ſince, let the beſt happen which *now* can happen, my reputation is deſtroyed; a rake is my portion: and what that portion is, my couſin Morden's letter has acquainted you.

Pray keep it by you till called for. I ſaw it not myſelf (having not the heart to inſpect my trunk-) till this morning. I would not for the world this man ſhould ſee it; becauſe it might occaſion miſchief between the moſt violent ſpirit, and the moſt ſettled brave one in the world, as my couſin's is ſaid to be.

This letter was incloſed (opened) in a blank cover. Scorn and deteſt me as they will, I wonder that one line was not ſent with it—were it but to have more particularly pointed the deſign of it, in the ſame generous ſpirit, that ſent me the Spira.

The ſealing of the cover was with black-wax. I hope there is no new occaſion in the family to give reaſon for black-wax. But if there were, it would, to be ſure, have been mentioned, and laid at my door—perhaps too juſtly!

I had begun a letter to my couſin; but laid it by, becauſe of the uncertainty of my ſituation, and expecting every day for ſeveral days paſt to be at a greater certainty. You bid me write to him ſome time ago, you know. Then it was I began it: for I have great pleaſure in obeying you in all I may. So I ought to have; for you are the only friend left me. And moreover, you generally honour me with your own obſervance of the advice I take the liberty to offer you: for I pretend to ſay, I give better advice than I have taken. And ſo I had need. For I know not how it comes about, but I am in my own opinion, a poor loſt creature: and yet cannot charge myſelf with one criminal or faulty inclination. Do you know, my dear, how this can be?

Yet I can tell you *how*, I believe—One devious ſtep at ſetting out!—That muſt be it:—which purſued, has led me ſo far out of my path, that I am in a wilderneſs of doubt and error; and never, never, ſhall find my way out of it: for, although but one pace awry at firſt, it has led me hundreds and hundreds of miles out of my path: and the poor eſtray has not one kind friend, nor has met with one directing paſſenger, to direct her to recover it.

But I, preſumptuous creature! muſt rely ſo much upon my own knowledge of the right path!—little apprehending that an *ignis fatuus* with it's falſe fires (and yet I had heard enough of ſuch) would ariſe to miſlead me! And now, in the midſt of fens and quagmires, it plays around me, and around me, throwing me back again, whenever I think myſelf in the right track. But there is one common point, in which all ſhall meet, err widely as they may. In that I ſhall be laid quietly down at laſt: and then will all my calamities be at an end.

But how I ſtray again; ſtray from my intention! I would have ſaid, that I had begun a letter to my couſin Morden ſome time ago: but that now I can never end it. You will believe I cannot: for how ſhall I tell him, that all his compliments are miſbeſtowed? That all his advice is thrown away? All his warnings vain? And that even my higheſt expectation is to be the wife of that free liver, whom he ſo pathetically warns me to ſhun?

Let me, however, have your prayers joined with my own, (my fate depending, as it ſeems, upon the *lips of ſuch a man*,) That whatever ſhall be my deſtiny, that dreadful part of my father's malediction, that I may be puniſhed by the man in whom he ſuppoſes I put my confidence, may not take place! That this for *Mr. Lovelace's* own ſake, and for the ſake of *human nature*, may not be! or, if it be neceſſary, in ſupport of the parental authority, that I ſhould be puniſhed by *him*, that it may not be by his *premeditated*

or *wilful* baſeneſs; but that I may be able to acquit his *intention*, if not his *action!* Otherwiſe my fault will appear to be doubled in the eye of the event-judging world. And yet, methinks, I would be glad, that the unkindneſs of my father and uncles, whoſe hearts have already been too much wounded by my error, may be juſtified in every article, excepting in this heavy curſe: that my father will be pleaſed to withdraw that before it be generally known; at leaſt that moſt dreadful part of it which regards futurity!

I muſt lay down my pen. I muſt brood over theſe reflections. Once more, before I cloſe my couſin's letter, I will peruſe it. And then I ſhall have it by heart.

LETTER VIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY NIGHT, MAY 1.

WHEN you reflect upon my unhappy ſituation, which is attended with ſo many indelicate and even ſhocking circumſtances, ſome of which my pride will not let me think of with patience; all aggravated by the contents of my couſin's affecting letter; you will not wonder that the vapouriſhneſs which has laid hold of my heart, ſhould riſe to my pen. And yet it would be more kind, more friendly in me, to conceal from *you*, who take ſuch a generous intereſt in my concerns, that worſt part of my griefs, which communication and complaint cannot relieve.

But to whom can I unboſom myſelf but to you? When the man who ought to be my protector, as he has brought upon me all my diſtreſſes, adds to my apprehenſions; when I have not even a ſervant on whoſe fidelity I can rely, or to whom I can break my griefs as they ariſe; and when his bountiful temper and gay heart attach every-one to him; and I am but a *cypher*, to give *him* ſignificance, and *myſelf* pain?—Theſe griefs, therefore, do what I can, will ſometimes burſt into tears; and theſe mingling with my ink, will blot my paper. And I know you will not grudge me the temporary relief.

But I ſhall go on in the ſtrain I left off with in my laſt; when I intended rather to apologize for my melancholy. But let what I have above written, once for all be my apology. My misfortunes have given you a call to diſcharge the nobleſt offices of the friendſhip we have vowed to each other, in advice and conſolation; and it would be an injury to it, and to you, to ſuppoſe it needed even that call.

She then tells Miſs Howe, that now her cloaths are come, Mr. Lovelace is continually teazing her to go abroad with him in a coach, attended by whom ſhe pleaſes of her own ſex, either for the air, or to the publick diverſions.

She gives the particulars of a converſation that has paſſed between them on that ſubject, and his ſeveral propoſals. But takes notice, that he ſays not the leaſt word of the ſolemnity which he ſo much preſſed for before they came to town; and which, as ſhe obſerves, was neceſſary to give propriety to his propoſals.

Now, my dear, *ſays ſhe*, I cannot bear the life I live. I would be glad at my heart to be out of his reach. If I were, he ſhould ſoon *find the difference*. If I muſt be humbled, it had better be by thoſe to whom I owe duty, than by him. My aunt writes in her letter, that ſhe dare not propoſe any-thing in my favour. You tell me, that upon enquiry, you find, that, had I not been unhappily ſeduced away, a change of meaſures was actually reſolved upon; and that my mother, particularly, was determined to exert herſelf for the reſtoration of the family peace; and, in order to ſucceed the better, had thoughts of trying to engage my uncle Harlowe in her party.

Let me build on theſe foundations. I can but try, my dear. It is my duty to try all *probable* methods to reſtore the poor outcaſt to favour. And who knows but that once indulgent uncle, who has very great weight in the family, may be induced to interpoſe in my behalf? I will give up all right and title to my grandfather's deviſes and bequeſts, with all my heart and ſoul, to whom they pleaſe, in order to make my propoſal palatable to my brother. And that my ſurrender may be effectual, I will engage never to marry.

What think you, my dear, of this expedient? Surely they cannot reſolve to renounce me for ever. If they look with impartial eyes upon what has happened, they will have ſomething to blame *themſelves* for, as well as *me*.

I preſume, that you will be of opinion, that this expedient is worth trying. But here is my difficulty: if I ſhould write, my hard-hearted brother has ſo ſtrongly confederated them all againſt me, that my letter would be handed about from

one to another, till he had hardened every-one to refuse my request; whereas could my uncle be engaged to espouse my cause, as from *himself*, I should have some hope; as I presume to think he would soon have my mother and my aunt of his party.

What therefore I am thinking of, is this—Suppose Mr. Hickman, whose good character has gained him everybody's respect, should put himself in my uncle Harlowe's way? And (as if from your knowledge of the state of things between Mr. Lovelace and me) assure him not only of the above particulars, but that I am under no obligations that shall hinder me from taking his directions?

I submit the whole to your discretion, whether to pursue it at all, or in what manner. But if it *be* pursued, and if my uncle refuses to interest himself in my favour upon Mr. Hickman's application as from you, (for so, for obvious reasons, it must be put) I can then have no hope; and my next step in the mind that I am in, shall be to throw myself into the protection of the ladies of his family.

It were an impiety to adopt the following lines, because it would be throwing upon the decrees of Providence a fault too much my own. But often do I revolve them, for the sake of the general similitude which they bear to my unhappy, yet undesigned error.

'To you, great gods! I make my last appeal:
'Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
'If wand'ring in the maze of life I run,
'And backward tread the steps I sought to
'shun,
'Impute my error to your own decree:
'My FEET are guilty; but my HEART is
'free.'

The lady dates again on Monday, to let Miss Howe know, that Mr. Lovelace, on observing her uneasiness, had introduced to her Mr. Mennell, Mrs. Fretchville's kinsman, who managed all her affairs. She calls him a young officer of sense and politeness, who gave her an account of the house and furniture, to the same effect that Mr. Lovelace had done before; as also of the melancholy way Mrs Fretchville is in.

She tells Miss Howe, how extremely urgent Mr. Lovelace was with the gentleman to get his spouse (as he now always calls her before company) a sight of the house: and that Mr. Mennell undertook that very afternoon to shew her all of it, except the apartment Mrs. Fretchville should be in when she went. But that she chused not to take another step till she knew how she approved of her scheme to have her uncle sounded; and with what success, if tried, it would be attended.

Mr. Lovelace, in his humorous way, gives his friend an account of the lady's peevishness and dejection, on receiving a letter with her cloaths. He regrets that he has lost her confidence; which he attributes to his bringing her into the company of his four companions. Yet he thinks he must excuse them, and censure her for over-niceness; for that he never saw men behave better, at least not them.

Mentioning his introducing Mr. Mennell to her—

'Now, Jack,' *says he*, 'was it not very 'kind of Mr. Mennell [*Captain* Mennell 'I sometimes call him; for among the 'military men there is no such officer, 'thou knowest, as a *lieutenant*, or an *en-'sign*—Was it not very kind in him] to 'come with me so readily as he did to 'satisfy my beloved about the vapour-'ish lady and the house?

"But who is Captain Mennell?" 'methinks thou askest: "I never heard "of such a man as Captain Mennell."

'Very likely. But knowest thou not 'young Newcomb, honest Doleman's 'nephew?'

"O-ho! Is it he?"

'It is. And I have changed his name 'by virtue of my own single authority. 'Knowest thou not, that I am a great 'name-father? Preferments! bestow both 'military and civil. I give estates, and 'take them away at my pleasure. Qua-'lity too I create. And by a still more 'valuable prerogative, I *degrade* by vir-'tue of my own imperial will, without 'any other act of forfeiture than for my 'own convenience. What a poor thing 'is a monarch to me!

'But Mennell, now he has seen this 'angel of a woman, has qualms; that's 'the devil!—I shall have enough to do 'to keep him right. But it is the less 'wonder, that *he* should stagger, when 'a few hours conversation with the same 'lady could make four much more 'hardened varlets find *hearts*—Only, 'that I am confident, that I shall at last 'reward her virtue, if her virtue over-'come me, or I should find it impossible to 'persevere—For at times I have con-'founded qualms myself. But say not a 'word of them to the confraternity: 'nor laugh at me for them thyself.'

In another letter, dated Monday night, he writes as follows:

'This perverse lady keeps me at such 'distance, that I am sure something is

'going,

'going on between her and Miſs Howe, 'notwithſtanding the prohibition from 'Mrs. Howe to both: and as I have 'thought it ſome degree of merit in my-'ſelf to puniſh others for their tranſ-'greſſions, I am of opinion that both 'theſe girls are puniſhable for their 'breach of parental injunctions. And 'as to their letter-carrier, I have been 'enquiring into his way of living; and 'finding him to be a common poacher, 'deer-ſtealer, and warren-robber, who, 'under pretence of higgling, deals with 'a ſet of cuſtomers, who conſtantly take 'all he brings, whether fiſh, fowl, or 'veniſon, I hold myſelf juſtified (ſince 'Wilſon's conveyance muſt at preſent 'be ſacred) to have him ſtripped and 'robbed, and what money he has about 'him given to the poor; ſince if I take 'not money as well as letters, I ſhall be 'ſuſpected.

'To ſerve one's ſelf and puniſh a vil-'lain at the ſame time, is ſerving publick 'and private. The law was not made 'for ſuch a man as me. And I *muſt* 'come at correſpondences ſo diſobedi-'ently carried on.

'But, on ſecond thoughts, if I could 'find out that the dear creature carried 'any of her letters in her pockets, I can 'get her to a play or to a concert, and 'ſhe may have the misfortune to loſe 'her pockets.

'But how ſhall I find this out; ſince 'her Dorcas knows no more of her 'dreſſing and undreſſing, than her Love-'lace? For ſhe is dreſſed for the day, 'before ſhe appears even to her ſervant. 'Vilely ſuſpicious! Upon my ſoul, Jack, 'a ſuſpicious temper is a puniſhable 'temper. If a woman ſuſpects a rogue 'in an honeſt man, is it not enough to 'make the honeſt man who knows it a 'rogue?

'But as to her pockets, I think my 'mind hankers after them, as the leſs 'miſchievous attempt. But they cannot 'hold all the letters that I ſhould wiſh 'to ſee. And yet a woman's pockets 'are half as deep as ſhe is high. Tied 'round the ſweet *lavities*, I preſume, as 'ballaſt bags, leſt the wind, as they move 'with full ſail, from whale ribbed can-'vas, ſhould blow away the gypſies.'

He then, in apprehenſion that ſomething is meditating between the two ladies, or that ſomething may be ſet on foot to get Miſs Harlowe out of his hands, relates ſeveral of his contrivances, and bouſts of his inſtructions given in writing to Dorcas and to his ſervant William Summers, and ſays, that he has provided againſt every poſſible accident, even to bring her back *if ſhe ſhould eſcape, or in caſe ſhe ſhould go abroad, and then* refuſe to return; *and hopes ſo to manage, as that, ſhould he make an attempt, whether he ſucceeded in it or not, he may have a pretence to detain her.*

He then proceeds as follows:

'I have ordered Dorcas to cultivate 'by all means her lady's favour; to la-'ment her incapacity as to writing and 'reading; to ſhew letters to her lady, 'as from pretended country relations; 'to beg her advice how to anſwer them, 'and to get them anſwered; and to be 'always aiming at ſcrawling with a pen, 'leſt inky fingers ſhould give ſuſpicion. 'I have moreover given the wench an 'ivory-leafed pocket-book, with a ſil-'ver pencil, that ſhe may make memo-'randa on occaſion.

'And let me tell thee that the lady 'has already (at Mrs. Sinclair's motion) 'removed her cloaths out of the trunks 'they came in, into an ample mahogany 'repoſitory, where they will lie at full 'length, and which has drawers in it 'for linen. A repoſitory, that uſed to 'hold the richeſt ſuits which ſome of the 'nymphs put on, when they are to be 'dreſſed out to captivate, or to ape 'quality. For many a counteſs, thou 'knoweſt, has our mother equipped; 'nay, two or three dutcheſſes, who live 'upon *quality-terms* with their lords. 'But this to ſuch as will come up to her 'price, and can make an appearance 'like quality themſelves on the occaſion: 'for the reputation of perſons of birth 'muſt not lie at the mercy of every *un-'der-degreed* ſinner.

'A maſter-key which will open every 'lock in this cheſt, is put into Dorcas's 'hands; and ſhe is to take care, when 'ſhe ſearches for papers, before ſhe re-'moves any-thing, to obſerve how it 'lies, that ſhe may replace all to a hair. 'Sally and Polly can occaſionally help 'to tranſcribe. Slow and ſure with ſuch 'an Argus-eyed charmer muſt be all 'my movements.

'It is impoſſible that one ſo young 'and ſo inexperienced as ſhe is, can 'have all her caution from herſelf; the 'behaviour of the women ſo unexcep-'tionable; no revellings, no company 'ever admitted into this inner-houſe; 'all genteel, quiet, and eaſy, in it; the 'nymphs well-bred, and well-read; her 'firſt diſguſts to the old one got over.— 'It muſt be Miſs Howe therefore [Who 'once was in danger of being taken in

'by

'by one of our clafs, by honeft Sir 'George Colmar, as thou haft heard] 'that makes my progrefs difficult.

'Thou feeft, Belford, by the above 'precautionaries, that I forget nothing. 'As the fong fays, it is not to be ima-'gined—

"On what flight ftrings
"Depend thofe things
"On which men build their glory!"

'So far, fo good. I fhall never reft 'till I have difcovered in the firft place, 'where the dear creature puts her let-'ters; and in the next till I have got 'her to a play, to a concert, or to take 'an airing with me out of town for a 'day or two.'

'I GAVE thee juft now fome of *my* 'contrivances. Dorcas, who is ever 'attentive to all her lady's motions, 'has given me fome inftances of her '*miftrefs's* precautions. She wafers her 'letters, it feems, in two places; pricks 'the wafers; and then feals upon them. 'No doubt but the fame care is taken 'with regard to thofe brought to her; 'for fhe always examines the feals of the 'latter before fhe opens them.

'I muft, I muft come at them. This 'difficulty augments my curiofity. 'Strange, fo much as fhe writes, and at 'all hours, that not one fleepy or for-'getful moment has offered in our fa-'vour!

'A fair contention, thou feeft: nor 'plead thou in her favour her *youth*, her '*beauty*, her *family*, her *fortune*. CREDU-'LITY, fhe has none; and with regard 'to her TENDER YEARS, Am I not a '*young fellow* myfelf? As to BEAUTY; 'pr'ythee, Jack, do thou, to fpare my 'modefty, make a comparifon between 'my Clariffa for a *woman*, and thy Love-'lace for a *man*. For her FAMILY, that 'was not known to it's country a cen-'tury ago? and I hate them all but her. 'Have I not caufe?—For her FOR-'TUNE; fortune, thou knoweft, was 'ever a *ftimulus* with me; and this for 'reafons not ignoble. Do not girls of 'fortune adorn themfelves on purpofe 'to engage our attention? Seek they 'not to draw us into their fnares? De-'pend they not, generally, on their *for-'tunes*, in the views they have upon us, 'more than on their *merits*? Shall we 'deprive them of the benefit of their '*principal* dependence?—Can I, in par-'ticular, marry *every girl* who wifhes to 'obtain my notice? If therefore, in fup-'the port of libertine principles for 'which none of the fweet rogues hate 'us, a woman of fortune is brought to 'yield homage to her emperor, and any 'confequences attend the *fubjugation*, is 'not fuch a one fhielded by her fortune, 'as well from infult and contempt, as 'from indigence?—All, then, that ad-'mits of debate between my beloved 'and me, is only this—Which of the 'two has more *wit*, more *circumfpection* '—And that remains to be tried.

'A fad life however, this life of doubt 'and fufpence, for the poor lady to live, 'as well as for me; that is to fay, if fhe 'be not *naturally* jealous—If fhe be, her 'uneafinefs is conftitutional, and fhe 'cannot help it; nor will it in that cafe 'hurt her. For a fufpicious temper 'will make occafions for doubt, if none 'were to offer to it's hand. My fair-'one therefore, if naturally fufpicious, 'is obliged to me for faving her the 'trouble of *ftudying* for thefe occafions '—But after all, the plaineft paths in 'our journies through life are the fafeft 'and beft I believe, although it is not 'given me to chufe them. I am not, 'however, fingular in the purfuit of the 'more intricate paths; fince there are 'thoufands and ten thoufands who had 'rather fifh in troubled waters than in 'fmooth.'

LETTER IX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BEL-FORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, MAY 9.

I Am a very unhappy man. This la-dy is faid to be one of the fweeteft-tempered creatures in the world: and fo I thought her. But to *me*, fhe is one of the moft perverfe. I never was fup-pofed to be an ill-natured mortal nei-ther. How can it be? I imagined for a long while, that we were born to make each other happy: but quite the contrary; we really feem to be fent to plague each other.

I will write a comedy, I think. I have a title ready; and that's half the work. *The Quarrelfome Lovers*. 'Twill do. There's fomething new and ftrik-ing in it. Yet, more or lefs, all lovers quarrel. Old Terence has taken notice of that; and obferves upon it, That lovers *falling-out* occafions lovers *falling-in*; and a better underftanding of courfe. 'Tis natural that it fhould be fo. But with us, we fall-out fo often, without falling-in once; and a fecond quarrel fo generally happens before a firft is made up; that it is hard to gueſs what event

event our loves will be attended with. But perſeverance is my glory, and patience my handmaid, when I have in view an object worthy of my attempts. What is there in an eaſy conqueſt? Hudibras queſtions well—

'——What mad lover ever dy'd
'To gain a ſoft and eaſy bride?
'Or, for a lady tender-hearted,
'In purling ſtreams, or hemp, departed?'

But I will lead to the occaſion of this preamble.

I had been out. On my return, meeting Dorcas on the ſtairs—'Your lady in 'her chamber, Dorcas?'—'In the din-'ing-room, Sir: and if ever you hope 'for an opportunity to come at a letter, 'it muſt be now. For at her feet I ſaw 'one lie, which, as may be ſeen by it's 'open folds, ſhe has been reading, with 'a little parcel of others ſhe is now buſi-'ed with—All pulled out of her pocket, 'as I believe. So, Sir, you'll know where 'to find them another time.'

I was ready to leap for joy, and inſtantly reſolved to bring forward an expedient which I had held in petto; and entering into the dining-room with an air of tranſport, I boldly claſped my arms about her, as ſhe ſat; ſhe huddling up her papers in her handkerchief all the time; the dropt paper unſeen. 'O 'my deareſt life, a lucky expedient have 'Mr. Mennell and I hit upon, juſt now. 'In order to haſten Mrs. Fretchville to 'quit the houſe, I have agreed, if you 'approve of it, to entertain her cook, 'her houſe-maid, and two men-ſervants, '(about whom ſhe was very ſolicitous) 'till you are provided to your mind. 'And that no accommodations may be 'wanted, I have conſented to take the 'houſhold linen at an appraiſement.

'I am to pay down five hundred 'pounds, and the remainder as ſoon as 'the bills can be looked up, and the 'amount of them adjuſted. Thus will 'you have a charming houſe entirely 'ready to receive you. Some of the ladies 'of my family will ſoon be with you: 'they will not permit you long to ſuſ-'pend my happy day. And that nothing 'may be wanting to gratify your utmoſt 'punctilio, I will till then conſent to 'ſtay here at Mrs. Sinclair's, while you 'reſide at your new houſe; and leave 'the reſt to your own generoſity. O my 'beloved creature, will not this be a-'greeable to you? I am ſure it will—'It muſt—' And claſping her cloſer to me, I gave her a more fervent kiſs than ever I had dared to give her before. I permitted not my ardour to overcome my diſcretion however; for I took care to ſet my foot upon the letter, and ſcrap-ed it farther from her, as it were behind her chair.

She was in a paſſion at the liberty I took. Bowing low, I begged her pardon; and ſtooping ſtill lower, in the ſame motion, took up the letter, and whipt it into my boſom.

Pox on me for a puppy, a fool, a blockhead, a clumſy varlet, a mere Jack Belford!—I thought myſelf a much cleverer fellow than I am!—Why could I not have been followed in by Dorcas, who might have taken it up, while I addreſſed her lady?

For here, the letter being unfolded, I could not put it into my boſom, without alarming her ears, as my ſudden motion did her eyes.—Up ſhe flew in a moment: 'Traitor! Judas!' her eyes flaſhing lightening, and a perturbation in her eager countenance, ſo charming! —'What have you taken up?'—And then, what for both my ears I durſt not have done to her, ſhe made no ſcruple to ſeize the ſtolen letter, though in my boſom.

What was to be done on ſo palpable a detection?—I claſped her hand, which had hold of the raviſhed paper, between mine: 'O my beloved creature!' ſaid I, 'can you think I have not *ſome* curi-'oſity? Is it poſſible you can be thus for 'ever employed; and I, loving narra-'tive letter-writing above every other 'ſpecies of writing, and admiring your 'talent that way, ſhould not (thus upon 'the dawn of my happineſs, as I pre-'ſume to hope) burn with a deſire to 'be admitted into ſo ſweet a correſpon-'dence?'

'Let go my hand!'—ſtamping with her pretty foot: 'how dare you, Sir!— 'At this rate, I ſee—Too plainly I 'ſee—' And more ſhe could not ſay: but, gaſping, was ready to faint with paſſion and affright: the devil a bit of her accuſtomed gentleneſs to be ſeen in her charming face, or to be heard in her muſical voice.

Having gone thus far, loth, very loth was I to loſe my prize—Once more I got hold of the rumpled up letter!—'*Impu-'dent man!*' were her words: ſtamping again. '*For God's ſake,*' then it was. I let go my prize, leſt ſhe ſhould faint away: but had the pleaſure firſt to find my hand within both hers, the trying to open my reluctant fingers. How near was my heart at that moment to my hand, throbbing to my fingers ends, to

be thus familiarly, although angrily, treated by the charmer of my ſoul!

When ſhe had got it in her poſſeſſion, ſhe flew to the door. I threw myſelf in her way, ſhut it, and, in the humbleſt manner, beſought her to forgive me. And yet do you think the Harlowe-hearted charmer (notwithſtanding the agreeable annunciation I came in with) would forgive me?—No truly; but puſhing me rudely from the door, as if I had been nothing, [Yet do I love to try, ſo innocently to try, her ſtrength too!] ſhe gaining that force through paſſion, which I had loſt through fear, out ſhe ſhot to her own apartment; [Thank my ſtars ſhe could fly no further!] and as ſoon as ſhe entered it, in a paſſion ſtill, ſhe double-bolted herſelf in. This my comfort, on reflection, that, upon a greater offence, it cannot be worſe.

I retreated to my own apartment, with my heart full: and, my man Will not being near me, gave myſelf a plaguy knock on the forehead with my double fiſt.

And now is my charmer ſhut up from me: refuſing to ſee me; refuſing her meals. She reſolves *not* to ſee me; that's more:—never again, if ſhe can help it; and *in the mind ſhe is in*—I hope ſhe has ſaid.

The dear creatures, whenever they quarrel with their humble ſervants, ſhould always remember this ſaving clauſe, that they may not be forſworn.

But thinkeſt thou that I will not make it the ſubject of one of my firſt plots, to inform myſelf of the reaſon why all this commotion was neceſſary on ſo ſlight an occaſion as this would have been, were not the letters that paſs between theſe ladies of a treaſonable nature?

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

No admiſſion to breakfaſt, any more than to ſupper. I wiſh this lady is not a ſimpleton, after all.

I have ſent up in Capt. Mennell's name.

'A meſſage from Capt. Mennell, 'Madam.'

It won't do. She is of baby age. She cannot be—a Solomon, I was going to ſay, in every-thing. Solomon, Jack, was the wiſeſt man. But didſt ever hear who was the wiſeſt woman? I want a compariſon for this lady. Cunning women and witches we read of without number. But I fancy *wiſdom* never entered into the character of a woman. It is not a requiſite of the ſex. Women, indeed, make better ſovereigns than men: but why is that?—Becauſe the women-ſovereigns are governed by men; the men-ſovereigns by women.—Charming, by my ſoul! For hence we gueſs at the rudder by which both are ſteered.

But to putting wiſdom out of the queſtion, and to take *cunning* in; that is to ſay, to conſider woman *as* a woman; what ſhall we do, if this lady has ſomething extraordinary in her head? Repeated charges has ſhe given to Wilſon, by a particular meſſenger, to ſend any letter directed for her the moment it comes.

I muſt keep a good look-out. She is not now afraid of her brother's-plot. I ſhan't be at all ſurprized, if Singleton calls upon Miſs Howe, as the only perſon who *knows*, or is *likely to know*, where Miſs Harlowe is; pretending to have affairs of importance, and of particular ſervice to her, if he can but be admitted to her ſpeech—Of compromiſe, who knows, from her brother?

Then will Miſs Howe warn her to keep cloſe. Then will my protection be again neceſſary. This will do, I believe. Any-thing from Miſs Howe muſt.

Joſeph Leman is a vile fellow with her, and my implement. Joſeph, *honeſt* Joſeph, as I call him, may hang himſelf. I have played him off enough, and have very little farther uſe for him. No need to wear one plot to the ſtumps, when I can find new ones every hour.

Nor blame me for the uſe I make of my talents. Who, that hath ſuch, will let 'em be idle?

Well then, I will find a Singleton; that's all I have to do.

Inſtantly find one!—'Will!'

'Sir.'

'This moment call me hither thy cou-'ſin Paul Wheatly, juſt come from ſea, 'whom thou wert recommending to my 'ſervice, if I were to marry, and keep 'a pleaſure-boat.'

Preſto—Will's gone—Paul will be here preſently. Preſently will he be gone to Mrs. Howe's. If Paul be Singleton's mate, coming from his captain, it will do as well as if it were Singleton himſelf.

Sally, a little devil, often reproaches me with the ſlowneſs of my proceedings. But in a play does not the principal entertainment lie in the *firſt four acts?* Is not all in a manner over when you come to the *fifth?* And what a vulture of a man



Richter delin. Cole Sculp.

LOVELACE *Repulsed by* CLARISSA.

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a man muſt he be, who ſowſes upon his prey, and in the ſame moment truſſes and devours?

But to own the truth. I have overplotted myſelf. To make my work ſecure, as I thought, I have frighted the dear creature with the ſight of my four Hottentots, and I ſhall be a long time, I doubt, before I can recover my loſt ground. And then this curſed family at Harlowe Place have made her out of humour with *me*, with *herſelf*, and with *all the world*, but Miſs Howe, who no doubt, is continually adding difficulties to my other difficulties.

I am very unwilling to have recourſe to meaſures which theſe dæmons below are continually urging me to take; becauſe I am ſure, that, at laſt, I ſhall be brought to make her legally mine.

One complete trial over, and I think I will do her noble juſtice.

Well, Paul's gone—Gone already—Has all his leſſons. A notable fellow!—Lord W.'s neceſſary-man was Paul before he went to ſea. A more ſenſible rogue Paul than Joſeph! Not ſuch a pretender to piety neither, as the other. At what a price have I bought that Joſeph! I believe I muſt puniſh the raſcal at laſt: but muſt let him marry firſt: then (though that may be puniſhment enough) I ſhall punith two at once in the man and his wife. And how richly does Betty deſerve puniſhment for her behaviour to my goddeſs?

But now I hear the ruſty hinges of my beloved's door give me creaking invitation. My heart creaks and throbs with reſpondent trepidations: whimſical enough though! For what relation has a lover's heart to a ruſty pair of hinges? but they are the hinges that open and ſhut the door of my beloved's bedchamber. Relation enough in that.

I hear not the door ſhut again. I ſhall receive her commands I hope anon. What ſignifies her keeping me thus at a diſtance? She muſt be mine, let me do or offer what I will. Courage whenever I aſſume, all is over: for ſhould ſhe think of eſcaping from hence, whither can ſhe fly to avoid me? Her parents will not receive her. Her uncles will not entertain her. Her beloved Norton is in their direction, and cannot. Miſs Howe dare not. She has not one friend in town but me—Is entirely a ſtranger to the town. And what then is the matter with me, that I ſhould be thus unaccountably over-awed and tyrannized over by a dear creature who wants only to know how impoſſible it is that ſhe ſhould eſcape me, in order to be as humble to me, as ſhe is to her perſecuting relations!

Should I even make the grand attempt, and fail, and ſhould ſhe hate me for it, her hatred can be but temporary. She has already incurred the cenſure of the world. She muſt therefore chuſe to be mine, for the ſake of ſoldering up her reputation in the eye of that impudent world. For, who that knows me, and knows that ſhe has been in my power, though but for twenty-four hours, will think her ſpotleſs as to fact, let her inclination be what it will? And then *human nature* is ſuch a well known rogue, that every man and woman judges by what each knows of him or herſelf, that *inclination* is no more to be truſted, where an opportunity is given, than *I* am; eſpecially where a woman young and blooming loves a man well enough to go off with him; for ſuch will be the world's conſtruction in the preſent caſe.

She calls her maid Dorcas. No doubt, that I may hear her harmonious voice, and to give me an opportunity to pour out my ſoul at her feet; to renew all my vows; and to receive her pardon for the paſt offence: and then, with what pleaſure ſhall I begin upon a new ſcore, and afterwards wipe out that; and begin another, and another, till the *laſt* offence paſſes; and there can be *no other!* And once, after that, to be forgiven, will be to be forgiven for ever.

The door is again ſhut. Dorcas tells me, that her lady denies to admit me to dine with her; a favour I had ordered the wench to beſeech her to grant me, the next time ſhe ſaw her—Not uncivilly, however, denies—Coming to by degrees! Nothing but the laſt offence, the honeſt wench tells me, in the language of her principals below, will do with her. The laſt offence is meditating. Yet this vile recreant heart of mine plays me booty.

But here I conclude; though the tyranneſs leaves me nothing to do, but to read, write, and fret.

Subſcription is formal between us. Beſides, I am ſo much hers, that I cannot ſay how much I am thine or any other perſon's.

LETTER X.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY, MAY 9.

IF, my dear, you approve of the application to my uncle Harlowe, I wiſh

with it may be made as ſoon as poſſible. We are quite out again. I have ſhut myſelf up from him. The offence indeed not *very* great—And yet it is too. He had like to have got a letter. One of yours. But never will I write again, or re-peruſe my papers, in an apartment where he thinks himſelf entitled to come. He did not read a line of it. Indeed he did not. So don't be uneaſy. And depend upon future caution.

Thus it was. The ſun being upon my cloſet, and Mr. Lovelace abroad—

She then gives Miſs Howe an account of his coming by ſurprize upon her: of his fluttering ſpeech; of his bold addreſs; of her ſtruggle with him for the letter, &c.

And now, my dear, *proceeds ſhe*, I am more and more convinced, that I am too much in his power to make it prudent to ſtay with him. And if my friends *will* but give me hope, I will reſolve to abandon him for ever.

O my dear! he is a fierce, a fooliſh, an inſolent creature!—And in truth, I hardly expect, that we *can* accommodate. How much unhappier am I already with him, than my mother ever was with my father after marriage! Since (and that without any reaſon, any pretence in the world for it) he is for breaking my ſpirit *before* I am his; and while I am, or ought to be [O my folly, that I am not!] in my own power.

Till I can know whether my friends will give me hope or not, I muſt do what I never ſtudied to do before in any caſe; that is, try to keep this difference open: and yet it will make me look *little in my own eyes*; becauſe I ſhall mean by it more than I can own. But this is one of the conſequences of a ſtep I ſhall ever deplore! The natural fruits of all engagements, where the minds are unpaired—*diſ-paired*, in my caſe may I ſay.

Let this evermore be my caution to individuals of my ſex—Guard your eye: 'twill ever be in a combination againſt your judgment. If there are two parts to be taken, it will for ever, traitor as it is, take the wrong one.

If you aſk me, my dear, how this caution befits me? let me tell you a ſecret which I have but very lately found out upon ſelf-examination, although you ſeem to have made the diſcovery long ago; that had not my fooliſh eye been too much attached, I had not taken the pains to attempt, ſo officiouſly as I did, the prevention of miſchief between him and ſome of my family, which firſt induced the correſpondence between us, and was the occaſion of bringing the apprehended miſchief with double weight upon myſelf. My vanity and conceit, as far as I know, might have part in the inconſiderate meaſure: for does it not look as if I thought myſelf more capable of obviating difficulties, than any-body elſe of my family?

But you muſt not, my dear, ſuppoſe my heart to be ſtill a confederate with my eye. That deluded eye now clearly ſees it's fault, and the miſled heart deſpiſes it for it. Hence the application I am making to my uncle: hence it is, that I can ſay, (I think truly) that I would atone for my fault at any rate, even by the ſacrifice of a limb or two, if that would do.

Adieu, my deareſt friend!—May your heart never know the hundredth part of the pain mine at preſent feels! prays *your* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XI.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

I *Will* write! No *man* ſhall write for me. No *woman* ſhall hinder me from writing. Surely I am of age to diſtinguiſh between reaſon and caprice. I am not writing to a man, am I?—If I were carrying on a correſpondence with a fellow, of whom my mother diſapproved, and whom it might be improper for me to encourage, my own honour and my duty would engage my obedience. But as the caſe is ſo widely different, not a word more on this ſubject, I beſeech you!

I much approve of your reſolution to leave this wretch, if you can make up with your uncle.

I hate the man—Moſt heartily do I hate him, for his teazing ways. The very reading of your account of them teazes me almoſt as much as they can you. May you have encouragement to fly the fooliſh wretch!

I have other reaſons to wiſh you may: for I have juſt made an acquaintance with one who knows a vaſt deal of his private hiſtory. The man is really a villain, my dear! an execrable one! if all be true that I have heard: and yet I am promiſed *other* particulars. I do aſſure you, my dear friend, that had he a dozen lives, he might have forfeited all, and been dead *twenty crimes* ago.

If ever you condeſcend to talk familiarly with him again, aſk him after Miſs Betterton, and what became of her. And if he ſhuffle and prevari-

cate

cate as to her, queſtion him about Miſs Lockyer.—O my dear, the man's a villain!

I will have your uncle ſounded, as you deſire, and that out of hand. But yet I am afraid of the ſucceſs; and this for ſeveral reaſons. 'Tis hard to ſay what the ſacrifice of your eſtate would do with ſome people: and yet I muſt not, when it comes to the teſt, permit you to make it.

As your Hannah continues ill, I would adviſe you to try to attach Dorcas to your intereſt. Have you not been impolitickly ſhy of her?

I wiſh you could come at ſome of his letters. Surely a man of his negligent character cannot be always guarded. If *he be*, and if you cannot engage *your* ſervant, I ſhall ſuſpect them both. Let him be called upon at a ſhort warning when he is writing, or when he has papers lying about, and ſo ſurprize him into negligence.

Such enquiries, I know, are of the ſame nature with thoſe we make at an inn in travelling, when we look into every corner and cloſet for fear of a villain; yet ſhould be frighted out of our wits, were we to find one. But 'tis better to detect ſuch a one when awake and up, than to be attacked by him when in bed and aſleep.

I am glad you have your cloaths. But no money! No books, but a *Spira*, a *Drexelius*, and a *Practice of Piety!* Thoſe who ſent the latter, ought to have kept it for themſelves—But I muſt hurry myſelf from this ſubject.

You have exceedingly alarmed me by what you hint of his attempt to get one of my letters. I am aſſured by my new informant, that he is the head of a gang of wretches, (thoſe he brought you among, no doubt, were ſome of them) who join together to betray innocent creatures, and to ſupport one another afterwards by violence; and were he to come at the knowledge of the freedoms I take with him, I ſhould be afraid to ſtir out without a guard.

I am ſorry to tell you, that I have reaſon to think, that your brother has not laid aſide his fooliſh plot. A ſun-burnt, ſailor-looking fellow was with me juſt now, pretending great ſervice to you from Captain Singleton, could he be admitted to your ſpeech. I pleaded ignorance as to the place of your abode. The fellow was too well inſtructed for me to get any-thing out of him.

I wept for two hours inceſſantly on reading yours, which incloſed that from your couſin Morden. My deareſt creature, do not deſert yourſelf. Let your Anna Howe obey the call of that friendſhip which has united us as one ſoul, and endeavour to give you conſolation.

I wonder not at the melancholy reflections you ſo often caſt upon yourſelf in your letters for the ſtep you have been forced upon on one hand, and tricked into on the other. A ſtrange fatality! *As if it were deſigned to ſhew the vanity of all human prudence.* I wiſh, my dear, as you hint, that both you and I have not *too much prided ourſelves in a perhaps too conſcious ſuperiority over others.* But I will ſtop—How apt are weak minds to look out for judgments in any extraordinary event! 'Tis ſo far right that it is better, and ſafer, and juſter, to arraign ourſelves, or our deareſt friends, than Providence; which muſt always have wiſe ends to anſwer in it's diſpenſations.

But do not talk, as in one of your former, of being a warning *only*—You will be as excellent an example, as ever you hoped to be, as well as a warning: and that will make your ſtory, to all that ſhall come to know it, of double efficacy. For were it that ſuch a merit as yours could not enſure to herſelf noble and generous uſage from a libertine heart, who will expect any tolerable behaviour from men of his character?

If you think yourſelf inexcuſable for taking a ſtep that put you into the way of deluſion, *without any intention to go off with him*, what muſt thoſe giddy creatures think of themſelves, who, without half your provocations and inducements, and without any regard to decorum, leap walls, drop from windows, and ſteal away from their parents houſe, to the ſeducer's bed, in the ſame day?

Again, if you are ſo ready to accuſe yourſelf for diſpenſing with the prohibitions of the moſt unreaſonable parents, which yet were but half-prohibitions at firſt; what ought thoſe to do, who wilfully ſhut their ears to the advice of the moſt reaſonable; and that, perhaps, where apparent ruin, or *undoubted inconvenience*, is the conſequence of the *predetermined* raſhneſs?

And laſtly, to all who will know your ſtory, you will be an excellent *example* of watchfulneſs, and of that caution and reſerve by which a prudent perſon who has been ſuppoſed to be a little miſled,

endeavours to mend her error; and, never once loſing ſight of her duty, does all in her power to recover the path ſhe has been rather driven out of, than choſen to ſwerve from.

Come, come, my deareſt friend, conſider but theſe things; and ſteadily, without deſponding, purſue your earneſt purpoſes to amend what you think has been amiſs; and it may not be a misfortune in the end, that you have erred; eſpecially as ſo little of your will was in your error.

And indeed I muſt ſay that I uſed the words *miſled*, and *error*, and ſuch-like, only in compliment to your own too ready ſelf-accuſations, and to the opinion of one to whom I owe duty: for I think in my conſcience, that every part of your conduct is defenſible; and that thoſe only are blameable who have no other way to clear themſelves but by condemning you.

I expect, however, that ſuch melancholy reflections as drop from your pen but too often, will mingle with all your future pleaſures, were you to marry Lovelace, and were he to make the beſt of huſbands.

You was immenſely happy, above the happineſs of a mortal creature, before you knew him: every-body almoſt worſhipped you: envy itſelf, which has of late reared up it's venomous head againſt you, was awed by your ſuperior worthineſs, into ſilence and admiration. You was the ſoul of every company where you viſited. Your elders have I ſeen declining to offer their opinions upon a ſubject till you had delivered yours; often to ſave themſelves the mortification of retracting *theirs*, when they heard *yours*. Yet, in all this, your ſweetneſs of manners, your humility and affability, cauſed the ſubſcription every-one made to your ſentiments, and to your ſuperiority, to be equally unfeigned and unheſitating; for they ſaw that their applauſe, and the preference they gave you to themſelves, ſubjected not themſelves to inſults, nor exalted you into any viſible triumph over them; for you had always ſomething to ſay on every point you carried that raiſed the yielding heart, and left every-one pleaſed and ſatisfied with themſelves, though they carried not off the palm.

Your works were ſhewed or referred to wherever fine works were talked of. Nobody had any but an inferior and ſecond-hand praiſe for diligence, for œconomy, for reading, for writing, for memory, for facility in learning every-thing laudable, and even for the more envied graces of perſon and dreſs, and an all-ſurpaſſing elegance in both, where you were known, and thoſe ſubject talked of.

The poor bleſſed you every ſtep you trod: the rich thought you their honour, and took a pride that they were not obliged to deſcend from their own claſs for an example that did credit to it.

Though all men wiſhed for you, and ſought you, young as you were; yet, had not thoſe who were brought to addreſs you, been encouraged out of ſordid and ſpiteful views, not one of them would have dared to lift up his eyes to you.

Thus happy in all about you, thus making happy all within your circle, could you think that nothing would happen to you, to convince you, *that you were not to be exempted from the common lot?*—To convince you, *that you were not abſolutely perfect*; and that *you muſt not expect to paſs through life without trial, temptation, and misfortune?*

Indeed it muſt be owned that no trial, no temptation, worthy of your virtue, and of your prudence, could well have attacked you ſooner, becauſe of your tender years, nor more effectually than thoſe heavy ones, under which you ſtruggle; ſince it muſt be allowed, that your equanimity and foreſight made you ſuperior to common accidents; for are not moſt of the troubles that fall to the lot of common mortals brought upon themſelves either by their *too large deſires*, or *too little deſerts?*—Caſes, both, from which you ſtood exempt.—It was therefore to be ſome *man*, or ſome *worſe ſpirit in the ſhape of one*, that, formed on purpoſe, was to be ſent to invade you; while as many other ſuch ſpirits as there are perſons in your family, were permitted to take poſſeſſion, ſeverally, in one dark hour, of the heart of every one of it, there to ſit perching, perhaps, and directing every motion to the motions of the ſeducer without, in order to irritate, to provoke, to puſh you forward *to meet him*.

Upon the whole, there ſeems, as I have often ſaid, to have been a kind of fate in your error, if it *were* an error; and this perhaps admitted *for the ſake of a better example to be collected from your* SUFFERINGS, *than could have been given, had you never erred:* for, my dear, the time of ADVERSITY *is your* SHINING-TIME. I ſee it evidently, that adverſity muſt call forth graces and beauties which could not have been brought to light in

a run

a run of that proſperous fortune, which attended you from your cradle till now; admirably as you *became*, and as we all thought, greatly as you *deſerved* that proſperity.

All the matter is, the trial muſt be grievous to you. It is to *me*: it is to all who love you, and looked upon you as one ſet aloft to be admired and imitated, and not as a mark, as you have lately found, for Envy to ſhoot it's ſhafts at.

Let what I have written above have it's due weight with you, my dear; and then, as warm imaginations are not without a mixture of enthuſiaſm, your Anna Howe, who, on re-peruſal of it, imagines it to be in a ſtyle ſuperior to her uſual ſtyle, will be ready to flatter herſelf that ſhe has been in a manner inſpired with the hints that have comforted and raiſed the dejected heart of her ſuffering friend; who, from ſuch hard trials, in a bloom ſo tender, may find at times her ſpirits ſunk too low to enable her to pervade the ſurrounding darkneſs, which conceals from her the hopeful dawning of the better day which awaits her.

I will add no more at preſent, than that I am *your ever-faithful and affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, MAY 12.

I Muſt be ſilent, my exalted friend, under praiſes that oppreſs my heart with a conſciouſneſs of not deſerving them; at the ſame time that the generous deſign of thoſe praiſes raiſes and comforts it: for it is a charming thing to ſtand high in the opinion of thoſe we love; and to find that there are ſouls that can carry their friendſhips beyond accidents, beyond body, and ties of blood. Whatever, my deareſt creature, is *my* ſhining-time, the time of a *friend's* adverſity is *yours*. And it would be almoſt a fault in me to regret thoſe afflictions, which give you an opportunity ſo glorioufly to exert thoſe qualities, which not only ennoble our ſex, but dignify human nature.

But let me proceed to ſubjects leſs agreeable.

I am ſorry you have reaſon to think Singleton's projects are not at an end. But who knows what the ſailor had to propoſe?—Yet had any good been intended me, this method would hardly have been fallen upon.

Depend upon it, my dear, your letters ſhall be ſafe.

I have made a handle of Mr. Lovelace's bold attempt and freedom, as I told you I would, to keep him ever ſince at a diſtance, that I may have an opportunity to ſee the ſucceſs of the application to my uncles, and to be at liberty to embrace any favourable overtures that may ariſe from it. Yet he has been very importunate, and twice brought Mr. Mennel from Mrs. Fretchville to talk about the houſe.—*If I ſhould be obliged to make up with him again, I ſhall think I am always doing myſelf a ſpite.*

As to what you mention of his newly-detected crimes; and your advice to attach Dorcas to my intereſt; and to come at ſome of his letters; theſe things will require more or leſs of my attention, as I may hope favour or not from my uncle Harlowe.

I am ſorry that my poor Hannah continues ill. Pray, my dear, inform yourſelf, and let me know, whether ſhe wants any-thing that befits her caſe.

I will not cloſe this letter till to-morrow is over; for I am reſolved to go to church; and this as well for the ſake of my duty, as to ſee, if I am at liberty to go out when I pleaſe without being attended or accompanied.

SUNDAY, MAY 14.

I HAVE not been able to avoid a ſhort debate with Mr. Lovelace. I had ordered a coach to the door. When I had notice that it was come, I went out of my chamber to go to it; but met him dreſſed on the ſtairs-head with a book in his hand, but without his hat and ſword. He aſked with an air very ſolemn, yet reſpectful, if I were going abroad. I told him, I was. He deſired leave to attend me, if I were going to church. I refuſed him. And then he complained heavily of my treatment of him; and declared, that he would not live ſuch another week as the paſt, for the world.

I owned to him very frankly, that I had made an application to my friends; and that I was reſolved to keep myſelf to myſelf till I knew the iſſue of it.

He coloured, and ſeemed ſurprized. But checking himſelf in ſomething he was going to ſay, he pleaded my danger from Singleton, and again deſired to attend me.

And then he told me, that Mrs. Fretchville

Fretchville had desired to continue a fortnight longer in the house. 'She 'found,' said he, 'that I was unable 'to determine about entering upon it; 'and now who knows *when* such a va- 'pourish creature will come to a reso- 'lution? This, Madam, has been an un- 'happy week; for had I not stood upon 'such bad terms with you, *you might have* '*been mistress of that house*; and probably 'had my cousin Montague, if not Lady 'Betty, actually with you.'

'And so, Sir, taking all you say for 'granted, your cousin Montague can- 'not come to Mrs. Sinclair's? What, 'pray, is her objection to Mrs. Sin- 'clairs? Is this house fit for me to live 'in a month or two, and not fit for any 'of your relations for a few days?—And 'Mrs Fretchville has *taken more time too!*' —Then, pushing by him, I hurried down stairs.

He called to Dorcas to bring him his sword and hat; and following me down into the passage, placed himself between me and the door; and again desired leave to attend me.

Mrs. Sinclair came out at that instant, and asked me, if I did not chuse a dish of chocolate?

'I wish, Mrs. Sinclair,' said I, 'you 'would take this man in with you to 'your chocolate. I don't know whe- 'ther I am at liberty to stir out without 'his leave or not.'

Then turning to him, I asked, If he kept me there his prisoner?

Dorcas just then bringing him his sword and hat, he opened the street-door, and taking my reluctant hand, led me, in a very obsequious manner, to the coach. People passing by, stopt, stared, and whispered—But he is so graceful in his person and dress, that he generally takes every eye.

I was uneasy to be so gazed at; and he stepped in after me, and the coach-man drove to St. Paul's.

He was very full of assiduities all the way; while I was as reserved as possible: and when I returned, dined, as I had done the greatest part of the week, by myself.

He told me, upon my resolving to do so, that although he would continue his passive observance till I knew the issue of my application; yet I must expect, that *then* I should not rest one moment till I had fixed his happy day: for that his very soul was fretted with my slights, resentments, and delays.

A wretch! when I can say, to my infinite regret, on a *double* account, that all he complains of is owing to himself!

O that I may have good tidings from my uncle!

Adieu, my dearest friend!—This shall lie ready for an exchange, (as I hope for one to-morrow from you) that will decide, as I may say, the destiny of *your*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

THURSDAY, MAY 11.

GOOD MRS. NORTON,

CANNOT you, without naming *me* as an adviser, who am hated by the family, contrive a way to let Mrs. Harlowe know, that in an accidental conversation with me, you had been assured, that my beloved friend pines after a reconciliation with her relations? That she has hitherto, in hopes of it, refused to enter into any obligation that shall be in the least an hindrance to it: that she would fain avoid giving Mr. Lovelace a right to make her family uneasy in relation to her grandfather's estate: that all she wishes for still is to be indulged in her choice of a single life, and, on that condition, would make her father's pleasure hers with regard to that estate: that Mr. Lovelace is continually pressing her to marry him; and all his friends likewise: but that I am sure, she has so little liking to the man, because of his faulty morals, and of the antipathy of her relations to him, that if she had any hope given her of a reconciliation, she would forego all thoughts of him, and put herself into her father's protection. But that their resolution must be speedy; for otherwise she would find herself obliged to give way to his pressing entreaties; and it might then be out of her power to prevent disagreeable litigations.

I do assure you, Mrs. Norton, upon my honour, that our dearest friend knows nothing of this procedure of mine: and therefore it is proper to acquaint you, in confidence, with my grounds for it. —These are they.

She had desired me to let Mr. Hickman drop hints to the above effect to her uncle Harlowe; but indirectly as from *himself*, lest, if the application should not be attended with success, and Mr. Lovelace, (who already takes it ill, that he has so little of her favour) come to know it, she may be deprived of *every* protection, and be perhaps subjected to great inconveniences from so haughty a spirit.

Having this authority from her, and being

being very ſolicitous about the ſucceſs of the application, I thought, that if the weight of ſo good a wife, mother, and ſiſter, as Mrs. Harlowe is known to be, were thrown into the ſame ſcale with that of Mr. John Harlowe, (ſuppoſing he *could* be engaged) it could hardly fail of making a due impreſſion.

Mr. Hickman will ſee Mr. John Harlowe to-morrow: by that time you may ſee Mrs. Harlowe. If Mr. Hickman finds the old gentleman favourable, he will tell him, that you will have ſeen Mrs. Harlowe upon the ſame account; and will adviſe him to join in conſultation with her how beſt to proceed to melt the moſt obdurate hearts in the world.

This is the fair ſtate of the matter, and my true motive for writing to you. I leave all therefore to your diſcretion; and moſt heartily wiſh ſucceſs to it; being of opinion that Mr. Lovelace cannot poſſibly deſerve our admirable friend: nor indeed know I the man who does.

Pray acquaint me by a line of the reſult of your interpoſition. If it prove not ſuch as may be reaſonably hoped for, our dear friend ſhall know nothing of this ſtep from me; and pray let her not from you. For, in that caſe, it would only give deeper grief to a heart already too much afflicted. I am, dear and worthy Mrs. Norton, *your true friend*,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XIV.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS HOWE.

SATURDAY, MAY 13.

DEAR MADAM,

MY heart is almoſt broken to be obliged to let you know, that ſuch is the ſituation of things in the family of my ever-dear Miſs Harlowe, that there can be at preſent no ſucceſs expected from any application in her favour. Her poor mother is to be pitied. I have a moſt affecting letter from her; but muſt not communicate it to you; and ſhe forbids me to let it be known that ſhe writes upon the ſubject; although ſhe is compelled, as it were, to do it, for the eaſe of her own heart. I mention it therefore in confidence.

I hope in God that my beloved young lady has preſerved her honour inviolate. I hope there is not a man breathing, who could attempt a ſacrilege ſo deteſtable. I have no apprehenſion of a failure in a virtue ſo eſtabliſhed. God for ever keep ſo pure a heart out of the reach of ſurprizes and violence! Eaſe, dear Madam, I beſeech you, my over-anxious heart, by one line, by the bearer, although but by *one* line, to acquaint me, (as ſurely you can) that her honour is unſullied.—If it be not, adieu to all the comforts this life can give: ſince none will it be able to afford *to the poor*

JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XV.

MISS HOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 13.

DEAR GOOD WOMAN,

YOUR beloved's honour is inviolate! —*Muſt* be inviolate! And *will* be ſo, in ſpite of men and devils. Could I have had hope of a reconciliation, all my view was, that ſhe ſhould not have had this man.—All that can be ſaid now, is, ſhe muſt run the riſque of a bad huſband: ſhe, of whom no man living is worthy!

You pity her mother—So do not *I!* I pity no mother, that puts it out of her power to ſhew maternal love, and humanity, in order to patch up for herſelf a precarious and ſorry quiet, which every blaſt of wind ſhall diſturb.

I hate tyrants in every form and ſhape: but paternal and maternal tyrants are the worſt of all; for they can have no bowels.

I repeat, that I pity *none* of them. Our beloved friend *only* deſerves pity. She had never been in the hands of this man, but for them. She is quite blameleſs. You don't know all her ſtory. Were I to tell you that ſhe had no intention to go off with this man, it would avail her nothing. It would only ſerve to condemn, with thoſe who drove her to extremities, *him*, who now muſt be her refuge. I am *your ſincere friend and ſervant*,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XVI.

MRS. HARLOWE TO MRS. NORTON.

[NOT COMMUNICATED TILL THE LETTERS CAME TO BE COLLECTED.]

SATURDAY, MAY 13.

I Return an anſwer in writing, as I promiſed, to your communication. But take no notice either to my Bella's Betty, (who I underſtand ſometimes viſits you) or to the poor wretch herſelf, nor to any-body, that I do write. I charge you don't. My heart is full: writing may give ſome vent to my griefs, and perhaps I may write what lies moſt upon my heart, without confining myſelf ſtrictly to the preſent ſubject.

You

You know how dear this ungrateful creature was to us all. You know how ſincerely we joined with every one of thoſe who ever had ſeen her, or converſed with her, to praiſe and admire her; and exceeded in our praiſe even the bounds of that modeſty, which, becauſe ſhe was our own, ſhould have reſtrained us; being of opinion, that to have been ſilent in the praiſe of ſo apparent a merit, muſt rather have argued blindneſs or affectation in us, than that we ſhould incur the cenſure of vain partiality to our own.

When, therefore, any body congratulated us on ſuch a daughter, we received their congratulations without any diminution. If it was ſaid, 'You are 'happy in this child,' we owned, that no parents ever were happier in a child. If more particularly, they praiſed her dutiful behaviour to us, we ſaid, She knew not how to offend. If it was ſaid, 'Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe has a wit and pe'netration beyond her years;' we, inſtead of diſallowing it, would add—'And a judgment no leſs extraordinary 'than her wit.' If her prudence was praiſed, and a *forethought*, which everyone ſaw ſupplied what only *years* and *experience* gave to others; 'Nobody need 'to ſcruple taking leſſons from Clariſſa 'Harlowe,' was our proud anſwer.

Forgive me, O forgive me, my dear Norton—But I know you will; for yours, when good, was this child, and your glory as well as mine.

But have you not heard ſtrangers, as ſhe paſſed to and from church, ſtop to praiſe the angel of a creature, as they called her; when it was enough for thoſe who knew who ſhe was to cry, '*Why, 'it is Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe!*'—As if every-body were obliged to know, or to have heard of Clariſſa Harlowe, and of her excellences. While, *accuſtomed to praiſe*, it was too *familiar to her* to cauſe her to alter either her look or her pace.

For my own part, I could not ſtifle a pleaſure, that had perhaps a faulty vanity for it's foundation, whenever I was ſpoken of, or addreſſed to, as the mother of ſo ſweet a child: Mr. Harlowe and I, all the time, loving each other the better for the ſhare each had in ſuch a daughter.

Still, ſtill indulge the fond, the overflowing heart of a mother! I could dwell for ever upon the remembrance of what ſhe *was*, would but that remembrance baniſh from my mind what ſhe *is!*

In *her* boſom, young as ſhe was, could I repoſe all my griefs—Sure of receiving from *her* prudence advice as well as comfort; and both inſinuated in ſo humble, in ſo dutiful a manner, that it was impoſſible to take thoſe exceptions which the diſtance of years and character between a mother and a daughter would have made one apprehenſive of from any other daughter. She was our glory when abroad, our delight when at home. Every body was even covetous of her company; and we grudged her to our brothers Harlowe, and to our ſiſter and brother Hervey. No other contention among us, then, but who ſhould be next favoured by her. No chiding ever knew ſhe from us, but the chiding of lovers, when ſhe was for ſhutting herſelf up too long together from us, in purſuit of thoſe charming amuſements and uſeful employments for which however the whole family was the better.

Our other children had reaſon (good children as they always were) to think themſelves neglected. But they likewiſe were ſo ſenſible of their ſiſter's ſuperiority, and of the honour ſhe reflected upon the whole family, that they confeſſed themſelves eclipſed, without envying the eclipſer. Indeed there was not any-body ſo equal with her, in their own opinions, as to envy what all aſpired but to emulate. The dear creature, you know, my Norton, gave an eminence to us all!

Then her acquirements. Her ſkill in muſick, her fine needleworks, her elegance in dreſs; for which ſhe was ſo much admired, that the neighbouring ladies uſed to ſay, that they need not fetch faſhions from London; ſince whatever Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe wore, was the *beſt* faſhion, becauſe her choice of *natural* beauties ſet thoſe of *art* far behind them. Her genteel eaſe, and fine turn of perſon; her deep reading, and theſe joined to her open manners, and her cheerful modeſty—O my good Norton, what a ſweet child was *once* my Clary Harlowe!

This, and more, *you* knew her to be: for many of her excellences were owing to yourſelf; and with the milk you gave her, you gave her what no other nurſe in the world could give her.

And do you think, my worthy woman, do you think, that the wilful lapſe of ſuch a child is to be forgiven? Can ſhe herſelf think, that ſhe deſerves not the ſevereſt puniſhment for the abuſe of ſuch talents as were entruſted to her?

Her fault was a fault of premeditation, of cunning, of contrivance. She has deceived every-body's expectations. Her whole

whole ſex, as well as the family ſhe ſprung from, is diſgraced by it.

Would any-body ever have believed, that ſuch a young creature as this, who had by her advice ſaved even her overlively friend from marrying a fop, and a libertine, would herſelf have gone off with one of the vileſt and moſt notorious of libertines? A man whoſe character ſhe knew; and knew it to be worſe than the character of him from whom ſhe ſaved her friend; and againſt whom ſhe was warned: one who had had her brother's life in his hands; and who conſtantly ſet our whole family at defiance.

Think for me, my good Norton: think what my unhappineſs muſt be, both as a wife and a mother. What reſtleſs days, what ſleepleſs nights; yet my own rankling anguiſh endeavoured to be ſmoothed over, to ſoften the anguiſh of fiercer ſpirits, and to keep them from blazing out to further miſchief! O this naughty, naughty girl! who *knew* ſo well what ſhe did; and who could look ſo far into the conſequences, that we thought ſhe would have died, rather than have done as ſhe has done!

Her known character for prudence leaves her abſolutely without excuſe. How then can I offer to plead for her. if, through motherly indulgence, I would forgive her myſelf?—And have we not, moreover, ſuffered all the diſgrace that *can* befal us? Has not ſhe?

If *now* ſhe has ſo little liking to his morals, had ſhe not reaſon *before* to have *as* little? Or has ſhe ſuffered by them in her own perſon?—O my good woman! I doubt—I doubt—Will not the character of the man make one doubt an angel, if once in his power? The world will think the worſt. I am told it does. So likewiſe her father fears; her brother hears; and what can *I* do?

Our *antipathy* to him ſhe knew before, as well as his character. Theſe, therefore, cannot be *new motives* without a *new reaſon*.—O my dear Mrs. Norton, how ſhall *I*, how can *you*, ſupport ourſelves under the apprehenſions to which theſe thoughts lead?

He continually preſſing her, you ſay, *to marry him; his friends likewiſe*. She has reaſon, no doubt ſhe has reaſon, for this application to us: and her crime is gloſſed over, to bring her to us with new diſgrace! Whither, whither does one guilty ſtep lead the miſguided heart!—And now, truly, to have a ſtubborn ſpirit, we are only to be *ſounded*, that the application may be occaſionally retracted or denied!

Upon the whole: were I inclined to plead for her, it is *now* the moſt improper of all times. *Now* that my brother Harlowe has diſcouraged (as he laſt night came hither on purpoſe to tell us) Mr. Hickman's inſinuated application; and been applauded for it. *Now*, that my brother Antony is intending to carry his great fortune, through her fault, into another family—She expecting, no doubt, herſelf to be put into her grandfather's eſtate, in conſequence of a reconciliation, and as a reward for her fault: and inſiſting ſtill upon the ſame terms which ſhe offered before, and which were rejected—Not through my fault, I am ſure, rejected!

From all theſe things, you will return ſuch an anſwer as the caſe requires. It might coſt me the peace of my whole life, at this time, to move for her. God forgive her! If I do, nobody elſe will. And let it, for your own ſake, as well as mine, be a ſecret that you and I have entered upon this ſubject. And I deſire you not to touch upon it again but by particular permiſſion: for, O my dear good woman, it ſets my heart a bleeding in as many ſtreams as there are veins in it!

Yet think me not impenetrable by a proper contrition and remorſe—But what a torment is it to have a will without a power!

Adieu! adieu! God give us both comfort: and to the *once* dear—the *ever*-dear creature, (for can a mother forget her child?) repentance, deep repentance! And as little ſuffering as may befit his bleſſed will, and her grievous fault, prays *your real friend*,

CHARLOTTE HARLOWE.

LETTER XVII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUNDAY, MAY 14.

HOW it is now, my dear, between you and Mr. Lovelace, I cannot tell. But wicked as the man is, I am afraid he muſt be your lord and maſter.

I called him by ſeveral very hard names in my laſt. I had but juſt heard of ſome of his vileneſſes, when I ſat down to write; ſo my indignation was raiſed. But on enquiry, and recollection, I find that the facts laid to his charge were all of them committed ſome time ago—not ſince he has had *ſtrong* hopes of your favour.

This is ſaying ſomething for him. His generous behaviour to the innkeeper's daughter, is a more recent inſtance

ſtance to his credit; to ſay nothing of the univerſal good character he has as a kind landlord. And then I approve much of the motion he made to put you in poſſeſſion of Mrs. Frentchville's houſe, while he continues at the other widow's, till you agree that one houſe ſhould hold you. I wiſh this were done. Be ſure you embrace this offer, (if you do not ſoon meet at the altar) and get one of his couſins with you.

Were you once married, I ſhould think you cannot be very unhappy, though you may not be ſo happy with him as you deſerve to be. The ſtake he has in his country, and his reverſions; the care he takes of his affairs, his freedom from obligation; nay, his pride with your merit, muſt be a tolerable ſecurity for you, I ſhould think. Though particulars of his wickedneſs, as they come to my knowledge, hurt and incenſe me; yet, after all, when I give myſelf time to reflect, all that I have heard of him to his advantage was comprehended in the general character given of him long ago, by Lord M.'s and his own diſmiſſed bailiff, and which was confirmed to me by Mrs. Forteſcue, as I heretofore told you, and to *you* by Mrs. Greme.

You can have nothing, therefore, I think, to be deeply concerned about, but his future good, and the bad example he may hereafter ſet to his own family. Theſe, indeed, are very juſt concerns: but were you to *leave* him now, either *with* or *without* his conſent, his fortune and alliances ſo conſiderable, his perſon and addreſs ſo engaging, (every-one excuſing you now on thoſe accounts, and becauſe of your relations follies) it would have a very ill appearance for your reputation. I cannot, therefore, on the moſt deliberate conſideration, adviſe you to think of that, while you have no reaſon to doubt his honour. May eternal vengeance purſue the villain, if he give room for an apprehenſion of this nature!

Yet his teazing ways are intolerable: his acquieſcence with your ſlight delays, and his reſignation to the diſtance you now keep him at, (for a fault ſo much ſlighter as he muſt think, than the puniſhment) are unaccountable: he doubts your love of *him*, that is very probable; but you have *reaſon* to be ſurprized at *his* want of ardour; a bleſſing ſo great within his *reach*, as I may ſay.

By the time you have read to this place, you will have no doubt of what has been the iſſue of the conference between the *two gentlemen*. I am equally ſhocked, and enraged againſt them all. Againſt them *all*, I ſay; for I have tried your good Norton's weight with your mother, (though at firſt I did not intend to tell you ſo) to the ſame purpoſe as the gentleman ſounded your uncle. Never were there ſuch determined brutes in the world! Why ſhould I mince the matter? Yet would I fain, methinks, make an exception for your mother.

Your uncle will have it, that you are ruined. He can believe every-thing bad of a creature, he ſays, who could run away with a man; with ſuch a one eſpecially as Lovelace. They *expected* applications from you, when ſome heavy diſtreſs had fallen upon you. But they are all reſolved not to ſtir an inch in your favour; no, not to ſave your life!

My deareſt ſoul, reſolve to aſſert your right. Claim your own, and go and live upon it, as you ought. Then, if you marry not, how will the wretches creep to you, for your reverſionary diſpoſitions!

You were accuſed (as in your aunt's letter) of premeditation and contrivance in your eſcape. Inſtead of pitying *you*, the mediating perſon was called upon to pity *them*; who once, your uncle ſaid, doated upon you: who took no joy but in your preſence: who devoured your words as you ſpoke them: who trod over again your footſteps, as you walked before them.—And I know not what of this ſort.

Upon the whole, it is now evident to me, and ſo it muſt be to you, when you read this letter, that you muſt be his. And the ſooner you are ſo, the better. Shall we ſuppoſe that marriage is not in your power?—I cannot have patience to ſuppoſe that.

I am concerned, methinks, to know how you will do to condeſcend, (now you ſee you muſt be his) after you have kept him at ſuch a diſtance; and for the revenge his pride may put him upon taking for it. But let me tell you, that if my going up, and ſharing fortunes with you, will prevent ſuch a noble creature from ſtooping too low; much more, were it likely to prevent your ruin; I would not heſitate a moment about it. What is the whole world to me, weighed againſt ſuch a friend as you are? Think you, that any of the enjoyments of this life could be enjoyments to me, were you involved in calamities, from which I could either alleviate or relieve you, by giving up thoſe enjoyments? And what in ſaying this, and acting up

to it, do I offer you, but the fruits of a friendſhip your worth has created?

Excuſe my warmth of *expreſſion*. The warmth of my *heart* wants none. I am enraged at your relations; for, bad as what I have mentioned is, I have not told you all; nor now, perhaps, ever will. I am angry at my own mother's narrowneſs of mind, and at her indiſcriminate adherence to old notions. And I am exaſperated againſt your fooliſh, your *low-vanity'd* Lovelace. But let us ſtoop to take the wretch as he is, and make the beſt of him, ſince you are deſtined to ſtoop, to keep grovellers and worldlings in countenance. He has not been guilty of direct indecency to you. Nor *dare* he—Not ſo much of a devil as that comes to neither. Had he ſuch villainous intentions, ſo much in his power as you are, they would have ſhewn themſelves before now to ſuch a penetrating and vigilant eye, and to ſuch a pure heart as yours. Let us ſave the wretch then, if we can, though we ſoil our fingers in lifting him up from his dirt.

There is yet, to a perſon of your fortune and independence, a good deal to do, if you enter upon thoſe terms which *ought* to be entered upon. I don't find, that he has once talked of ſettlements; nor yet of the licence. A fooliſh wretch! —But as your evil deſtiny has thrown you out of all other protection and mediation, you muſt be father, mother, uncle, to yourſelf; and enter upon the requiſite points for yourſelf. It is hard upon you; but indeed you muſt. Your ſituation requires it. *What room for delicacy now?*—Or would you have *me* write to him? Yet that would be the ſame thing, as if you were to write yourſelf. Yet write you ſhould, I think, if you cannot ſpeak. But ſpeaking is certainly beſt: for words leave no traces; they paſs as breath; and mingle with air; and may be explained with latitude. But the pen is a witneſs on record.

I know the gentleneſs of your ſpirit; I know the laudable pride of your heart; and the juſt notion you have of the dignity of our ſex, in theſe delicate points. But once more, all this is nothing now: your honour is concerned that the dignity I ſpeak of, ſhould not be ſtood upon.

'Mr. Lovelace,' would I ſay; yet hate the fooliſh fellow for his low, his ſtupid pride, in wiſhing to triumph over the dignity of his own wife—'I am by 'your means deprived of every friend I 'have in the world. In what light am I 'to look upon *you*? I have well conſider-'ed every-thing. You have made ſome 'people, much againſt my liking, think 'me a *wife*: others know I am *not* mar-'ried; nor do I deſire any-body ſhould 'believe I *am*. Do you think your being 'here in the ſame houſe with me can be 'to my reputation? You talked to me 'of Mrs. Fretchville's houſe.'—This will bring him to renew his laſt diſcourſe on that ſubject, if he does not revive it of himſelf.—'If Mrs. Fretchville knows 'not her own mind, what is her houſe 'to me? You talked of bringing up your 'couſin Montague to bear me company: 'if my brother's ſchemes be your pre-'tence for not going yourſelf to *fetch her*, 'you can *write* to her. I inſiſt upon 'bringing theſe two points to an iſſue: 'off or on, ought to be indifferent to '*me*, if ſo to *them*.'

Such a declaration muſt bring all forward. There are twenty ways, my dear, that you would find out for another in your circumſtances. He will diſdain, from his native inſolence, to have it thought he has *any-body* to conſult. Well, then, will he not be obliged to declare himſelf? And if he *does*, no delays on your ſide, I beſeech you. Give him the day. Let it be a ſhort one. It would be derogating from your own merit, and *honour* too, let me tell you, even although he ſhould not be ſo explicit as he ought to be, to ſeem but to doubt his meaning; and to wait for that explanation for which I ſhould for ever deſpiſe him, if he makes it neceſſary. Twice already have you, my dear, if not oftener, *modeſty'd away* ſuch opportunities as you ought not to have ſlipt. As to ſettlements, if they come not in naturally, e'en leave them to his own juſtice, and to the juſtice of his family. And there's an end of the matter.

This is *my* advice: mend it as circumſtances offer, and follow *your own*. But, indeed, my dear, this, or ſomething like it, would I do. And let him tell me afterwards, if he dared or would, that he humbled down to his ſhoe-buckles the perſon it would have been his glory to exalt.

Support yourſelf, mean time, with reflections worthy of yourſelf. Though tricked into this man's power, you are not meanly ſubjugated to it. All his reverence you command, or rather, as I may ſay, inſpire; ſince it was never known, that he had any reverence for aught that was good, till you was with

him: and he profeſſes now-and-then to be ſo awed and charmed by your example, as that the force of it ſhall reclaim him.

I believe you will have a difficult taſk to keep him to it: but the more will be your honour, if you effect his reformation: and it is my belief, that if you *can* reclaim this great, this ſpecious deceiver, who has, morally ſpeaking, ſuch a number of years before him, you will ſave from ruin a multitude of innocents; for thoſe ſeem to me to have been the prey for which he has ſpread his wicked ſnares. And who knows but, for this very purpoſe, principally, a perſon may have been permitted to ſwerve, whoſe heart or will never was in her error, and who has ſo much remorſe upon her for having, as ſhe thinks, erred at all?—Adieu, my deareſt friend.

ANNA HOWE.

INCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.

I MUST trouble you with my concerns, though your own are ſo heavy upon you. A piece of news I have to tell you. Your uncle Antony is diſpoſed to marry. With *whom*, think you? With my mother. True, indeed. Your family know it. All is laid with redoubled malice at your door. And there the *old ſoul* himſelf lays it.

Take no notice of this intelligence, not ſo much as in your letters to me, for fear of accidents.

I think it can't do. But were I to provoke my mother, that might afford a pretence. Elſe, I ſhould have been with you before now, I fancy.

The firſt likelihood that appears to me of encouragement, I diſmiſs Hickman, that's certain. If my mother diſoblige *me* in ſo important an article, I ſhan't think of obliging *her* in ſuch another. It is impoſſible, ſurely, that the deſire of *popping me off* to that honeſt man can be with ſuch a view.

I repeat, that it cannot come to anything. But theſe *widows*—Then ſuch a love in us all, both old and young, of being courted and admired!—And ſo irreſiſtible to their *elderſhips* to be flattered, that all power is not over with them; but that they may ſtill claſs and prank it with their daughters.—It vexed me heartily to have her tell me of this propoſal with ſelf-complaiſant ſimperings; and yet ſhe affected to ſpeak of it, as if ſhe had no intention to encourage it.

Theſe antiquated batchelors (old before they believe themſelves to be ſo) imagine, that when they have once perſuaded *themſelves* to think of the ſtate, they have nothing more to do than to make their minds known to the woman.

Your uncle's overgrown fortune is, indeed, a bait; a tempting one. A ſaucy daughter to be got rid of! The memory of the father of that daughter not precious enough to weigh much!—But let him advance if he dare—Let her encourage—But I hope ſhe won't.

Excuſe me, my dear. I am nettled. They have *fearfully rumpled my gorget*. You'll think me faulty. So I won't put my name to this ſeparate paper. Other hands may reſemble mine. You did not ſee me write it.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15.

NOW, indeed, it is evident, my beſt, my only friend, that I have but one choice to make. And now I do find, that I have carried my reſentment againſt this man too far; ſince now I am to appear as if under an obligation to his patience with me for a conduct, which perhaps he will think (if not humourſome and childiſh) plainly demonſtrative of my little eſteem of him; but a *ſecondary* eſteem at leaſt, where before, his pride rather than his merit, had made him expect a *firſt*. O my dear! to be caſt upon a man, that is not a *generous* man; that is, indeed, a *cruel* man! A man that is capable of creating a diſtreſs to a young creature, who by her evil deſtiny is thrown into his power; and then of *enjoying* it, as I may ſay! [I verily think I may ſay ſo of this ſavage!]—What a fate is mine!

You give me, my dear, good advice, as to the peremptory manner in which I ought to treat him: but do you conſider to *whom* it is that you give it?—And then ſhould I take it, and ſhould he be capable of delay, I unprotected, deſolate, nobody to fly to, in what a wretched light muſt I ſtand in his eyes; and, what is ſtill as bad, in my own! O my dear, ſee you not, *as I do*, that the *occaſion* for this my indelicate, my ſhocking ſituation, ſhould never have been given by *me*, of all creatures; ſince I am unequal to the circumſtances to which my inconſideration has reduced me!—What, *I* to challenge a man for a huſband!—*I* to exert myſelf to quicken the delayer in his reſolutions! And having, as you think, loſt an opportunity, to begin to try to recal

recal it, as *from myſelf*, and *for myſelf!* To *threaten* him, as I may ſay, into the marriage-ſtate!—O my dear! if this be right to be done, how difficult is it, where modeſty and ſelf (or where pride, if you pleaſe) is concerned, to do that right? Or, to expreſs myſelf in your words, to be father, mother, uncle, to myſelf!—Eſpecially where one thinks a triumph over one is intended.

You ſay, you have tried Mrs. Norton's weight with my mother—Bad as the returns are which my application by Mr. Hickman has met with, you tell me, That you have not acquainted me with all the bad, nor now, perhaps, ever will. But why ſo, my dear? What *is* the bad, what *can* be the bad, which now you will never tell me of?—What worſe, than renounce me! and for ever! My uncle, you ſay, believes me ruined: he declares, that he can believe every-thing bad of a creature who could run away with a man: and they have all made a reſolution, not to ſtir an inch in my favour; no, not to ſave my life.—Have you worſe than this, my dear, behind?—Surely my father has not renewed his dreadful malediction!—Surely, if ſo, my mother has not joined in it! Have my uncles given it their ſanction, and made it a family-act? *And themſelves thereby more really faulty, than even* THEY *ſuppoſe me to be, though I the cauſe of that greater fault in them?*—What, my dear, is this worſt, that you will leave for ever unrevealed?

O Lovelace! why comeſt thou not juſt now, while theſe black proſpects are before me? For now, couldſt thou look into my heart, wouldſt thou ſee a diſtreſs worthy of thy barbarous triumph!

I WAS forced to quit my pen. And you ſay you have tried Mrs. Norton's weight with my mother?

What *is* done cannot be remedied. but I wiſh you had not taken a ſtep of this importance to me without firſt conſulting me. Forgive me, my dear, but I muſt tell you that that high-ſouled and noble friendſhip which you have ever avowed with ſo obliging and ſo uncommon a warmth, although it has been always the ſubject of my grateful admiration, has been often the ground of my apprehenſion, becauſe of it's unbridled fervour.

Well, but now to look forward, you are of opinion that I muſt be his: and that I cannot leave him with reputation to myſelf, whether with or without his conſent. I muſt, if ſo, make the beſt of the bad matter.

He went out in the morning; intending not to return to dinner, unleſs (as he ſent me word) I would admit him to dine with me.

I excuſed myſelf. The man, whoſe anger is now to be of ſuch high importance to me, was, it ſeems, diſpleaſed.

As he (as well as I) expected, that I ſhould receive a letter from you this day by Collins, I ſuppoſe he will not be long before he returns; and then, poſſibly, he is to be mighty ſtately, mighty *mannish*, mighty *coy*, if you pleaſe! And then muſt I be very humble, very ſubmiſſive, and try to inſinuate myſelf into his good graces: with downcaſt eye, if not by ſpeech, beg his forgiveneſs for the diſtance I have ſo perverſely kept him at!—Yes, I warrant!—But I ſhall ſee how this behaviour will fit upon me!—You have always rallied me upon my meekneſs, I think: well, then, I will try, if I can be ſtill meeker, ſhall I!—O my dear!

But let me ſit with my hands before me, all patience, all reſignation; for I think I hear him coming up. Or ſhall I roundly accoſt him, in the words, in the form, which you, my dear, preſcribed?

He is come in. He has ſent to me, all impatience, as Dorcas ſays, by his aſpect.—But I cannot, cannot ſee him!

MONDAY NIGHT.

THE contents of your letter, and my own heavy reflections, rendered me incapable of ſeeing this expecting man. The firſt word he aſked Dorcas, was, If I had received a letter ſince he had been out? She told me this; and her anſwer, that I had; and was faſting, and had been in tears ever ſince.

He ſent to deſire an interview with me.

I anſwered by her, That I was not very well. In the morning, if better, I would ſee him as ſoon as he pleaſed.

Very humble! was it not, my dear? Yet he was *too royal* to take it for humility; for Dorcas told me, he rubbed one ſide of his face impatiently; and ſaid a raſh word, and was out of humour; ſtalking about the room.

Half an hour after, he ſent again; deſiring very earneſtly, that I would admit him to ſupper with me. He would enter upon no ſubjects of converſation, but what I ſhould lead to.

So I ſhould have been at *liberty*, you ſee, to *court him!*

I again

I again desired to be excused.

Indeed, my dear, my eyes were swelled: I was very low-spirited; and could not think of entering all at once, after the distance I had kept him at for several days, into the freedom of conversation which the utter rejection I have met with from my relations, as well as your advice, has made necessary.

He sent up to tell me, that as he heard I was fasting, if I would promise to eat some chicken which Mrs. Sinclair had ordered for supper, he would acquiesce —*Very kind in his anger! Is he not?*

I promised that I would. Can I be more *preparatively* condescending?—How happy, I'll warrant, if I may meet him in a *kind* and *forgiving* humour!

I hate myself! But I won't be insulted. Indeed I won't for all this.

LETTER XIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY, MAY 16.

I Think once more, we seem to be in a kind of train; but through a storm. I will give you the particulars.

I heard him in the dining-room at five in the morning. I had rested very ill, and was up too. But opened not my door till six: when Dorcas brought me his request for my company.

He approached me, and taking my hand, as I entered the dining-room, 'I 'went not to bed, Madam, till two,' said he; 'yet slept not a wink. For God's 'sake, torment me not, as you have 'done for a week past.'

He paused. I was silent.

'At first,' proceeded he, 'I thought 'your resentment of a curiosity, in 'which I had been disappointed, could 'not be deep; and that it would go off 'of itself: but when I found, it was to 'be kept up till you knew the success of 'some new overtures which you had 'made, and which, complied with, 'might have deprived me of you for 'ever; how, Madam, could I support 'myself under the thoughts of having, 'with such an union of interests, made 'so little impression upon your mind in 'my favour?'

He paused again. I was still silent. He went on.

'I acknowledge that I have a *proud* 'heart, Madam. I cannot but hope for 'some instances of previous and pre-'ferable favour, from the lady I am 'ambitious to call mine; and that her 'choice of me should not appear, not 'flagrantly appear, directly by the per-'verseness of her selfish persecutors, who 'are my irreconcileable enemies.'

More to the same purpose he said. You know, my dear, the room he had given me to recriminate upon him in twenty instances. I did not spare him.

'Every one of these instances,' said I, (after I had enumerated them) 'convinces me of your *pride*, indeed, Sir, but 'not of your *merit*. I confess, that I have 'as much *pride* as you can have, although 'I hope it is of another kind than that 'you so *readily avow*. But if, Sir, you 'have the least mixture in yours, of that 'pride which may be expected, and 'thought laudable, in a man of your 'birth, alliances, and fortune, you should 'rather wish, I will presume to say, to 'promote what you call my pride, than 'either to suppress it, or to regret that 'I have it. It is *this* my acknowledged pride,' proceeded I, 'that induces me 'to tell you, Sir, that I think it beneath 'me to disown what have been my motives for declining, for some days past, 'any conversation with you, or visit 'from Mr. Mennell, that might lead to 'points out of my power to determine 'upon, until I heard from my uncle 'Harlowe; whom, I confess, I have caused to be sounded, whether I might be 'favoured with his interest to obtain for 'me a reconciliation with my friends, 'upon terms which I had caused to be 'proposed.'

'I know not,' said he, 'and suppose 'must not presume to ask, what these 'terms were. But I can but too well 'guess at them; and that I was to have 'been the preliminary sacrifice. But 'you must allow me, Madam, to say, 'that as much as I admire the nobleness 'of your sentiments in general, and in 'particular that *laudable* pride which you 'have spoken of; I wish that I could 'compliment you with such an *uniformity* 'in it, as had set you as much above all 'submission to minds implacable and unreasonable, (I hope I may, without offence, say, that your brother's and sister's are such) as it has above all favour and condescension to me.'

'*Duty* and *nature*, Sir, call upon me 'to make the submissions you speak of: 'there is a father, there is a mother, there 'are uncles in the one case, to justify and 'demand those submissions. What, pray, 'Sir, can be pleaded for the *condescension*, 'as you call it? Will you say, your merits, either with regard to *them*, or to '*myself*, may?'

'This, Madam, to be said, after the 'persecutions

'perſecutions of thoſe relations! After 'what you have ſuffered! After what 'you have made me hope! Let me, my 'deareſt creature, aſk you, (we have 'been talking of *pride*) What ſort of 'pride muſt *his* be, which can diſpenſe 'with inclination and preference in the 'lady whom he adores?—What muſt be 'that love——'

'*Love*, Sir! who talks of *love*?—Was 'not *merit* the thing we were talking of? '—Have *I* ever profeſſed, have *I* ever 'required of *you* profeſſions of a paſſion 'of that nature!—But there is no end 'of theſe debatings; each *ſo* faultleſs, 'each *ſo* full of ſelf——'

'I do not think myſelf *faultleſs*, Ma'dam—But——'

'*But* what, Sir!—Would you ever'more argue with me, as if you were a 'child?—Seeking palliations, and mak'ing promiſes?—Promiſes of what, Sir? 'Of being in future the man it is a 'ſhame a gentleman is not?—Of being 'the man——'

'Good God!' interrupted he, with eyes lifted up, 'if *thou* wert to be thus 'ſevere——'

'Well, well, Sir,' [impatiently] 'I 'need only to obſerve, that all this vaſt 'difference in ſentiment ſhews how un'paired our minds are—So let us——'

'Let us *what*, Madam!—My ſoul is 'riſing into tumults!' And he looked ſo wildly, that I was a good deal terrified—'Let us *what*, Madam!'

I was, however, reſolved not to deſert myſelf—'Why, Sir, let us reſolve 'to quit every regard for each other—'Nay, flame not out—I am a poor weak'minded creature in ſome things: but 'where what I *ſhould be*, or not deſerve 'to live if I *am not*, is in the queſtion, I 'have a great and invincible ſpirit, or 'my own conceit betrays me—Let us 'reſolve to quit every regard for each 'other that is more than civil. *This* you 'may depend upon; I will never marry 'any other man. I have ſeen enough 'of your ſex; at leaſt of *you*.—A ſingle 'life ſhall ever be *my* choice: while I 'will leave you at liberty to purſue *your* '*own*.'

'Indifference—*worſe* than indifference!' ſaid he, in a paſſion.

Interrupting him—'Indifference let 'it be—You have not (in my opinon at 'leaſt) deſerved that it ſhould be other: 'if you have in *your own*, you have cauſe '(at leaſt your *pride* has) to hate me for 'miſ-judging you.'

'Deareſt, deareſt creature!' ſnatching my hand with fierceneſs, 'let me be'ſeech you to be *uniformly* noble!—*Civil* 'regards, Madam!—*Civil regards!*—Can 'you ſo expect to narrow and confine 'ſuch a paſſion as mine!'

'Such a paſſion as yours, Mr. Love'lace, *deſerves* to be narrowed and con'fined. It is either the paſſion *you* do 'not think it, or *I* do not. I queſtion 'whether your mind is capable of being '*ſo* narrowed and *ſo* widened, as is neceſ'ſary to make it be what I wiſh it to be. 'Lift up your hands and your eyes, Sir, 'in ſilent wonder, if you pleaſe; but 'what does that wonder expreſs, what 'does it convince me of, but that we 'are not born for one another?'

'By my ſoul,' ſaid he, and graſped my hand with an eagerneſs that hurt it, 'we *were* born for one another: you '*muſt* be mine—You *ſhall* be mine,' [and put his other arm round me] 'although 'my damnation were to be the pur'chaſe!'

I was ſtill more terrified—'Let me 'leave you, Mr. Lovelace,' ſaid I; 'or 'do you be gone from me. Is the paſ'ſion you boaſt of to be thus ſhockingly 'demonſtrated?'

'You muſt not go, Madam!—You 'muſt not leave me in anger.'

'I will return—I will return—When 'you can be leſs violent—leſs ſhocking!' And he let me go.

The man quite frightened me; inſomuch that when I got into my chamber, I found a ſudden flow of tears a great relief to me.

In half an hour, he ſent a little billet, expreſſing his concern for the vehemence of his behaviour, and prayed to ſee me.

I went. Becauſe I could not help myſelf, I went.

He was full of his excuſes—O my dear! what would you, even *you*, do with ſuch a man as this; and in my ſituation?

It was very poſſible for him now, he ſaid, to account for the workings of a beginning phrenzy. For his part, he was near diſtraction. All laſt week to ſuffer as he had ſuffered; and now to talk of *civil regards* only, when he had hoped from the nobleneſs of my mind—

'Hope what you will,' interrupted I; 'I muſt inſiſt upon it, that our minds 'are by no means ſuited to each other. 'You have brought me into difficulties. 'I am deſerted by every friend but Miſs 'Howe. My true ſentiments I will not 'conceal—It is againſt my will, that I 'muſt ſubmit to owe protection from a 'brother's projects, which Miſs Howe 'thinks

'thinks are not given over, to you, who 'have brought me into these streights: 'not with my own concurrence brought 'me into them; remember that—'

'I do remember that, Madam!—So 'often reminded, how can I forget it?'

'Yet I *will* owe to you this protection, 'if it be necessary, in the earnest hope, 'that you will *shun*, rather than *seek* mis-'chief, if any further enquiry after me 'be made. But what hinders you from 'leaving me?—Cannot I send to you? 'The widow Fretchville, it is plain, 'knows not her own mind: the people 'here indeed are more civil to me every 'day than other: but I had rather have 'lodgings more agreeable to my circum-'stances. I best know what will suit 'them; and am resolved not to be ob-'liged to any-body. If you leave me, 'I will privately retire to some one of 'the neighbouring villages, and there 'wait my cousin Morden's arrival with 'patience.'

'I presume, Madam,' replied he, 'from what you have said, that your 'application to Harlowe Place has prov-'ed unsuccessful: I therefore hope, that 'you will now give me leave to mention 'the terms in the nature of settlements, 'which I have long intended to propose 'to you; and which having till now de-'layed to do, through accidents not pro-'ceeding from myself; I had thoughts 'of urging to you *the moment you entered 'upon your new house*; and upon your find-'ing yourself as independent in *appear-'ance* as you are in *fact*. Permit me, 'Madam, to propose these matters to 'you—Not with an expectation of your '*immediate answer*; but for your *consider-'ation*.'

Were not hesitation, a self-felt glow, a downcast eye, encouragement more than enough? And yet you will observe (as I now do on recollection) that he was in no great hurry to solicit for a *day*; since he had no thoughts of proposing settlements, till I had got into my new house; and now, in his great complaisance to me, he desired leave to propose his terms, not with an expectation of *my immediate answer*; but for my *consideration* only—Yet, my dear, your advice was too much in my head at this time. I hesitated.

He urged on upon my silence: he would call God to witness to the justice, nay to the *generosity* of his intentions to me, if I would be so good as to hear what he had to propose to me, as to settlements.

Could not the man have fallen into the subject without this *parade*? Many a point, you know, *is* refused, and *ought to be* refused, if leave be asked to introduce it; and when *once* refused, the refusal must in honour be adhered to—Whereas, had it been *slid* in upon one, as I may say, it might have merited further consideration. If such a man as Mr. Lovelace knows not this, who should?

But he seemed to think it enough that he had asked my *leave* to propose his sentiments. He took no advantage of my silence, as I presume men *as modest* as Mr. Lovelace would have done, in a like case: yet gazing in my face very confidently, and seeming to expect my answer, I thought myself obliged to give the subject a more diffuse turn, in order to save myself the mortification of appearing too ready in my compliance, after such a distance as had been between us; and yet (in pursuance of your advice) I was willing to avoid the necessity of giving him such a repulse, as might again throw us out of the course—A cruel alternative to be reduced to!

'You talk of *generosity*, Mr. Lovelace,' said I; 'and you talk of *justice*; per-'haps, without having considered the 'force of the words, in the sense you 'use them on this occasion—Let me tell 'you what *generosity* is, in my sense of 'the word—TRUE GENEROSITY is 'not confined to pecuniary instances: it 'is *more* than politeness: it is *more* than 'good faith: it is *more* than *justice*: since 'all these are but duties, and what a 'worthy mind cannot dispense with. 'But TRUE GENEROSITY is greatness 'of soul. It incites us to do more by 'a fellow-creature, than can be strictly 'required of us. It obliges us to hasten 'to the relief of an object that wants re-'lief; anticipating even such a one's 'hopes or expectation. Generosity, Sir, 'will not surely permit a worthy mind 'to doubt of its honourable and be-'neficent intentions; much less will it 'allow itself to shock, to offend any one, 'and, least of all, a person thrown by 'adversity, mishap, or accident, into it's 'protection.'

What an opportunity had he to clear his intentions had he been so disposed, from the *latter part* of this home observation!—But he ran away with the *first*, and kept to that.

'Admirably defined!' he said—'But 'who at this rate, Madam, can be said 'to be *generous* to *you*?—Your *generosity* 'I implore; while *justice*, as it must be 'my sole merit, shall be my aim. Never

'was

'was there a woman of such nice and 'delicate sentiments!'

'It is a reflection upon yourself, Sir, 'and upon the company you have kept, 'if you think these notions either nice 'or delicate. Thousands of my sex are 'more nice than I; for they would have 'avoided the devious path I have been 'surprized into: the consequences of 'which surprize have laid me under the 'necessity of telling a man, *who has not 'delicacy enough to enter into those parts of 'the female character which are it's glory 'and distinction*, what true generosity is.'

His divine monitress, he called me. He would endeavour to form his manners (as he had often promised) by my example. But he hoped I would now permit him to mention briefly the *justice* he proposed to do me, in the terms of the settlements; a subject so proper, *before now*, to have been entered upon; and which would have been entered upon long ago, had not my *frequent displeasure* [*I am ever in fault, my dear!*] taken from him the *opportunity* he had often wished for: but now having ventured to lay hold of *this*, nothing should divert him from improving it.

'I have no spirits, just now, Sir, to at-'tend to such weighty points. What 'you have a mind to propose, write to 'me, and I shall know what answer to 'return. Only one thing let me re-'mind you of, that if you touch upon 'any subject, in which my father has a 'concern, I shall judge by your treat-'ment of the father, what value you 'have for the daughter.'

He *looked* as if he would chuse rather to speak than write: but had he *said* so, I had a severe return to have made upon him; as possibly he might see by *my* looks.

In this way are we now: a sort of calm, as I said, succeeding a storm. What may happen next, whether a storm or a calm, with such a spirit as I have to deal with, who can tell?

But be that as it will, I think, my dear, I am not *meanly* off: and this is a great point with me, and which I know you will be glad to hear: if it were only, that I can see this man without losing any of that dignity [What other word can I use, speaking of *myself*, that betokens *decency*, and not *arrogance*?] which is so necessary to enable me to look *up*, or rather with the *mind's* eye, I may say, to look *down* upon a man of this man's cast.

Although circumstances have so offered that I could not take your advice as to the *manner* of dealing with him; yet you gave me so much courage by it, as has enabled me to conduct things to this issue; as well as determined me against leaving him: which *before*, I was thinking to do, at all adventures. Whether, when it came to the point, I *should* have done so or not, I cannot say, because it would have depended upon his behaviour at the time.

But, let his behaviour be what it will, I am afraid, (with you) that should anything offer at last to oblige me to leave him, I shall not mend my situation in the world's eye; but the contrary. And yet I will not be treated by him with indignity while I have any power to help myself.

You, my dear, have accused me of having *modestly'd away*, as you phrase it, several opportunities of being—Being what, my dear?—Why, the wife of a libertine: and what a libertine and his wife are, my cousin Morden's letter tells us.—Let me here once for all, endeavour to account for the motives of my behaviour to this man, and for the principles I have proceeded upon, as they appear to me upon a close self-examination.

Be pleased then to allow me to think, that my motives on this occasion, arise not *altogether* from maidenly niceness; nor yet from the apprehension of what my present tormentor, and future husband, may think of a precipitate compliance, on such a disagreeable behaviour as his: but they arise principally from what offers to my own heart; respecting, as I may say, it's own rectitude, it's own judgment of the *fit* and the *unfit*; as I would, without study, answer *for* myself *to* myself, in the *first* place;—to *him*, and to the *world*, in the *second* only. Principles that *are* in my mind; that I *found* there; implanted, no doubt, by the first Gracious Planter; which therefore *impel* me, as I may say, to act up to them, that thereby I may, to the best of my judgment, be enabled to comport myself worthily in both states, (the single and the married) let others act as they will by *me*.

I hope, my dear, I do not deceive myself, and, instead of setting about rectifying what is amiss in my heart, endeavour to find excuses for habits and peculiarities, which I am unwilling to cast off or overcome. The heart is very deceitful: do you, my dear friend, lay mine open, [*But surely it is always open before you!*] and spare me not, if you think it culpable.

This obſervation, once for all, as I ſaid, I thought proper to make, to convince you, that to the beſt of my judgment, my errors in matters as well of leſſer moment, as of greater, ſhall rather be the fault of my judgment than of my will.

I am, my deareſt friend, *your ever obliged* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

TUESDAY NIGHT, MAY 16.

MR. Lovelace has ſent me by Dorcas, his propoſals, as follow—

'To ſpare a delicacy ſo extreme, and 'to obey you, I write: and the rather, 'that you may communicate this paper 'to Miſs Howe, who may conſult any of 'her friends you ſhall think proper to 'have intruſted on this occaſion. I ſay, '*intruſted*; becauſe, as you know, I have 'given it out to ſeveral perſons, that we 'are actually married.

'In the firſt place, Madam, I offer to 'ſettle upon you, by way of jointure, 'your whole eſtate: and moreover to 'veſt in truſtees ſuch a part of mine in 'Lancaſhire, as ſhall produce a clear 'four hundred pounds a year, to be 'paid to your ſole and ſeparate uſe 'quarterly.

'My own eſtate is a clear, not nominal, 2000*l. per annum*. Lord M. propoſes to give me poſſeſſion either of 'that which he has in Lancaſhire, [to 'which, by the way, I think I have a 'better title than he has himſelf] or 'that we call *The Lawn* in Hertfordſhire, upon my nuptials with a lady 'whom he ſo greatly admires; and to 'make that I ſhall chuſe a clear 1000*l*. '*per annum*.

'My too great contempt of cenſure 'has ſubjected me to much ſlander. It 'may not therefore be improper to aſſure 'you, on the word of a gentleman, that 'no part of my eſtate was ever mortgaged: and that although I lived very 'expenſively abroad, and made large 'draughts, yet that Midſummer Day 'next will diſcharge all that I owe in the 'world. My notions are not all bad 'ones. I have been thought, in pecuniary caſes, *generous*. It would have 'deſerved *another* name, had I not firſt 'been *juſt*.

'If, as your own eſtate is at preſent in 'your father's hands, you rather chuſe 'that I ſhould make a jointure out of 'mine, tantamount to yours, be it what 'it will, it ſhall be done. I will engage 'Lord M. to write *you*, what he propoſes 'to do on the happy occaſion: not as 'your deſire or expectation, but to demonſtrate, that no advantage is intended to be taken of the ſituation you are 'in with your own family.

'To ſhew the beloved daughter the 'conſideration I have for her, I will conſent, that ſhe ſhall preſcribe the terms 'of agreement in relation to the large 'ſums which muſt be in her father's 'hands, ariſing from her grandfather's eſtate. I have no doubt, but he 'will be put upon making large demands upon you. All thoſe it ſhall be 'in your power to comply with, for the 'ſake of your own peace. And the remainder ſhall be paid into your hands, 'and be entirely at your diſpoſal, as a 'fund to ſupport thoſe charitable donations, which I have heard you ſo 'famed for *out* of your family, and for 'which you have been ſo greatly reflected upon *in* it.

'As to cloaths, jewels, and the like, 'againſt the time you ſhall chuſe to make 'your appearance, it will be my pride 'that you ſhall not be beholden for ſuch 'of theſe as ſhall be anſwerable to the 'rank of both, to thoſe who have had 'the ſtupid folly to renounce a daughter 'they deſerved not. You muſt excuſe 'me, Madam: you would miſtruſt my 'ſincerity in the reſt, could I ſpeak of 'theſe people without aſperity, though 'ſo nearly related to you.

'Theſe, Madam, are my propoſals. 'They are ſuch as I always deſigned to 'make, whenever you would permit me 'to enter into the delightful ſubject. 'But you have been ſo determined 'to try every method for reconciling 'yourſelf to your relations, even by 'giving me abſolutely up for ever, that 'you have ſeemed to think it but juſtice 'to keep me at a diſtance, till the event 'of that your *predominant* hope could be 'ſeen. It is *now* ſeen! And although I '*have been*, and perhaps ſtill *am*, ready 'to regret the want of that preference I 'wiſhed for from you as Miſs Clariſſa 'Harlowe; yet I am ſure, as the huſband of Mrs. Lovelace, I ſhall be more 'ready to adore than to blame you for 'the pangs you have given to a heart, 'the generoſity, or rather *juſtice* of which, 'my implacable enemies have taught you 'to doubt: and this ſtill the readier, as 'I am perſuaded, that thoſe pangs never 'would have been given by a mind ſo 'noble, had not the doubt been entertained, (perhaps with too great an ap-

'pearance of reaſon;) and as I hope I 'ſhall have it to reflect, that the mo-'ment the doubt ſhall be overcome, the 'indifference will ceaſe.

'I will only add, that if I have omit-'ted any-thing, that would have given 'you farther ſatisfaction; or if the a-'bove terms be ſhort of what you would 'wiſh; you will be pleaſed to ſupply 'them as you think fit. And when I 'know your pleaſure, I will inſtantly 'order articles to be drawn up conform-'ably; that nothing in my power may 'be wanting to make you happy.

'You will now, deareſt Madam, 'judge, how far all the reſt depends 'upon yourſelf.'

You ſee, my dear, what he offers. You ſee it is all my fault, that he has not made theſe offers before. I am a ſtrange creature!—To be to blame in *every-thing*, and to *every-body*; yet neither intend the ill at the time, nor know it to *be* the ill till too late, or ſo nearly too late, that I muſt give up all the delicacy he talks of, to compound for my fault!

I ſhall now judge how far the reſt depends upon myſelf! So coldly concludes he ſuch warm, and, in the main, un-objectible propoſals: would you not, as you read, have ſuppoſed, that the paper would conclude with the moſt earneſt demand of a day?—I own, I had that expectation ſo ſtrong, reſulting *naturally*, as I may ſay, from the premiſes, that without *ſtudying* for diſſatisfaction, I could not help being diſſatisfied when I came to the concluſion.

But you ſay there is no help. I muſt perhaps make *further* ſacrifices. All delicacy it ſeems is to be at an end with me!—But if ſo, this man knows not what every *wiſe* man knows, that prudence, and virtue, and delicacy of mind in a *wife*, do the huſband more *real* honour in the eye of the world, than the ſame qualities (were *ſhe* deſtitute of them) in *himſelf*, do him: as the *want* of them in her does him more *diſ-honour*: for are not the wife's errors the huſband's reproach? How *juſtly* his reproach, is another thing.

I will conſider this paper; and write to it, if I am able: for it ſeems now, *all the reſt depends upon myſelf.*

LETTER XXI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 17.

MR. Lovelace would fain have engaged me laſt night. But as I was not prepared to enter upon the ſubject of his propoſals, (intending to conſider them maturely) and was not highly pleaſed with his concluſion, I deſired to be excuſed ſeeing him till morning; and the rather, as there is hardly any getting from him in tolerable time over-night.

Accordingly, about ſeven o'clock we met in the dining-room.

I find, he was full of expectation that I ſhould meet him with a very favourable, who knows but with a *thankful* aſpect? And I immediately found by his ſullen countenance, that he was under no ſmall diſappointment that I did not.

'My deareſt love, are you well? Why 'look you ſo ſolemn upon me? Will 'your indifference never be over? If I 'have propoſed terms in any reſpect *ſhort* 'of your expectation—'

I told him that he had very conſiderately mentioned my ſhewing his propoſals to Miſs Howe; and as I ſhould have a ſpeedy opportunity to ſend them to her by Collins, I deſired to ſuſpend any talk upon that ſubject till I had her opinion upon them.

Good God!—If there were but the leaſt loop-hole! the leaſt room for delay!—But he was writing a letter to Lord M. to give him an account of his ſituation with me, and could not finiſh it ſo ſatisfactorily, either to my lord or to himſelf, as if I would condeſcend to ſay, whether the terms he had propoſed were acceptable or not.

Thus far, I told him, I could ſay, That my principal point was peace and reconciliation with my relations. As to other matters, the genteelneſs of his own ſpirit would put him upon doing more for me than I ſhould aſk, or expect. Wherefore, if all he had to write about was to know what Lord M. would do on my account, he might ſpare himſelf the trouble; for that my utmoſt wiſhes, as to myſelf, were much more eaſily gratified than he perhaps imagined.

He aſked me then, If I would ſo far permit him to touch upon the happy day, as to requeſt the preſence of Lord M. on the occaſion, and to be my father?

Father had a ſweet and venerable ſound with it, I ſaid. I ſhould be glad to have a father who would own me!

Was not this plain ſpeaking, think you, my dear? Yet it rather, I muſt own, appears ſo to me on reflection, than was *deſigned* freely at the time. For I then, with a ſigh from the bottom of my heart, thought of my *own father*; bitterly regretting

getting that I am an outcaſt from him and from my mother.

Mr. Lovelace I thought ſeemed a little affected; at the *manner* of my ſpeaking, and perhaps at the ſad reflection.

'I am but a very young creature, 'Mr. Lovelace,' ſaid I, [and wiped my eyes as I turned away my face] 'although you have *kindly*, and *in love* 'to *me*, introduced ſo much ſorrow to 'me already: ſo you muſt not wonder, 'that the word *father* ſtrikes ſo ſenſibly upon the heart of a child ever 'dutiful till ſhe knew you, and whoſe 'tender years ſtill require the paternal 'wing.'

He turned towards the window: [Rejoice with me, my dear, ſince I ſeem to be devoted to him, that the man is not abſolutely impenetrable!] his emotion was viſible; yet he endeavoured to ſuppreſs it. Approaching me again; again he was obliged to turn from me; angelick ſomething, he ſaid: but then, obtaining a heart more *ſuitable* to his wiſh, he once more approached me—For his own part, he ſaid, as Lord M. was ſo ſubject to the gout, he was afraid, that the compliment he had juſt propoſed to make him, might, if made, occaſion a *longer ſuſpenſion* than he could bear to think of: and if it did, it would vex him to the heart that he had made it.

I could not ſay a ſingle word to this, you know, my dear. But you will gueſs at my thoughts of what he ſaid—So much paſſionate love, *lip-deep!* So prudent, and ſo dutifully patient *at heart* to a relation he had till now ſo undutifully deſpiſed!—'Why, why, 'am I thrown upon ſuch a man!' thought I.

He heſitated, as if contending with himſelf; and after taking a turn or two about the room, He was at a great loſs what to determine upon, he ſaid, becauſe he had not the honour of knowing when he was to be made the happieſt of men—Would to God it might that very inſtant be reſolved upon!

He ſtopped a moment or two, ſtaring in his uſual confident way, in my downcaſt face. [Did I not, O my beloved friend, think you, want a father or a mother juſt then!] But if he could not, ſo *ſoon* as he wiſhed, procure my conſent to a day; in *that* caſe, he thought the compliment might *as well be* made to Lord M. as *not*—[*See my dear!*] Since the ſettlements might be drawn and engroſſed in the intervenient time, which would pacify his impatience, *as no time would be loſt.*

You will ſuppoſe how *I* was affected by this ſpeech, by repeating the ſubſtance of what *he* ſaid upon it; as follows.

--But, by his ſoul, he knew not, ſo much was I upon the reſerve, and ſo much latent meaning did my eye import, whether, when he moſt hoped to pleaſe me, he was not fartheſt from doing ſo. Would I vouchſafe to ſay, Whether I approved of his compliment to Lord M. or not?

To leave it to *me*, to chuſe whether the ſpeedy day he ought to have urged for with earneſtneſs, ſhould be accelerated or ſuſpended!—'Miſs Howe,' thought I, at that moment, 'ſays, I muſt *not* run 'away from this man?'

'To be ſure, Mr. Lovelace, if this 'matter be *ever to be*, it muſt be agree-'able to me to have the full approbation 'of *one* ſide, ſince I cannot have that of 'the *other*.'

'*If this matter be ever to be!* Good God! 'what words are theſe at this time of 'day! And full *approbation* of *one* ſide! 'Why that word *approbation?* When the 'greateſt pride of all my family is, that 'of having the honour of ſo dear a crea-'ture for their relation? Would to Hea-'ven, my deareſt life,' added he, 'that, 'without complimenting *any* body, to-'morrow might be the happieſt day of 'my life!—What ſay you, my angel?' With a trembling impatience, that *ſeemed* not affected—'What ſay you for *to-mor-'row?*'

It was not likely, my dear, I could ſay much to it, or name another day, had I been diſpoſed to the latter, with ſuch an *hinted delay from him.*

I was ſilent.

'*Next day*, Madam, if not to-mor-'row?'

Had he given me *time* to anſwer, it could not have been in the affirmative, you muſt think—But *in the ſame breath*, he went on—'Or the *day after that?*'—And taking both my hands in his, he ſtared me into a half-confuſion—Would *you* have had patience with him, my dear?

'No, no,' ſaid I, as calmly as poſſible, 'you cannot think, that I ſhould imagine 'there can be reaſon for ſuch a hurry. 'It will be moſt agreeable, to be ſure, for 'my lord to be preſent.'

'I am all obedience and reſignation,' returned the wretch, with a ſelf-pluming air, as if he had acquieſced to a propoſal *made by me*, and had complimented

mented me with a great piece of *self-denial*.

Is it not plain, my dear, that he deſigns to vex and teaze me? Proud, yet mean, and fooliſh man, if ſo!—But you ſay all punctilio is at an end with me. Why, why, will he take pains to make a heart wrap itſelf up in reſerve, that wiſhes only, and that for his ſake as well as my own, to obſerve due decorum?

Modeſty, I think, required of me, that it ſhould paſs as he had put it: did it not?—I think it did. Would to Heaven—but what ſignifies wiſhing?

But when he would have *rewarded himſelf*, as he had heretofore called it, for this ſelf-ſuppoſed conceſſion, with a kiſs, I repulſed him with a juſt and very ſincere diſdain.

He ſeemed both vexed and ſurprized, as one who had made the moſt agreeable propoſals and conceſſions, and thought them ungratefully returned. He plainly ſaid, that he thought our ſituation would entitle him to ſuch an innocent freedom: and he was both amazed and grieved to be thus ſcornfully repulſed.

No reply could be made by me on ſuch a ſubject. I abruptly broke from him. I recollect, as I paſſed by one of the pier-glaſſes, that I ſaw in it his clenched hand offered in wrath to his forehead: the words, *Indifference, by his ſoul, next to hatred*, I heard him ſpeak: and ſomething of *ice* he mentioned: I heard not what.

Whether he intends to write to my lord, or to Miſs Montague, I cannot tell. But *as all delicacy ought to be over with me now*, perhaps I am to blame to expect it from a man who may not know *what it is*. If he does *not*, and yet thinks himſelf very polite, and intends not to be otherwiſe, I am rather to be pitied than cenſured.

And after all, ſince I *muſt* take him as I find him, I *muſt*: that is to ſay, as a man ſo vain and ſo accuſtomed to be admired, that, not being conſcious of internal defect, he has taken no pains to poliſh more than his outſide: and as his propoſals are higher than my expectations; and as, in his own opinion, he has a great deal to bear from *me*, I *will* (no new offence preventing) ſit down to anſwer them: and, if poſſible, in terms as unobjectible to him, as his are to me.

But after all, ſee you not, my dear, more and more the miſmatch that there is in our minds?

However, I am willing to compound for my fault, by giving up (if that may be all my puniſhment) the expectation of what is deemed happineſs in this life, with ſuch a huſband as I fear he will make. In ſhort, I will content myſelf to be a *ſuffering perſon* through the ſtate to the end of my life.—A long one it cannot be!

This may qualify him (as it may prove) from ſtings of conſcience from miſbehaviour to a *firſt* wife, to be a more tolerable one to a *ſecond*, though not perhaps a better deſerving one; while my ſtory, to all who ſhall know it, will afford theſe inſtructions: *That the eye is a traitor, and ought ever to be miſtruſted: that form is deceitful.* In other words; *that a fine perſon is ſeldom paired by a fine mind:* and *that ſound principles, and a good heart, are the only baſes on which the hopes of a* happy future, *either with reſpect to this world, or the other, can be built.*

And ſo much at preſent for Mr. Lovelace's propoſals; of which I deſire your opinion.

Four letters are written by Mr. Lovelace from the date of his laſt, giving the ſtate of affairs between him and the lady, pretty much the ſame as in hers in the ſame period, allowing for the humour in his, and for his reſentments expreſſed with vehemence on her reſolution to leave him, if her friends could be brought to be reconciled to her.—A few extracts from them will be only given.

'WHAT,' *ſays he*, 'might have become of me, and of my projects, had 'not her father, and the reſt of the implacables, ſtood my friends?'

After violent threatenings of revenge, he ſays—

''Tis plain ſhe would have given me 'up for ever: nor ſhould I have been 'able to prevent her abandoning of me, 'unleſs I had *torn up the tree by the roots 'to come at the fruit*: which I hope *ſtill to 'bring down by a gentle ſhake or two*, if I 'can but have patience to ſtay the ripening ſeaſon.'

Thus triumphing in his unpolite cruelty, he ſays—

'After her haughty treatment of me, 'I am reſolved ſhe *ſhall* ſpeak out. There 'are a thouſand beauties to be diſcovered in the face, in the accent, in the '*bluſh-beating* heſitations of a woman who 'is earneſt about a ſubject which ſhe 'wants to introduce, yet knows not 'how. Silly fellows, calling themſelves 'generous ones, would value themſelves 'for ſparing a lady's confuſion: but 'they are ſilly fellows indeed; and rob 'themſelves of prodigious pleaſure by

'their

'their forwardneſs; and at the ſame 'time deprive her of diſplaying a world 'of charms, which only can be mani-'feſted on theſe occaſions.

'I'll tell thee before-hand, how it 'will be with my charmer in this caſe— 'She will be about it, and about it, ſe-'veral times: but I will not underſtand 'her. At laſt, after half a dozen hem '—ings, ſhe will be obliged to ſpeak 'out—"*I think, Mr. Lovelace—I think, "Sir—I think you were ſaying ſome days "ago—*" Still I will be all ſilence—her 'eyes fixed upon my ſhoe-buckles, as I 'ſit over-againſt her—Ladies, when put 'to it thus, always admire a man's ſhoe-'buckles, or perhaps ſome particular 'beauties in the carpet. "*I think you "ſaid, that Mrs. Fretchville—*" Then a 'cryſtal tear trickles down each crimſon 'cheek, vexed to have her virgin pride 'ſo little aſſiſted. But, "Come, my "meaning dear," cry I to myſelf, "re-"member what I have ſuffered *for* thee, "and what I have ſuffered *by* thee! "Thy tearful pauſings ſhall not be help-"ed out by me. Speak out, love!— "O the ſweet confuſion! Can I rob "myſelf of ſo many conflicting beau-"ties by the precipitate charmer-pity-"ing folly, by which a *politer* man, "[Thou *knowe'ſt*, lovely, that I am no "*polite* man!] betrayed by his own ten-"derneſs, and *unuſed* to female tears, "would have been overcome?" I will 'feign an irreſolution of mind on the 'occaſion, that ſhe may not *quite* abhor 'me—that her reflections on the ſcene 'in my abſence may bring to her re-'membrance ſome beauties in my part 'of it: an irreſolution that will be ow-'ing to awe, to reverence, to profound 'veneration; and that will have more 'eloquence in it, than words *can* have. 'Speak out then, love, and ſpare not.

'*Hard heartedneſs*, as it is called, is an '*eſſential* of the *libertine's character*. Fa-'miliarized to the diſtreſſes he occaſions, 'he is ſeldom betrayed by tenderneſs in-'to a complaiſant weakneſs unworthy 'of himſelf.'

Mentioning the ſettlements, he ſays—

'I am in earneſt as to the terms. If 'I marry her, [And I have no doubt 'that I ſhall, after my pride, my ambi-'tion, my *revenge*, if thou wilt, is grati-'fied] I will do her noble juſtice. The 'more I do for ſuch a prudent, ſuch an 'excellent œconomiſt, the more ſhall I 'do for myſelf.—But, by my ſoul, Bel-'ford, her haughtineſs ſhall be brought 'down to own both love and obligation 'to me. Nor will this ſketch of ſettle-'ments bring us forwarder than I would 'have it. Modeſty of ſex will ſtand my 'friend at any time. At the very altar, 'our hands joined, I will engage to make 'this proud beauty leave the parſon and 'me, and all my friends who ſhould be 'preſent, though twenty in number, to 'look like fools upon one another, 'while ſhe took wing, and flew out of 'the church-door, or window; (if that 'were open, and the door ſhut) and this 'only by a ſingle word.'

He mentions his raſh expreſſion, that ſhe ſhould be his, although his damnation were to be the purchaſe.

'At that inſtant,' *ſays he*, 'I was upon 'the point of making a violent attempt, 'but was checked in the very moment, 'and but juſt in time to ſave myſelf, by 'the awe I was ſtruck with on again 'caſting my eye upon her terrified but 'lovely face, and ſeeing, as I thought, 'her ſpotleſs heart in every line of it.

'O virtue, virtue!' *proceeds he*, 'what 'is there in thee, that can thus againſt 'his will affect the heart of a Lovelace! '—Whence theſe involuntary tremors, 'and fear of giving mortal offence?— 'What art thou, that acting in the breaſt 'of a feeble woman, canſt ſtrike ſo much 'awe into a ſpirit ſo intrepid! Which 'never before, no, not in my firſt at-'tempt, young as I then was, and 'frighted at my own boldneſs, (till I 'found myſelf *forgiven*) had ſuch an 'effect upon me!'

He paints in lively colours, that part of the ſcene between him and the lady, where ſhe ſays, The word *father* has a ſweet and venerable ſound with it.

'I was exceedingly affected,' *ſays he*, 'upon the occaſion. But was aſhamed 'to be ſurprized into ſuch a fit of un-'manly weakneſs—So *aſhamed*, that I 'was reſolved to ſubdue it at the inſtant, 'and to guard againſt the like for the 'future. Yet, at that moment, I more 'than half regre ted, that I could not 'permit her to enjoy a triumph which 'ſhe ſo well deſerved to glory in—Her 'youth, her beauty, her artleſs inno-'cence, and her manner, equally be-'yond compariſon or deſcription. But 'her *indifference*, Belf rd! —That ſhe 'could reſolve to ſacrifice me to the 'malice of my enemies; and carry on 'the deſign in ſo clandeſtine a manner '—Yet love her, as I do, to frenzy!— 'Revere her, as I do, to adoration!— 'Theſe were the recollections with

which

'which I fortified my recreant heart 'againſt her!—Yet, after all, if ſhe 'perſevere, ſhe muſt conquer!—Cow-'ard, as ſhe has made me, that never 'was a coward before!'

He concludes his fourth letter in a vehement rage, upon her repulſing him, when he offered to ſalute her; having ſuppoſed, as he owns, that ſhe would have been all condeſcenſion on his propoſals to her.

'This,' *ſays he*, 'I will for ever re-'member againſt her, in order to ſteel 'my heart, that I may *cut through a rock 'of ice* to hers; and repay her for the 'diſdain, the ſcorn, which glowed in 'her countenance, and was apparent in 'her air, at her abrupt departure from 'me, after ſuch obliging behaviour on 'my ſide, and after I had ſo earneſtly 'preſſed her for an early day. The wo-'men below ſay, ſhe hates me; ſhe de-'ſpiſes me!—And 'tis true: ſhe does; 'ſhe muſt—And why cannot I take their 'advice? I will not long, my fair-one, 'be diſpiſed by *thee*, and laughed at by '*them!*

'Let me acquaint thee, Jack,' *adds he by way of poſtſcript*, 'that this effort 'of hers to leave me, if ſhe could have 'been received; her ſending for a coach 'on Sunday; no doubt, reſolving not 'to return, if ſhe had gone out without 'me, (for did ſhe not declare that ſhe 'had thoughts to retire to ſome of the 'villages about town, where ſhe could 'be ſafe and private?) have, altogether, 'ſo much alarmed me, that I have been 'adding to the written inſtructions for 'my fellow and the people below how 'to act in caſe ſhe ſhould elope in my 'abſence; particularly letting Will 'know what he ſhall report to ſtrangers 'in caſe ſhe ſhall throw herſelf upon any 'ſuch with a reſolution to abandon me. 'To theſe inſtructions I ſhall further add 'as circumſtances offer.'

LETTER XXII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY, MAY 18.

I Have neither time nor patience, my dear friend, to anſwer every material article in your laſt letters juſt now received. Mr. Lovelace's propoſals are all I like of him. And yet, (as you do) I think, that he concludes them not with that warmth and earneſtneſs which we might naturally have expected from him. Never in my life did I hear or read of ſo patient a man, with ſuch a bleſſing in his reach. But wretches of his caſt, between you and me, my dear, have not, I fancy, the ardours that honeſt men have. Who knows, as your Bell once ſpitefully ſaid, but he may have half a dozen creatures to quit his hands of before he engages for life?—Yet I believe you muſt not expect him to be honeſt on this ſide of his grand climacterick.

He, to ſuggeſt delay from a compliment to be made to Lord M. and to give time for ſettlements! *He*, a part of whoſe character it is, not to know what complaiſance to his relations is—I have no patience with him! You did indeed want an interpoſing friend on the affecting occaſion which you mention in yours of yeſterday morning. But, upon my word, were I to have been that moment in your ſituation, and been ſo treated, I would have torn his eyes out, and left it to his own heart, when I had done, to furniſh the reaſon for it.

Would to Heaven to-morrow, without complimenting any-body, might be his happy day! —Villain! After he had himſelf ſuggeſted the compliment!—And I think he accuſes YOU of delaying!—Fellow, that he is!—How my heart is wrung!

But, as matters now ſtand betwixt you, I am very unſeaſonable in expreſſing my reſentments againſt him.—Yet I don't know whether I am or not, neither; ſince it is the moſt cruel of fates, for a woman to be forced to have a man whom her heart deſpiſes. You muſt, at *leaſt*, deſpiſe him; at times, however, His clenched fiſt offered to his forehead on your leaving him in juſt diſpleaſure —I wiſh it had been a pole-axe, and in the hand of his worſt enemy.

I will endeavour to think of ſome method, of ſome ſcheme, to get you from him, and to fix you ſafely ſomewhere till your couſin Morden arrives—A ſcheme to lie by you, and to be purſued as occaſion may be given. You are ſure, that you can go abroad when you pleaſe? and that our correſpondence is ſafe? I cannot, however, (for the reaſons heretofore mentioned reſpecting your own reputation) wiſh you to leave him while he gives you not cauſe to ſuſpect his honour. But your heart I know would be the eaſier, if you were ſure of ſome aſylum in caſe of neceſſity.

Yet once more, I ſay, I can have no notion that he can or dare to mean you diſhonour. But then the man is a fool, my dear—that's all.

However, ſince you are thrown upon a fool, marry the fool, at the firſt opportunity;

tunity; and though I doubt that this man will be the moſt ungovernable of fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take him as a puniſhment, ſince you cannot as a reward: in ſhort, as one given to convince you that there is nothing but imperfection in this life.

And what is the reſult of all I have written, but this? Either marry, my dear, or get from them all, and from him too.

You intend the latter, you'll ſay, as ſoon as you have opportunity. That, as above hinted, I hope quickly to furniſh you with: and then comes on a trial between *you* and *yourſelf*.

Theſe are the very fellows, that we women do not *naturally* hate. We don't always know what is, and what is not, in our power to do. When ſome principal point we have long had in view becomes ſo critical, that we muſt of neceſſity chuſe or refuſe, then perhaps we look about us; are affrighted at the wild and uncertain proſpect before us; and after a few ſtruggles and heart-aches, reject the untried new; draw in our horns, and reſolve to *ſnail*-on, as we did before, in a track we are acquainted with.

I ſhall be impatient till I have your next. I am, my deareſt friend, *your ever affectionate and faithful* A. HOWE.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17.

I Cannot conceal from you any thing that relates to yourſelf ſo much as the incloſed does. You will ſee what the noble writer apprehends from you, and wiſhes of you, with regard to Miſs Harlowe, and how much at heart all your relations have it that you do honourably by her. They compliment me with an influence over you, which I wiſh with all my ſoul you would let me have in this article.

Let me once more entreat thee, Lovelace, to reflect, before it be too late, (before the mortal offence be given) upon the graces and merits of this lady. Let thy frequent remorſes at laſt end in one effectual remorſe. Let not pride and wantonneſs of heart ruin thy fairer proſpects. By my faith, Lovelace, there is nothing but vanity, conceit, and nonſenſe, in our wild ſchemes. As we grow older, we ſhall be wiſer, and looking back upon our fooliſh notions of the preſent hour, (our youth diſſipated) ſhall certainly deſpiſe ourſelves when we think of the honourable engagements we might have made: thou, more eſpecially, if thou letteſt ſuch a matchleſs creature ſlide through thy fingers. A creature pure from her cradle. In all her actions and ſentiments uniformly noble. Strict in the performance of all her even *unrewarded* duties to the moſt *unreaſonable of fathers*, what a *wife* will ſhe make the man who ſhall have the honour to call her his!

What apprehenſions wouldſt thou have had reaſon for, had ſhe been prevailed upon by giddy or frail motives, for which one man, by importunity, might prevail, as well as another?

We all know what an inventive genius thou art maſter of: we are all ſenſible, that thou haſt *a head to contrive, and a heart to execute*. Have I not called thine *the plotting'ſt heart in the univerſe?* I called it ſo upon knowledge. What wouldſt thou *more?* Why ſhould it be the moſt *villainous*, as well as the moſt *able?*—Marry the lady; and *when* married let her know what a number of contrivances thou hadſt in readineſs to play off. Beg of her not to hate thee for the communication; and aſſure her that thou gaveſt them up from remorſe, and in juſtice to extraordinary merit; and let her have the opportunity of congratulating herſelf for ſubduing a heart ſo capable of what thou calleſt *glorious miſchief*. This will give *her* room for triumph; and even *thee* no leſs: ſhe, for *hers* over *thee*; thou, for *thine* over *thyſelf*.

Reflect likewiſe upon her ſufferings for thee. Actually at the time thou art forming ſchemes to ruin her, (at leaſt in *her* ſenſe of the word) is ſhe not labouring under a father's curſe laid upon her by thy means, and for thy ſake? And wouldſt thou give operation and completion to that curſe, which otherwiſe cannot have effect?

And what, Lovelace, all the time is thy pride?—Thou that vainly imagineſt, that the whole family of the Harlowes, and that of the Howes too, are but thy machines, unknown to themſelves, to bring about thy purpoſes, and thy revenge, why art thou more, or better, than the inſtrument even of her implacable brother, and envious ſiſter, to perpetuate the diſgrace of the moſt excellent of ſiſters, to which they are moved by vilely low and ſordid motives?—Canſt thou bear, Lovelace, to be thought the machine of thy inveterate enemy James Harlowe?—Nay, art not thou the cully of that ſtill viler Joſeph Leman, who:

who ſerves himſelf as much by thy money, as he does thee by the double part he acts by thy direction!—And further ſtill, art not thou the devil's agent, who only can, and who certainly will, ſuitably reward thee, if thou proceedeſt, and if thou effecteſt thy wicked purpoſe?

Could any man but thee put together upon paper the following queſtions with ſo much unconcern as thou ſeemeſt to have written them?—Give them a reperuſal, O heart of adamant! 'Whither 'can ſhe fly to avoid me? Her parents 'will not receive her: her beloved Nor-'ton is in their direction, and cannot: 'Miſs Howe dare not. She has not one 'friend in town but ME: is entirely a 'ſtranger to the town.'—What muſt that heart be that can triumph in a diſtreſs ſo deep, into which ſhe has been plunged by thy elaborate arts and contrivances? And what a ſweet, yet ſad reflection was that, which had like to have had it's due effect upon thee, ariſing from thy naming Lord M. for her nuptial father? Her tender years inclining her to *wiſh* a father, and to *hope* a friend.—O my dear Lovelace, canſt thou reſolve to be, inſtead of the father thou haſt robbed her of, a devil?

Thou knoweſt, that I have no intereſt, that I can have no view, in wiſhing thee to do juſtice to this admirable creature. For thy own ſake, once more I conjure thee, for thy family's ſake, and for the ſake of our *common humanity*, let me beſeech thee to be juſt to Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.

No matter whether theſe expoſtulations are in character from me, or not. I *have* been and *am* bad enough. If thou takeſt my advice, which is (as the incloſed will ſhew thee) the advice of all thy family, thou wilt perhaps have it to reproach me, (and but perhaps neither) that thou art not a worſe man than myſelf. But if thou doſt *not*, and if thou ruineſt ſuch a virtue, all the complicated wickedneſs of ten devils, let looſe among the innocent with full power over them, will not do ſo much vile and baſe miſchief as thou wilt be guilty of.

It is ſaid, that the prince on his throne is not ſafe, if a mind ſo deſperate can be found, as values not it's *own* life. So may it be ſaid, that the moſt immaculate virtue is not ſafe, if a man can be met with, who has no regard to his own honour, and makes a jeſt of the moſt ſolemn vows and proteſtations.

Thou mayeſt by trick, chicane, and falſe colours, thou who art worſe than a pickeroon in love, overcome a poor lady ſo entangled as thou haſt entangled her; ſo unprotected as thou haſt made her: but conſider, how much more generous and juſt to her, and noble to thyſelf, it is, to overcome *thyſelf*.

Once more, it is no matter, whether my paſt or future actions countenance my preachment, as perhaps thou'lt call what I have written: but this I promiſe thee, that whenever I meet with a woman of but one half of Miſs Harlowe's perfections, who will favour me with her acceptance, I will take the advice I give, and marry. Nor will I offer to try her honour at the hazard of my own. In other words, I will not degrade an excellent creature in *her own eyes*, by trials, when I have no cauſe for ſuſpicion. And let me add, with reſpect to thy *eagleſhip's* manifeſtation, of which thou boaſteſt, in thy attempts upon the innocent and uncorrupted, rather than upon thoſe whom thou humorouſly compareſt to wrens, wagtails, and phyl-rits, as thou calleſt them, that I hope I have it not once to reproach myſelf, that I ruined the morals of any one creature, who otherwiſe would have been uncorrupted. Guilt enough in contributing to the *continued* guilt of other poor wretches, if I am one of thoſe who take care ſhe ſhall never *riſe again*, when ſhe has *once fallen*.

Whatever the capital devil, under whoſe banner thou haſt liſted, will let thee do, with regard to this incomparable woman, I hope thou wilt act with honour in relation to the incloſed, between Lord M. and me; ſince his lordſhip, as thou wilt ſee, deſires, that thou mayeſt not know he wrote on the ſubject; for reaſons, I think, very far from being creditable to thyſelf: and that thou will take as meant, the honeſt zeal for thy ſervice, of *thy real friend*,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXIV.

LORD M. TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

M. HALL, MONDAY, MAY 15.

SIR,

IF any man in the world has power over my nephew, it is you. I therefore write this, to beg you to interfere in the affair depending between him and the moſt accompliſhed of women, as every-one ſays; and *what every-one ſays, muſt be true*.

I don't know that he has any bad deſigns upon her; but I know his temper

ſhe well, not to be apprehenſive upon ſuch long delays: and the ladies here have been for ſome time in fear for her. Lady Sarah in particular, who (as you muſt know) is a wiſe woman, ſays, that theſe delays, in the preſent caſe, muſt be from him, rather than from the lady.

He had always indeed a ſtrong antipathy to marriage, and may think of playing his dog's tricks by her, as he has by ſo many others. If there's any danger of this, 'tis beſt to prevent it in time: for *when a thing is done, advice comes too late.*

He has always had the folly and impertinence to make a jeſt of me for uſing proverbs: but as they are the wiſdom of whole nations and ages collected into a ſmall compaſs, I am not to be ſhamed out of ſentences that often contain more wiſdom in them, than the tedious harangues of moſt of our parſons and moraliſts. Let him laugh at them, if he pleaſes: you and I know better things, Mr. Belford—*Though you have kept company with a wolf, you have not learnt to howl of him.*

But nevertheleſs, you muſt not let him know that I have written to you on this ſubject. I am aſhamed to ſay it; but he has ever treated me as if I were a man of very common underſtanding; and would, perhaps, think never the better of the beſt advice in the world, for coming from me. *Thoſe*, Mr. Belford, *who moſt love, are leaſt ſet by.—But who would expect velvet to be made out of a ſow's ear?*

I am ſure he has no reaſon however to ſlight me as he does. He may and will be the better for me, if he outlives me; though he once told me to my face, That I might do as I would with my eſtate; for that he, for his part, *loved his liberty as much as he deſpiſed money.* And at another time, twitting me with my phraſes, *That the man was above controul, who wanted not either to borrow or flatter.* He thought, I ſuppoſe, that *I could not cover him with my wings, without pecking at him with my bill*; though I never nted to be pecking at him, without very great occaſion: and God knows, he might have my very heart, if he would but endeavour to oblige me, by ſtudying his own good; for that is all I deſire of him. Indeed, it was his poor mother that firſt ſpoiled him; and I have been but too indulgent to him ſince. A fine grateful diſpoſition, you'll ſay, to *return evil for good!* But that was always his way. It is a good ſaying, and which was verified by him with a witneſs—*Children when little, make their parents fools; when great, mad.* Had his parents lived to ſee what I have ſeen of him, they would have been mad indeed.

This match, however, as the lady has ſuch an extraordinary ſhare of wiſdom and goodneſs, might ſet all to rights; and if you can forward it, I would enable him to make whatever ſettlements he could wiſh; and ſhould not be unwilling to put him in poſſeſſion of another pretty eſtate beſides. I am no covetous man, he knows. And indeed, what is a covetous man to be likened to ſo fitly, as *to a dog in a wheel which roaſts meat for others?* And what do I live for, (as I have often ſaid) but to ſee him and my two nieces well married and ſettled? May Heaven *ſettle him down to a better mind*, and turn his heart to more of goodneſs and conſideration!

If the delays are on his ſide, I tremble for the lady; and, if on hers, (as he tells my niece Charlotte) I could wiſh ſhe were apprized that *delays are dangerous.* Excellent as ſhe is, ſhe ought not to depend on her merits with ſuch a changeable fellow, and ſuch a profeſt marriage-hater, as he has been. *Deſert and reward*, I can aſſure her, *ſeldom keep company together.*

But let him remember, that *vengeance, though it comes with leaden feet, ſtrikes with iron hands.* If he behaves ill in this caſe, he may find it ſo. What a pity it is, that a man of his talents and learning ſhould be ſo vile a rake! Alas! alas! *Une poignee de bonne vie vaut mieux que plein muy de clerge*; a handful of good life is better than a whole buſhel of learning.

You may throw it in, too, as a friend, that ſhould he provoke me, it may not be too late for me to marry. My old friend Wycherly did ſo, when he was older than I am, on purpoſe to plague *his* nephew: and in ſpite of this gout, I might have a child or two ſtill. I have not been without ſome thoughts that way, when he has angered me more than ordinary. But theſe thoughts have gone off hitherto, upon my conſidering, that *the children of very young and very old men* (though I am not ſo very old neither) *laſt not long*; and that *old men, when they marry young women*, are ſaid to *make much of death.* Yet who knows but that matrimony might be good againſt the gouty humours I am troubled with?

No man is every-thing—You, Mr. Belford, are a learned man. I am a peer. And do you (as you beſt know how) inculcate upon him the force of theſe wiſe ſayings which follow, as well as thoſe which went before; but yet ſo

dif-

diſcreetly, as that he may not know, that you *borrow your darts from my quiver.* Theſe be they—*Happy is the man who knows his follies in his youth. He that lives well, lives long.* Again, *He that lives ill one year, will ſorrow for it ſeven.* And again, as the Spaniards have it—*Who lives well, ſees afar off!* Far off indeed; for he ſees into eternity, as a man may ſay. Then that other fine ſaying, *He who periſhes in needleſs dangers, is the devil's martyr.* Another proverb I picked up at Madrid, when I accompanied Lord Lexington on his embaſſy to Spain, which might teach our nephew more mercy and compaſſion than is in his nature I doubt to ſhew; which is this, *That he who pities another, remembers himſelf.* And this that is going to follow, I am ſure he has proved the truth of a hundred times, *That he who does what he will, ſeldom does what he ought.* Nor is that unworthy of his notice, *Young men's frolicks, old men feel.* My deviliſh gout, God help me—But I will not ſay what I was going to ſay.

I remember, that you yourſelf, complimenting me for my taſte in pithy and wiſe ſentences, ſaid a thing that gave me a high opinion of you; and it was this: '*Men of talents*, ſaid you, '*are ſooner to be* '*convinced by ſhort ſentences than by long* '*preachments, becauſe the ſhort ſentences drive* '*themſelves into the heart, and ſtay there,* '*while long diſcourſes, though ever ſo good,* '*tire the attention*; *and one good thing* '*drives out another, and ſo on, till all is for-*'*gotten.*'

May your good counſel, Mr. Belford, founded upon theſe hints which I have given, pierce his heart, and incite him to do what will be ſo happy for himſelf, and ſo neceſſary for the honour of that admirable lady whom I long to ſee his wife; and, if I may, I will not think of one for myſelf.

Should he abuſe the confidence ſhe has placed in him, I myſelf ſhall pray, that vengeance may fall upon his head—'*Raro*'—I quite forget all my Latin; but I think it is '*Raro antecedentem ſceleſtum* '*deſeruit pede pœna claudo:* Where vice '*goes before, vengeance (ſooner or later)* '*will follow.*' But why do I tranſlate '*theſe things for you?*'

I ſhall make no apologies for this trouble. I know how well you love him and me; and there is nothing in which you could ſerve us more importantly, than in forwarding this match to the utmoſt of your power. When it is done, how ſhall I rejoice to ſee you at M. Hall! Mean time, I ſhall long to hear that you are likely to be ſucceſsful with him; and am, *dear Sir, your moſt faithful friend and ſervant.*

Mr. Lovelace having not returned an anſwer to Mr. Belford's expoſtulatory letter ſo ſoon as Mr. Belford expected, he wrote to him, expreſſing his apprehenſion, that he had diſobliged him by his honeſt freedom. Among other things, he ſays—

'I PASS my time here at Watford, at-'tending my dying uncle, very heavily. 'I cannot therefore, by any means, diſ-'penſe with thy correſpondence. And 'why ſhouldſt thou puniſh me, for hav-'ing more conſcience and more remorſe 'than thyſelf? Thou who never thought-'eſt either conſcience or remorſe an ho-'nour to thee. And I have, beſides, a 'melancholy ſtory to tell thee, in rela-'tion to Belton and his Thomaline; and 'which may afford a leſſon to all the 'keeping claſs.

'I have a letter from each of our 'three companions in the time. They 'have all the wickedneſs that th u haſt, 'but not the wit. Some new rogueries 'do two of them boaſt of, which, I think, 'if completed, deſerve the gallows.

'I am far from hating intrigue upon 'principle. But to have aukward fel-'lows plot, and commit their plots to 'paper, deſtitute of the ſeaſonings, of the '*acumen*, which is thy talent, how ex-'tremely ſhocking muſt their letters be! '—But do thou, Lovelace, whether thou 'art, or art not, determined upon thy 'meaſures with regard to the fine lady 'in thy power, enliven my heavy heart 'by thy communications; and thou wilt 'oblige *thy melancholy friend,*

'J. BELFORD.'

LETTER XXV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY NIGHT, MAY 19.

WHEN I have opened my views to thee ſo amply as I have done in my former letters; and have told thee, that my principal deſign is but to bring virtue to a trial, that, *if* virtue, it need not be afraid of; and that the reward of it will be marriage; (that is to ſay, if, after I have carried my point, I cannot prevail upon her to live with me the life of honour; for that thou knoweſt is the wiſh of my heart) I am amazed at the repetition of thy wambling nonſenſe.

I am of opinion with thee, that ſome time hence, when I am *grown wiſer*, I ſhall conclude, *that there is nothing but*

wonder, conceit, and nonsense in my present self-sufficiency. But what is this saying, but that I must be *first* wiser?

I do not intend *to let the matchless creature slide through my fingers.*

Art thou able to say half the things in her praise, that I have said, and am continually saying or writing?

Her gloomy father cursed the sweet creature, because he put it out of his wicked power to compel her to have the man she hated. Thou knowest how little merit she has with me on this score. And shall I not *try* the virtue I intend, upon full proof, to re-*ward*, because her father is a tyrant?—Why art thou thus eternally reflecting upon so excellent a woman, as if thou wert assured she would *fail in the trial?*—Nay, thou declarest, every time thou writest on the subject, that she *will*, and she *must* yield, *entangled as she is:* and yet makest her virtue the pretence of thy solicitude for her.

An instrument of the vile James Harlowe, dost thou call me?—O Jack! how could I curse thee!—*I* an *instrument* of that brother! of that sister! But mark the end—And thou shalt see what will become of that brother and that sister.

Play not against me my own acknowledged sensibilities, I desire thee. Sensibilities, which at the same time that they contradict the charge of an *adamantine heart* in thy friend, thou hadst known nothing of, had I not communicated them to thee.

If I ruin such a virtue, sayest thou!—Eternal monotonist!—Again; '*The most* '*immaculate virtue may be ruined by men who* '*have no regard to their honour, and who* '*make a jest of the most solemn oaths*, &c.' What must be the virtue that will be ruined *without oaths?* Is not the world full of these deceptions? And are not *lovers oaths* a jest of hundreds of years standing? And are not cautions against the perfidy of our sex, a necessary part of the female education?

I do intend to endeavour to overcome *myself*; but I must first try, if I cannot overcome *this lady*. Have I not said, that the honour of her sex is concerned that I should *try?*

Whenever thou meetest with a woman of but half her perfections, thou wilt marry—Do, Jack.

Can a girl be *degraded by trials*, who is not *overcome?*

I am glad that thou takest crime to thyself, for not endeavouring to convert the poor wretches whom *others* have ruined. I will not recriminate upon thee. Belford, as I might, when thou flatterest thyself, that thou never ruinedst the morals of any young creature, who otherwise would not have been corrupted—The palliating consolation of an Hottentot heart, determined rather to gluttonize on the garbage of other foul feeders than to reform.—But tell me, Jack, wouldst thou have spared such a girl as my rosebud, had I not, by my example, engaged thy generosity? Nor was my rosebud the only girl I spared. —When my power was acknowledged, who more merciful than thy friend?

It is *resistance* that inflames desire,
Sharpens the darts of love, and blow it's fire.
Love is disarm'd that meets with too much ease;
He languishes, and does not care to please.

The women know this as well as the men. They love to be addressed with spirit;

And therefore 'tis their golden fruit they guard
With so much care, to make possession hard.

Whence, for a by-reflection, the ardent, the complaisant gallant is so often preferred to the cold, the unadoring husband. And yet the sex do not consider, that variety and novelty give the ardour and the obsequiousness; and that, were the rake as much used to them as the husband is, he would be [and is to *his own wife*, if married] *as* indifferent to their favours, as their husbands are; and the husband, in his turn, would, to another woman, be the rake. Let the women, upon the whole, take this lesson from a Lovelace—Always to endeavour to make themselves as new to a husband, and to appear as elegant and as obliging to him, as they are desirous to appear to a *lover*, and actually were to *him*, as *such*; and then the *rake*, which all women love, will last longer in the *husband*, than it generally does.

But to return:—If I have not sufficiently cleared my conduct to thee in the above; I refer thee once more to mine of the 13th of last month. And pr'ythee, Jack, lay me not under a necessity to repeat the same things so often. I hope thou readest what I write *more than once*.

I am not displeased that thou art so apprehensive of my resentment, that I cannot miss a day without making thee uneasy. Thy conscience, 'tis plain, tells thee, that thou hast deserved my displeasure: and if it has convinced thee of *that*, it will make thee afraid of repeating thy fault. See that this be the consequence. Else, now that thou hast told me how I can punish thee, it is very likely that I do punish thee by my silence, although

although I have as much pleaſure in writing on this charming ſubject, as thou canſt have in reading what I write.

When a boy, if a dog ran away from me through fear, I generally looked about for a ſtone, or a ſtick; and if neither offered to my hand, I ſkimmed my hat after him, to make him afraid for ſomething. What ſignifies power, if we do not exert it?

Let my lord know, that thou *haſt* ſcribbled to me. But give him not the contents of thy epiſtle. Though a parcel of crude ſtuff, *he* would think there was ſomething in it. Poor arguments will do, when brought in favour of what we like. But the ſtupid peer little thinks that this lady is a rebel to love. On the contrary, not only he but all the world, believe her to be a volunteer in his ſervice.—So I ſhall incur blame, and ſhe will be pitied, if any thing happen amiſs.

Since my lord's heart is ſo ſet upon this match, I have written already to let him know, That my unhappy character has given my beloved an ungenerous diffidence of me. That ſhe is ſo mother-ſick and father-fond, that ſhe had rather return to Harlowe Place, than marry. That ſhe is even apprehenſive that the ſtep ſhe has taken of going off with me, will make the ladies of a family of ſuch rank and honour as ours, think ſlightly of her. That, therefore, I deſire his lordſhip (though this hint, I tell him, muſt be very delicately touched) to write me ſuch a letter as I can ſhew her. (Let him treat me in it ever ſo freely, I ſhall not take it amiſs, I tell him, becauſe I know his lordſhip takes pleaſure in writing to me in a corrective ſtile.) That he may make what offers he pleaſes on the marriage. That I deſire his preſence at the ceremony; that I might take from his hands the greateſt bleſſing that mortal man can give me.

I have not abſolutely told the lady that I would write to his lordſhip to this effect; yet have given her reaſon to think I will. So that without the laſt neceſſity I ſhall not produce the anſwer I expect from him: for I am very loth, I own, to make uſe of any of my family's names for the furthering of my deſigns. And yet I muſt make all ſecure, before I pull off my maſk. *Was not this my motive for bringing her hither?*

Thus, thou ſeeſt, that the old peer's letter came very ſeaſonably. I thank thee for it. But as to the ſentences, they cannot poſſibly do me good. I was early ſuffocated with his *wiſdom of nations*. When a boy I never aſked any thing of him, but out flew a *proverb*; and if the tendency of that was to deny me, I never could obtain the leaſt favour. This gave me ſo great an averſion to the very word, that when a child, I made it a condition with my tutor, who was an honeſt parſon, that I would not read my Bible at all, if he would not excuſe me one of the wiſeſt books in it: to which, however, I had no other objection, than that it was called *The Proverbs*. And as for Solomon, he was then a hated character with me, not becauſe of his polygamy, but becauſe I had conceived him to be ſuch another muſty old fellow as my uncle.

Well, but let us leave old ſaws to old men.—What ſignifies thy tedious whining over thy departing relation? Is it not generally agreed, that he cannot recover? Will it not be kind in thee to put him out of his miſery? I hear that he is peſtered ſtill with viſits from doctors and apothecaries, and ſurgeons; that they cannot cut ſo deep as the mortification has gone; and that in every viſit, in every ſcarification, inevitable death is pronounced upon him. Why then do they keep tormenting him? Is it not to take away more of his living fleece than of his dead fleſh?—When a man is given over, the fee ſhould ſurely be refuſed. Are they not now robbing his heirs?—What haſt thou to do, if the will be as thou'dſt have it?—He ſent for thee [Did he not?] to cloſe his eyes. He is but an *uncle*, is he?

Let me ſee, if I miſtake not, it is in the Bible, or ſome other good book: can it be in Herodotus?—O I believe it is in Joſephus; a half-ſacred, and half-profane author. He tells us of a king Syria, put out of his pain by his prime-miniſter, or one who deſerved to be ſo for his contrivance. The ſtory ſays, if I am right, that he ſpread a wet cloth over his face, which killing him, he reigned in his place. A notable fellow! Perhaps this wet cloth in the original, is what we now call *Laudanum*; a portion that overſpreads the faculties, as the wet cloth did the face of the royal patient; and the tranſlator knew not how to render it.

But how like a forlorn varlet thou ſubſcribeſt, *Thy melancholy friend*, 'J. BELFORD!'—Melancholy! for what? To ſtand by and ſee fair play between an old man and death? I thought thou hadſt been more of a man; thou that art not afraid of an *acute* death, a ſword's point, to

to be ſo plagully hyp'd at the conſequences of a *chronical* one!—What though the ſcarificators work upon him day by day? It is only upon a *caput mortuum:* and pr'ythee *go to*, to uſe the *ſtylum veterum*, and learn of the *royal butchers*; who for ſport (an hundred times worſe than thy Lovelace) widow ten thouſand at a bruſh, and make twice as many fatherleſs—Learn of *them*, I ſay, how to ſupport a *ſingle* death.

But art thou ſure, Jack, it is a mortification?—My uncle once gave promiſes of ſuch a root-and-branch diſtemper: but alas! it turned to a ſmart gout-fit; and *I had* the mortification inſtead of *him*—I have heard that bark in proper doſes will arreſt a mortification in it's progreſs, and at laſt cure it. Let thy uncle's ſurgeon know, that it is worth more than his ears, if he preſcribe one grain of the bark.

I wiſh *my* uncle had given me the opportunity of ſetting thee a better example: thou ſhouldſt have ſeen what a brave fellow I had been. And had I had occaſion to write, my concluſion would have been this: 'I hope the old Trojan's 'happy. In that hope, I am ſo; and 'thy *rejoicing friend*, R. LOVELACE.'

Dwell not always, Jack, upon one ſubject. Let me hear poor Belton's ſtory. The ſooner the better. If I can be of ſervice to him, tell him he may command me either in purſe or perſon. Yet the former with a freer will than the latter; for how can I leave my goddeſs? But I'll iſſue my commands to my other vaſſals to attend thy ſummons.

If ye want *head*, let *me* know. If not, my quota, on this occaſion, is *money*.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SATURDAY, MAY 20.

NOT one word will I reply to ſuch an abandoned wretch as thou haſt ſhewn thyſelf to be in thine of laſt night. I will leave the lady to the protection of that Power who only can work miracles; and to her own merits. Still I have hopes that theſe will ſave her.

I will proceed, as thou deſireſt, to poor Belton's caſe; and the rather as it has thrown me into ſuch a train of thinking upon our paſt lives, our preſent courſes, and our future views, as may be of ſervice to both, if I can give due weight to the reflections that ariſe from it.

The poor man made me a viſit on *Thurſday*, in this my melancholy attendance. He began with complaints of his ill health and ſpirits, his hectick cough, and his increaſed malady of ſpitting of blood; and then led to his ſtory.

A confounded one it is; and which highly aggravates his other maladies: for it has come out, that his Thomaſine (who, truly, would be new-chriſtened, you know, that her name might be nearer in ſound to the chriſtian name of the man whom ſhe pretended to doat upon) has for many years carried on an intrigue with a fellow who had been hoſtler to her father, (an innkeeper at Darking;) of whom, at the expence of poor Belton, ſhe has made a gentleman; and managed it ſo, that having the art to make herſelf his caſhier, ſhe has been unable to account for large ſums, which he thought forthcoming at demand, and had truſted to her cuſtody, in order to pay off a mortgage upon his paternal eſtate in Kent, which his heart had run upon leaving clear, but which cannot now be done, and will ſoon be foreclоſed. And yet ſhe has ſo long paſſed for his wife, that he knows not what to reſolve upon about her; nor about the two boys he was ſo fond of, ſuppoſing them to be his; whereas now he begins to doubt his ſhare in them.

So KEEPING don't do, Lovelace. 'Tis *not* the eligible life.—'A man may *keep a woman*,' ſaid the poor fellow to me, 'but 'not *his eſtate!*—Two intereſts!—Then, 'my tottering fabrick!' pointing to his emaciated carcaſe.

We do well to value ourſelves upon our *liberty*, or, to ſpeak more properly, upon the liberties we take! We had need to run down matrimony as we do, and to make that ſtate the ſubject of our frothy jeſts, when we frequently render ourſelves (for this of Tom's is not a ſingular caſe) the dupes and tools of women who generally govern us (by arts our wiſe heads penetrate not) more abſolutely than a wife would attempt to do.

Let us conſider this point a little; and that upon our own *principles*, as *libertines*, ſetting aſide what is exacted from us by the *laws of our country*, and it's *cuſtoms*; which, nevertheleſs, we cannot get over, till we have got over almoſt all moral obligations, as members of ſociety.

In the firſt place, let us conſider (we, who are in poſſeſſion of eſtates by *legal deſcent*) how we ſhould have liked to have been ſuch naked deſtitute varlets, as we muſt

muſt have been, had *our* fathers been as wiſe as ourſelves; and deſpiſed matrimony as we do—And then let us aſk ourſelves, If we ought not to have the ſame regard for *our* poſterity, as we are glad our fathers had for *theirs*?

But this, perhaps, is too *moral* a conſideration.—To proceed, therefore, to thoſe conſiderations which will be more ſtriking to *us*: How can we reaſonably expect œconomy or frugality (or anything indeed but riot and waſte) from creatures who have an *intereſt*, and muſt therefore have *views*, different from our own?

They know the uncertain tenure (our fickle humours) by which they hold: and is it to be wondered at, ſuppoſing them to be provident harlots, that they ſhould endeavour, if they have the *power*, *to lay up againſt a rainy day*? Or, if they have *not* the power, that they ſhould ſquander all they can come at, when they are ſure of *nothing but the preſent hour*; and when the life they live, and the ſacrifices they have made, put conſcience and honour out of the queſtion?

Whereas a *wife*, having the ſame family intereſt with her huſband, lies not under either the ſame *apprehenſions* or *temptations*; and has not broken through (of *neceſſity*, at leaſt, has not) *thoſe* reſtraints which education has faſtened upon her: and if ſhe make a private purſe, which we are told by anti-matrimonialiſts, all wives love to do, and has children, it goes all into the ſame family at the long-run.

Then, as to the great article of fidelity to your bed, are not women of family, who are well-educated, under greater reſtraints, than creatures, who, if they ever *had* reputation, ſacrifice it to ſordid intereſt, or to more ſordid appetite, the moment they give up to you? Does not the example you furniſh, of having ſucceeded with her, give encouragement for *others* to attempt her likewiſe? For, with all her blandiſhments, can any man be ſo credulous, or ſo vain, as to believe, that the woman *he* could perſuade, *another* may not prevail upon?

Adultery is ſo capital a guilt, that even rakes and libertines, if not wholly abandoned, and, as I may ſay, *invited* by a woman's levity, diſavow and condemn it: but here, in a ſtate of KEEPING, a woman is in no danger of incurring (*legally*, at leaſt) that guilt; and you yourſelf have broken through and overthrown in her all the fences and boundaries of moral honeſty, and the modeſty and reſerves of her ſex: and what tie ſhall hold her againſt inclination, or intereſt? And what ſhall deter an attempter?

While a huſband has this ſecurity from *legal* ſanctions, that if his wife be detected in a criminal converſation with a man of fortune, (the *moſt* likely by bribes to ſeduce her) he may recover very great damages, and procure a divorce beſides: which, to ſay nothing of the ignominy, is a conſideration that muſt have ſome force upon *both* parties. And a wife muſt be vicious indeed, and a reflection upon a man's own choice, who, for the ſake of change, and where there are no qualities to ſeduce, nor affluence to corrupt, will run ſo many hazards to injure her huſband in the tendereſt of all points.

But there are difficulties in procuring a divorce, [And ſo there ought]—And 'none,' ſays the rake, 'in parting with a 'miſtreſs whenever you ſuſpect her; or 'whenever you are weary of her, and 'have a mind to change her for another.'

But muſt not the man be a brute indeed, who can caſt off a woman whom he has ſeduced, [if he take her from the town, that's another thing] without ſome flagrant reaſon; ſomething that will better juſtify him to *himſelf*, as well as to *her*, and to the *world*, than mere *power* and *novelty*?

But I don't ſee, if we judge by *fact*, and by the *practice* of all we have been acquainted with of the *keeping-claſs*, that we know how to part with them when we have them.

That we know we *can* if we *will*, is all we have for it: and this leads us to hear many things from a *miſtreſs*, which we would not from a *wife*. But, if we are good-natured and humane: if the woman has *art*, [And what woman *wants* it, who has fallen by *art*? and to whoſe precarious ſituation *art* is ſo neceſſary?] if you have given her the credit of being called by your name: if you have a ſettled place of abode, and have received and paid viſits in her company, as your wife: if ſhe has brought you children—You will allow, that theſe are ſtrong obligations upon you, in the world's eye, as well as to your own heart, againſt tearing yourſelf from ſuch cloſe connexions. She will ſtick to you as your ſkin: and it will be next to flaying yourſelf to caſt her off.

Even if there be *cauſe* for it, by infidelity, ſhe will have managed ill, if ſhe have not her defenders. Nor did I ever know a cauſe or a perſon ſo *bad*, as to want advocates, either from ill-will to the

the one, or pity to the other: and you will then be thought a hard-hearted miſcreant: and even were ſhe to go off without credit to *herſelf*, ſhe will leave you as little; eſpecially with all thoſe whoſe good opinion a man would wiſh to cultivate.

Well, then, ſhall this poor privilege, that we may part with a woman if we *will*, be deemed a balance for the other inconveniences? Shall it be thought by us, who are men of family and fortune, an equivalent for giving up *equality of degree*; and taking for the partner of our bed, and very probably more than the partner in our eſtates, (to the breach of all family-rule and order) a low-born, a low-educated creature, who has not brought any-thing into the common ſtock; and can poſſibly make no returns for the ſolid benefits ſhe receives, but thoſe libidinous ones, which a man cannot boaſt of, but to *his* diſgrace, nor think of, but to the ſhame of *both*?

Moreover, as the man advances in years, the fury of his libertiniſm will go off. He will have different aims and purſuits, which will diminiſh his appetite to ranging, and make ſuch a regular life as the matrimonial and family-life, palatable to him, and every day more palatable.

If he has children, and has reaſon to think them *his*, and if his lewd courſes have left him *any* eſtate, he will have cauſe to regret the *reſtraint* his boaſted *liberty* has laid him under, and the valuable *privilege* it has deprived him of; when he finds, that it muſt deſcend to ſome relation, for whom, whether near or diſtant, he cares not one farthing; and who perhaps (if a man of virtue) has held him in the utmoſt contempt for his diſſolute life.

And were we to ſuppoſe his eſtate in his power to bequeath as he pleaſes; why ſhould a man reſolve, for the gratifying of his foolith humour only, to baſtardize his race? Why ſhould he wiſh to expoſe his children to the ſcorn and inſults of the reſt of the world? Why ſhould he, whether they are ſons or daughters, lay them under the neceſſity of complying with propoſals of marriage, either *inferior as to fortune*, or *unequal as to age*? Why ſhould he deprive the children he loves, who themſelves may be guilty of no fault, of the reſpect they would wiſh to have, and to deſerve; and of the opportunity of aſſociating themſelves with *proper*, that is to ſay, with *reputable* company? And why ſhould he make them think themſelves under obligation to every perſon of character, who will vouchſafe to viſit them? What little reaſon, in a word, would ſuch children have to bleſs their father's obſtinate defiance of the laws and cuſtoms of his country; and for giving them a mother, of whom they could not think with honour; to whoſe *crime* it was, that they owed their very beings, and whoſe example it was their duty to ſhun?

If the education and morals of theſe children are left to chance, as too generally they are, (for the man who has humanity and a feeling heart, and who is capable of fondneſs for his offſpring, I take it for granted, will marry;) the caſe is ſtill worſe; his crime is perpetuated, as I may ſay, by his children: and the ſea, the army, perhaps the highway, for the boys; the common for the girls; too often point out the way to a worſe cataſtrophe.

What, therefore, upon the whole, do we get by treading in theſe crooked paths, but danger, diſgrace, and a too late repentance?

And after all, do we not frequently become the cullies of our own libertiniſm; ſliding into the very ſtate with thoſe half-worn-out doxies, which perhaps we might have entered into with their ladies; at leaſt with their ſuperiors both in degree and fortune? And all the time, lived handſomely like ourſelves; not ſneaking into holes and corners; and, when we crept abroad with our women, looking about us, and at every-one that paſſed us, as if we were confeſſedly accountable to the cenſures of all honeſt people.

My couſin Tony Jenyns, thou knoweſt, He had not the actively miſchievous ſpirit, that thou, Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and *myſelf*, have! but he imbibed the ſame notions we do, and carried them into practice.

How did he prate againſt wedlock! How did he ſtrut about as a *wit* and a *ſmart!* and what a *wit* and a *ſmart* did all the boys and girls of our family (myſelf among the reſt, then an urchin) think him, for the airs he gave himſelf?—Marry! No, not for the world; what man of ſenſe would bear the inſolences, the petulances, the expenſiveneſs of a wife! He could not for the heart of him think it tolerable, that a woman of *equal* rank and fortune, and, as it might happen, *ſuperior* talents to his own, ſhould look upon herſelf to have a right to ſhare the benefit of that fortune which ſhe brought him.

So,

So, after he had fluttered about the town for two or three years, in all which time he had a better opinion of himself than any-body else had, what does he do, but enter upon an affair with his fencing-master's daughter!

He succeeds; takes private lodgings for her at Hackney; visits her by stealth; both of them tender of reputations that were *extremely* tender, but which neither had quite given up; for rakes of either sex are always the last to condemn or cry down themselves: visited by nobody, nor visiting: the life of a thief, or of a man beset by creditors, afraid to look out of his own house, or to be seen abroad with her. And thus went he on for twelve years, and, though he had a good estate, hardly making both ends meet; for, though no glare, there was no œconomy; and beside, he had every year a child, and very fond of his children was he. But none of them lived above three years: and being now, on the death of the dozenth, grown as dully sober, as if he had been a real husband, his good Mrs. Thomas (for he had not permitted her to take his own name) prevailed upon him to think the loss of their children a judgment upon the parents for their wicked way of life; [A time will come, Lovelace, if we live to advanced years, in which reflection will take hold of the enfeebled mind;] and then it was not difficult for his woman to induce him, by way of compounding with Heaven, to marry her. When this was done, he had leisure to sit down, and contemplate; and to recollect the many offers of persons of family and fortune which he had declined in the prime of life: his expences *equal* at least: his reputation not only *less*, but *lost*: his enjoyments *stolen*: his partnership *unequal*, and such as he had always been ashamed of. But the woman said, That after twelve or thirteen years cohabitation, Tony did an honest thing by her. And that was all my poor cousin got by making his old mistress his new wife—Not a drum, not a trumpet, not a fife, not a tabret, nor the expectation of a new joy, to animate him on!

What Belton will do with his Thomasine I know not; nor care I to advise him: for I see the poor fellow does not like that any-body should curse her but himself. This he does very heartily. And so low is he reduced, that he blubbers over the reflection upon his past fondness for her cubs, and upon his present doubts of their being his: 'What 'a damned thing is it, Belford, if Tom 'and Hal should be the hostler dog's 'puppies, and not mine!'

Very true! and I think the strong health of the chubby-faced muscular whelps confirms the too great probability. But I say not so to him.

You, he says, are such a gay, lively mortal, that this sad tale would make no impression upon you: especially now, that your whole heart is engaged as it is. *Mowbray* would be too violent upon it: he has not, he says, a feeling heart. *Tourville* has no discretion: and, a pretty jest! although he and his Thomasine lived without reputation in the world, (people guessing that they were not married, notwithstanding she went by his name) yet he would not *too much* discredit the *cursed ingrate* neither!

Could a man act a weaker part, had he been really married; and were he sure he was going to separate from the mother of his own children?

I leave this as a lesson upon thy heart, without making any application: only with this remark, That after we libertines have indulged our licentious appetites, reflecting (in the conceit of our vain hearts) both with our lips and by our lives, upon our ancestors, and the good old ways, we find out, when we come to years of discretion, if we live till then, (what all who knew us found out before, that is to say, we find out) our own despicable folly; that those good old ways would have been best for *us*, as well as for the rest of the world; and that in every step we have deviated from them, we have only exposed our vanity, and our ignorance at the same time. J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SATURDAY, MAY 20.

I Am pleased with the sober reflection with which thou concludest thy last; and I thank thee for it. Poor Belton!—I did not think his Thomasine would have proved so very a devil. But this must everlastingly be the risque of a keeper, who takes up with a low-bred girl. This I never did. Nor had I occasion to do it. Such a one as *I*, Jack, needed only, till now, to shake the stateliest tree, and the mellowed fruit dropt into my mouth—Always of Montaigne's taste, thou knowest—Thought it a glory to subdue a girl of family.—More truly delightful to me the seduction-progress than the crowned act: for that's a vapour, a bubble!

ble! And moſt cordially do I thank thee for thy indirect hint, that I am right in my preſent purſuit.

From ſuch a woman as Miſs Harlowe, a man is ſecured from all the inconveniences thou expatiateſt upon.

Once more, therefore, do I thank thee, Belford, for thy approbation!—A man need not, as thou ſayeſt, ſneak into *holes* and *corners*, and ſhun the day, in the company of ſuch *a woman as this*. How friendly in thee, thus to abet the favourite purpoſe of my heart!—Nor can it be a diſgrace to me, to permit *ſuch a lady* to be called by my name!—Nor ſhall I be at all concerned about the *world's cenſure*, if I live to the *years of diſcretion*, which thou mentioneſt, ſhould I be taken in, and prevailed upon to tread with her the good old path of my anceſtors.

A bleſſing on thy heart, thou honeſt fellow! I *thought* thou wert in jeſt, and but acquitting thyſelf of an engagement to Lord M. when thou wert pleading for matrimony in behalf of this lady!—It could not be principle, I knew, in thee: it could not be compaſſion—A little *envy*, indeed, I ſuſpected!—But now I ſee thee once more thyſelf: and once more, ſay I, a bleſſing on thy heart, thou true friend, and very honeſt fellow!

Now will I proceed with courage in all my ſchemes, and oblige thee with the continued narrative of my progreſſions towards bringing them to effect!—But I could not forbear to interrupt my ſtory, to ſhew my gratitude.

LETTER XXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

AND now will I favour thee with a brief account of our preſent ſituation.

From the higheſt to the loweſt we are all extremely happy.—*Dorcas* ſtands well in her lady's graces. *Polly* has aſked her advice in relation to a courtſhip-affair of her own. No oracle ever gave better. *Sally* has had a quarrel with her woollen-draper; and made my charmer lady-chancellor in it. She blamed Sally for behaving tyrannically to a man who loves her. Dear creature! to ſtand againſt a glaſs, and to ſhut her eyes becauſe ſhe will not ſee her face in it!—Mrs. *Sinclair* has paid *her* court to ſo unerring a judge, by requeſting her advice with regard to both nieces.

This the way we have been in for ſeveral days with the people below. Yet *ſola* generally at her meals, and ſeldom at other times in their company. They now, uſed to her ways, [*Perſeverance muſt conquer*] never preſs her; ſo when they meet, all is civility on both ſides. Even married people, I believe, Jack, prevent abundance of quarrels, by ſeeing one another *but ſeldom*.

'But how ſtands it between thyſelf 'and the lady,' methinks thou aſkeſt, 'ſince her abrupt departure from thee, 'and undutiful repulſe of Wedneſday 'morning?'

Why, pretty well in the main. Nay, *very* well. For why? The dear ſaucy-face knows not how to help herſelf. Can fly to no other protection. And has, beſides, over-heard a converſation [Who would have thought ſhe had been ſo near?] which paſſed between Mrs. Sinclair, Miſs Martin, and myſelf, that very Wedneſday afternoon; which has ſet her heart at eaſe with reſpect to ſeveral doubtful points.

Such as, particularly, Mrs. Fretchville's unhappy ſtate of mind—Moſt humanely pitied by Miſs Martin, who knows her very well—The huſband ſhe has loſt, and herſelf, (as Sally ſays) lovers from their cradles. Pity from one begets pity from another, be the occaſion for it either ſtrong or weak; and ſo many circumſtances were given to poor Mrs. Fretchville's diſtreſs, that it was impoſſible but my beloved muſt *extremely* pity *her* whom the leſs tender-hearted Miſs Martin *greatly* pitied.

My Lord M.'s gout his only hindrance from viſiting my ſpouſe. Lady Betty and Miſs Montague ſoon expected in town.

My earneſt deſire ſignified to have my ſpouſe receive thoſe ladies in her own houſe, if Mrs. Fretchville would but know her own mind; and I pathetically lamented the delay occaſioned by her not knowing it.

My intention to ſtay at Mrs. Sinclair's, *as I ſaid I had told them before*, while my ſpouſe reſides in her own houſe, (when Mrs. Fretchville could be brought to quit it) in order to gratify her utmoſt punctilio.

My paſſion for my beloved (which, as I told them in a high and fervent accent, was the trueſt that man could have for woman) I boaſted of. It was, in ſhort, I ſaid, of the *true Platonick kind*; or I had no notion of what Platonick love was.

So it is, Jack; and muſt end as Platonick love generally does end.

Sally and Mrs. Sinclair next praiſed, *but not groſsly*, my beloved. Sally particularly

ticularly admired her purity; called it exemplary; yet (to avoid ſuſpicion) expreſſed her thoughts that ſhe was *rather over-nice*, if ſhe might preſume to ſay ſo *before me*. But nevertheleſs ſhe applauded me for the ſtrict obſervation I made of my vow.

I more freely blamed her reſerves to me; called her cruel; inveighed againſt her relations; doubted her love. Every favour I aſked of her denied me. Yet my behaviour to her as pure and delicate when alone, as when before them—Hinted at ſomething that had paſſed between us that very day, that ſhewed her indifference to me in ſo ſtrong a light, that I could not bear it. But that I would aſk her for her company to the play of *Venice Preſerved*, given out for Saturday night as a benefit-play, the prime actors to be in it; and this, to ſee if I were to be denied every favour.—Yet, for my own part, I *loved not tragedies*; though ſhe did, for the ſake of the inſtruction, the warning, and the example generally given in them.

I had too much *feeling*, I ſaid. There was enough in the world to make our hearts ſad, without carrying grief into our diverſions, and making the diſtreſſes of others our own.

True enough, Belford; and I believe, generally ſpeaking, that all the men of our caſt are of my mind—They love not any tragedies but thoſe in which they themſelves act the parts of tyrants and executioners; and afraid to truſt themſelves with ſerious and ſolemn reflections, run to comedies, in order to laugh away compunction on the diſtreſſes they have occaſioned, and to find examples of men as immoral as themſelves. For very few of our comick performances, as thou knoweſt, give us good ones.—I anſwer, however, for myſelf—Yet thou, I think, on recollection, loveſt to deal in the *lamentable*.

Sally anſwered for Polly, who was abſent; Mrs. Sinclair for herſelf, and for all her acquaintance, even for Miſs Partington, in preferring the comick to the tragick ſcenes.—And I believe they are right; for the devil's in it, if a confided-in rake does not give a girl enough of tragedy in his comedy.

I aſked Sally to oblige my fair-one with her company. She was engaged. [That was right, thou'lt ſuppoſe.] I aſked Mrs. Sinclair's leave for Polly. To be ſure, ſhe anſwered, Polly would think it an honour to attend Mrs. Lovelace; but the poor thing was tender-hearted; and as the tragedy was deep, would weep herſelf blind.

Sally, mean time, objected Singleton, that I might anſwer the objection, and ſave my beloved the trouble of making it, or debating the point with me; and on this occaſion I regretted that her brother's projects were not laid aſide; ſince, if they had been given up, I would have gone in perſon to bring up the ladies of my family to attend my ſpouſe.

I then, from a letter juſt before received from one in her father's family, warned them of a perſon who had undertaken to find us out, and whom I thus in writing [having called for pen and ink] deſcribed, that they might arm all the family againſt him—A ſun-burnt, pock-fretten ſailor, ill-looking, big-boned; his ſtature about ſix foot; an heavy eye, an over-hanging brow, a deck-treading ſtride in his walk; a couteau generally by his ſide; lips parched from his gums, as if by ſtaring at the ſun in hot climates; a brown coat; a coloured handkerchief about his neck; an oaken plant in his hand near as long as himſelf, and proportionably thick.

No queſtions aſked by this fellow muſt be anſwered. They ſhould call *me* to him. But not let my beloved know a tittle of this, ſo long as it could be helped. And I added, that if her brother or Singleton came, and if they behaved civilly, I would for *her ſake*, be civil to *them:* and in this caſe, ſhe had nothing to do, but to own her marriage, and there could be no pretence for violence on either ſide. But moſt fervently I ſwore, that if ſhe were *conveyed away*, either by *perſuaſion* or *force*, I would directly, *on miſſing her but one day*, go to demand her at Harlowe Place, whether ſhe were there or not; and if I recovered not a ſiſter. I would have a brother; and ſhould find out a captain of a ſhip as well as he.

And now, Jack, doſt thou think ſhe'll attempt to get from me, do what I will?

Mrs. Sinclair began to be afraid of miſchief in her houſe—I was apprehenſive that ſhe would over-do the matter, and be out of character. I therefore winked at her. She primmed; nodded, to ſhew ſhe took me; twanged out a high-ho through her noſe, lapped one horſe-lip over the other, and was ſilent.

Here's preparation, Belford!—Doſt think I will throw it all away for anything thou canſt ſay, or Lord M. write? —*No indeed!*—as my charmer ſays, when ſhe bridles.

And what muſt neceſſarily be the conſequence of all this with regard to my beloved's behaviour to me? Canſt thou doubt, that it was all complaiſance next time ſhe admitted me into her preſence?

Thurſday we were very happy. All the morning *extremely* happy. I kiſſed her charming hand.—I need not deſcribe to thee her hand and arm. When thou ſaweſt her, I took notice that thy eyes dwelt upon them whenever thou couldſt ſpare them from that beauty-ſpot of wonders, her face—*Fifty* times kiſſed her hand, I believe—Once her cheek, intending her lip, but ſo rapturouſly, that ſhe could not help ſeeming angry.

Had ſhe not thus kept me at arms-length; had ſhe not denied me thoſe innocent liberties which our ſex, from ſtep to ſtep, aſpire to; could I but have gained acceſs to her in her hours of heedleſſneſs and diſhabille; [For full-dreſs creates dignity, augments conſciouſneſs, and compels diſtance] we had familiarized to each other long ago. But keep her up ever ſo late; meet her ever ſo early; by breakfaſt-time ſhe is dreſſed for the day; and at her *earlieſt hour*, as nice as others dreſſed. All her forms thus kept up, wonder not that I have made ſo little progreſs in the propoſed trial.—But how muſt all this diſtance ſtimulate!

Thurſday morning, as I ſaid, we were extremely happy—About *noon*, ſhe numbered the hours ſhe had been with me; all of them to me but as one minute; and deſired to be left to herſelf. I was loth to comply: but obſerving the ſun-ſhine begin to ſhut in, I yielded.

I dined out. Returning, I talked of the houſe, and of Mrs. Fretchville—Had ſeen Mennell—Had preſſed him to get the widow to quit. She pitied Mrs. Fretchville. [Another good effect of the over-heard converſation]—Had written to Lord M. expected an anſwer ſoon from him. I was admitted to ſup with her. I urged for her approbation or correction of my written terms. She again promiſed an anſwer as ſoon as ſhe had heard from Miſs Howe.

Then I preſſed for her company to the play on Saturday night. She made objections, as I had foreſeen: her brother's projects, warmth of the weather, *&c.* But in ſuch a manner as if half-afraid to diſoblige me. [Another happy effect of the over-heard converſation.] I ſoon got over theſe therefore; and ſhe conſented to favour me.

Friday paſſed as the day before.

Here were two happy days to both. Why cannot I make every day equally happy? It looks *as if it were in my power to do ſo.* Strange, I ſhould thus delight in teazing a woman I ſo dearly love! I muſt, I doubt, have ſomething in my temper like Miſs Howe, who loves to plague the man who puts himſelf in her power.—But I could not do thus by ſuch an angel as this, did I not believe, that after her probation-time ſhall be expired; and if ſhe be not to be brought to *cohabitation*, (my darling view) I ſhall reward her as ſhe wiſhes.

Saturday is half-over. We are equally happy—Preparing for the play. Polly has offered her company, and is accepted. I have directed her where to weep: and this not only to ſhew her humanity, [A weeping eye indicates a gentle heart] but to have a pretence to hide her face with a fan or handkerchief.—Yet Polly is far from being every man's girl; and we ſhall ſit in the gallery green-box.

The woes of others, ſo well repreſented as thoſe of Belvidera particularly will be, muſt, I hope, unlock and open my charmer's heart. Whenever I have been able to prevail upon a girl to permit me to attend her to a play, I have thought myſelf ſure of her. The female heart (all gentleneſs and harmony by nature) expands, and forgets it's forms, when it's attention is carried out of itſelf at an agreeable or affecting entertainment—Muſick, and perhaps a collation afterwards, co-operating.

Indeed, I have no hope of ſuch an effect here; but I have more than one end to anſwer by getting her to a play. To name but one—Dorcas has a *maſter-key*, as I have told thee.—But it were worth while to carry her to the play of *Venice Preſerved*, were it but to ſhew her, that there have been, and may be, much deeper diſtreſſes than ſhe can poſſibly know.

Thus exceedingly happy are we at preſent. I hope we ſhall not find any of Nat. Lee's left-handed gods at work, to daſh our bowl of joy with wormwood.

R. Lovelace.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, MAY 19.

I Would not, if I could help it, be ſo continually brooding over the dark and gloomy face of my condition [All nature, you know, my dear, and every-thing in it, has a bright and gloomy ſide]

ſide] as to be thought unable to enjoy a more hopeful proſpect. And this, not only for my own ſake, but for yours, who take ſuch generous concern in all that befals me.

Let me tell you then, my dear, that I have known four-and-twenty hours together not unhappy ones, my ſituation conſidered.

[She then gives the particulars of the converſation which ſhe had over-heard between Mr. Lovelace, Mrs. Sinclair, and Miſs Martin: but accounts more minutely than he had done, for the opportunity ſhe had of over-hearing it, unknown to them.]

[She gives the reaſons ſhe has to be pleaſed with what ſhe heard from each: but is ſhocked at the meaſure he is reſolved to take, if he miſſes her but for one day. Yet is pleaſed, that he propoſes to avoid *aggreſſive* violence, if her brother and he meet in town.]

Even Dorcas, *ſays ſhe*, appears leſs exceptionable to me than before; and I cannot but pity her for her neglected education, as it is matter of ſo much regret to *herſelf:* elſe there would not be much in it; as the low and illiterate are the moſt uſeful people in the commonwealth, (ſince ſuch conſtitute the labouring part of the publick) and as a lettered education but too generally ſets people above thoſe ſervile offices, by which the buſineſs of the world is carried on. Nor have I any doubt that there are, take the world through, twenty happy people among the unlettered, to one among thoſe who have had a ſchool-education.

This, however, concludes not againſt learning or letters; ſince one would wiſh to lift to ſome little diſtinction, and more genteel uſefulneſs, thoſe who have capacity, and whoſe parentage one reſpects, or whoſe ſervices one would wiſh to reward.

Were my mind quite at eaſe, I could enlarge, perhaps not unuſefully, upon this ſubject; for I have conſidered it with as much attention as my years, and little experience and obſervation, will permit.

But the extreme illiterateneſs and indocility of this maid are ſurprizing, conſidering that ſhe wants not inquiſitiveneſs, appears willing to learn, and in other reſpects, has quick parts. This confirms to me what I have heard remarked, That there is a *docible ſeaſon*, a learning-time, as I may ſay, for every perſon, in which the mind may be led ſtep by ſtep, from the lower to the higher (year by year) to improvement. How induſtriouſly ought theſe ſeaſons, as they offer, to be taken hold of, by tutors, parents, and other friends, to whom the cultivation of the genius of children and youth is committed; ſince once elapſed, and no foundation laid, they hardly ever return!—And yet it muſt be confeſſed, that there are ſome geniuſes, which, like ſome fruits, ripen not till late. And induſtry and perſeverance will do prodigious things—But for a learner to have thoſe firſt rudiments to maſter at twenty years of age ſuppoſe, which others are taught, and they themſelves might have attained, at ten, what an up-hill labour!

Theſe kind of obſervations you have always wiſhed me to interſperſe, as they ariſe to my thoughts. But it is a ſign that my proſpects are a little mended, or I ſhould not, among ſo many more intereſting ones, that my mind has been of late filled with, have had heart's eaſe enough to make them.

Let me give you my *reflections* on my more hopeful proſpects.

I am now, in the firſt place, better able to account for the delays about the houſe, than I was before—Poor Mrs. Fretchville!—Though I know her not, I pity her!—Next, it looks well, that he had apprized the women (before this converſation with them) of his intention to ſtay in this houſe, after I was removed to the other. By the tone of his voice he ſeemed concerned for the appearance the new delay would have with me.

So handſomely did Miſs Martin expreſs herſelf of me, that I am ſorry, methinks, that I judged ſo hardly of her, when I firſt came hither—Free people may go a great way, but not all the way: and as ſuch are generally unguarded, precipitate, and thoughtleſs, the ſame quickneſs, changeableneſs, and *ſuddenneſs* of ſpirit, as I may call it, may intervene (if the heart be not corrupted) to recover them to thought and duty.

His reaſon for declining to go in perſon to bring up the ladies of his family, while my brother and Singleton continue their machinations, carries no bad face with it; and one may the rather allow for *their* expectations, that ſo proud a ſpirit as his ſhould attend them for this purpoſe, as he ſpeaks of them ſometimes as perſons of punctilio.

Other reaſons I will mention for my being eaſier in my mind than I was before

fore I over-heard this converſation.

Such as, the advice he has received in relation to Singleton's mate; which agrees but too well with what you, my dear, wrote to me in yours of May the 20th.

His not intending to acquaint *me* with it.

His cautions to the ſervants about the ſailor, if he ſhould come, and make enquiries about us.

His reſolution to avoid violence, were he to fall in either with my brother, or this Singleton; and the eaſy method he has chalked out, in this caſe, to prevent miſchief; ſince I need only *not to deny* my being his. But yet I ſhould be exceedingly unhappy in my own opinion, to be driven into ſuch a tacit acknowledgment to any new perſons, till I am ſo, although I have been led (ſo much againſt my liking) to give countenance to the belief of the perſons below that we are married.

I think myſelf obliged from what paſſed between Mr. Lovelace and me on Wedneſday, and from what I over-heard him ſay, to conſent to go with him to the play; and the rather, as he had the diſcretion to propoſe one of the nieces to accompany me.

I cannot but acknowledge that I am pleaſed to find that he has actually written to Lord M.

I have promiſed to give Mr. Lovelace an anſwer to his propoſals as ſoon as I have heard from you, my dear, on the ſubject.

I hope that in my next letter I ſhall have reaſon to confirm theſe favourable appearances. Favourable I muſt think them in the wreck I have ſuffered.

I hope that in the trial which you hint may happen between *me* and *myſelf*, (as you expreſs it) if he ſhould ſo behave, as to oblige me to leave him, I ſhall be able to act in ſuch a manner, as to bring no diſcredit upon myſelf in your eye; and that is all I now have to wiſh for. But if I value him ſo much as you are pleaſed to ſuppoſe I do, the trial which you imagine will be ſo difficult to me, will not, I conceive, be upon getting from him, when the means to effect my eſcape are lent me; but how I ſhall behave when got from him; and if, like the Iſraelites of old, I ſhall be ſo weak as to wiſh to return to my Egyptian bondage.

I think it will not be amiſs, notwithſtanding the preſent favourable appearances, that you ſhould perfect the ſcheme (whatever it be) which you tell me you have thought of, in order to procure for me an aſylum, in caſe of neceſſity. Mr. Lovelace is certainly a deep and dangerous man; and it is therefore but prudence to be watchful, and to be provided againſt the worſt. Lord bleſs me, my dear, how am I reduced!—Could I ever have thought to be in ſuch a ſituation, as to be obliged to ſtay with a man, of whoſe honour by me I could have but the *ſhadow* of a doubt!—But I will look forward, and hope the beſt.

I am certain, that your letters are ſafe.—Be perfectly eaſy, therefore, on that head.

Mr. Lovelace will never be out of my company by his good will, otherwiſe I have no doubt that I am miſtreſs of my goings-out and comings-in; and did I think it needful, and were I not afraid of my brother and Captain Singleton, I would oftener put it to trial.

LETTER XXX.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SATURDAY, MAY 20.

I Did not know, my dear, that you deferred giving an anſwer to Mr. Lovelace's propoſals, till you had my opinion of them. A particular hand occaſionally going to town, will leave this at Wilſon's, that no delay may be made on that account.

I never had any doubt of the man's juſtice and generoſity in matters of ſettlement; and all his relations are as noble in their ſpirits, as in their deſcent: but *now* it may not be amiſs for you to wait, to ſee what return my lord makes to his letter of invitation.

The ſcheme I think of is this.

There is a perſon whom I believe you have ſeen with me; her name Townſend, who is a great dealer in Indian ſilks, Bruſſels and French laces, cambricks, linen, and other valuable goods; which ſhe has a way of coming at, duty free; and has a great vend for them (and for other curioſities which ſhe imports) in the private families of the gentry around us.

She has her days of being in town, and then it is a chamber ſhe rents at an inn in Southwark, where ſhe keeps patterns of all her ſilks, and much of her portable goods, for the conveniency of her London cuſtomers. But her place of reſidence and where ſhe has her principal warehouſe, is at Deptford, for the opportunity of getting her goods on ſhore.

She was firſt brought to me by my mo-

ther,

ther, to whom she was recommended on the supposal of my speedy marriage, that I might have an opportunity to be as fine as a princess, was my mother's expression, at a moderate expence.

Now, my dear, I must own, that I do not love to encourage these contraband traders. What is it, but bidding defiance to the laws of our country, when we do; and hurting fair traders; and at the same time robbing our prince of his legal due, to the diminution of those duties which possibly must be made good by new levies upon the publick?

But however Mrs. Townsend and I, though I have not yet had dealings with her, are upon a very good foot of understanding. She is a sensible woman; she has been abroad, and often goes abroad in the way of her business; and gives very entertaining accounts of all she has seen. And having applied to me, to recommend her to you, (as it is her view to be known to young ladies who are likely to change their condition) I am sure I can engage her to give you protection at her house at Deptford; which she says is a populous village; and one of the last, I should think, in which you would be sought for. She is not much there, you will believe, by the course of her dealings; but, no doubt, must have somebody on the spot, in whom she can confide: and there perhaps you might be safe, till your cousin comes. And I should not think it amiss, that you write to him out of hand. I cannot suggest to you *what* you should write. That must be left to your own discretion. For you will be afraid, no doubt, of the consequence of a variance between the two men.

But notwithstanding all this, and were I sure of getting you safely out of his hands, I will nevertheless forgive you, were you to make all up with him, and marry to-morrow. Yet I will proceed with my projected scheme in relation to Mrs. Townsend; though I hope there will be no occasion to prosecute it, since your prospects seem to be changed, and since you have had *twenty-four not unhappy hours together*. How my indignation rises for this poor consolation in the courtship [*Courtship* must I call it?] of such a woman! Let me tell you, my dear, that were you once your own absolute and independent mistress, I should be tempted, notwithstanding all I have written, to wish you the wife of any man in the world, rather than the wife of either Lovelace or Solmes.

Mrs. Townsend, as I have recollected, has two brothers, each a master of a vessel; and who knows, as she and they have concerns together, but that, in case of need, you may have a whole ship's crew at your devotion? If Lovelace give you cause to leave him, take no thought for the people at Harlowe Place. Let *them* take care of one another. It is a care they are *used* to. The law will help to secure *them*. The wretch is no assassin, no night-murderer. He is an *open*, because a *fearless* enemy; and should he attempt any thing that would make him obnoxious to the laws of society, you might have a fair riddance of him either by flight or the gallows; no matter which.

Had you not been so minute in your account of the circumstances that attended the opportunity you had of overhearing the dialogue between Mr. Lovelace and two of the women, I should have thought the conference contrived on purpose for your ear.

I shewed Mr. Lovelace's proposals to Mr. Hickman, who had chambers once at Lincoln's Inn, being designed for the law, had his elder brother lived. He looked so wise, so proud, and so important, upon the occasion; and wanted to take so much consideration about them —Would take them home if I pleased— and weigh them well—and so-forth— and the like—and all that—that I had no patience with him, and snatched them back with anger.

O dear!—to be so angry, an't please me, for his zeal!—

Yes, zeal without knowledge, I said —like most other zeals—If there were no objections that struck him at once, there were none.

'So *hasty*, dearest madam!'

'And so *slow*, un-dearest Sir,' I could have said—'But SURELY,' said I, with a look which implied, '*Would you rebel*, '*Sir!*'

He begged my pardon—*Saw* no objection, indeed!—But might he be allowed once more—

No matter—No matter—I would have shewn them to my mother, I said, who, though of no inn of court, knew more of these things than half the lounging lubbers of them; and that at first sight—only that she would have been angry at the confession of our continued correspondence.

But, my dear, let the articles be drawn up, and engrossed; and solemnize upon them; and there's no more to be said.

Let me add, that the ſailor-fellow has been tampering with my Kitty, and offered a bribe, to find where to direct to you. Next time he comes, I will have him laid hold of; and if I can get nothing out of him, will have him drawn through one of our deepeſt fiſh-ponds. His attempt to corrupt a ſervant of mine will juſtify my orders.

I ſend this letter away directly. But will follow it by another; which ſhall have for it's ſubject only my mother, myſelf, and your uncle Antony. And as your proſpects are more promiſing than they have been, I will endeavour to make you ſmile upon the occaſion. For you will be pleaſed to know, that my mother has had a formal tender from that grey gooſe, which may make her ſkill in ſettlements uſeful to herſelf, were ſhe to encourage it.

May your proſpects be ſtill more and more happy, prays *your own*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SAT. SUNDAY, MAY 20, 21.

NOW, my dear, for the promiſed ſubject. *You muſt not aſk me*, how I came by the *originals* [ſuch they really are] that I am going to preſent you with: for my mother would not read to me thoſe parts of your uncle's letter, which bore hard upon myſelf, and which leave him without any title to mercy from me: nor would ſhe let me hear but what ſhe pleaſed of hers in anſwer; for ſhe has condeſcended to anſwer him —with a denial, however: but ſuch a denial, as no one but an *old batchelor* would take from a widow.

Any-body, except myſelf, who could have been acquainted with ſuch a fallal courtſhip as this muſt have been had it proceeded, would have been glad it had gone on: and I dare ſay, but for the fancy daughter, it had. My good mamma, in that caſe, would have been ten years the younger for it, perhaps: and could I but have approved of it, I ſhould have been conſidered by her as if ten years older than I am: ſince, very likely it would have been; 'We widows, my 'dear, know not how to keep men at a 'diſtance—So as to give them pain, in 'order to try their love.'—You muſt 'adviſe me, child: you muſt teach me 'to be cruel—Yet not *too* cruel neither '—So as to make a man heartleſs, who 'has no time, God wot, to throw away.' Then would my behaviour to Mr. Hickman have been better liked; and my mother would have bridled like her daughter.

O my dear, how might we have been diverted, by the practiſings for the recovery of the *long-forgottens!* could I have been ſure that it would have been in my power to have put them aſunder, in the Iriſh ſtyle, *before they had come together*. But there's no truſting to a widow whoſe goods and chattels are in her own hands, addreſſed by an old batchelor, who has *fine things*, and offers to leave her *ten thouſand pounds better* than he found her, and ſole miſtreſs, beſides, of all her *notables!* for theſe, as you will ſee by-and-by, are his propoſals.

The old Triton's addreſs carries the writer's marks upon the very ſuperſcription—'[*To the equally amiable, and worthy* 'admired' [There's for you!] *Mrs.* 'ANNABELLA HOWE, *widow*, the laſt word added, I ſuppoſe, as *eſquire* to a man, as a word of honour; or for fear the *bella* to *Anna*, ſhould not enough diſtinguiſh the perſon meant from the ſpinſter: [Vain huſſy you'll call me, I know] and then follows—'*Theſe humbly* 'preſent.'—Put down as a memorandum, I preſume, to make a leg, and behave handſomely at preſenting it; he intending very probably to deliver it himſelf.

And now ſtand by—To ſee

Enter OLD NEPTUNE,

His head adorned with ſea-weed, and a crown of cockle-ſhells; as we ſee him decked out in Mrs. Robinſon's ridiculous grotto.

MONDAY, MAY 15.

'MADAM,

'I DID make a ſort of reſolution ten 'years ago, never to marry. I ſaw in 'other families, where they lived *beſt*, 'you will be pleaſed to mark that, *queer-'neſſes* I could not away with. Then, 'liked well enough to live ſingle for the 'ſake of my brother's family; and for 'one child in it more than the reſt. But 'that girl has turned us all off the hin-'ges: and why I ſhould deny myſelf 'any comforts for them as will not thank 'me for ſo doing, I don't know.

'So much for my motives as from 'ſelf and family: but the dear Mrs. 'Howe makes me go further.

'I have a very great fortune, I bleſs 'God for it, all of my own getting, or 'moſt of it; you will be pleaſed to mark 'that! for I was the yougeſt brother of 'three. You have alſo, God be thank-'ed,

'ed, a great eſtate, which you have im-
'proved by your own frugality and wiſe
'management. Frugality, let me ſtop
'to ſay, is one of the greateſt virtues in
'this mortal life, becauſe it enables us
'to do juſtice to *all*, and puts it in our
'power to benefit *ſome* by it, as we ſee
'they *deſerve*.

'You have but one child; and I am
'a batchelor, and have never a one—
'All batchelors cannot ſay ſo: where-
'fore your daughter may be the better
'for me, if ſhe will keep up with my
'humour; which was never thought bad:
'eſpecially to my equals. Servants, in-
'deed, I don't matter being angry with
'when I pleaſe: they are paid for bear-
'ing it, and too-too often deſerve it, as
'we have frequently taken notice of to
'one another. And moreover, if we
'keep not ſervants at diſtance, they will
'be familiar. I always made it a rule
'to find fault, whether reaſonable or
'not, that ſo I might have *no reaſon* to
'find fault. Young women and ſervants
'in general, (as worthy Mr. Solmes ob-
'ſerves) are better governed by fear than
'love. But this my humour as to ſer-
'vants, will not either affect you or Miſs,
'you know.

'I will make very advantageous ſet-
'tlements; ſuch as any common friend
'ſhall judge to be ſo. But muſt have
'all in my own power, while I live: be-
'cauſe, you know, Madam, it is as cre-
'ditable to the wife, as to the huſband,
'that it ſhould be ſo.

'I am not at fine words. We are not
'children; though it is hoped we may
'have ſome; for I am a very healthy
'ſound man, I bleſs God for it: and
'never brought home from my voyages
'or travels, *a worſer* conſtitution than I
'took out with me. I was none of
'thoſe, I will aſſure you. But this I
'will undertake, that if you are the ſur-
'vivor, you ſhall be at the *leaſt* ten thou-
'ſand pounds the better for me. What,
'in the contrary caſe, I ſhall be the bet-
'ter for you, I leave to you, as you
'ſhall think my kindneſs to you ſhall
'deſerve.

'But one thing, Madam, I ſhould
'be glad of, that Miſs Howe might not
'live with us then. [She need not know
'I write thus]—But go home to Mr.
'Hickman, as ſhe is upon the point of
'marriage, I hear: and if ſhe behaves
'dutifully, as ſhe ſhould do, to us both,
'ſhe ſhall be the better; for ſo I ſaid
'before.

'You ſhall manage all things, both
'mine and your own; for I know but
'little of land-matters. All my oppo-
'poſition to you ſhall be out of love,
'when I think you take too much upon
'you for your health.

'It will be very pretty for you, I
'ſhould think, to have a mam of expe-
'rience, in a long winter's evening, to
'ſit down by you, and tell you ſtories of
'foreign parts, and the cuſtoms of the
'nations he has conſorted with. And I
'have fine curioſities of the Indian
'growth, ſuch as ladies love, and ſome
'that even my niece Clary, when ſhe
'was good, never ſaw. Theſe, one by
'one, as you are kind to me, (which I
'make no queſtion of, becauſe I ſhall
'be kind to you) ſhall be all yours.—
'Prettier entertainment by much, than
'ſitting with a *too ſmartiſh* daughter, ſome-
'times out of humour, and thwarting,
'and vexing, as daughters will, (when
'women-grown eſpecially, as I have
'heard you often obſerve;) and think-
'ing their parents old, without paying
'them the reverence due to years; when,
'as in your caſe, I make no ſort of doubt,
'they are young enough to wipe their
'noſes. You underſtand me, Madam.

'As for me myſelf, it will be very
'happy, and I am delighted with the
'thinking of it, to have, after a pleaſant
'ride, or ſo, a lady of like experience
'with myſelf, to come home to, and but
'one intereſt betwixt us: to reckon up
'our comings-in together; and what
'this day and this week has produced—
'O how this will increaſe love!—Moſt
'mightily will it increaſe it!—And I
'believe I ſhould never love you
'enough, or be able to ſh^w you all my
'love.

'I hope, Madam, there need not be
'ſuch maiden niceties and hangings off,
'as I may call them, between *us*, (for
'hanging-off ſake) as that you will deny
'me a line or two to this propoſal, writ-
'ten down, although you would not an-
'ſwer me ſo readily when I ſpoke to you;
'your daughter being, I ſuppoſe, hard
'by; for you looked round you, as if
'not willing to be over-heard. So I
'reſolved to write: that my writing may
'ſtand as upon record, for my upright
'meaning; being none of your Love-
'laces; you will mark that, Madam;
'but a downright, true, honeſt, faith-
'ful Engliſhman. So hope you will not,
'diſdain to write a line or two to this
'my propoſal: and I ſhall look upon
'it as a great honour, I will aſſure you,
'and be proud thereof. What can I ſay
'more?—For you are your own miſ-
'treſs, as I am my own maſter: and you
'ſhall

'shall *always* be your own miſtreſs, be 'pleaſed to mark that; for ſo a lady of 'your prudence and experience ought 'to be.

'This is a long letter. But the ſub-'jeſt requires it; becauſe I would not 'write *twice* where *once* would do. So 'would explain my ſenſe and meaning 'at one time.

'I have had writing in my head, *two* '*whole months very near*; but hardly knew 'how (being unpractiſed in theſe mat-'ters) to begin to write. And now, good 'lady, be favourable to *your moſt humble* '*lover, and obedient ſervant*,

'ANT. HARLOWE.'

Here's a letter of courtſhip, my dear! —And let me ſubjoin to it, that if now, or hereafter, I ſhould treat this hideous lover, who is ſo free with me to my mo-ther, with aſperity, and you ſhould be diſguſted at it; I ſhall think you don't give me that preference in your love, which you have in mine.

And now, which ſhall I firſt give you; the anſwer of my good mamma; or the dialogue that paſſed between the widow mother, and the pert daughter, upon her letting the latter know that ſhe had a love-letter?

I *think* you ſhall have the *dialogue*. But But let me premiſe one thing; that if you *think* me too free, you muſt not let it run in your head, that I am writing of *your* uncle, or of *my* mother; but of a couple of old lovers, no matter whom. Reverence is too apt to be forgotten by children, where the *reverends* forget *firſt* what belongs to their own characters. A *grave* remark, and therefore at *your* ſervice, my dear.

Well then, ſuppoſe my mamma (after twice coming into my cloſet to me, and as often going out, with very meaning features, and lips ready to burſt open, but ſtill cloſed, as if by compulſion, a ſpeech going off in a flight cough, that never went near the lungs) grown more reſolute the third time of entrance, and ſitting down by me, thus begin.

Mother. 'I have a very ſerious mat-'ter to talk with you upon, Nancy, 'when you are diſpoſed to attend to 'matters *within* ourſelves, and not let 'matters *without* ourſelves wholly en-'groſs you.'

A good *ſelve-iſh* ſpeech!—But I thought that friendſhip, gratitude, and humanity, were matters that ought to be deemed of the moſt *intimate* concern to us. But not to dwell upon words:

Daughter. 'I am *now* diſpoſed to at-'tend to every-thing my mamma is *diſ-'poſed* to ſay to me.'

M. 'Why then, child—Why then, 'my dear'—[And the good lady's face looked *ſo* plump, *ſo* ſmooth, and *ſo* ſhin-ing!]—'I ſee you are all attention, 'Nancy!—But don't be ſurprized!— 'Don't be uneaſy!—But I have—I have '—Where is it?'—[And yet it lay next her heart, never another near it—So no difficulty to have found it]—'I have a '*letter* my dear!'—[And out from her boſom it came: but ſhe ſtill held it in her hand]—'I have a *letter*, child.—It 'is—It is—It is from—from a *gentleman*, 'I aſſure you!'—[Lifting up her head, and ſmiling.]

'There is no delight to a daughter,' thought I, 'in ſuch ſurprizes as ſeem to 'be *collecting*. I will deprive my mother 'of the ſatisfaction of making a *gradual* 'diſcovery.'

D. 'From Mr. Antony Harlowe, I 'ſuppoſe, Madam?'

M. [Lips drawn cloſer: eye raiſed] 'Why, my dear!—I cannot but own— 'But how, I wonder, could you think 'of Mr. Antony Harlowe?'

D. 'How, Madam, could I think of 'any-body *elſe?*'

M. 'How could you think of any-'body *elſe!*'—[Angry and drawing back her face.] 'But do you know the ſub-'jeſt, Nancy?'

D. 'You have told it, Madam, by 'your manner of breaking it to me. But, 'indeed, I queſtioned not that he had *two* 'motives in his viſits here—Both equally 'agreeable to me; for all that family 'love me dearly.'

M. 'No love loſt, if ſo, between you 'and them. But this' [*Riſing*] is what 'I get—So like your papa!—I never 'could open my heart to *him*!'

D. 'Dear Madam, excuſe me. Be ſo 'good as to open your heart to *me*.—I 'don't love the Harlowes—But pray ex-'cuſe me.'

M. 'You have put me quite out with 'your forward temper!' [Angrily ſitting down again.]

D. 'I will be all patience and atten-'tion. May I be allowed to read his 'letter?'

M. 'I wanted to *adviſe* with you upon 'it.—But you are ſuch a ſtrange crea-'ture!—You are always for anſwering 'one before one ſpeaks!'

D. 'You'll be ſo good as to forgive 'me, Madam.—But I thought every-'body (he among the reſt) knew, that 'you had always declared againſt a ſe-'cond marriage.'

M. 'And ſo I have. But then *it was*

'in

in the mind I was in. 'Things may 'offer—'

I ſtared.

M. 'Nay, don't be ſurprized!—I don't 'intend—I don't intend—'

D. 'Not perhaps, in *the mind you are* '*in*, Madam.

M. 'Pert creature!' [Riſing again] —'We ſhall quarrel! I ſee!—There's 'no—'

D. 'Once more, dear Madam, I beg 'your excuſe. I will attend in ſilence. '—Pray, Madam, ſit down again— 'Pray do.' [She ſat down]—'May I ſee 'the letter?'

'No; there are ſome things in it you 'won't like.—Your temper is known, I 'find, to be unhappy. But nothing *bad* 'againſt you; intimations, on the con-'trary, that you ſhall be the better for 'him, if you oblige him.'

Not a living ſoul but the Harlowes, I ſaid, thought me ill-tempered: and I was contented that *they* ſhould, who could do as they had done by the moſt univerſally acknowledged ſweetneſs in the world.

Here we broke out a little; but at laſt, ſhe read me ſome of the paſſages in the letter. But not the *moſt mightily* ridiculous; yet I could hardly keep my countenance neither, eſpecially when ſhe came to that paſſage which mentions his *ſound health*; and at which ſhe ſtopt; ſhe beſt knew why—But ſoon reſuming;

M. 'Well now, Nancy, tell me what 'you think of it.'

D. 'Nay, pray, Madam, tell me 'what *you* think of it.'

M. 'I expect to be anſwered by an 'anſwer; not by a queſtion!—You don't '*uſe* to be ſo ſhy to ſpeak your mind.'

D. 'Not when my mamma commands 'me to do ſo.'

M. 'Then ſpeak it now.'

D. 'Without hearing the whole of the 'letter?'

M. 'Speak to what you *have* heard.'

D. 'Why then, Madam—You won't 'be my mamma HOWE, if you give way 'to it.'

M. 'I am ſurprized at your aſſurance, 'Nancy!'

D. 'I mean, Madam, you will then 'be my mamma HARLOWE.'

M. 'O dear heart!—But I am not a 'fool.'

And her colour went and came.

D. 'Dear Madam, [But, indeed, I 'don't love a Harlowe—that's what I 'mean] I *am* your child, and *muſt* be 'your child, do what you will.'

M. 'A very pert one, I am ſure, as 'ever mother bore! And you *muſt* be 'my child, do what I *will*!—As much 'as to ſay, you would not, if you could 'help it, if I—'

D. 'How could I have ſuch a thought! '—It would be *forward*, indeed, if I 'had—when I don't know what your '*mind* is as to the propoſal:—when the 'propoſal is ſo very advantageous a one 'too.'

M. [Looking a little leſs diſcompoſed] 'Why, indeed, ten thouſand 'pounds—'

D. 'And to be ſure of outliving him, 'Madam!'

This ſtaggered her a little.

M. '*Sure!*—Nobody can be ſure— 'But it is very likely, that—'

D. 'Not at all, Madam. You was 'going to read ſomething (but ſtopt) 'about his conſtitution: his ſobriety is 'well known—Why, Madam, theſe 'gentlemen who have uſed the ſea, and 'been in different climates, and come 'home to relax from cares in a tempe-'rate one, and are ſober—are the like-'lieſt to live long of any men in the 'world. Don't you ſee that his very 'ſkin is a fortification of buff?'

M. 'Strange creature!'

D. 'God forbid, that any-body I 'love and honour, ſhould *marry a man* 'in hopes to *bury him*—But ſuppoſe, Ma-'dam, at your time of life—'

M. '*My* time of life?—Dear heart! '—What is my time of life, pray?'

D. 'Not old, Madam; and that you 'are not, may be your danger!'

As I hope to live, (my dear) my mother ſmiled, and looked not diſpleaſed with me.

M. 'Why, indeed, child—Why, in-'deed, I muſt needs ſay—And then I 'ſhould chuſe to do nothing (froward as 'you are ſometimes) to hurt *you*.'

D. 'Why, as to that, Madam, I 'can't expect that you ſhould deprive 'yourſelf of any ſatisfaction—'

M. '*Satisfaction*, my dear!—I don't 'ſay, it would be a *ſatisfaction*—But 'could I do any-thing that would be-'nefit *you*, it would perhaps be an in-'ducement to hold *one* conference upon 'the ſubject.'

D. 'My fortune already will be more 'conſiderable than my match, if I am to 'have Mr. Hickman.'

M. 'Why ſo?—Mr. Hickman has 'fortune enough to entitle him to yours.

D. 'If *you* think ſo, that's enough.'

M. 'Not but I ſhould think the [illegible] 'of myſelf, if I deſired any-body's [illegible] 'but I think, as you ſay, Mr. An[illegible] 'Harlowe is a healthy man, and [illegible] 'fair for a long life.'

'Bleſs me,' thought I, 'how ſhall I 'do to know whether this be an objecti-'on or a recommendation!'

D. 'Will you forgive me, Madam?'

M. 'What would the girl ſay?' [Looking as if ſhe was half afraid to hear what.]

D. 'Only, that if you marry a man 'of *his* time of life, you ſtand two chan-'ces inſtead of one, to be a nurſe at *your* 'time of life.'

M. 'Saucebox!'

D. 'Dear Madam!—What I mean 'is only, that theſe healthy old men 'ſometimes fall into lingering diſorders 'all at once. And I humbly conceive, 'that the infirmities of age are uneaſily 'borne with, where the remembrance 'of the pleaſanter ſeaſon comes not in to 'relieve the healthier of the two.'

M. 'A ſtrange girl!—Yet his healthy 'conſtitution an objection juſt now!—'But I always told you, that you know 'either too much to be argued with, or 'too little for me to have patience with 'you.'

D. 'I can't but ſay, I ſhould be glad 'of your commands, Madam, how to 'behave myſelf to Mr. Antony Harlowe 'next time he comes.'

M. 'How to behave yourſelf!—Why, 'if you retire with contempt to him, 'when he next comes, it will be but as 'you have been uſed to do of late.'

D. 'Then he *is* to come again, Ma-'dam?'

M. 'And ſuppoſe he be?'

D. 'I can't help it, if it be your plea-'ſure, Madam. He deſires a line in an-'ſwer to his fine letter. If he come, it 'will be in purſuance of that line, I pre-'ſume?'

M. 'None of your arch and pert leers, 'girl!—You know I won't bear them. 'I had a mind to hear what you would 'ſay to this matter. I have not written; 'but I ſhall preſently.'

D. 'It is mighty good of you, Ma-'dam, (I hope the man will think ſo) 'to anſwer his firſt application by letter. '—Pity *he ſhould write twice, if once will 'do.*'

M. 'That fetch won't let you into my 'intention, as to what I ſhall write. It 'is too faucily put.'

D. 'Perhaps I can gueſs at your in-'tention, Madam, were it to become 'me ſo to do.'

M. 'Perhaps I would not make a *Mr. 'Hickman* of any man; uſing him the 'worſe for reſpecting me.'

D. 'Nor, perhaps, would I, Madam, 'if I *liked* his reſpects.'

M. 'I underſtand you. But, perhaps, 'it is in *your* power to make me hearken, 'or not, to Mr. Harlowe.'

D. 'Young men, who have probably 'a great deal of time before them, need 'not be in haſte for a wife. Mr. Hick-'man, poor man! muſt ſtay his time, 'or take his remedy.'

M. 'He bears more from you, than a 'man ought.'

D. 'Then, I doubt, he gives a rea-'ſon for the treatment he meets with.'

M. 'Provoking creature!'

D. 'I have but one requeſt to make 'to you, Madam.'

M. 'A *dutiful* one, I ſuppoſe. What 'is it, pray?'

'*D.* 'That if *you* marry, *I* may be 'permitted to live ſingle.'

M. 'Perverſe creature, I'm ſure!'

D. 'How can I expect, Madam, that 'you ſhould refuſe ſuch terms? *Ten 'thouſand pounds!*—At the *leaſt* ten thou-'ſand pounds!—A very handſome pro-'poſal!—So many *fine things* too, to give 'you *one by one!*—Deareſt Madam, for-'give me!—I hope it is not yet ſo far 'gone, that rallying *this man* will be 'thought want of duty to *you.*'

M. 'Your rallying of *him*, and your 'reverence to *me*, it is plain have *one* 'ſource.'

D. 'I hope not, Madam. But ten 'thouſand pounds—'

M. 'Is no unhandſome propoſal.'

D. 'Indeed I think ſo. I hope, Ma-'dam, you will not be behind-hand with 'him in generoſity.'

M. 'He won't be ten thouſand pounds 'the better for me, if he ſurvive me.'

D. 'No, Madam; he can't expect 'that as you have a daughter, and as he 'is a *batchelor, and has not a child!*—Poor 'old ſoul!'

M. '*Old ſoul*, Nancy!—And thus to 'call him for being a batchelor, and not 'having a child?—Does this become 'you?'

D. 'Not *old ſoul* for that, Madam—'But half the ſum; five thouſand 'pounds; you can't engage for leſs, 'Madam.'

M. 'That ſum has *your* approbation 'then?' [Looking as if ſhe'd be even with me.]

D. 'As he leaves it to your generoſity, 'Madam, to reward his kindneſs to you, 'it *can't* be leſs.—Do, dear Madam, 'permit me, without incurring your 'diſpleaſure, to call him *poor old ſoul* 'again.'

M. 'Never was ſuch a whimſical 'creature!'—[Turning away to hide her

involuntary ſmile, for I believe I look-ed very archly; at leaſt I intended to do ſo]—'I hate that wicked ſly look. You 'give yourſelf very free airs—Don't 'you?'

D. I ſnatched her hand, and kiſſed it —'My dear mamma, be not angry with 'your girl!—You have told me, that '*you* was very lively formerly.'

M. '*Formerly!* Good lack!—But were 'I to encourage his propoſals, you may 'be ſure, that for Mr. Hickman's ſake, 'as well as yours, I ſhould make a wiſe 'agreement.'

D. 'You have both lived to years of 'prudence, Madam.'

M. 'Yes, I ſuppoſe I am an *old ſoul* 'too.'

D. '*He* alſo is for making a *wiſe agree-ment*, or hinting at one, at leaſt.'

M. 'Well, the ſhort and the long I 'ſuppoſe is this: I have not your con-'ſent to marry.'

D. 'Indeed, Madam, you have not 'my *wiſhes* to marry.'

M. 'Let me tell you, that if prudence 'conſiſts in wiſhing well to *one's ſelf*, I ſee 'not but the *young flirts* are as prudent as 'the *old ſouls*.'

D. 'Dear Madam, would you blame 'me, if to wiſh you *not* to marry Mr. 'Antony Harlowe, is to wiſh well to '*myſelf*?'

M. 'You are mighty witty. I wiſh 'you were as dutiful.'

D. 'I am more dutiful, I hope, than 'witty; or I ſhould be a fool, as well as 'a ſaucebox.'

M. 'Let *me* judge of both—Parents 'are only to live for their children, let 'them deſerve it or not. That's *their* 'dutiful notion!'

D. 'Heaven forbid that I ſhould wiſh, 'if there be two intereſts between my 'mother and me, that my mother poſt-'pone her own for mine! or give up any 'thing that would add to the real com-'forts of her life, to oblige me!—Tell 'me, my dear mamma, if you think the 'cloſing with this propoſal *will?*

M. 'I ſay, That ten thouſand pounds 'is ſuch an acquiſition to one's family, 'that the *offer* of it deſerves a civil re-'turn.'

D. 'Not the *offer*, Madam: the *chance* 'only!—If, indeed, you have a view to 'an increaſe of family, the money may 'provide——'

M. 'You can't keep within tolerable 'bounds!—That ſaucy ſleer I cannot 'away with—'

D. 'Deareſt, deareſt Madam, for-'give me; but *old ſoul* ran in my head 'again!—Nay, indeed and upon my 'word, I will not be robbed of that 'charming ſmile!' And again I kiſſed her hand.

M. 'Away, bold creature! Nothing 'can be ſo provoking as to be made to 'ſmile when one would *chuſe*, and *ought*, 'to be angry.'

D. 'But, dear Madam, if it be to *be*, 'I preſume you won't think of it before '*next winter*.'

M. 'What now would the pert one 'be at?'

D. 'Becauſe he only propoſes to en-'tertain you with pretty ſtories of fo-'reign nations in a winter's evening. 'Deareſt, deareſt Madam, let me have 'the reading of his letter through. I 'will forgive him all he ſays about *me*.'

M. 'It may be a very difficult thing, 'perhaps, for a man of the beſt ſenſe to 'write a love-letter, that may not be 'cavilled at.'

D. 'That's becauſe lovers in their 'letters hit not the medium. They either 'write too much nonſenſe, or too little. 'But do you call this *odd* ſoul's letter '[No more will I call him *old* ſoul, if I 'can help it] a love-letter?'

M. 'Well, well, I ſee you are averſe 'to this matter. I am not to be your '*mother*; *you* will live ſingle, if *I* marry. 'I had a mind to ſee if generoſity gov-'erned you in your views. I ſhall pur-'ſue my own inclinations: and if *they* 'ſhould happen to be ſuitable to yours, 'pray let me for the future be better 'rewarded by you, than hitherto I have 'been.'

And away ſhe flung, without ſtaying for a reply.—Vexed, I dare ſay, that I did not better approve of the propoſal—Were it only that the merit of denying might have been all her own, and to lay the ſtronger obligation upon her ſaucy daughter.

She wrote ſuch a *widow-like* refuſal when ſhe went from me, as might not exclude hope in any other wooer; what-ever it may do in Mr. Tony Harlowe.

It will be my part, to take care to beat her off the viſit ſhe half-promiſes to make him, (as you will ſee in her an-ſwer) upon condition that he withdraw his ſuit. For who knows what effect the old batchelor's exoticks [*Far-fetched and dear-bought* you know is a proverb] might otherwiſe have upon a woman's mind, wanting nothing but unneceſſaries, gewgaws, and fineries, and offered ſuch as are not eaſily to be met with, or pur-chaſed?

Well, but now I give you [illegible] to read

read here, in this place, the copy of my mother's answer to your uncle's letter. Not one comment will I make upon it. I know my duty better. And here, therefore, taking the liberty to hope, that I may, in your present less disagreeable, though not wholly agreeable situation, provoke a smile from you, I conclude myself, *your ever-affectionate and faithful* ANNA HOWE.

'MRS. ANNABELLA HOWE, TO ANTONY HARLOWE, ESQ.

'FRIDAY, MAY 19.

'MR. ANTONY HARLOWE,

'SIR,

'IT is not usual, I believe, for our 'sex to answer by pen and ink the first 'letter on these occasions. The *first* let-'ter! How odd is that! As if I expected 'another; which I do not. But then 'I think, as I do not judge proper to 'encourage your proposal, there is no 'reason why I should not answer in ci-'vility where so great a civility is in-'tended. Indeed, I was always of opi-'nion, that a person was entitled to that, 'and not to ill-usage, because he had a 'respect for me. And so I have often 'and often told my daughter.

'A woman, I think, makes but a poor 'figure in a man's eye afterwards, and 'does no reputation to her sex neither, 'when she behaves like a tyrant to him 'before-hand.

'To be sure, Sir, if I were to change 'my condition, I know not a gentleman 'whose proposal could be more agree-'able. Your nephew and your nieces 'have enough without you: my daugh-'ter is a fine fortune without me, and I 'should take care to double it, living or 'dying, were I to do such a thing; so 'nobody need to be the worse for it. 'But Nancy would not think so.

'All the comfort I know of in chil-'dren, is, that when young they do with 'us what they will, and all is pretty in 'them to their very faults; and when 'they are grown up, they think their 'parents must live for them only; and 'deny themselves every-thing for their 'sakes. I know Nancy could not bear a 'father-in-law. She would fly at the 'very thought of my being in earnest to 'give her one. Not that I stand in fear 'of my daughter neither. It is not fit I 'should. But she has her poor papa's 'spirit. A very violent one that was. 'And one would not chuse, you know, 'Sir, to enter into any affair, that, one 'knows, one must renounce a daughter 'for, or she a mother.—Except indeed 'one's heart were *much* in it; which, I 'bless God, mine is not.

'I have now been a widow these ten 'years; nobody to controul me: and I 'am said not to bear controul: so, Sir, 'you and I are best as we are, I believe: 'nay, I am sure of it: for we want not 'what either has; having both more than 'we know what to do with. And I know 'I could not be in the least accountable 'for any of my ways.

'My daughter, indeed, though she is 'a fine girl, as girls go, [She has too 'much sense, indeed, for one of her sex; 'and knows she has it] is more a check 'to me than one would wish a daughter 'to be: for who would chuse to be al-'ways snapping at each other? But she 'will soon be married; and then, not 'living together, we shall only come to-'gether when we are pleased, and stay 'away when we are not; and so like 'other lovers, never see any-thing but 'the best sides of each other.

'I own, for all this, that I love her 'dearly; and she me, I dare say: so 'would not wish to provoke her to do 'otherwise. Besides, the girl is so much 'regarded every-where, that having 'lived so much of my time a widow, I 'would not lay myself open to her cen-'sures, or even to her indifference, you 'know.

'Your generous proposal requires all 'this explicitness. I thank you for your 'good opinion of me. When I know 'you acquiesce with this my civil refu-'sal, [And indeed, Sir, I am as much 'in earnest in it, as if I had spoken 'broader] I don't know but Nancy and 'I may, with your permission, come to 'see your fine things; for I am a great 'admirer of rarities that come from 'abroad.

'So, Sir, let us only converse occa-'sionally as we meet as we used to do, 'without any other view to each other, 'than good wishes: which I hope may 'not be lessened for this declining. And 'then I shall always think myself *your 'obliged servant*, ANNABELLA HOWE.

'*P. S.* I sent word by Mrs. Lorimer, 'that I would write an answer: but 'would take time for consideration. 'So hope, Sir, you won't think it a 'slight, I did not write sooner.'

LETTER XXXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY, MAY 21.

I Am too much troubled in my mind, to think of any-thing but revenge; or

or I did intend to give thee an account of Miſs Harlowe's obſervations on the play. *Miſs Harlowe's* I ſay. Thou knoweſt that I hate the name of *Harlowe*; and I am exceedingly out of humour with her, and with her ſaucy friend.

'What's the matter *now?*' thou'lt aſk.

Matter enough; for while we were at the play, Dorcas, who had her orders, and a key to her lady's chamber, as well as a maſter key to her drawers and mahogany-cheſt, cloſet-key and all, found means to come at ſome of Miſs Howe's laſt-written letters. The vigilant wench was directed to them by ſeeing her lady take a letter out of her ſtays, and put it to the others, before ſhe went out with me—Afraid, as the women upbraidingly tell me, that I ſhould find it *there*.

Dorcas no ſooner found them, than ſhe aſſembled three ready writers of the *Non-apparents*; and *Sally*, and *ſhe*, and *they* employed themſelves with the utmoſt diligence, in making extracts, according to former directions, from theſe curſed letters, for my uſe. *Curſed*, I may well call them—Such abuſes!—Such virulence!—O this little fury Miſs Howe!—Well might her ſaucy friend (who has been equally free with me, or the occaſion could not have been given) be ſo violent as ſhe lately was, at my endeavouring to come at one of theſe letters.

I was ſure, that the fair one, at ſo early an age, with a conſtitution ſo firm, health ſo blooming, eyes ſo ſparkling, expectations, therefore, ſo lively, and hope ſo predominating, could not be abſolutely, and from her own vigilance, ſo guarded, and ſo apprehenſive, as I have found her to be.

Sparkling eyes, Jack, when the poetical tribe have ſaid all they can for them, are an infallible ſign of a rogue, or room for a rogue, in the heart.

Thou mayeſt go on with thy preachments, and Lord M. with his wiſdom of nations, I am now more aſſured of her than ever. And now my revenge is up, and joined with my love, all reſiſtance muſt fall before it. And moſt ſolemnly do I ſwear, that Miſs Howe ſhall *come in for her ſnack*.

And here, juſt now, is another letter brought from the ſame little virulent devil. I hope to procure tranſcripts from that too, very ſpeedily, if it be put to the teſt; for the ſaucy fair-one is reſolved to go to church this morning; not ſo much from a ſpirit of devotion, I have reaſon to think, as to try whether ſhe can go out without check, controul, or my attendance.

I HAVE been denied breakfaſting with her. Indeed ſhe was a little diſpleaſed with me laſt night: becauſe, on our return from the play, I obliged her to paſs the reſt of the night with the women and me, in their parlour, and to ſtay till near one. She told me at *parting*, that ſhe expected to have the whole next day to herſelf. I had not read the extracts then; ſo was all affectionate reſpect, awe, and diſtance; for I had reſolved to begin a new courſe, and, if poſſible, to baniſh all jealouſy and ſuſpicion from her heart: and yet I had no reaſon to be much troubled at her paſt ſuſpicions; ſince, if a woman will continue with a man whom ſhe ſuſpects, when ſhe can get from him, or *thinks* ſhe can, I am ſure it is a very hopeful ſign.

SHE is gone. Slipt down before I was aware. She had ordered a chair, on purpoſe to exclude my perſonal attendance. But I had taken proper precautions. Will attended her by conſent; Peter, the houſe-ſervant; was within Will's call.

I had, by Dorcas, repreſented her danger from Singleton, in order to diſſuade her from going at all, unleſs ſhe allowed me to attend her; but I was anſwered, with her uſual ſaucy ſmartneſs, That if there were no cauſe of fear of being met with at the play-houſe, when there were but *two* play-houſes, ſurely there was leſs at church, when there were ſo *many* churches. The chairmen were ordered to carry her to St. James's church.

But ſhe would not be ſo careleſs of obliging me, if ſhe knew what I have already come at, and how the women urge me on; for they are continually complaining of *the reſtraint they lie under*, in their behaviour; in their attendance; *neglecting all their concerns in the front-houſe*; and *keeping this elegant back one entirely free from company*, that ſhe may have no ſuſpicion of them. They doubt not my generoſity, they ſay: but *why*, for my own ſake, in Lord M.'s ſtile, *ſhould I make ſo long a harveſt of ſo little corn?*

Women, ye reaſon well. I think I will begin my operations the moment ſhe comes in.

I HAVE come at the letter brought her from Miſs Howe to-day. Plot, conjuration, ſorcery, witchcraft, all going forward! I ſhall not be able to ſee this *Miſs Harlowe* with patience. As the nymphs below aſk, ſo do I. Why is night neceſſary? And Sally and Polly upbraidingly remind me of my firſt attempts upon themſelves. Yet *force* anſwers not my end—And yet it may, if there be truth in that part of the libertine's creed,

That

That once ſubdued, is always ſubdued! And what woman anſwers *affirmatively* to the queſtion?

SHE is returned: but refuſes to admit me: and inſiſts upon having the day to herſelf. Dorcas tells me, that ſhe believes her denial is from motives of piety —Oons, Jack, is there impiety in ſeeing me! — Would it not be the higheſt act of piety, to reclaim me? And is this to be done by her refuſing to ſee me, when ſhe is in a devouter frame than uſual?—But I hate her, hate her heartily! She is old, ugly, and deformed.—But O the blaſphemy! Yet ſhe is an Harlowe: and I do and *can* hate her for that.

But ſince I muſt not ſee her, [She will be miſtreſs of her *own will*, and of her *time*, truly!] let me fill up *my* time, by telling thee what I have come at.

The firſt letter the women met with, is dated April 27. Where can ſhe have put the *preceding* ones!—It mentions Mr. Hickman as a buſy fellow between them. Hickman had beſt take care of himſelf. She ſays in it, '*I hope you have* '*no cauſe to repent returning my Norris—It* '*is forthcoming on demand.*' Now what the devil can this mean!—Her Norris forthcoming on demand!—The devil take me, if I am *out-Norris'd!*—If ſuch innocents can allow themſelves to plot, (to *Norris*) well may I.

She is ſorry, that *her Hannah can't be with her*—And what if ſhe could?—What could Hannah do for her in *ſuch a houſe as this?*

The women in the houſe are to be found out in one breakfaſting. The women are enraged at both the correſpondents for this; and more than ever make a point of my ſubduing her. I had a good mind to give Miſs Howe to them in full property. Say the word, Jack, and it ſhall be done.

She is glad that Miſs Harlowe had thoughts of taking me at my word. She wondered I did not offer again. Adviſes her, if I don't ſoon, *not to ſtay with me.* Cautions her, *to keep me at diſtance; not to permit the leaſt familiarity*—See, Jack!—See, Belford!—Exactly as I thought!—Her vigilance is all owing to a cool friend; who can ſit down quietly, and give that advice, which in her own caſe ſhe could not take. What an encouragement to me to proceed in my devices, when I have reaſon to think, that my beloved's reſerves are owing more to Miſs Howe's cautions, than to her own inclinations! But *it is my intereſt to be honeſt*, Miſs Howe tells her—INTEREST, fools!—I thought theſe girls knew, that my *intereſt* was ever ſubſervient to my *pleaſure.*

What would I give to come at the copies of the letters to which thoſe of Miſs Howe are anſwers!

The next letter is dated May 3. In this the little termagant expreſſes her aſtoniſhment, that her mother ſhould write to Miſs Harlowe, to forbid her to correſpond with her daughter. Mr. Hickman, ſhe ſays, is of opinion, *that ſhe ought not to obey her mother.* How the creeping fellow trims between both! I am afraid, that I muſt puniſh him, as well as this virago; and I have a ſcheme rumbling in my head, that wants but half an hour's muſing to bring into form, that will do my buſineſs upon both. I cannot bear, that the parental authority ſhould be thus deſpiſed, thus trampled under foot —But obſerve the vixen, '*Tis well he* is *of her opinion; for her mother having ſet her up, ſhe muſt have ſomebody to quarrel with.* —Could a Lovelace have allowed himſelf a greater licence? This girl's a deviliſh rake in her heart. Had ſhe been a man, and one of us, ſhe'd have outdone us all in enterprize and ſpirit.

She wants but very little farther provocation, ſhe ſays, *to fly privately to London. And if ſhe does, ſhe will not leave her till ſhe ſees her either honourably married, or quit of the wretch.*—Here, Jack, the tranſcriber Sally has added a prayer—'For the 'Lord's ſake, dear Mr. Lovelace, get 'this fury to London!'—Her fate I can tell thee, Jack, if we had her among us, ſhould not be ſo long deciding as her friend's. What a gantlope would ſhe run, when I had done with her, among a dozen of her own pitileſs ſex, whom my charmer ſhall never ſee!—But more of this anon.

I find by this letter, that my ſaucy captive had been drawing the characters of every varlet of ye. Nor am I ſpared in it more than you. '*The man's a fool,* '*to be ſure, my dear,*'—Let me periſh, if they either of them find me one!—'*A* '*ſilly fellow at leaſt*'—Curſed contemptible!—'*I ſee not but they are a ſet of infernals*'—There's for thee, Belford!—'*and* '*he the Beelzebub.*—There's for thee, Lovelace!—And yet ſhe would have her friend marry a Beelzebub.—And what have any of us done, (within the knowledge of Miſs Harlowe) that ſhe ſhould give ſuch an account of us, as ſhould excuſe ſo much abuſe from Miſs Howe! —But the occaſion that ſhall warrant this abuſe is to come!

She blames her, for *not admitting Miſs Par-*

Partington to her bed—'*Watchful as you* '*are, what could have happened?—If vio-* '*lence were intended he would not ſtay for* '*the night.*' I am aſhamed to have this hinted to me by this virago. Sally writes upon this hint—'See, Sir, what is 'expected from you. An hundred and an hundred times have we told you of this.'—And ſo they have. But, to be ſure, the advice from *them* was not of half the efficacy as it will be from *Miſs Howe*.—'*You might have ſat up after her, or not* '*gone to bed,*' proceeds ſhe.

But can there be ſuch apprehenſions between them, yet the one adviſe her to ſtay, and the other reſolve to wait my imperial motion for marriage? I am glad I know that.

She approves of my propoſal of Mrs. Fretchville's houſe. She put her upon expecting ſettlements; upon naming a day: and concludes with inſiſting upon her writing, notwithſtanding her mother's prohibitions: or bids her *take the conſequence*. Undutiful wretches! How I long to vind cate againſt them both the inſulted parental character!

Thou wilt ſay to thyſelf, by this time, 'And can this proud and inſolent girl 'be the ſame Miſs Howe, who ſighed for 'honeſt Sir George Colmar; and who, 'but for this her beloved friend, would 'have followed him in all his broken 'fortunes, when he was obliged to quit 'the kingdom?'

Yes, ſhe is the *very* ſame. And I always found in others, as well as in myſelf, that a firſt paſſion thoroughly ſubdued, made the conqueror of it a rover; the conqueresſ a tyrant.

Well, but now comes mincing in a letter from one who has *the honour of dear Miſs Howe's commands*, to acquaint Miſs Harlowe, that Miſs Howe *is exceſſively concerned for the concern ſhe has given her.*

'*I have great temptations, on this occa-* 'ſion,' ſays the prim Gothamite, '*to ex-* 'preſs my own reſentments upon your preſent 'ſtate.'

'*My own reſentments!*'—And why did he not fall into this *temptation?*—Why, truly, becauſe he knew not what that ſtate was which gave him ſo *tempting* a ſubject—*Only by a conjecture*, and ſo-forth.

He then dances in his ſtile, as he does in his gaite! To be ſure, to be ſure, he muſt have made the grand tour, and come home by the way of Tipperary.

'*And being moreover forbid,*' ſays the prancer, '*to enter into the cruel ſubject.*'—This prohibition was a mercy to thee, friend Hickman!—But why *cruel ſubject*, if thou knoweſt not what it is, but conjecture*ſt* only from the diſturbance it gives to a girl, that is her mother's diſturbance, will be thy diſturbance, and the diſturbance, in turn, of every-body with whom ſhe is intimately acquainted, unleſs I have the humbling of her?

In another letter, the little fury profeſſes, *that ſhe* will *write, and that no* man *ſhall write for her*, as if ſome medium of that kind had been propoſed. She approves of her fair friend's intention *to leave me, if ſhe can be received by her relations.* I am *a wretch, a fooliſh wretch. She hates me for my teazing ways. She has juſt made an acquaintance with one who knows a vaſt deal of my private hiſtory.* A curſe upon her, and upon her hiſtoriographer!—'*The man is a villain, an execrable one.*'—Devil take her!—*Had I a dozen lives, I might have forfeited them all twenty crimes ago.* An odd way of reckoning, Jack!

Miſs Betterton, Miſs Lockyer, are named—*The man* (ſhe irreverently repeats) ſhe again calls *a villain.* Let me periſh, I repeat, if I am called a villain for nothing!—She *will have her uncle* (as Miſs Harlowe requeſts) *ſounded about receiving her. Dorcas is to be attached to her intereſt: my letters are to be come at by ſurprize or trick.*

What thinkeſt thou of this, Jack?

Miſs Howe is alarmed at my attempt to come at a letter of hers.

Were I to come at the knowledge of her freedoms with my character, ſhe ſays, *ſhe ſhould be afraid to ſtir out without a guard.* I would adviſe the vixen to get her guard ready.

I am at the head of a gang of wretches, [Thee, Jack, and thy brother varlets, ſhe owns ſhe means] *who join together to betray innocent creatures, and to ſupport one another in their villainies*—What ſayeſt thou to this, Belford?

She wonders not at her melancholy reflections for meeting me, for being forced upon me, and tricked by me.—I hope, Jack, thou'lt have done preaching after this!

But ſhe comforts her, *that ſhe will be both a warning and example to all her ſex.* I hope the ſex will thank me for this.

The nymphs had not time, they ſay, to tranſcribe all that was worthy of my reſentment in this letter: ſo I muſt find an opportunity to come at it myſelf. Noble rant, they ſay, it contains—But I am a *ſeducer*, and an hundred vile fellows, in it.—*And the devil*, it ſeems, *took poſſeſſion of my heart, and of the hearts of all her friends, in the ſame dark hour, in order to provoke her to meet me.* Again, *There is a fate in her error*, ſhe ſays.—

Why then ſhould ſhe grieve?—*Adverſity is her ſhining time*, and I cant't tell what—Yet never to thank the man to whom ſhe owes the *ſhine!*

In the next letter, Wicked as I am, *ſhe fears I muſt be her lord and maſter.*

I hope ſo.

She retracts what ſhe ſaid againſt me in her laſt.—My behaviour to my Roſebud; Miſs Harlowe to take poſſeſſion of Mrs. Fretchville's houſe; I to ſtay at Mrs. Sinclair's; the ſtake I have in my country; my reverſions: my œconomy; my perſon; my addreſs, [Something like in all this!] are brought in my favour, to induce her now *not* to leave me. How do I love to puzzle theſe *long-ſighted* girls!

Yet *my teazing ways*, it ſeems, *are intolerable.*—Are women only to teaze, I trow?—The ſex may thank themſelves for teaching me to out-teaze them. So the headſtrong Charles XII. of Sweden taught the Czar Peter to beat him, by continuing a war with the Muſcovites againſt the ancient maxims of his kingdom.

'*May eternal vengeance* PURSUE *the* 'villain,' [Thank Heaven, ſhe does not ſay *overtake*] '*if he give room to doubt his* 'honour!'—Women can't ſwear, Jack—ſweet ſouls! they can only curſe.

I am ſaid, *to doubt her love*—Have I not reaſon? And ſhe, *to doubt my ardour*—Ardour, Jack!—Why, 'tis very right—Women, as Miſs Howe ſays, and as every rake knows, love ardours!

She apprizes her of the *ill ſucceſs of the application made to her uncle*—By Hickman no doubt!—I muſt have this fellow's ears in my pocket, very quickly, I believe.

She ſays, *She is equally ſhocked, and enraged againſt all her family: Mrs. Norton's weight has been tried upon Mrs. Harlowe, as well as Mr. Hickman's upon the uncle.* '*But never were there*,' ſays the vixen, '*ſuch determined brutes in the world. Her uncle concludes her ruined already.*'—Is not that a call upon me, as well as a reproach?—*They all expected applications from her when in diſtreſs—but were reſolved not to ſtir an inch to ſave her life.* She was *accuſed of premeditation and contrivance.* Miſs Howe *is concerned*, ſhe tells her, *for the revenge my pride may put me upon taking for the diſtance ſhe has kept me at*—And well ſhe may.—It is now evident to her, that ſhe muſt be mine (for her *couſin* Morden, it ſeems, is ſet againſt her too)—An act of neceſſity, of convenience!—Thy friend, Jack, to be already made a woman's convenience! Is this to be borne by a Lovelace?

I ſhall make great uſe of this letter. From Miſs Howe's hints of what paſſed between her uncle Harlowe and Hickman, [It *muſt* be Hickman] I can give room for my *invention* to play; for ſhe tells her, that *ſhe will not reveal all.* I muſt endeavour to come at this letter myſelf. I muſt have the very words: extracts will not do. This letter, when I have it, muſt be my compaſs to ſteer by.

The fire of friendſhip then blazes and crackles. I never before imagined that ſo fervent a friendſhip could ſubſiſt between two fiſter beauties, both toaſts. But even *here* it may be inflamed by oppoſition, and by that contradiction which gives vigour to female ſpirits of a warm and romantick turn.

She raves about *coming up, if by ſo doing ſhe could prevent ſo noble a creature from ſtooping too low, or ſave her from ruin.*—One reed to ſupport another! I think I will contrive to bring her up.

How comes it to paſs, that I cannot help being pleaſed with this virago's ſpirit, though I ſuffer by it? Had I her but here, I'd engage, in a week's time, to teach her ſubmiſſion without reſerve. What pleaſure ſhould I have in breaking ſuch a ſpirit! I ſhould wiſh for her but for one month, in all, I think. She would be too tame and ſpiritleſs for me after that. How ſweetly pretty to ſee the two lovely friends, when humbled and tame, both ſitting in the darkeſt corner of a room, arm in arm, weeping and ſobbing for each other!—And I their emperor, their then *acknowledged* emperor, reclined at my eaſe in the ſame room, uncertain to which I ſhould firſt, grand ſignior like, throw out my handkerchief!

Again mind the girl: *ſhe is enraged at the Harlowes:* ſhe *is angry at her own mother; ſhe is exaſperated againſt her fooliſh and low-vanity'd Lovelace.* FOOLISH, a little toad! [God forgive me for calling a virtuous girl a toad!] '*Let us ſtoop to* 'lift the wretch out of his dirt, though we 'ſoil our fingers in doing it! He has not 'been guilty of direct indecency to you.'—It ſeems *extraordinary* to Miſs Howe that I have not. '*Nor dare he.*'—She ſhould be ſure of that. If women have ſuch things in their heads, why ſhould not I in my heart?—*Not ſo much of a devil as that comes to neither. Such villainous intentions would have ſhewn themſelves before now if I had them.*—Lord help them!

She then puts her friend upon urging for *ſettlements, licence*, and ſo-forth.—*No room for delicacy now*, ſhe ſays; and tells

tells her what she shall say, *to bring all forward from me.*—Is it not as clear to thee, Jack, as it is to me, that I should have carried my point long ago, but for this vixen? She *reproaches her for having* MODESTY'D *away*, as she calls it, *more than one opportunity, that she ought not to have slipt.*—Thus thou seest, that the noblest of the sex mean nothing in the world by their shyness and distance, but to pound the poor fellow they dislike not when he comes into their purlieus.

Though *trick'd into this man's power*, she tells her, *she is not meanly subjugated to it.* There are hopes of my reformation, it seems, *from my reverence for her*; *since before her I never had any reverence for what was good!* I am *a great, a specious deceiver.* I thank her for this, however. A good moral use, she says, may be made of *my having prevailed upon her to swerve.* I am glad that any good may flow from my actions.

Annexed to this letter is a paper the most saucy that ever was written of a mother by a daughter. There are in it such free reflections upon widows and batchelors, that I cannot but wonder how Miss Howe came by her learning. Sir George Colmar, I can tell thee, was a greater fool than thy friend, if she had it all for nothing.

The contents of this paper acquaint Miss Harlowe, that her uncle Antony has been making propofals of marriage to her mother.

The old fellow's heart ought to be a tough one, if he succeed; or she who broke that of a much worthier man, the late Mr. Howe, will soon get rid of him.

But be this as it may, the stupid family is made more irreconcileable than ever to their goddess-daughter for old Antony's thoughts of marrying: so I am more secure of her than ever. And yet I believe at last, that my tender heart will be moved in her favour. I did not *wish*, that she should have *nothing* but persecution and distress.—But why loves she the *brutes*, as Miss Howe justly calls them, so much; *me* so little?

I have still more unpardonable transcripts from other letters.

LETTER XXXIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THE next letter is of such a nature, that, I dare say, these proud rogues would not have had it fall into my hands for the world.

I see by it to what her displeasure with me, in relation to my propofals, was owing. They were not summed up, it seems, with the warmth, with the *ardours* which she had expected.

This whole letter was transcribed by Dorcas, to whose lot it fell. Thou shalt have copies of them all at full length shortly.

Men of our cast, this little devil says, *she fancies, cannot have the ardours that honest men have.* Miss Howe has very pretty fancies, Jack. Charming girl! Would to Heaven I knew whether my fair-one answers her as freely as she writes! 'Twould vex a man's heart that this virago should have come honestly by her *fancies.*

Who knows but I may have half a dozen creatures to get off my hands before I engage for life?—Yet, lest this should mean me a compliment, as if I would reform, she adds her belief, *that she must not expect me to be honest on this side my grand climacterick.* She has an high opinion of her sex, to think they can charm so long a man so well acquainted with their *identicalness.*

'*He to suggest delays*,' she says, '*from* '*a compliment to be made to Lord M.!*'—Yes, *I*, my dear—Because a man has not been accustomed to be dutiful, must he never be dutiful?—In so important a case as this too! the hearts of his whole family engaged in it! '*You did indeed*,' says she, '*want an interposing friend—But* '*were I to have been in your situation, I would* '*have torn his eyes out, and left it to his* '*heart to furnish the reason for it.*' See! see! What sayest thou to this, Jack?

'*Villain—Fellow that he is!*' follow. And for what? Only for wishing that the next day were to be my happy one; and for being dutiful to my nearest relation.

'*It is the cruellest of fates*,' she says, '*for* '*a woman to be forced to have a man whom* '*her heart despises.*'—That was what I wanted to be sure of.—I was afraid, that my beloved was too conscious of her talents; of her superiority! I was afraid that she *indeed* despised me.—And I cannot bear to think she does. But, Belford, I do not intend that this lady shall be bound down by so cruel a fate. Let me perish, if I marry a woman who has given her most intimate friend reason to say, *she despises me?*—A Lovelace to be *despised*, Jack!

'*His clenched fist to his forehead on your* '*leaving him in just displeasure*;'—that is, when she was not satisfied with my ardours, if it please ye!—I remember the motion: but her back was towards me

at the time. Are these watchful ladies all eye?—But observe what follows; '*I* '*wish it had been a pell-ax, and in the hands* '*of his worst enemy.*'

I will have patience, Jack; I *will* have patience! *My* day is at hand.—Then will I steel my heart with these remembrances.

But here is a scheme to be thought of, in order to *get my fair prize out of my hands, in case I give her reason to suspect me.*

This indeed alarms me. Now the contention becomes arduous. Now wilt thou not wonder, if I let loose my plotting genius upon them both. I will not be *out-Norris'd*, Belford.

But once more, *she has no notion*, she says, *that I can or dare to mean her dishonour.* But—'*Then the man is a fool*—'*that's all.*'—I should indeed be a fool, to proceed as I do, and mean matrimony! '*However, since you are thrown upon* '*a fool,*' says she, '*marry the fool, at the* '*first opportunity; and though I doubt that* '*this man will be the most unmanageable of* '*fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take* '*him as a punishment, since you cannot as a* '*reward.*'—Is there any bearing this, Belford?

But *such men as myself, are the men that women do not naturally hate.*—True as the gospel, Jack!—The truth is out at last. Have I not always told thee so? Sweet creatures and true Christians these young girls! They love their enemies. But rakes in their hearts all of them! Like turns to like; *that's* the thing. Were I not well assured of the truth of this observation of the vixen, I should have thought it worth while, if not to be a good man, to be more of an hypocrite, than I found it needful to be.

But in the letter I came at to-day, while she was at church, her scheme is farther opened; and a cursed one it is.

Mr. Lovelace then transcribes from his short-hand notes, that part of Miss Howe's letter, which relates to the design of engaging Mrs. Townsend (in case of necessity) to give her protection till Colonel Morden comes: and repeats his vows of revenge; especially for these words; that should he attempt any-thing that would make him obnoxious to the laws of society, she might have a fair riddance of him, either by flight or the gallows; no matter which.

He then adds—'Tis my pride, to subdue girls who know *too much* to *doubt* their knowledge; and to convince them, that they know *too little*, to defend themselves from the inconveniences of knowing *too much*.

How passion drives a man on! *proceeds he.*—I have written a prodigious quantity in a very few hours! Now my resentments are warm, I will see, and perhaps will punish, this proud, this *double*-armed beauty. I have sent to tell her, that I must be admitted to sup with her. We have neither of us dined. She refused to drink tea in the afternoon: and I believe neither of us will have much stomach to our supper.

LETTER XXXIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEVEN O'CLOCK.

I Was at the play last night with Mr. Lovelace and Miss Horton. It is, you know, a deep and most affecting tragedy in the reading. You have my remarks upon it, in the little book you made me write upon the principal acting plays. You will not wonder, that Miss Horton, as well as I, was greatly moved at the representation, when I tell you, and have some pleasure in telling you, that Mr. Lovelace himself was very sensibly touched with some of the most affecting scenes. I mention this in praise of the author's performance; for I take Mr. Lovelace to be one of the most hard-hearted men in the world. Upon my word, my dear, I do.

His behaviour, however, on this occasion, and on our return, was unexceptionable; only that he would oblige me to stay to supper with the women below, when we came back, and to sit up with him and them till near one o'clock this morning. I was resolved to be even with him; and indeed I am not very sorry to have the pretence; for I love to pass the Sundays by myself.

To have the better excuse to avoid his teazing, I am ready dressed to go to church this morning. I will go only to St. James's church, and in a *chair*; that I may be sure I can go out and come in when I please, without being intruded upon by him, as I was twice before.

NEAR NINE O'CLOCK.

I HAVE your kind letter of yesterday. He knows I have. And I shall expect, that he will be inquisitive next time I see him after your opinion of his proposals. I doubted not your approbation of them, and had written an answer on that presumption; which is ready for him. He must *study* for occasions of procrastination,

on, and to diſoblige me, if now any thing happens to ſet us at variance again.

He is very importunate to ſee me. He has deſired to attend me to church. He is angry that I have declined to breakfaſt with him. I am ſure that I ſhould not have been at my own liberty if I had—I bid Dorcas tell him, that I deſired to have this day to myſelf. I would ſee him in the morning as early as he pleaſed. She ſays, ſhe knows not what ails him, but that he is out of humour with everybody.

He has ſent again in a peremptory manner. He warns me of Singleton. I ſent him word, that if *he* was not afraid of Singleton at the play-houſe laſt night, *I* need not at church to-day: ſo many churches to *one* play-houſe. I have accepted of his ſervant's propoſed attendance. But he is quite diſpleaſed, it ſeems. I don't care. I will not be perpetually at his inſolent beck.—Adieu, my dear, till I return. The chair waits. He won't ſtop me, ſure, as I go down to it.

I DID not ſee him as I went down. He is, it ſeems, exceſſively out of humour. Dorcas ſays, Not with me, neither; ſhe believes: but ſomething has vexed him. This is put on perhaps to make me dine with him. But I will not, if I can help it. I ſhan't get rid of him for the reſt of the day, if I do.

HE was very earneſt to dine with me. But I was reſolved to carry this one ſmall point; and ſo denied to dine myſelf. And indeed I was endeavouring to write to my couſin Morden; and had begun three different times, without being able to pleaſe myſelf.

He was very buſy in writing, Dorcas ſays; and purſued it without dining, becauſe I denied him my company.

He afterwards *demanded*, as I may ſay, to be admitted to afternoon-tea with me: and appealed by Dorcas to his behaviour to me laſt night; as if, as I ſent him word by her, he thought he had a merit in being unexceptionable. However, I repeated my promiſe to meet him as early as he pleaſed in the morning, or to breakfaſt with him.

Dorcas ſays, he raved: I heard him loud, and I heard his ſervant fly from him, as I thought. You, my deareſt friend, ſay, in one of yours, that you muſt have ſomebody to be angry at, when your mother ſets you up. I ſhould be very loth to draw compariſons: but the workings of paſſion, when indulged, are but too much alike, whether in man or woman.

HE has juſt ſent me word, that he inſiſts upon ſupping with me. As we had been in a good train for ſeveral days paſt, I thought it not prudent to break with him for little matters. Yet, to be, in a manner, threatened into his will, I know not how to bear that.

WHILE I was conſidering, he came up, and, tapping at my door, told me, in a very angry tone, he muſt ſee me this night. He could not reſt, till he had been told what he had done to deſerve the treatment I gave him.

Treatment I gave him! A wretch! Yet perhaps he has nothing new to ſay to me. I ſhall be very angry with him.

[As the lady could not know what Mr. Lovelace's deſigns were, nor the cauſe of his ill-humour, it will not be improper to purſue the ſubject from his letter.]

[Having deſcribed his angry manner of demanding, in perſon, her company at ſupper; he proceeds as follows.]

'"Tis hard,' anſwered the fair perverſe, 'that I am to be ſo little my own 'miſtreſs. I will meet you in the din-'ing-room half an hour hence.'

'I went down to wait that half hour. 'All the women ſet me hard to give her 'cauſe for this tyranny. They demon-'ſtrated, as well from the nature of the '*ſex*, as of the *caſe*, that I had nothing to 'hope for from my tameneſs, and could 'meet with no worſe treatment, were I 'to be guilty of the laſt offence. They 'urged me vehemently to *try* at leaſt 'what effect ſome greater familiarities 'than I had ever taken with her would 'have: and their arguments being 'ſtrengthened by my juſt reſentments 'on the diſcoveries I had made, I was 'reſolved to take *ſome liberties*, and, as 'they were received, to take *ſtill greater*, 'and lay all the fault upon her *tyranny*. 'In this humour I went up, and never 'had paralytick ſo little command of 'his joints, as I had, while I walked 'about the dining-room, attending her 'motions.

'With an erect mien ſhe entered, her 'face averted, her lovely boſom ſwel-'ling, and the more charmingly pro-'tuberant for the erectneſs of her mien. 'O Jack! that ſullenneſs and reſerve 'ſhould add to the charms of this haugh-'ty maid! But in every attitude, in every 'humour, in every geſture, is beauty 'beautiful.—By her averted face, and 'indignant aſpect, I ſaw the dear inſo-'lent was diſpoſed to be angry—But by

'the

'the fierceneſs of mine, as my trembling 'hands ſeized hers, I ſoon made fear her 'predominant paſſion.' And yet the mo-'ment I beheld her, my heart was daſ-'tardized; and my reverence for the 'virgin purity ſo viſible in her whole 'deportment, again took place. Surely, 'Belford, this is an angel. And yet, 'had ſhe not been known to be a female, 'they would not from *babyhood* have 'dreſſed her as ſuch, nor would ſhe, but 'upon that conviction, have continued 'the dreſs.

"Let me aſk you, Madam, I beſeech "you tell me, what I have done to de-"ſerve this diſtant treatment?"

"And let me aſk *you*, Mr. Lovelace, "why are my retirements to be thus in-"vaded?—What can you have to ſay "to me ſince laſt night, that I went with "you ſo much againſt my will to the "play? And after ſitting up with you, "equally againſt my will, till a very late "hour?"

"*This* I have to ſay, Madam, that I "cannot bear to be kept at this diſtance "from you under the ſame roof."

"*Under the ſame roof!* Sir!—How came "you——"

"Hear me out, Madam," [letting go 'her trembling hands, and ſnatching 'them back again with an eagerneſs that 'made her ſtart]—"I have a thouſand "things to ſay, to talk of, relating to "our preſent and future proſpects; but "when I want to open my whole ſoul "to you, you are always contriving to "keep me at a diſtance. You make me "inconſiſtent with myſelf. Your heart "is ſet upon delays. You muſt have "views that you will not own. Tell "me, Madam, I conjure you to tell me, "this moment, without ſubterfuge or "reſerve, in what light am I to appear "to you in future? I cannot bear this "diſtance. The ſuſpence you hold me "in I cannot bear."

"In what light, Mr. Lovelace!" '[Viſibly terrified.] "In no bad light, "I hope.—Pray, Mr. Lovelace, do not "graſp my hands ſo hard." [Endea-'vouring to withdraw them.] "Pray "let me go."

"You *hate* me, Madam."

"I hate nobody, Sir."

"You *hate* me, Madam," repeated I.

'Inſtigated and reſolved, as I came 'up, I wanted ſome new provocation. 'The devil indeed, as ſoon as my angel 'made her appearance, crept out of my 'heart; but he had left the door open, 'and was no farther off than my elbow.

"You come up in no good temper, I "ſee, Mr. Lovelace—But pray be not "violent—*I have done you no hurt*—Pray "be not violent!"

"Sweet creature!" And I claſped one 'arm about her, holding one hand in 'my other.—"*You have done me no hurt*—" 'I could have devoured her—But re-'ſtraining myſelf—"You have done me "the greateſt hurt!—In what have I de-"ſerved the diſtance you keep me at?" '—I knew not what to ſay.

'She ſtruggled to diſengage herſelf— "Pray, Mr. Lovelace, let me withdraw. "I know not why this is. I know not "what I have done to offend you. I "ſee you are come with *a deſign to quar-"rel with me*. If you would not terrify "me by the ill-humour you are in, per-"mit me to withdraw. I will hear all "you have to ſay another time—To-"morrow morning, as I ſent you word "—But indeed you frighten me. I be-"ſeech you, if you have any value for "me, permit me to withdraw."

'Night, *mid*-night, *is* neceſſary, Bel-'ford. Surprize, terror, *muſt* be neceſ-'ſary to the ultimate trial of this charm-'ing creature, ſay the women below 'what they will. I could not hold my 'purpoſes. This was not the firſt time 'that I had *intended* to try if ſhe could 'forgive.

'I kiſſed her hand with a fervour, as 'if I would have left my lips upon it.— —"Withdraw, then, deareſt and ever-"dear creature. Indeed I entered in a "very ill humour. I cannot bear the "diſtance at which you ſo cauſeleſsly "keep me. Withdraw, Madam, ſince "it is your will to withdraw; and judge "me generouſly; judge me but as I de-"ſerve to be judged; and let me hope "to meet you to-morrow morning early "in ſuch a temper as becomes our pre-"ſent ſituation, and my future hopes."

'And ſo ſaying, I conducted her to 'the door, and left her there. But in-'ſtead of going down to the women, I 'went into my own chamber, and locked 'myſelf in; aſhamed of being awed by 'her majeſtick loveline's, and apprehen-'ſive virtue, into ſo great a change of 'purpoſe, notwithſtanding I had ſuch 'juſt provocations from the letters of 'her ſaucy friend, founded on her own 'repreſentations of facts and ſituations 'between herſelf and me.'

[The lady (dated Sunday night) thus deſcribes her terrors, and Mr. Love-lace's behaviour, on the occaſion.]

On my entering the dining-room, he took my hand in his, in ſuch a humour,

as I saw plainly he was resolved to quarrel with me—*And for what?—What had I done to him?*—I never in my life beheld in any body such wild, such angry, such impatient airs. I was terrified; and instead of being as angry as I intended to be, I was forced to be all mildness. I can hardly remember what were his first words, I was so frighted. But, '*You 'hate me, Ma'am! You hate me, Madam!*' were some of them—with such a fierceness—I wished myself a thousand miles distant from him. 'I hate nobody,' said I: 'I thank God I hate nobody—You 'terrify me, Mr. Lovelace—Let me 'leave you.'—The man, my dear, looked *quite ugly*—I never saw a man look so ugly as passion made him look—*And for what?*—And he so grasped my hands!—Fierce creature!—He so grasped my hands! In short, he seemed by his looks, and by his words, (once putting his arms about me) to wish me to provoke him. So that I had nothing to do but to beg of him (which I did repeatedly) to permit me to withdraw: and to promise to meet him at his own time in the morning.

It was with a very ill grace that he complied, on that condition; and at parting he kissed my hand with such a savageness, that a redness remains upon it still.

Do you not think, my dear, that I have reason to be incensed at him, my situation considered? Am I not under a *necessity*, as it were, of quarrelling with him; at least every other time I see him? No prudery, no coquetry, no tyranny in my heart, or in my behaviour to him, that I know of. No affected procrastination. Aiming at nothing but decorum. He as much concerned, and so he ought to think, as I, to have that observed. Too much in his power: cast upon him by the cruelty of my relations. No other protection to fly to but his. One plain path before us; yet such embarrasses, such difficulties, such subjects for doubt, for cavil, for uneasiness; as fast as one is obviated, another to be introduced, and not by myself—know not how introduced—What pleasure can I propose to myself in meeting such a wretch?

Perfect for me, my dearest Miss Howe, perfect for me, I beseech you, your kind scheme with Mrs. Townsend; and I will then leave this man.

My temper, I believe, is changed. No wonder if it be. I question whether ever it will be what it was. But I cannot make *him* half so uneasy by the change, as I am *myself*. See you not how, from step to step, he grows upon me?—I tremble to look back upon his encroachments. And now to give me cause to apprehend *more evil from him than indignation will permit me to express!*—O my dear, perfect your scheme, and let me fly from so strange a wretch!

Yet, to be first an eloper from my friends to him, as the world supposes; and now to be so from him, [To *whom* I know not!] how hard to one who ever endeavoured to shun intricate paths! But he must certainly have views in quarrelling with me thus, which he dare not own!—Yet what can they be?—I am terrified but to think of what they may be!

Let me *but* get from him!—As to my reputation, if I leave him—That is already too much wounded for me, now, to be careful about any-thing, but how to act so, as that my own heart shall not reproach me. As to the world's censure, I must be content to suffer that—An unhappy composition, however,—What a wreck have my fortunes suffered, to be obliged to throw overboard so many valuables, to preserve, indeed, the *only* valuable!—A composition that once it would have half broken my heart to think there would have been the least danger that I should be obliged to submit to.

You, my dear, could not be a stranger to my most secret feelings, although you would not tell me of them. What a pride did I take in the applause of everyone!—What a pride even in supposing I had *not* that pride!—Which concealed itself from my unexamining heart under the specious veil of *humility*, doubling the merit to myself by the *supposed*, and indeed *imputed* gracefulness in the manner of conferring benefits, when I had not a single merit in what I did, vastly over-paid by the pleasure of doing some little good, and impelled, as I may say, by talents given me—For what!—Not to be proud of.

So desirous, in short, to be considered as an *example!* A vanity which my partial admirers put into my head!—And so secure in my own virtue!

I am punished enough, enough mortified, for this my vanity—I hope *enough*, if it so please the all-gracious Inflictor: since now, I verily think, I more despise myself for my presumptuous self-security, as well as vanity, than ever I secretly vaunted myself on my good inclinations: *secretly*, I say, however; for indeed I had not given myself leisure to reflect,

reflect, till I was thus mortified, how very imperfect I was; nor how much truth there is in what divines tell us, That we sin in our best performances.

But I was very young—But here let me watch over myself again: for in those four words, *I was very young*, is there not a palliation couched, that were enough to take all efficacy from the discovery and confession?

What strange imperfect beings!—But *self* here, which is at the bottom of all we do, and of all we wish, is the grand misleader.

I will not apologize to you, my dear, for these grave reflections. Is it not enough to make the unhappy creature look into herself, and endeavour to detect herself, who, from such an high reputation, left to proud and presumptuous self, should, by one thoughtless step, be brought to the dreadful situation I am in?

Let me, however, look forward: to despond, would be to add sin to sin. And whom have I to raise me up, whom to comfort me, if I desert *myself*?—Thou, O Father, who, I hope, hast not yet deserted, hast not yet cursed me!—For I am thine!—It is fit that meditation should supply the rest.

I WAS so disgusted with him, as well as frightened by him, that on my return to my chamber, in a fit of passionate despair, I tore almost in two, the answer I had written to his proposals

I will see him in the morning, because I promised I would. But I will go out, and that without him, or any attendant. If he account not tolerably for his sudden change of behaviour, and a proper opportunity offer of a private lodging in some creditable house, I will not any more return to this:—at present I think so.—And there will I either attend the perfecting of your scheme; or, by your epistolary mediation, make my own terms with the wretch; since it is your opinion that I must be his, and cannot help myself: or perhaps take a resolution to throw myself at once into Lady Betty's protection; and this will hinder him from making his insolently threatened visit to Harlowe Place.

[The lady writes again on Monday evening; and gives her friend an account of all that passed between herself and Mr. Lovelace that day; and of her being terrified out of her purpose, of going out: but Mr. Lovelace's next letters giving a more ample account of all, hers are omitted.]

[It is proper, however, to mention, that she re-urges Miss Howe (from the dissatisfaction she has reason for from what passed between Mr. Lovelace and herself) to perfect her scheme in relation to Mrs. Townsend. She concludes this letter in these words:]

I should say something of your last favour, (but a few hours ago received) and of your dialogue with your mother—Are you not very whimsical, my dear? I have but two things to wish for on this occasion.—The one, that your charming pleasantry had a *better subject* than that you find for it in this dialogue—The other, that my situation were not such, as must too often damp that pleasantry in you, and will not permit me to enjoy it, as I used to do. Be, however, happy, in yourself, though you cannot in *your*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 22.

NO generosity in this lady. None at all. Wouldst thou not have thought, that after I had permitted her to withdraw, primed for mischief as I was, she would meet me next morning early; and that with a smile; making me one of her best curtsies?

I was in the dining-room before six, expecting her. She opened not her door. I went up stairs and down; and hemm'd; and called Will; called Dorcas; threw the doors hard to; but still she opened not her door. Thus till half an hour after eight, I fooled away my time; and then (breakfast ready) I sent Dorcas to request her company.

But I was astonished, when (following the wench, as she did at the first invitation) I saw her enter dressed, all but her gloves, and those and her fan in her hand; in the same moment bidding Dorcas to direct Will to get her a chair to the door.

'Cruel creature,' thought I, 'to expose me thus to the derision of the women below!

'Going abroad, Madam?'

'I am, Sir.'

I looked cursed silly, I am sure, 'You will breakfast first, I hope, Madam;' and a very humble strain; yet with an hundred tenter-hooks in my heart.

Had she given me more notice of her intention, I had perhaps wrought myself up to the frame I was in the day before, and begun my vengeance. And immediately

diately came into my head all the virulence that had been tranſcribed for me from Miſs Howe's letters, and in that letter which I had tranſcribed myſelf.

Yes, ſhe would drink one diſh; and then laid her gloves and fan in the window juſt by.

I was perfectly diſconcerted. I hemm'd, and was going to ſpeak ſeveral times; but I knew not in what key. 'Who's 'modeſt now!' thought I. 'Who's in-'ſolent now!'—How a tyrant of a woman confounds a bathful man! She was acting Miſs Howe, I thought; and I the ſpiritleſs Hickman.

At laſt, 'I *will* begin,' thought I.

She a diſh—I a diſh.

Sip, her eyes her own, ſhe; like an haughty and imperious ſovereign, conſcious of dignity, every look a favour.

Sip, like her vaſſal, I; lips and hands trembling, and not knowing that I ſipp'd or taſted.

'I was—I was—' I ſipp'd—(drawing in my breath and the liquor together, though I ſcalded my mouth with it) 'I was in hopes, Madam—'

Dorcas came in juſt then.—'Dorcas,' ſaid ſhe, 'is a chair gone for?'

'Damn'd impertinence,' thought I, 'thus to put me out in my ſpeech!' And I was forced to wait for the ſervant's anſwer to the inſolent miſtreſs's queſtion.

'William is gone for one, Madam.'

This coſt me a minute's ſilence before I could begin again. And then it was with my hopes, and my hopes, and my hopes, that I ſhould have been early admitted to—

'What weather is it, Dorcas?' ſaid ſhe, as regardleſs of me as if I had not been preſent.

'A little lowering, Madam—The ſun 'is gone in—It was very fine half an 'hour ago.'

I had no patience. Up I roſe. Down went the tea-cup, ſaucer and all—'Con-'found the weather, the ſun-ſhine, and 'the wench!—Begone for a devil, when 'I am ſpeaking to your lady, and have 'ſo little opportunity given me.'

Up roſe the ſaucy-face, half-frighted; and ſnatched from the window her gloves and fan.

'You muſt not go, Madam!'—Seizing her hand—'By my ſoul you muſt 'not.'

'*Muſt not*, Sir!—But I muſt—you can 'curſe your maid in my abſence as well 'as if I were preſent—Except—Except '—you intend for *me*, what you direct to '*her*.'

'Deareſt creature, you muſt not go '—You muſt not leave me. Such deter-'mined ſcorn!—Such contempts!—'Queſtions aſked your ſervant of no 'meaning but to break in upon me—I 'cannot bear it!'

'Detain me not,' ſtruggling. I will 'not be withheld. I like you not, nor 'your ways. You ſought to quarrel 'with me yeſterday, *for no reaſon in the 'world that I can think of, but becauſe I was 'too obliging*. You are an ungrateful 'man: and I hate you with my whole 'heart, Mr. Lovelace.'

'Do not make me deſperate, Madam. 'Permit me to ſay, that you ſhall not 'leave me in this humour. Wherever 'you go, I will attend you. Had Miſs 'Howe been my friend, I had not been 'thus treated. It is but too plain to 'whom my difficulties are owing. I 'have long obſerved, that every letter 'you received from *her*, makes an al-'teration in your behaviour to *me*. She 'would have *you* treat *me* as *ſhe* treats 'Mr. Hickman, I ſuppoſe: but neither 'does that treatment become your ad-'mirable temper to offer, nor me to re-'ceive.'

This ſtartled her. She did not care to have me think hardly of Miſs Howe.

But recollecting herſelf—'Miſs Howe,' ſaid ſhe, 'is a friend to virtue, and to 'good men. If ſhe like not you, it is 'becauſe you are not one of thoſe.'

'Yes, Madam; and therefore to ſpeak 'of Mr. Hickman and myſelf, as you 'both, I ſuppoſe, think of each, ſhe 'treats *him* as ſhe would not treat a *Love-'lace*.—I challenge you, Madam, to 'ſhew me one of the many letters you 'have received from her, where I am 'mentioned.'

'Miſs Howe is juſt; Miſs Howe is 'good,' replied ſhe. 'She writes, ſhe 'ſpeaks of every-body as they deſerve. 'If you point me out but any one oc-'caſion, upon which you have reaſon to 'build a merit to yourſelf, as either juſt 'or good, or even generous, I will look 'out for her letter on that occaſion, '[if ſuch an occaſion there be, I have 'certainly acquainted her with it;] and 'will engage it ſhall be in your favour.'

Deviliſh ſevere! and as indelicate as ſevere, to put a modiſh man upon hunting backward after his own merits.

She would have flung from me: 'I 'will *not* be detained, Mr. Lovelace. 'I *will* go out.'

'Indeed you muſt not, Madam, in 'this humour.' And I placed myſelf between her and the door.—And then,

fanning, she threw herself into a chair, her sweet face all crimsoned over with passion.

I cast myself at her feet. 'Be gone, 'Mr. Lovelace,' said she, with a rejecting motion, her fan in her hand; 'for 'your own sake leave me!—My soul is 'above thee, man!'—with both her hands pushing me from her!—'Urge me 'not to tell thee, how sincerely I think 'my soul above thee!—Thou hast in 'mine, a proud, a too proud heart, 'to contend with!—Leave me, and 'leave me for ever!—Thou hast a proud 'heart to contend with!'

Her air, her manner, her voice, were bewitchingly noble, though her words were so severe.

'Let me worship an angel,' said I, 'no 'woman. Forgive me, dearest crea-'ture!—Creature if you be, forgive 'me!—Forgive my inadvertencies!—'Forgive my inequalities!—Pity my in-'firmities!—Who is equal to my Cla-'rissa?'

I trembled between admiration and love! and wrapped my arms about her knees, as she sat. She tried to rise at the moment; but my clasping round her thus ardently, drew her down again; and never was woman more affrighted. But free as my clasping emotion might appear to her apprehensive heart, I had not, at the instant, any thought but what reverence inspired. And till she had actually withdrawn, [Which I permitted under promise of a speedy return, and on her consent to dismiss the chair] all the motions of my heart were as pure as her own.

She kept not her word. An hour I waited before I sent to claim her promise. She could not possibly see me yet, was her answer. As soon as she could, she would.

Dorcas says, she still excessively trembled; and ordered her to give her hartshorn and water.

A strange apprehensive creature! Her terror is too great for the occasion.—Evils are often greater in apprehension than in reality. Hast thou never observed, that the terrors of a bird caught, and actually in the hand, bear no comparison to what we might have supposed those terrors would be, were we to have formed a judgment of the same bird by it's shyness before it was taken?

Dear creature!—Did she never romp? Did she never, from girlhood to now, hoyden? The *innocent* kinds of freedom taken and allowed on these occasions, would have familiarized her to greater. Sacrilege but to touch the hem of her garment!—Excess of delicacy!—O the consecrated beauty! how can she think to be a wife?

But how do I know till I try, whether she may not by a less alarming treatment be prevailed upon, or whether [*Day*, I have done with thee!] she may not *yield to nightly surprizes?*—This is still the burden of my song, I can marry her when I will. And if I do, after prevailing, (whether by *surprize*, or by *reluctant consent*) whom but myself shall I have injured?

It is now eleven o'clock. She will see me as soon as she can, she tells Polly Horton, who made her a tender visit, and to whom she is less reserved than to any-body else. Her emotion, she assures her, was not owing to perverseness, to nicety, to ill-humour; but to *weakness of heart*. She has not *strength of mind* sufficient, she says, to enable her to support her condition.

Yet what a contradiction!—*Weakness of heart*, says she, with *such a strength of will!*—O Belford! she is a lion-hearted lady, in every case where her honour, her punctilio rather, calls for spirit. But I have had reason more than once in her case, to conclude, that the passions of the gentle, slower to be moved than those of the quick, are the most irresistible, when raised.—Yet her charming body is not equally organized. The unequal partners pull two ways; and the divinity within her tears her silken frame. But had the same soul informed a masculine body, never would there have been a truer hero.

MONDAY, TWO O'CLOCK.

Not yet visible!—My beloved is not well. What *expectations* had she from my ardent admiration of her!—More rudeness than revenge apprehended. Yet, how my soul thirsts for revenge upon both these ladies! I must have recourse to my *master-strokes*. This cursed project of Miss Howe and her Mrs. Townsend, (if I cannot contrive to render it abortive) will be always a sword hanging over my head. Upon every little disobligation my beloved will be for taking wing; and the pains I have taken to deprive her of every other refuge or protection, in order to make her absolutely dependent upon me, will be all thrown away. But perhaps I shall find out a smuggler to counterplot Miss Howe.

Thou remembrest the contention between

tween the ſun and the north-wind, in the fable; which ſhould firſt make an honeſt traveller throw off his cloak.

Boreas began firſt. He puffed away moſt vehemently; and often made the poor fellow curve and ſtagger; but with no other effect than to cauſe him to wrap his ſurtout cloſer about him.

But when it came to Phœbus's turn, he ſo played upon the traveller with his beams, that he made him firſt unbutton, and then throw it quite off—Nor left he, till he obliged him to take to the friendly ſhade of a ſpreading beach; where proſtrating himſelf on the thrown-off cloak, he took a comfortable nap.

The victor-god then laughed outright, both at Boreas and the traveller, and purſued his radiant courſe, ſhining upon, and warming and cheriſhing a thouſand new objects as he danced along: and at night, when he put up his fiery courſers, he diverted his Thetis with the relation of his pranks in the paſſed day.

I, in like manner, will diſcard all my boiſterous inventions: and if I can oblige my ſweet traveller to throw aſide, *but for one moment*, the cloak of her rigid virtue, I ſhall have nothing to do, but, like the ſun, to bleſs new objects with my rays. But my choſen hours of converſation and repoſe, after all my peregrinations, will be devoted to my goddeſs.

AND now, Belford, according to my new ſyſtem, I think this houſe of Mrs. Fretchville an embarraſs upon me. I will get rid of it; for ſome time at leaſt. Mennell, when I am out, ſhall come to her, enquiring for me. 'What for?' thou'lt aſk. What for!—Haſt thou not heard what has befallen poor Mrs. Fretchville?—Then I'll tell thee.

One of her maids, about a week ago, was taken with the ſmall-pox. The reſt kept their miſtreſs ignorant of it till Friday; and *then* ſhe came to know it by accident. The greater half of the plagues poor mortals of condition are tormented with, proceed from the ſervants they take, partly for ſhow, partly for uſe, and with a view to leſſen their cares.

This has ſo terrified the widow, that ſhe is taken with all the ſymptoms that threaten an attack from that dreadful enemy of fair faces.—So muſt not think of removing: yet cannot expect that we ſhould be further delayed on her account.

She now wiſhes, with all her heart, that ſhe had known her own mind, and gone into the country at firſt when I treated about the houſe: this evil then had not happened!—A curſed croſs accident for *us*, too!—High-ho! Nothing elſe, I think, in this mortal life! People need not ſtudy to bring croſſes upon themſelves by their petulancies.

So this affair of the houſe will be over; at leaſt, for one while. But then I can fall upon an expedient which will make amends for this diſappointment. I muſt move *ſlow*, in order to be *ſure*. I have a charming contrivance or two in my head, even ſuppoſe my beloved ſhould get away, to bring her back again.

But what is become of Lord M. I trow, that he writes not to me, in anſwer to my invitation? If he would ſend me ſuch a letter as I could ſhew, it might go a great way towards a perfect reconciliation. I have written to Charlotte about it. He ſhall ſoon hear from me, and that in a way he won't like, if he writes not quickly. He has ſometimes threatened to diſinherit *me*: but if I ſhould renounce *him*, it would be but juſtice, and would vex him ten times more, than any-thing he can do, will vex me. Then, the ſettlements unavoidably delayed, by his neglect!—How ſhall I bear ſuch a life of procraſtination!—I, who, as to my will, and impatience, and ſo-forth, am of the true *lady-make*, and can as little bear controul and diſappointment as the beſt of them!

ANOTHER letter from Miſs Howe, I ſuppoſe it is *that* which ſhe promiſes in her laſt to ſend her relating to the courtſhip between old Tony the uncle, and Annabella the mother. I ſhould be extremely rejoiced to ſee it. No more of the ſmuggler-plot in it, ſurely! This letter, it ſeems, ſhe has put in her pocket. But I hope I ſhall ſoon find it depoſited with the reſt.

MONDAY EVENING.

AT my repeated requeſt ſhe condeſcended to meet me in the dining-room to afternoon-tea, and not before.

She entered with baſhfulneſs, as I thought; in a pretty confuſion, for having carried her apprehenſions too far. Sullen and ſlow moved ſhe towards the tea-table.—Dorcas preſent, buſy in tea-cup preparations. I took her reluctant hand, and preſſed to my lips—'Deareſt, 'lovelieſt of creatures, why this diſtance? 'Why this diſpleaſure?—How can you 'thus torture the faithfulleſt heart in 'the world?'

She diſengaged her hand. Again I would have ſnatched it.

'Be quiet,' peeviſhly withdrawing it. And down ſhe ſat; a gentle palpitation

in the beauty of beauties indicating mingled ſullenneſs and reſentment; her ſnowy handkerchief riſing and falling, and a ſweet flush over-ſpreading her charming cheeks.

'For God's ſake, Madam!'—And a third time I would have taken her repulſing hand.

'And for the ſame ſake, Sir, no more 'teazing.'

Dorcas retired; I drew my chair nearer hers, and with the moſt reſpectful tenderneſs took her hand; and told her, that I could not forbear to expreſs my apprehenſions, (from the diſtance ſhe was ſo deſirous to keep me at) that if any man in the world was more *indifferent* to her, to uſe no harſher word, than another, it was the unhappy wretch before her.

She looked ſteadily upon me, for a moment, and with her other hand, not withdrawing that I held, pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket; and by a twinkling motion urged forward a tear or two, which having ariſen in each ſweet eye, it was plain by that motion, ſhe would rather have diſſipated: but anſwered me only with a ſigh, and an averted face.

I urged her to ſpeak; to look up at me; to bleſs me with an eye more favourable.

I had reaſon, ſhe told me, for my complaint of her indifference. She ſaw nothing in my mind that was generous. I was not a man to be obliged or favoured. My ſtrange behaviour to her ſince Saturday night, *for no cauſe at all that ſhe knew of*, convinced her of this. Whatever hopes ſhe had conceived of me, were utterly diſſipated: all my ways were diſguſtful to her.

This cut me to the heart. The guilty, I believe, in every caſe, leſs patiently bear the detecting truth, than the innocent do the degrading falſhood.

I beſpoke her patience, while I took the liberty to account for this change on my part.—I re-acknowledged the pride of my heart, which could not bear the thought of that want of preference in the heart of a lady whom I hoped to call mine, which ſhe had always manifeſted. Marriage, I ſaid, was a ſtate that was not to be entered upon with indifference on either ſide.

'It is inſolence,' interrupted ſhe, 'it 'is a preſumption, Sir, to expect tokens 'of value, without reſolving to *deſerve* 'them. You have no whining creature 'before you, Mr. Lovelace, overcome 'by weak motives, to love where there 'is no merit. Miſs Howe can tell you, 'Sir, that I never loved the *faults* of 'my friend; nor ever wiſhed her to 'love me for mine. It is a rule with 'us not to ſpare each other. And would 'a man who has nothing but faults, (for 'pray, Sir, what are your virtues?) 'expect that I ſhould ſhew a value for 'him? Indeed, if I did, I ſhould not de'ſerve even *his* value; but ought to be 'deſpiſed by him.'

'Well have you, Madam, kept up to 'this noble manner of thinking. You 'are in no danger of being deſpiſed for 'any marks of tenderneſs or favour 'ſhewn to the man before you. You 'have been perhaps, *you'll* think, *laudably* ſtudious of making and taking occaſions to declare, that it was far from 'being owing to your *choice*, that you 'had any thoughts of me. My whole 'ſoul, Madam, in all its errors, in all 'its wiſhes, in all its views; had been 'laid open and naked before you, had I 'been encouraged by ſuch a ſhare in 'your confidence and eſteem, as would 'have ſecured me againſt your appre'hended worſt conſtructions of what 'I ſhould from time to time have reveal'ed to you, and conſulted you upon. 'For never was there a franker heart: 'nor a man ſo ready to accuſe himſelf,' [*This, Belford, is true.*] 'But you know, 'Madam, how much otherwiſe it has 'been between us.—Doubt, diſtance, 'reſerve, on your part, begat doubt, 'fear, awe, on mine.—How little con'fidence! as if we apprehended each 'other to be a plotter rather than a 'lover. How have I dreaded every let'ter that has been brought you from 'Wilſon's!—And with reaſon: ſince 'the laſt, from which I expected ſo 'much, on account of the propoſals I 'made you in writing, has, if I may 'judge by the effects, and by your de'nial of ſeeing me yeſterday, (though 'you could go abroad, and in a *chair* 'too, to avoid my attendance on you) ſet 'you againſt me more than ever.'

'I was guilty, it ſeems, of going to 'church,' ſaid the indignant charmer; 'and without the company of a man, 'whoſe choice it would have been not 'to go, had I not gone—I was guilty of 'deſiring to have the whole Sunday to 'myſelf, after I had obliged you, againſt 'my will, at a play, and after you had 'detained me (equally to my diſlike) to 'a very late hour over-night.—Theſe 'were my faults: for theſe I was to be 'puniſhed: I was to be compelled to 'ſee you, and to be terrified when I did 'ſee you, by the moſt ſhocking ill-humour that was ever ſhewn to a creature 'in my circumſtances, and not bound to

'bear it. You have pretended to find 'fault with my father's temper, Mr. 'Lovelace: but the worſt that he ever 'ſhewed *after* marriage, was not in the 'leaſt to be compared to what you have 'ſhewn *before-hand*.—And what are my 'proſpects with you at the very beſt?— 'My indignation riſes againſt you, Mr. 'Lovelace, while I ſpeak to you, when 'I recollect the many inſtances, equally 'ungenerous and unpolite, of your be-'haviour to one whom you have brought 'into diſtreſs—And I can hardly bear 'you in my ſight.'

She turned from me, ſtanding up; and lifting up her folded hands, and charming eyes ſwimming in tears, 'O my fa-'ther!' ſaid the inimitable creature, 'you might have ſpared your heavy 'curſe, had you known how I have been 'puniſhed, ever ſince my ſwerving feet 'led me out of your garden-doors to 'meet this man!'—Then, ſinking into her chair, a burſt of paſſionate tears forced their way down her glowing cheeks.

'My deareſt life,' taking her ſtill folded hands in mine, 'who can bear an 'invocation ſo affecting, though ſo paſ-'ſionate?'

And as I hope to live, my noſe tingled, as I once, when a boy, remember it did, (and indeed once more very lately) juſt before ſome tears came into my eyes; and I durſt hardly truſt my face in view of hers.

'What have I done to deſerve this 'impatient exclamation?—Have I at 'any time, by words, by deeds, by looks, 'given you cauſe to doubt my honour, 'my reverence, my *adoration*, I may 'call it, of your virtues? All is owing to 'miſapprehenſion, I hope, on both ſides. 'Condeſcend to clear up but your part, 'as I will mine, and all muſt ſpeedily be 'happy.—Would to Heaven I loved 'that Heaven as I love you! And yet, 'if I doubted a return in love, let me 'periſh if I ſhould know to wiſh you 'mine!—Give me hope, deareſt creu-'ture, give me but hope, that I am your 'preferable choice!—Give me but hope, 'that you hate me not: that you do 'not *deſpiſe me*.

'O Mr. Lovelace, we have been long 'enough together, to be tired of each 'other's humours and ways; ways and 'humours ſo different, that perhaps you 'ought to diſlike *me*, as much as I do '*you*.—I think—I think, that I cannot 'make an anſwerable return to the va-'lue you profeſs for me. My temper 'is utterly ruined. You have given me 'an ill opinion of all mankind; of your-'ſelf in particular: and withal ſo bad a 'one of myſelf, that I ſhall never be 'able to look up, having utterly and 'for ever loſt all that ſelf-complacency, 'and conſcious pride, which are ſo ne-'ceſſary to carry a woman through this 'life with tolerable ſatisfaction to her-'ſelf.'

She pauſed. I was ſilent. 'By my 'ſoul,' thought I, 'this ſweet creature 'will at laſt undo me!'

She proceeded:—'What now remains, 'but that you pronounce me free of all 'obligation to you? And that you hin-'der me not from purſuing the deſtiny 'that ſhall be allotted me?'

Again ſhe pauſed. I was ſtill ſilent; meditating whether to renounce all further deſigns upon her; whether I had not received ſufficient evidence of a virtue, and of a greatneſs of ſoul, that could not be queſtioned or impeached.

She went on:—'Propitious to me be 'your ſilence, Mr. Lovelace!—Tell me, 'that I am free of all obligation to you. 'You know, I never made *you* promiſes. 'You know, that you are not under any 'to *me*.—My broken fortunes I matter 'not——'

She was proceeding—'My deareſt 'life,' ſaid I, 'I have been all this time, 'though you fill me with doubts of your 'favour, buſy in the nuptial preparations, 'I am actually in treaty for equipage.'

'*Equipage*, Sir!—Trappings, tinſel! '—What is equipage—what is life— 'what is any-thing, to a creature ſunk 'ſo low as I am in my own opinion!— 'Labouring under a father's curſe!— 'Unable to look backward without ſelf-'reproach, or forward without terror! '—Theſe reflections ſtrengthened by 'every croſs accident!—And what but 'croſs accidents befal me!—All my 'darling ſchemes daſhed in pieces, all 'my hopes at an end; deny me not the 'liberty to refuge myſelf in ſome obſcure 'corner, where neither the enemies you 'have made me, nor the few friends you 'have left me, may ever hear of the ſup-'poſed raſh-one, till thoſe happy mo-'ments are at hand, which ſhall expi-'ate for all!'

I had not a word to ſay for myſelf. Such a war in my mind had I never known. Gratitude, and admiration of the excellent creature before me, combating with villainous habit, with reſolutions ſo premeditatedly made, and with views ſo much gloried in!—An hundred new contrivances in my head, and in my heart, that to be honeſt, as it is called,

called, must all be given up, by a heart delighting in intrigue and difficulty—Miss Howe's virulences endeavoured to be recollected—Yet recollection refusing to bring them forward with the requisite efficacy—I had certainly been a lost man, had not Dorcas come seasonably in, with a letter.—'*Be pleased, Sir, to open it now.*'

I retired to the window—opened it—It was from Dorcas herself.—These the contents—'Be pleased to detain my lady: 'a paper of importance to transcribe. I 'will cough when I have done.'

I put the paper in my pocket, and turned to my charmer, less disconcerted, as she, by that time, had also a little recovered herself.—'One favour, dearest 'creature—Let me but know, whether 'Miss Howe approves or disapproves of 'my proposals?—I know her to be my 'enemy. I was intending to account to 'you for the change of behaviour you 'accused me of at the beginning of the 'conversation; but was diverted from 'it by your vehemence. Indeed, my 'beloved creature, you were *very* vehe-'ment. Do you think, it must not be 'matter of high regret to me, to find 'my wishes so often delayed and post-poned in favour of your predominant 'view to a reconciliation with your re-'lations who will not be reconciled to 'you?—To this was owing your declin-'ing to celebrate our nuptials before we 'came to town, though you were so at-'trociously treated by your sister, and 'your whole family; and though so ar-'dently pressed to celebrate by me—To 'this was owing the ready offence you 'took at my four friends; and at the 'unavailing attempt I made to see a 'dropt letter; little imagining, from 'what two such ladies could write to 'each other, that there could be room 'for mortal displeasure—To this was 'owing the week's distance you held me 'at, till you knew the issue of another 'application.—But when they had re-'jected that; when you had sent my 'cold-received proposals to Miss Howe 'for her approbation or advice, as indeed 'I advised; and had honoured me with 'your company at the play on Saturday 'night, (my whole behaviour unobjec-'tionable to the last hour;) must not, 'Madam, the sudden change in your 'conduct the very next morning, asto-'nish and distress me?—And this per-'sisted in with still stronger declarations, 'after you had received the impatiently-'expected letter from Miss Howe; must 'I not conclude, that all was owing to 'her influence; and that some other ap-'plication or project was meditating, 'that made it necessary to keep me again 'at distance till the result were known, 'and which was to deprive me of you 'for ever? for was not that your con-'stantly proposed preliminary?—Well, 'Madam, might I be wrought up to a 'half-phrenzy by this apprehension; and 'well might I charge you with hating 'me.—And now, my dearest creature, 'let me know, I once more ask you, 'What is Miss Howe's opinion of my 'proposals?

'Were I disposed to debate with you, 'Mr. Lovelace, I could very easily an-'swer your fine harangue. But at pre-'sent, I shall only say, that your ways 'have been very unaccountable. You 'seem to me, if your meanings were al-'ways just, to have taken great pains to 'embarrass them. Whether owing in 'you to the want of a clear head, or a 'sound heart, I cannot determine; but 'it is to the want of one of them, I ve-'rily think, that I am to ascribe the 'greatest part of your strange conduct.'

'Curse upon the heart of that little 'devil,' said I, 'who instigates you to 'think so hardly of the faithfullest heart 'in the world!'

'How dare you, Sir!' And there she stopt; having almost overshot herself; as I designed she should.

'How dare I *what*, Madam?' And I looked with meaning. 'How dare I '*what?*'

'Vile man!—And do you—' And there again she stopt.

'Do I *what*, Madam?—And why '*vile man?*'

'How dare you curse *any-body* in my 'presence?'

O the sweet receder! But that was not to go off so with a Lovelace.

'Why then, dearest creature, is there '*any-body* that instigates you?—If there 'be, again I curse them, be they whom 'they will.'

She was in a charming pretty passion. And this was the first time that I had the odds in my favour.

'Well, Madam, it is just as I thought. 'And now I know how to account for 'a temper that I hope is not *natural* to 'you.'

'Artful wretch! And is it thus you 'would entrap me? But know, Sir, 'that I received letters from nobody but 'Miss Howe. Miss Howe likes some 'of your ways as little as I do; for I 'have set every-thing before her. Yet 'she is thus far *your* enemy, as she is 'mine. She thinks I should not refuse

'your

'your offers; but endeavour to make 'the beſt of my lot. And now you 'have the truth. Would to Heaven 'you were capable of dealing with equal 'ſincerity!'

'I *am*, Madam. And here, on my 'knee, I renew my vows, and my ſup-'plication, that you will make me yours. 'Yours for ever. And let me have 'cauſe to bleſs you and Miſs Howe in 'the ſame breath.'

To ſay the truth, Belford, I had before begun to think, that the vixen of a girl, who certainly likes not Hickman, was in love with *me*.

'Riſe, Sir, from your too ready knees, 'and mock me not.'

'*Too-ready knees!*' thought I. 'Though 'this humble poſture ſo little affects this 'proud beauty, ſhe knows not how much 'I have obtained of others of her ſex, 'nor how often I have been forgiven for 'the laſt attempts by kneeling.'

'*Mock you*, Madam!' And I aroſe, and re-urged her for the day. I blamed myſelf at the ſame time, for the invitation I had given to Lord M. as it might ſubject me to delay from his infirmities: but told her that I would write to him to excuſe me, if ſhe had no objection; or to give him the day ſhe would give me, and not wait for him, if he could not come in time.

'My day, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'is never. 'Be not ſurprized. A perſon of polite-'neſs judging between us, would not be 'ſurprized that I ſay ſo. But indeed, 'Mr. Lovelace,' [and wept through impatience] 'you either know not how 'to treat with a mind of the leaſt degree 'of delicacy, notwithſtanding your birth 'and education, or you are an ingrateful 'man, and' [after a pauſe] 'a *worſe* than 'ingrateful one. But I will retire. I will 'ſee you again to-morrow. I cannot 'before. I think I hate you. You *may* 'look. Indeed I think I hate you. And 'if, upon a re-examination of my own 'heart, I find I do, I would not for the 'world that matters ſhould go any far-'ther between us.'

But I ſee, I ſee, ſhe does not *hate* me! How it would mortify my vanity, if I thought there was a woman in the world, much more this, that could *hate* me! 'Tis evident, villain as ſhe thinks me, that I ſhould not be an *odious* villain, if I could but at laſt in *one* inſtance ceaſe to be a villain! She could not hold it, determined as ſhe had thought herſelf, I ſaw by her eyes, the moment I endeavoured to diſſipate her apprehenſions, on my *too-ready knees*, as ſhe calls them. The moment the rough covering my teazing behaviour has thrown over her affections is quite removed, I doubt not to find all ſilk and ſilver at the bottom, all ſoft, bright, and charming.

I was however too much vexed, diſconcerted, mortified, to hinder her from retiring. And yet ſhe had not gone, if Dorcas had not coughed.

The wench came in, as ſoon as her lady had retired, and gave me the copy ſhe had taken. And what ſhould it be but of the anſwer the truly-admirable creature had intended to give to my written propoſals in relation to ſettlements?

I have but juſt dipt into this affecting paper. Were I to read it attentively, not a wink ſhould I ſleep this night. To-morrow it ſhall obtain my ſerious conſideration.

LETTER XXXVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 23.

THE dear creature deſires to be excuſed ſeeing me till evening. She is not very well, as Dorcas tells me.

Read here, if thou wilt, the paper tranſcribed by Dorcas. It is impoſſible that I ſhould proceed with my projects againſt this admirable woman, were it not that I am reſolved, after a few trials more, if as nobly ſuſtained as thoſe ſhe has already paſſed through, to make her (if ſhe really hate me not) legally mine.

'TO MR. LOVELACE.

'WHEN a woman is married, that 'ſupreme earthly obligation requires 'that in all inſtances where her huſband's 'real honour is concerned, ſhe ſhould 'yield her own will to his. But, be-'fore-hand, I could be glad, conform-'ably to what I have always ſignified, 'to have the moſt explicit aſſurances, 'that every poſſible way ſhould be tried 'to avoid litigation with my father. 'Time and patience will ſubdue all 'things. My proſpects of happineſs 'are extremely contracted. A huſ-'band's right will be always the ſame. 'In my life-time I could wiſh nothing 'to be done of this ſort. Your circum-'ſtances, Sir, will not oblige you to ex-'tort violently from him what is in his 'hands. All that depends upon *me*, 'either with regard to my perſon, to 'my diverſions, or to the œconomy that 'no married woman, of whatever rank 'or quality, ſhould be above inſpecting, 'ſhall be done, to prevent a neceſſity for

'ſuch

'such measures being taken. And if 'there will be no *necessity* for them, it is 'to be hoped that motives *less* excusable 'will not have force—Motives which 'must be founded in a littleness of mind 'which a woman, who has *not* that little-'ness of mind, will be under such temp-'tations as her duty will hardly be able 'at all times to check, to despise her 'husband for having; especially in 'cases where her own family, so much 'a part of herself, and which will have 'obligations upon her (though then 'but *secondary* ones) from which she can 'never be freed, is intimately con-'cerned.

'This article, then, I urge to your 'most serious consideration, as what lies 'next my heart. I enter not here mi-'nutely into the fatal misunderstanding 'between them and you: the fault 'may be in both. But, Sir, *yours* was 'the foundation-fault: at least, you gave 'a too plausible pretence for my bro-'ther's antipathy to work upon. Con-'descension was no part of your study. 'You chose to bear the imputations laid 'to your charge, rather than to make 'it your endeavour to obviate them.

'But this may lead into hateful re-'crimination—Let it be remembered, 'I will only say, in this place, that, in 'their eye, you have robbed them of a 'daughter they doated upon; and that 'their resentments on this occasion rise 'but in proportion to their love, and 'their disappointment. If they were 'faulty in some of the measures they 'took, while they themselves did not 'think so, who shall judge for *them?* 'You, Sir, who will judge every-body 'as you please, and will let nobody 'judge you in *your own* particular, must 'not be *their* judge.—It may therefore 'be expected, that they will stand out.

'As for *myself*, Sir, I must leave it '[So seems it to be destined] to your 'justice, to treat me as you shall think 'I deserve: but if your future behavi-'our to *them* is not governed by that 'harsh-sounding implacableness, which 'you charge upon some of *their* tem-'pers, the splendor of your family, and 'the excellent character of *some* of them, '(of *all* indeed, unless your own consci-'ence furnishes you with one *only* excep-'tion) will, on better consideration, do 'every-thing with them: for they *may* 'be overcome; perhaps, however, with 'the more difficulty, as the greatly pros-'perous less bear controul and disap-'pointment than others: for I will own 'to you, that I have often in secret la-'mented, that their great acquirements 'have been a snare to them; perhaps as 'great a snare, as some *other* accidentals 'have been to you; which being less 'immediately your own gifts, you have 'still less reason than they to value 'yourself upon them.

'Let me only, on this subject, further 'observe, that condescension is not 'meanness. There is a glory in yield-'ing, that hardly any violent spirit can 'judge of. My brother perhaps is no 'more sensible of *this* than you. But as 'you have talents, which he has not, '(who, however, has, I hope, that re-'gard for morals, the want of which 'makes one of his objections to you) I 'could wish it may not be owing to *you*, 'that your mutual dislikes to each other 'do not subside; for it is my earnest hope, 'that in time you may see each other, 'without exciting the fears of a wife 'and a sister for the consequence. Not 'that I should wish you to yield in points 'that truly concerned your honour: no, 'Sir; I would be as delicate in such, as 'you yourself: *more* delicate, I will ven-'ture to say, because more *uniformly* so. 'How vain, how contemptible, is that 'pride, which shews itself in standing 'upon diminutive observances; and 'gives up, and makes a jest of, the most 'important duties!

'This article being considered as I 'wish, all the rest will be easy. Were 'I to accept of the handsome separate 'provision you seem to intend me; added 'to the considerable sums arisen from 'my grandfather's estate since his death, '(more considerable than perhaps you 'may suppose from your offer;) I should 'think it my duty to lay up for the fa-'mily good, and for unforeseen events, 'out of it: for, as to my donations, I 'would generally confine myself in them 'to the tenth of my income, be it what 'it would. I aim at no glare in what I 'do of that sort. All I wish for, is the 'power of relieving the lame, the blind, 'the sick, and the industrious poor, and 'those whom accident has made so, or 'sudden distress reduced. The common 'or bred beggars I leave to others, and 'to the publick provision. They can-'not be lower: perhaps they wish not 'to be higher: and, not able to do for 'every-one, I aim not at works of su-'pererogation. Two hundred pounds 'a year would do all I wish to do of the 'separate sort: for all above I would 'content myself to ask you; except, 'mistrusting your own œconomy, you 'would give up to my management and 'keeping, in order to provide for future 'contingencies, a larger portion; for

'which,

'which, as your ſteward, I would regu-
'larly account.

'As to cloaths, I have particularly
'two ſuits, which, having been only in
'a manner tried on, would anſwer for
'any preſent occaſion. Jewels I have
'of my grandmother's, which want only
'new ſetting: another ſet I have, which
'on particular days I uſed to wear. Al-
'though theſe are not ſent me, I have no
'doubt, being merely perſonals, but
'they will, when I ſend for them in *ano-*
'*ther name:* till when I ſhould not chuſe
'to wear any.

'As to your complaints of my diffiden-
'ces, and the like, I appeal to your own
'heart, if it be poſſible for you to make
'my caſe your own for one moment, and
'to retroſpect ſome parts of your beha-
'viour, words, and actions, whether I
'am not rather to be juſtified than cen-
'ſured: and whether, of all men in the
'world, *avowing what you avow*, you ought
'not to think ſo. If you do not, let me
'admoniſh you, Sir, from the very great
'*miſmatch*, that then muſt appear to be
'in our minds, never to ſeek, nor ſo
'much as wiſh, to bring about the *moſt*
'*intimate* union of intereſts between your-
'ſelf and 'C. HARLOWE.

'MAY, 20.

The original of this charming paper, as Dorcas tells me, was torn almoſt in two. In one of her pets, I ſuppoſe! What buſineſs have the ſex, whoſe principal glory is meekneſs, and patience, and reſignation, to be in a paſſion I trow? —Will not ſhe who allows herſelf ſuch liberties as a maiden, take greater when married?

And a *wife* to be in a paſſion!—Let me tell the ladies it is an impudent thing, begging their pardon, and as *imprudent* as impudent, for a *wife* to be in a paſſion, if ſhe mean not eternal ſeparation, or wicked defiance by it: for is it not rejecting at once all that expoſtulatory meekneſs, and gentle reaſoning, mingled with ſighs as gentle, and graced with bent knees, ſupplicating hands, and eyes lifted up to your imperial countenance, juſt running over, that ſhould make a reconciliation ſpeedy, and as laſting as ſpeedy?—Even ſuppoſe the huſband is in the wrong, will not his being ſo give the greater force to her expoſtulation?

Now I think of it, a man *ſhould* be in the wrong now-and-then, to make his wife ſhine. Miſs Howe tells my charmer, that adverſity is *her* ſhining-time. 'Tis a generous thing in a man, to make his wife ſhine at his own expence: to give her leave to triumph over him by patient reaſoning: for were he to be *too imperial* to acknowledge his fault *on the ſpot*, ſhe will find the benefit of her duty and ſubmiſſion *in future*, and in the high opinion he will conceive of her prudence and obligingneſs—And ſo, by degrees, ſhe will become her maſter's maſter.

But for a wife to come up with a kemboed arm, the other hand thrown out, perhaps with a pointing finger—'Look 'ye here, Sir!—Take notice!—If *you* are 'wrong, *I'll* be wrong!—If *you* are in a 'paſſion, *I'll* be in a paſſion! Rebuff for 'rebuff, Sir!—If *you* fly, *I'll* tear!—If 'you ſwear, *I'll* curſe!—And the ſame 'room, and the ſame bed, ſhall not hold 'us, Sir!—For, remember, I am mar-'ried, Sir!—I am a wife, Sir!—You 'can't help yourſelf, Sir!—Your ho-'nour, as well as your peace, is in my 'keeping! And, if you like not this treat-'ment, you may have worſe, Sir!'

Ah! Jack! Jack! What man, who has obſerved theſe things, either *implied* or *expreſſed*, in *other* families, would wiſh to be an huſband!

Dorcas found this paper in one of the drawers of her lady's dreſſing-table. She was re-peruſing it, as ſhe ſuppoſes, when the honeſt wench carried my meſſage to deſire her to favour me at the tea-table; for ſhe ſaw her pop a paper into the drawer as ſhe came in; and there, on her miſtreſs's going to meet me in the dining-room, ſhe found it; and to be this.

But I had better not to have had a copy of it, as far as I know: for, determined as I was before upon my operations, it inſtantly turned all my reſolutions in her favour. Yet I would give ſomething to be convinced, that ſhe did not pop it into her drawer before the wench, in order for me to ſee it; and perhaps (if I were to take notice of it) to diſcover whether Dorcas, according to Miſs Howe's advice, were moſt *my* friend, or *hers*.

The very ſuſpicion of this will do her no good: for I cannot bear to be *artfully dealt with*. People love to enjoy their own peculiar talents in *monopoly*, as I may ſay. I am aware, that it will ſtrengthen thy arguments againſt me in her behalf. But I know every tittle thou canſt ſay upon it. Spare therefore thy wambling nonſenſe, I deſire thee; and leave this ſweet excellence and me to our fate: that will determine *for* us, as it ſhall pleaſe itſelf, for as Cowley ſays—

'An unſeen hand makes all our moves:
'And ſome are great, and ſome are ſmall;
'Some climb to good, ſome from good fortune fall:
'Some wiſe men, and ſome fools we call:
'Figures, alas! of ſpeech!—For deſtiny plays us all.'

But, after all, I am ſorry, *almoſt* ſorry, (for how ſhall I do to be *quite* ſorry, when it is not *given* to me to be ſo?) that I cannot, until I have made further trials, reſolve upon wedlock.

I have juſt read over again this intended anſwer to my propoſals: and how I adore her for it!

But yet; another *yet!*—She has not given it or ſent it to me.—It is not therefore *her* anſwer. It is not written *for* me; though to me.

Nay, ſhe has not *intended* to ſend it to me: ſhe has even torn it, perhaps with indignation, as thinking it too *good* for me. By this action ſhe abſolutely retracts it. Why then does my fooliſh fondneſs ſeek to eſtabliſh for her the ſame merit in my heart, as if ſhe avowed it? Pr'ythee, dear Belford, once more, leave us to our fate; and do not thou interpoſe with thy nonſenſe, to weaken a ſpirit already too ſqueamiſh, and ſtrengthen a conſcience that has declared itſelf of her party.

Then again, 'Remember they recent 'diſcoveries, Lovelace! Remember her 'indifference, attended with all the appearance of contempt and hatred. 'View her, even *now*, wrapt up in reſerve and myſtery; meditating plots, 'as far as thou knoweſt, againſt the ſovereignty thou haſt, by right of conqueſt, 'obtained over her. Remember, in ſhort, 'all thou haſt *threatened* to remember 'againſt this inſolent beauty, who is a 'rebel to the power ſhe has liſted under.'

'But yet, how doſt thou propoſe to 'ſubdue thy ſweet enemy!'—Abhorred be *force*, be the *neceſſity* of force, if that can be avoided! There is no triumph in *force*—No conqueſt over the will—No prevailing by gentle degrees, over the gentle paſſions!—*Force* is the devil!'

My curſed character, as I have often ſaid, was againſt me at ſetting-out—Yet is ſhe not a *woman?* Cannot I find one yielding or but half-yielding moment, if ſhe do not abſolutely hate me?

But with what can I tempt her?—RICHES ſhe was born to, and deſpiſes, knowing what they are. JEWELS and ornaments, to a mind ſo much a jewel, and ſo richly ſet, her worthy conſciouſneſs will not let her value. LOVE—If ſhe be ſuſceptible of love, it ſeems to be ſo much under the direction of prudence, that one unguarded moment, I fear, cannot be reaſonably hoped for: and ſo much VIGILANCE, ſo much apprehenſiveneſs, that her fears are ever aforehand with her dangers. Then her LOVE OF VIRTUE ſeems to be *principle*, native principle, or, if *not* native, ſo deeply rooted, that it's fibres have ſtruck into her heart, and, as ſhe grew up, ſo blended and twiſted themſelves with the ſtrings of life, that I doubt there is no ſeparating of the one without cutting the others aſunder.

What then can be done to make ſuch a matchleſs creature get over her firſt teſts, in order to put her to the grand proof, *whether once overcome, ſhe will not be always overcome?*

Our mother and her nymphs ſay, I am a perfect Craven, and no Lovelace: and ſo I think. But this is no ſimpering, ſmiling charmer, as I have found others to be, when I have touched upon affecting ſubjects at a diſtance; as once or twice I have tried to her, the mother introducing them (to make ſex palliate the freedom to ſex) when only we three together. She is above the affectation of not ſeeming to underſtand you. She ſhews by her diſpleaſure, and a fierceneſs not natural to her eye, that ſhe judges of an impure heart by an impure mouth, and darts dead at once even the embryo hopes of an encroaching lover, however diſtantly inſinuated, before the meaning hint can dawn into *double entendre*.

By my faith, Jack, as I ſit gazing upon her, my whole ſoul in my eyes, contemplating her perfections, and thinking, when I have ſeen her eaſy and ſerene, what would be her thoughts, did *ſhe* know my heart as well as *I* know it; when I behold her diſturbed and jealous, and think of the *juſtneſs* of her apprehenſions, and that ſhe cannot fear ſo much, as there is *room* for her to fear; my heart often miſgives me.

'And muſt,' think I, 'O creature ſo 'divinely excellent, and ſo beloved of 'my ſoul, thoſe arms, thoſe encircling 'arms, that would make a monarch 'happy, be uſed to repel brutal force; 'all their ſtrength, unavailingly perhaps, 'exerted to repel it, and to defend a 'perſon ſo delicately framed? Can vio'lence enter into the heart of a wretch, 'who might entitle himſelf to all her 'willing, yet virtuous love, and make 'the bleſſings he aſpireth after, her *duty* 'to confer?—Be gone, villain-purpoſes! 'Sink ye all to the hell that could only

'inſpire

'inſpire ye!' And I am then ready to throw myſelf at her feet, to confeſs my villainous deſigns, to avow my repentance, and put it out of my power to act unworthily by ſuch an excellence.

How then comes it that all theſe compaſſionate, and as ſome would call them, *honeſt* ſenſibilities go off?—Why, Miſs Howe will tell thee: ſhe ſays, I am the *devil*—By my conſcience, I think he has at preſent a great ſhare in me.

There's ingenuouſneſs!—How I lay myſelf open to thee!—But feeſt thou not, that the more I ſay againſt myſelf, the leſs room there is for thee to take me to taſk?—O Belford, Belford! I cannot, cannot, (at leaſt *at preſent*) I cannot marry.

Then her family, my bitter enemies—To ſupple to them, or if I do not, to make her *as* unhappy as ſhe can be from my *attempts*.

Then does ſhe not love them too much, me too little?

She now ſeems to deſpiſe me: Miſs Howe declares, that ſhe really does deſpiſe me. To be *deſpiſed by a* WIFE—What a thought is that!—To be *excelled by a* WIFE too, in every part of praiſeworthy knowledge!—To *take leſſons*, to *take inſtructions*, from a WIFE!—*More* than deſpiſe me, ſhe herſelf has taken time to conſider whether ſhe does not *hate* me:—'*I hate you*, Lovelace, *with* '*my whole heart!*' ſaid ſhe to me but yeſterday, '*My ſoul is above thee, man! Urge* '*me not to tell thee, how ſincerely I think my* '*ſoul above thee!*'—How poor indeed was I then, even in my own heart!—So *viſible* a ſuperiority, to ſo proud a ſpirit as mine!—And *here* from below, from BELOW indeed! from theſe *women!* I am ſo goaded on—

Yet 'tis poor too, to think myſelf a machine in the hands of ſuch wretches.—I am *no* machine.—Lovelace, thou art baſe to thyſelf, but to *ſuppoſe* thyſelf a machine.

But having gone thus far, I ſhould be unhappy, if after marriage, in the petulance of ill humour, I had it to reproach myſelf, that I did not try her to the utmoſt. And yet I don't know how it is, but this lady, the moment I come into her preſence, half-aſſimilates me to her own virtue.—Once or twice (to ſay nothing of her triumph over me on Sunday night) I was prevailed upon to fluſter myſelf, with an intention to make ſome advances, which, if obliged to recede, I might lay upon raiſed ſpirits: but the inſtant I beheld her, I was ſoberized into awe and reverence; and the majeſty of her even *viſible* purity firſt damped, and then extinguiſhed, my *double* flame.

What a ſurprizingly powerful effect, ſo much and ſo long in my power *ſhe!* ſo inſtigated by ſome of her own ſex, and ſo ſtimulated by paſſion, *I!*—How can this be accounted for, in a Lovelace?

But, what a heap of ſtuff have I written!—How have I been run away with!—By what?—Canſt thou ſay, by what?—O thou lurking varletes, CONSCIENCE?—Is it thou, that haſt thus made me of party againſt myſelf?—How cameſt thou in?—In what diſguiſe, thou egregious haunter of my more agreeable hours?—Stand *thou*, with *fate*, but neuter in this controverſy; and, if I cannot do credit to human nature, and to the female ſex, by bringing down ſuch an angel as this to claſs with, and adorn it, (for adorn it ſhe does in her very foibles) then I am all yours, and never will reſiſt you more.

Here I aroſe. I ſhook myſelf. The window was open. Away the trouble-ſome boſom-viſitor, the intruder, is flown.—I ſee it yet!—I ſee it yet!—And now it leſſens to my aching eye!—And now the cleft air is cloſed after it, and it is out of ſight!—And once more I am ROBERT LOVELACE.

LETTER XXXVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, MAY 23.

WELL did I, and but juſt in time, conclude to have done with Mrs. Fretchville and the houſe: for here Mennell has declared, that he cannot in conſcience and honour go any farther.—He would not for the world be acceſſary to the deceiving of ſuch a lady!—I was a fool to let either you or him ſee her; for ever *ſince* ye have both had ſcruples, which neither would have had, were a *woman* to have been in the queſtion.

Well, I can't help it!

Mennell has, however, though with ſome reluctance, conſented to write me a letter, provided I will allow it to be the laſt ſtep he ſhall take in this affair.

I preſumed, I told him, that if I could cauſe Mrs. Fretchville's *woman* to ſupply *his* place, he would have no objection to that.

'*None*,' he ſays—'*But is it not pity*—'

A pitiful fellow! Such a ridiculous kind of pity *his*, as thoſe ſilly ſouls have, who would not kill an innocent chicken for the world; but when killed to their hands, are always the moſt greedy devourers of it.

Now this letter gives the ſervant the ſmall-pox: and ſhe has given it to her unhappy vapouriſh lady. Vapouriſh people are perpetual ſubjects for diſeaſes to work upon. *Name* but the malady, and it is *theirs* in a moment. *Ever* fitted for inoculation.—The phyſical tribe's milch-cows.—A vapouriſh or ſplenetick patient is a fiddle for the doctors; and they are eternally playing upon it. Sweet muſick does it make them. All their difficulty, except a caſe extraordinary happens, (as poor Mrs. Fretchville's, who has *realized* her apprehenſions) is but to hold their countenance, while their patient is drawing up a bill of indictment againſt himſelf—and when they have heard it, proceed to *puniſh*:—the right word for *preſcribe*. Why ſhould they not, when the criminal has confeſſed his guilt?—And *puniſh* they generally do with a vengeance.

Yet, ſilly toads too, now I think of it. For why, when they know they cannot do good, may they not as well endeavour to gratify, as to naufeate, the patient's palate?

Were I a phyſician, I'd get all the trade to myſelf: for Malvoſey, and Cyprus, and the generous product of the Cape, a little diſguiſed, ſhould be my principal doſes: as theſe would create new ſpirits, how would the revived patient covet the phyſick, and adore the doctor!

Give all the paraders of the faculty whom thou knoweſt, this hint.—There could but one inconvenience ariſe from it. The APOTHECARIES would find their medicines coſt them *ſomething*: but the demand for quantities would anſwer that; ſince the honeſt NURSE would be the patient's taſter; perpetually requiring repetition of the laſt cordial julap.

Well, but to the letter—Yet what need of further explanation after the hints in my former? The widow can't be removed, and that's enough: and Mennel's work is over; and his conſcience left to plague him for his own ſins, and not another man's: and, very poſſibly, plague enough will give him for thoſe.

This letter is directed, '*To Robert* '*Lovelace, Eſq. or, in his abſence, To his* '*lady.*' She had refuſed dining with me, or ſeeing me: and I was out when it came. She opened it: ſo is my lady by her own conſent, proud and ſaucy as ſhe is.

I am glad at my heart that it came before we entirely make up. She would elſe perhaps have concluded it to be *contrived for a delay*: and now, moreover, we can accommodate our old and new quarrels together; and that's contrivance, you know. But how is her dear haughty heart humbled to what it was when I knew her firſt, that ſhe can apprehend any delays from me; and have nothing to do but to vex at them!

I came in to dinner. She ſent me down the letter, deſiring my excuſe for opening it.—Did it before ſhe was aware. Lady-pride, Belford! — Recollection, then retrogradation!

I requeſted to ſee her upon it that moment.—But ſhe deſires to ſuſpend our interview till morning. I will bring her to own, before I have done with her, that ſhe can't ſee me too often.

My impatience was ſo great, on an occaſion ſo *unexpected*, that I could not help writing to tell her, how much vexed I was at the accident; but that it need not delay my happy day, as that did not depend upon the houſe. [*She knew that before, ſhe'll think; and ſo did I:*] and as Mrs. Fretchville, by Mr. Mennel, ſo handſomely expreſſed her concern upon it, and her wiſhes that it could ſuit us to bear with the unavoidable delay, I hoped, that going down to the Lawn for two or three of the ſummer-months, when I was made the happieſt of men, would be favourable to all round.

The dear creature takes this incident to heart, I believe: ſhe has ſent word to my repeated requeſts to ſee her notwithſtanding her denial, that ſhe cannot till the morning. It ſhall be then at ſix o'clock, if I pleaſe!

To be ſure I *do* pleaſe!

Can ſee her but once a day now, Jack!

Did I tell thee, that I wrote a letter to my couſin Montague, wondering that I heard not from Lord M. as the ſubject was ſo very intereſting? In it I acquainted her with the houſe I was about taking; and with Mrs. Fretchville's vapouriſh delays.

I was very loth to engage my own family, either man or woman in this affair; but I muſt take my meaſures ſecurely: and already they all think as bad of me as they well can. You obſerve by my Lord M.'s letter to yourſelf, that the well-manner'd peer is afraid I ſhould play this admirable creature one of my *uſual dog's tricks*.

I have received juſt now an anſwer from Charlotte.

Charlotte i'n't well. A ſtomach diſorder!

No wonder a girl's ſtomach ſhould plague her. A ſingle woman; that's it. When ſhe has a man to plague, it will have

have ſomething beſides itſelf to prey upon. Knoweſt thou not moreover, that man is the woman's ſun; woman is the man's earth?—How dreary, how deſolate, the earth, that the ſun ſhines not upon!

Poor Charlotte! But I *heard* ſhe was not well: that encouraged me to write to her; and to expreſs myſelf a little concerned, that ſhe had not of her own accord thought of a viſit in town to my charmer.

Here follows a copy of her letter. Thou wilt ſee by it, that every little monkey is to catechiſe *me*. They all depend upon my good-nature.

'M. HALL, MAY 22.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'WE have been in daily hope for a 'long time, I muſt call it, of hearing 'that the happy knot was tied. My lord 'has been very much out of order: and 'yet nothing would ſerve him, but he 'would himſelf write an anſwer to your 'letter. It was the only opportunity he 'ſhould ever have, perhaps, to throw in 'a little good advice to you, with the 'hope of its being of any ſignification; 'and he has been ſeveral hours in a day, 'as his gout would let him, buſied in it. 'It wants now only his laſt reviſal. He 'hopes it will have the greater weight 'with you, if it appear all in his own 'hand-writing.

'Indeed, Mr. Lovelace, his worthy 'heart is wrapt up in you. I wiſh you 'loved yourſelf but half as well. But 'I believe too, that if all the family 'loved you leſs, you would love your-'ſelf more.

'His lordſhip has been very buſy, at 'the times he could not write, in con-'ſulting Pritchard about thoſe eſtates, 'which he propoſes to tranſfer to you 'on the happy occaſion, that he may 'anſwer your letter in the moſt accept-'able manner; and ſhew, by effects, 'how kindly he takes your invitation. 'I aſſure you, he is mighty proud of 'it.

'As for myſelf, I am not at all well, 'and have not been for ſome weeks paſt, 'with my old ſtomach-diſorder. I had 'certainly elſe before now have done 'myſelf the honour you wonder I have '*not* done myſelf. Lady Betty, who 'would have accompanied me, (for we 'had laid it out) has been exceedingly 'buſy in her law-affair; her antagoniſt, 'who is actually on the ſpot, having been 'making propoſals for an accommoda-'tion. But you may aſſure yourſelf, 'that when our dear relation-elect ſhall 'be entered upon the new habitation you 'tell me of, we will do ourſelves the 'honour of viſiting her; and if any de-'lay ariſes from the dear lady's want of 'courage, (which, conſidering her man, 'let me tell you, may very well be) we 'will endeavour to inſpire her with it, 'and be ſponſors for you;—for, couſin, 'I believe you have need to be chriſten-'ed over again, before you are entitled 'to ſo great a bleſſing. What think 'you?

'Juſt now, my lord tells me, he will 'diſpatch a man on purpoſe with his let-'ter to-morrow: ſo I needed not to have 'written. But now I have, let it go; 'and by Empſon, who ſets out directly 'on his return to town.

'My beſt compliments, and ſiſter's, to 'the moſt deſerving lady in the world, '[you will need no other direction to the 'perſon meant] conclude me *your affec-'tionate couſin and ſervant*,

'CHARL. MONTAGUE.

Thou ſeeſt how ſeaſonably this letter comes. I hope my lord will write nothing but what I may ſhew to my beloved. I have actually ſent her up this letter of Charlotte's; and hope for happy effects from it. *R. L.*

The lady in her next letter gives Miſs Howe an account of what has paſſ'd between Mr. Lovelace and herſelf. She reſents his behaviour with her uſual dignity: but when ſhe comes to mention Mr. Mennell's letter, ſhe re-urges Miſs Howe to perfect her ſcheme for her deliverance; being reſolved to leave him. But, dating again, on his ſending up to her Miſs Montague's letter, ſhe alters her mind, and deſires her to ſuſpend for the preſent her application to Mrs. Townſend.

'I HAD begun,' *ſays ſhe*, 'to ſuſpect all 'he had ſaid of Mrs. Fretchville and her 'houſe; and even Mr. Mennell him-'ſelf, though ſo well-appearing a man. 'But now that I find Mr. Lovelace had 'apprized his relations of his intention 'to take it, and had engaged ſome of 'the ladies to viſit me there: I could 'hardly forbear blaming myſelf for cen-'ſuring him as capable of ſo vile an im-'poſture. But may he not thank him-'ſelf for acting ſo very unaccountably, 'and taking ſuch needleſsly-awry ſteps, 'as he has done; embarraſſing, as I 'told him, his own meanings, if they 'were good?'

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LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24.

He gives his friend an account of their interview that morning; and of the happy effects of his cousin Montague's letter in his favour. Her reserves, however, he tells him, are not absolutely banished. But this he imputes to form.

IT is *not* in the power of woman, *says he*, to be altogether sincere on these occasions. But why?—Do they think it so great a disgrace to be found out to be really what they *are?*

I regretted the illness of Mrs. Fretchville; as the intention I had to fix her dear self in the house before the happy knot was tied, would have set her in that independence in *appearance*, as well as *fact*, which was necessary to shew to all the world, that her choice was free; and as the ladies of my family would have been proud to make their court to her there; while the settlements and our equipages were preparing. But on any other account, there was no great matter in it; since, when my happy day was over, we could, with so much convenience, go down to the Lawn, to my Lord M.'s, and to Lady Sarah or Lady Betty's, in turn; which would give full time to provide ourselves with servants, and other accommodations.

How sweetly the charmer listened!

I asked her, If she had had the small-pox?

'Ten thousand pounds the worse in my 'estimation,' thought I, 'if she has not; 'for not one of her charming graces can 'I dispense with.'

'Twas always a doubtful point with her mother and Mrs. Norton, she owned. But although she was not afraid of it, she chose not unnecessarily to rush into places where it was.

'*Right*,' *thought I*—Else, I said, it would not have been amiss for her to see the house before she went into the country; for if *she* liked it not, I was not obliged to have it.

She asked, If she might take a copy of Miss Montague's letter?

I said, she might keep the letter itself, and send it to Miss Howe, if she pleased; for *that*, I supposed, was her intention.

She bowed her head to me.

There, Jack! I shall have her curtsey to me by-and-by, I question not. What a-devil had I to do, to terrify the sweet creature by my termagant projects!—Yet it was not amiss, I believe, to make her afraid of me, She *says*, I am an unpolite man—And every polite instance from such a one, is deemed a favour.

Talking of the settlements, I told her, I had rather that Pritchard (mentioned by my cousin Charlotte) had not been consulted on this occasion. Pritchard, indeed, was a very honest man; and had been for a generation in the family; and knew the estates, and the condition of them, better than either my lord or myself: but Pritchard, like other old men, was diffident and slow; and valued himself upon his skill as a draughts-man; and for the sake of that paltry reputation, must have all his forms preserved, were an imperial crown to depend upon his dispatch.

I kissed her unrepulsing hand no less than five times during this conversation. Lord, Jack, how my generous heart ran over!—She in a manner asked me *leave* to retire; to re-peruse Charlotte's letter.—I think she bent her knees to me; but I won't be sure.—How happy might we have been long ago, had the dear creature been always as complaisant to me! For I do love respect, and, whether I deserve it or not, always had it, till I knew this proud beauty.

And now, Belford, are we in a train, or the deuce is in it. Every fortified town has it's strong and it's weak place. I had carried on my attacks against the impregnable parts. I have no doubt but I shall either *shine* or *smuggle* her out of her cloak, since she and Miss Howe have intended to employ a smuggler against *me*.—All we wait for now is my lord's letter.

But I had like to have *forgot* to tell thee, that we have been not a little alarmed, by some enquires that have been made after me and my beloved, by a man of good appearance; who yesterday procured a tradesman in the neighbourhood to send for Dorcas: of whom he asked several questions relating to us; and particularly (as we boarded, and lodged in one house) whether we were married?

This has given my beloved great uneasiness. And I could not help observing upon it, to her, *how right a thing it was, that we had given out below, that we were married.* The enquiry, most probably, I said, was from her brother's quarter; and now perhaps that our marriage was owned, we should hear no more of his machinations. The person, it seems, was curious to know the *day* that the ceremony was performed. But Dorcas refused to give him any other par-

particulars, than that we *were* married; and she was the more reserved, as he declined to tell her the motives of his enquiry.

LETTER XXXIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MAY 24.

THE devil take this uncle of mine! He has at last sent me a letter, which I cannot shew, without exposing the head of our family for a fool. A confounded parcel of pop-guns has he let off upon me. I was in hopes he had exhausted his whole stock of this sort, in his letter to you.—To keep it back, to delay sending it, till he had recollected all this *farrago* of nonsense—Confound his *wisdom of nations*, if so much of it is to be scraped together, in disgrace of itself, to make one egregious simpleton! —But I am glad I am fortified with this piece of flagrant folly, however; since, in all human affairs, the *convenient* and *inconvenient*, the *good* and the *bad*, are so mingled, that there is no having the one without the other.

I have already offered the bill inclosed in it to my beloved; and read to her part of the letter. But she refused the bill: and as I am in cash myself, I shall return it. She seemed very desirous to peruse the whole letter. And when I told her, that were it not for exposing the writer, I would oblige her, she said, It would not be exposing his lordship to shew it to her; and that she always preferred the heart to the head. I knew her meaning; but did not thank her for it.

All that makes for me in it, I will transcribe for her—Yet hang it, she shall have the letter, and my soul with it, for one consenting kiss.

SHE has got the letter from me, without the reward. Deuce take me, if I had the courage to propose the condition. A new character this of bashfulness in thy friend. I see, *that a truly modest woman may make even a confident man keep his distance.* By my soul, Belford, I believe, that nine women in ten, who fall, fall either *from their own vanity*, or *levity*, or for want of *circumspection*, and *proper reserves.*

I DID intend to take my reward on her returning a letter so favourable to us both. But she sent it to me, sealed up, by Dorcas. I might have thought that there were two or three hints in it, that she would be too nice immediately to appear to. I send it to thee; and here will stop, to give thee time to read it. Return it as soon as thou hast perused it.

LETTER XL.

LORD M. TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY, MAY 23.

IT is a long lane that has no turning—Do not despise me for my proverbs—You know I was always fond of them; and if you had been so too, it would have been the better for you, let me tell you. I dare swear, the fine lady you are so likely to be soon happy with, will be far from despising them; for I am told, that she writes well, and that all her letters are full of sentences. God convert you! for nobody but He and this lady can.

I have no manner of doubt now but that you will marry, as your father, and all your ancestors, did before you: else you would have had no title to be my heir; nor can your descendants have any title to be yours, unless they are legitimate; that's worth your remembrance, Sir!—*No man is always a fool, every man is sometimes.*—But your follies, I hope, are now at an end.

I know, you have vowed revenge against this fine lady's family: but no more of that, now. You must look upon them all as your relations; and forgive and forget. And when they see you make a good husband and a good father. [Which God send, for all our sakes!] they will wonder at their nonsensical antipathy, and beg your pardon: but while they think you a vile fellow, and a rake, how can they either love you, or excuse their daughter?

And methinks I could wish to give a word of comfort to the lady, who, doubtless, must be under great fears, how she shall be able to hold-in such a wild creature, as you have hitherto been. I would hint to her, that by strong arguments, and gentle words, she may do any-thing with you; for though you are apt to be hot, gentle words will cool you, and bring you into the temper that is necessary for your cure.

Would to God, *my* poor lady, your aunt, who is dead and gone, had been a proper patient for the same remedy! God rest her soul! No reflections upon her memory! *Worth is best known by want!* I know *hers* now; and if I had went first, she would by this time have known *mine.*

There is great wisdom in that saying, *God send me a friend, that may tell me of my faults:*

friends: if not, an enemy, and he will. Not that I am your enemy; and that you well know. *The more noble any one is, the more humble:* ſo bear with me, if you would be thought noble.—Am I not your uncle? And do I not deſign to be better to you than your father could be? Nay, I will be your father too, when the happy day comes; ſince you deſire it: and pray make my compliments to my dear niece; and tell her, I wonder much that ſhe has ſo long deferred your happineſs.

Pray let her know as that I will preſent HER (not *you*) either my Lancaſhire ſeat, or *The Lawn* in Hertfordſhire, and ſettle upon her a thouſand pounds a year penny-rents; to ſhew her, that we are not a family to take baſe advantages: and you may have writings drawn, and ſettle as you will.—Honeſt Pritchard has the rent-roll of both theſe eſtates; and as he has been a good old ſervant, I recommend him to your lady's favour. I have already conſulted him: he will tell you what is beſt for you, and moſt pleaſing to me.

I am ſtill very bad with the gout, but will come in a litter, as ſoon as the day is fixed: it would be the joy of my heart to join your hands! And let me tell you, if you do not make the beſt of huſbands to ſo good a young lady, and one who has had ſo much courage for your ſake, I will renounce you, and ſettle all I can upon her and hers by you, and leave you out of the queſtion.

If any-thing be wanting for your further ſecurity, I am ready to give it; though you know, that my word has always been looked upon as my bond. And when the Harlowes know all this, let us ſee whether they are able to bluſh, and take ſhame to themſelves.

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty want only to know the day, to make all the country round them blaze, and all their tenants mad. And if any-one of mine be ſober upon the occaſion, Pritchard ſhall eject him. And, on the birth of the firſt child, if a ſon, I will do ſomething more for you, and repeat all our rejoicings.

I ought indeed to have written ſooner. But I knew, that if you thought me long, and were in haſte, as to your nuptials, you would write and tell me ſo. But my gout was very troubleſome: and I am but a ſlow writer, you know, at beſt: for compoſing is a thing, that though formerly I was very ready at it, (as my Lord Lexington uſed to ſay;) yet having left it off a great while, I am not ſo now. And I choſe, on this occaſion, to write all out of my own head and memory: and to give you my beſt advice; for I may never have ſuch an opportunity again. You have had [God mend you!] a ſtrange way of turning your back upon all I have ſaid: this once, I hope, you will be more attentive to the advice I give you for your own good.

I had ſtill another end; nay, two other ends.

The one was, That now you are upon the borders of wedlock, as I may ſay, and *all your wild oats will be ſown*, I would give you ſome inſtructions as to your publick as well as private behaviour in life; which, intending you ſo much good as I do, you ought to hear; and perhaps would never have liſtened to, on any leſs extraordinary occaſion.

The ſecond is, That your dear lady-elect (who is, it ſeems, herſelf ſo fine and ſo ſententious a writer) will ſee by this, that it is not our faults, nor for want of the beſt advice, that you was not a better man than you have hitherto been.

And now, in a few words, for the conduct I would wiſh you to follow in publick, as well as in private, if you would think me worthy of adviſing.—It ſhall be ſhort; ſo be not uneaſy.

As to the *private* life: Love your lady as ſhe deſerves. *Let your actions praiſe you.* Be a good huſband; and ſo give the lie to all your enemies; and make them aſhamed of their ſcandals. And let us have pride in ſaying, that Miſs Harlowe had not done either herſelf or family any diſcredit by coming among us. Do this; and I, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, will love you for ever.

As to your *publick* conduct—This as follows is what I could wiſh: but I reckon your lady's wiſdom will put us both right—No diſparagement, Sir; ſince with all your wit, you have not hitherto ſhewn much wiſdom, you know.

Get into parliament as ſoon as you can: for you have *talents* to make a great figure there. Who ſo proper to aſſiſt in making new holding laws, as thoſe whom no laws in being could hold?

Then, for ſo long as you will give attendance in St. Stephen's Chapel—It's being called a chapel, I hope, will not *diſguſt* you: I am ſure I have known many a riot there:—a ſpeaker has a hard time of it! But we *peers* have more decorum—But what was I going to ſay?—I muſt go back.

For ſo long as you will give your attendance

tendance in parliament, for ſo long will you be out of miſchief; out of *private* miſchief, at leaſt: and may St. Stephen's fate be yours, if you wilfully do *publick* miſchief!

When a new election comes, you will have two or three boroughs, you know, to chuſe out of,—but if you ſtay till then, I had rather you were for the ſhire.

You will have intereſt enough, I am ſure; and being ſo handſome a man, the women will make their huſbands vote for you.

I ſhall long to read your ſpeeches. I expect you will ſpeak, if occaſion offer, the very firſt day. You want no courage; and think highly enough of yourſelf, and lowly enough of every body elſe, to ſpeak on all occaſions.

As to the methods of the houſe, you have ſpirit enough, I fear, to be too much above them: take care of that.—I don't ſo much fear your want of good-manners. To *men*, you want no decency, if they don't provoke you: as to that, I wiſh you only to learn to be as patient of contradiction from *others*, as you would have other people be to *you*.

Although I would not have you to be a courtier; neither would I have you to be a malcontent. I remember (*for I have it down*) what my old friend Archibald Hutcheſon ſaid; and it was a very good ſaying—(to Mr. Secretary Craggs, I think, it was)—'I look upon an adminiſtration, as entitled to every vote, 'I can with good conſcience give it; for 'a Houſe of Commons ſhould not needleſsly put drags upon the wheels of 'government: and when I have *not* 'given it my vote, it was with regret: 'and for my country's ſake, I wiſhed 'with all my heart, the meaſure had 'been ſuch as I could have approved.'

And another ſaying he had, which was this; 'Neither can an oppoſition, nei-'ther can a miniſtry be always wrong. 'To be a plumb man therefore with ei-'ther, is an infallible mark, that that 'man muſt mean more and worſe than 'he will own he does mean.'

Are theſe ſayings bad, Sir? Are they to be deſpiſed?—Well then, why ſhould I be deſpiſed for remembering them, and quoting them, as I love to do? Let me tell you, if you loved my company more than you do, you would not be the worſe for it. I may ſay ſo without any vanity; ſince it is *other men's* wiſdom, and not *my own*, that I am fond of.

But to add a word or two more on this occaſion; and I may never have ſuch another; for you *muſt* read this through—*Love honeſt men, and herd with them in the houſe and out of the houſe*; by whatever names they be dignified or diſtinguiſhed; *Keep good men company, and you ſhall be of their number*. But did I, or did I not, write this before?—Writing at ſo many different times, and ſuch a quantity, one may forget.

You may come in for the title when I am dead and gone—God help me!—So I would have you keep an equilibrium. If once you get the name of being a fine ſpeaker, you may have any-thing, and, to be ſure, you have naturally a good deal of elocution; a tongue that would delude an angel, as the women ſay—To their ſorrow, ſome of them, poor creatures!—A leading man in the Houſe of Commons is a very important character; becauſe that houſe has the giving of money: and *money makes the mare to go*; aye, and queens and kings too, ſometimes, to go in a manner very different from what they might otherwiſe chuſe to go, let me tell you.

However, methinks, I would not have you take a place neither—It will double your value, and your intereſt, if it be believed, that you will not: for, as you will then ſtand in no man's way, you will have no envy; but pure ſterling reſpect; and both ſides will court you.

For your part, you will not want a place, as ſome others do, to piece up their broken fortunes. If you can now live reputably upon two thouſand pounds a year, it will be hard if you cannot hereafter live upon ſeven or eight—Leſs you will not have, if you oblige me; as now by marrying ſo fine a lady, very much you will—And all this over and above Lady Betty's and Lady Sarah's favours! What in the name of wonder, could poſſibly poſſeſs the proud Harlowes!—That ſon, that ſon of theirs!—But, for his dear ſiſter's ſake, I will ſay no more of him.

I never was offered a place myſelf: and the only one I would have taken, had I been offered it, was *maſter of the buckhounds*; for I loved hunting when I was young; and it carries a good ſound with it for us who live in the country. Often have I thought of that excellent old adage; *He that eats the king's gooſe, ſhall be choaked with his feathers*. I wiſh to the Lord, this was thoroughly conſidered by place-hunters! It would be better for them, and for their poor families.

I could ſay a great deal more, and all equally to the purpoſe. But really I am tired; and ſo I doubt are you. And beſides,

ſides, I would reſerve ſomething for converſation.

My nieces Montague, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, join in compliments to my niece that is to be. If ſhe would chuſe to have the knot tied among us, pray tell her that we ſhall ſee it *ſecurely done*: and we will make all the country ring and blaze for a week together. But ſo I believe I ſaid before.

If any-thing farther may be needful toward promoting your reciprocal felicity, let me know it; and how you order about the day; and all that. The incloſed bill is very much at your ſervice. 'Tis payable at ſight, as whatever elſe you may have occaſion for, ſhall be.

So God bleſs you both; and make things as convenient to my gout as you can; though be it whenever it will, I will hobble to you; for I long to ſee you; and ſtill more to ſee my niece; and am (in expectation of that happy opportunity) *your moſt affectionate uncle*,

M.

LETTER XLI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THURSDAY, MAY 25.

THOU ſeeſt, Belford, how we now drive before the wind.—The dear creature now comes almoſt at the firſt word, whenever I deſire the honour of her company. I told her laſt night, that apprehending delay from Pritchard's ſlowneſs, I was determined to leave it to my lord to make his compliments in his own way; and had actually that afternoon put my writings into the hands of a very eminent lawyer, counſellor Williams, with directions for him to draw up ſettlements from my own eſtate, and conformable to thoſe of my mother; which I put into his hands at the ſame time. It had been, I aſſured her, no ſmall part of my concern, that her frequent diſpleaſure, and our mutual miſapprehenſions, had hindered me from adviſing with her before on this ſubject. 'Indeed, indeed, my deareſt life,' ſaid I, 'you have hitherto afforded me but a 'very thorny courtſhip.'

She was ſilent. *Kindly* ſilent. For well know I, that ſhe could have recriminated upon me with vengeance. But I was willing to ſee, if ſhe were not loth to diſoblige me now. I comforted myſelf, I ſaid, with the hopes, that all my difficulties were now over, and that every paſt diſobligation would be buried in oblivion.

Now, Belford, I have actually depoſited theſe writings with counſellor Williams; and I expect the draughts in a week at fartheſt. So ſhall be doubly armed. For if I *attempt* and *fail*, theſe will be ready to throw in, to make her have patience with me *till I can try again*.

I have more contrivances ſtill in embryo. I could tell thee of an hundred, and yet hold another hundred in petto, to pop in as I go along, to excite thy ſurprize, and to keep up thy attention. Nor rave thou at me; but, if thou art my friend, think of *Miſs Howe's letters*, and of her *ſmuggling ſcheme*. All owing to my fair captive's informations and incitements. Am I not a *villain*, a *fool*, a *Beelzebub*, with them already?—Yet no harm done by me, nor ſo much as attempted?

Every-thing of this nature, the dear creature anſwered (with a downcaſt eye, and a bluſhing cheek) ſhe left to me.

I propoſed my lord's chapel for the celebration, where we might have the preſence of Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, and my two couſins Montague.

She ſeemed not to favour a publick celebration; and waved the ſubject for the preſent. I doubted not but ſhe would be as willing as I, to decline a publick wedding; ſo I preſſed not this matter farther juſt then.

But patterns I *actually produced*; and a jeweller was to bring as this day ſeveral ſets of jewels for her choice. But the patterns ſhe would not open. She ſighed at the mention of them: the ſecond patterns, ſhe ſaid, that had been offered to her. And very peremptorily forbid the jeweller's coming, as well as declined my offer of cauſing my mother's to be new-ſet at leaſt for the preſent.

I do aſſure thee, Belford, I was in earneſt in all this. My whole eſtate is nothing to me, put in competition with her hoped-for favour.

She then told me, that ſhe had put into writing her opinion of my general propoſals; and there had expreſſed her mind, as to cloaths and jewels: but on my ſtrange behaviour to her (*for no cauſe that ſhe knew of*) on Sunday night, ſhe had torn the paper in two.

I earneſtly preſſed her to let me be favoured with a ſight of this paper, torn as it was. And after ſome heſitation, ſhe withdrew, and ſent it to me by Dorcas.

I peruſed it again. It was in a manner new to me, though I had read it ſo lately: and by my ſoul, I could hardly ſtand it. An hundred admirable crea-

tures I called her to myself. But I charge thee, write not a word to me in her favour, if thou meaneſt her well; for if I ſpare her, it muſt be all *ex mero motu*.

You may eaſily ſuppoſe, when I was re-admitted to her preſence, that I ran over in her praiſes, and in vows of gratitude and everlaſting love. But here's the devil; ſhe ſtill receives all I ſay with reſerve; or if it be not with reſerve, ſhe receives it ſo much *as her due*, that ſhe is not at all raiſed by it. Some women are undone by praiſe, by flattery. I myſelf, a man, am proud of praiſe. Perhaps thou wilt ſay, that thoſe are moſt proud of it, who leaſt deſerve it; as thoſe are of riches and grandeur, who are not born to either. I own that to be ſuperior to thoſe foibles, it requires a ſoul. Have I not then a ſoul?—Surely, I have.—Let me then be conſidered as an exception to this rule.

Now have I foundation to go upon in my terms. My lord, in the exuberance of his generoſity, mentions a thouſand pounds a year penny-rents. *This I* know, that were I to marry this lady, he would rather ſettle upon her all he has a mind to ſettle, than upon me. He has even threatened, that if I prove not a good huſband to her, he will leave all he can at his death from me to her. Yet conſiders not that a woman ſo perfect can never be diſpleaſed with her huſband but to *his* diſgrace; for who will blame *her*?—Another reaſon, why a LOVELACE ſhould not wiſh to marry a CLARISSA.

But what a pretty fellow of an uncle is this fooliſh peer, to think to make a wife independent of her emperor, and a rebel of courſe; yet ſmarted himſelf for an error of this kind!

My beloved, in her torn paper, mentions but two hundred pounds a year for her ſeparate uſe. I inſiſted upon her naming a larger ſum. She ſaid, it might then be three; and I, for fear ſhe ſhould ſuſpect very large offers, named only five; but added the entire diſpoſal of all arrears in her father's hands, for the benefit of Mrs. Norton, or whom ſhe pleaſed.

She ſaid that the good woman would be uneaſy if any-thing more than a competency were done for her. She was for ſuiting all her diſpoſitions of this kind, ſhe ſaid, *to the uſual way of life of the perſon*. To go beyond it, was but to put the benefited upon projects, or to make them awkward in a new ſtate; when they might ſhine in that to which they were accuſtomed. And to put it into ſo good a mother's power to give her ſon a beginning in his buſineſs at a proper time; yet to leave her ſomething for herſelf to ſet her above want, or above the neceſſity of taking back from her child what ſhe had been enabled to beſtow upon him; would be the height of ſuch a worthy parent's ambition.

Here's prudence! here's judgment in ſo young a creature! How do I hate the Harlowes for producing ſuch an angel!—O why, why did ſhe refuſe my ſincere addreſs to tie the knot before we came to this houſe!

But yet, what mortifies my pride is, that this exalted creature, if I were to marry her, would not be governed in her behaviour to me by love, but by generoſity merely, or by blind duty; and had rather live ſingle than be mine.

I cannot bear this. I would have the woman, whom I honour with my name, if ever I confer this honour upon any, forego even her *ſuperior duties* for me. I would have her look after me when I go out as far as ſhe can ſee me, as my roſe-bud after her Johnny; and meet me at my return with rapture. I would be the ſubject of her dreams, as well as of her waking thoughts. I would have her think every moment loſt, that is not paſſed with me: ſing to me, read to me, play to me, when I pleaſed; no joy ſo great as in obeying me. When I ſhould be inclined to love, overwhelm me with it; when to be ſerious or ſolitary, if apprehenſive of intruſion, retiring at a nod; approaching me only if I ſmiled encouragement: ſteal not into my preſence with ſilence; out of it, if not noticed, on tiptoe. Be a *Lady Eaſy* to all my pleaſures, and valuing thoſe moſt who moſt contribnted to them; only ſighing in private, that it was not *herſelf* at the time. Thus of old did the contending wives of the honeſt patriarchs; each recommending her handmaid to her lord, as ſhe thought it would oblige him, and looking upon the genial product as her own.

The gentle Waller ſays, *Women are born to be controul'd*. Gentle as he was, he knew that. A tyrant huſband makes a dutiful wife. And why do the ſex love rakes, but becauſe they know how to direct their uncertain wills, and manage them?

ANOTHER agreeable converſation. The day of days the ſubject. As to fixing a particular one, that need not be done, my charmer ſays, till the ſettle-

ments are completed. And as to marrying at my lord's chapel, the ladies of my family present, that would be making a publick affair of it; and the dear creature observed with regret, that it seemed to be my lord's intention to make it so.

It could not be imagined, I said, but that his lordship's setting out in a litter, and coming to town, as well as his taste for glare, and the joy he would take to see me married at last, and to her dear self, would give it as much the air of a publick marriage, as if the ceremony were performed at his own chapel, all the ladies present.

'I cannot,' said she, 'endure the 'thoughts of a publick day. It will car-'ry with it an air of insult upon my 'whole family. And for my part, if 'my lord will not take it amiss, [And 'perhaps he will not, as the motion 'came not from himself but from you, 'Mr Lovelace] I will very willingly 'dispense with his lordship's presence; 'the rather, as dress and appearance will 'then be unnecessary; for I cannot bear 'to think of decking my person while 'my parents are in tears.'

How excellent this! Yet do not her parents richly deserve to be in tears?

See, Belford, with so charming a niceness, we might have been long time ago upon the verge of the state, and yet found a great deal to do, before we entered into it.

All obedience, all resignation—No will but hers. I withdrew, and wrote directly to my lord; and she not disapproving of it, I sent it away. The purport as follows? for I took no copy.

That I was much obliged to his lordship for his intended goodness to me, on an occasion the most solemn of my life. That the admirable lady, whom he so justly praised, thought his lordship's proposals in her favour too high. That she chose not to make a publick appearance, if, without disobliging my friends, she could avoid it, till a reconciliation with her own could be effected. That although she expressed a grateful sense of his lordship's consent to give her to me with his own hand; yet presuming, that the motive to this kind intention was rather to do her honour, than it otherwise would have been his own choice, (especially as travelling would be at this time so inconvenient to him) she thought it advisable to save his lordship trouble on this occasion; and hoped he would take as meant her declining the favour.

That the Lawn will be most acceptable to us both to retire to; and the rather, as it is so to his lordship.

But, if he pleases, the jointure may be made from my own estate; leaving to his lordship's goodness the alternative.

I conclude with telling him, That I had offered to present the lady his lordship's bill; but on her declining to accept of it, (having myself no present occasion for it) I return it inclosed, with my thanks, *&c.*

And is not this going a plaguy length? What a figure should I make in rakish annals, if at last I should be caught in my own gin?

The sex may say what they will, but a poor innocent fellow had need to take great care of himself, when he dances upon the edge of the matrimonial precipice. Many a faint-hearted man, when he began in jest, or only designed to ape gallantry, has been forced into earnest, by being over-prompt, and taken at his word, not knowing how to own that he meant less than the lady meant. I am the better enabled to judge that this must have been the case of many a sneaking varlet; because I, who know the female world as well as any man in it of my standing, am so frequently in doubt of myself, and know not what to make of the matter.

Then these little sly rogues, how they lie couchant, ready to spring upon us harmless fellows the moment we are in their reach!—When the ice is once broken for them, how swiftly can they make to port—Mean time, the subject they can least *speak* to, they most *think* of. Nor can you talk of the ceremony before they have laid out in their minds how it is all to be. Little saucy-face designers! how first they draw themselves in, then us!

But be all these things as they will, Lord M. never in his life received so handsome a letter as this from his nephew

LOVELACE.

The lady, after having given to Miss Howe the particulars contained in Mr. Lovelace's last letter, thus expresses herself:

'A PRINCIPAL consolation arising 'from these favourable appearances, is, 'that I, who have now but one only 'friend, shall most probably, and if it 'be not my own fault, have as many 'new ones as there are persons in Mr. 'Lovelace's family; and this whether 'Mr. Lovelace treat me kindly or not. 'And who knows, but that by degrees, 'those new friends, by their rank and 'merit, may have weight enough to get 'me restored to the favour of my relati-

'ons?

'ons? Till which can be effected, I shall 'not be tolerably easy. Happy I never 'expect to be. Mr. Lovelace's mind 'and mine are vastly different; different '*essentials*.

'But as matters are at present circum-'stanced, I pray you, my dear friend, 'to keep to yourself every-thing that 'might bring discredit to him, if reveal-'ed.—Better any-body expose a man 'than a wife, if I *am* to be his; and 'what is said by you will be thought to 'come from me.

'It shall be my constant prayer, that 'all the felicities which this world can 'afford, may be yours: and that the 'Almighty will never suffer you nor 'yours, to the remotest posterity, to 'want such a friend as my Anna Howe 'has been to *her* 'CL. HARLOWE.'

LETTER XLII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

AND now, that my beloved seems secure in my net, for my project upon the vixen Miss Howe, and upon her mother: in which the officious prancer Hickman is to come in for a dash.

'But why upon her mother,' methinks thou askest; 'who, unknown to herself, 'has only acted, by thy impulse, through 'thy agent Joseph Leman, upon the 'folly of old Tony the uncle?'

No matter for that: she believes she acts upon her own judgment; and deserves to be punished for pretending to judgment, when she has none.—Every living soul, but myself, I can tell thee, shall be punished, that treats either cruelly or disrespectfully so adored a lady.—What a plague! is it not enough that she is teazed and tormented in person by me?

I have already broken the matter to our three confederates; as a *supposed*, not a *resolved on* case indeed. And yet they know, that with me, in a piece of mischief, execution with it's swiftest feet, is seldom three paces behind projection, which hardly ever limps neither.

MOWBRAY is not against it. It is a scheme, he says, worthy of us: and we have not done any-thing for a good while, that has made a noise.

BELTON indeed hesitates a little, because matters go wrong between him and his Thomasine; and the poor fellow has not the courage to have his sore place probed to the bottom.

TOURVILLE has started a fresh game, and shrugs his shoulders, and should not *chuse* to go abroad at present, *if I please*. For I apprehend that (from the *nature* of the project) there will be a kind of necessity to travel, till all is blown over.

TO ME, one country is as good as another; and I shall soon, I suppose, chuse to quit this paltry island; except the mistress of my fate will consent to cohabit at *home*; and so lay me under no necessity of *surprizing her into foreign parts*. TRAVELLING, thou knowest, gives the sexes charming opportunities of being familiar with one another. A very few days and nights must now decide all matters betwixt me and my fair inimitable.

DOLEMAN, who can act in these causes only as chamber-counsel, will inform us by pen and ink, [his right-hand and right-side having not yet been struck, and the other side beginning to be sensible] of all that shall occur in our absence.

As for THEE, we had rather have thy company than not; for, although thou art a wretched fellow at contrivance, yet art thou intrepid at execution. But as thy present engagements make thy attendance uncertain, I am not for making thy part necessary to our scheme; but for leaving thee to come after us when abroad. I know thou canst not long live without us.

The project, in short, is this:—Mrs. Howe has an elder sister in the Isle of Wight, who is lately a widow; and I am well informed, that the mother and daughter have engaged, before the latter is married, to pay a visit to this lady, who is rich, and intends Miss for her heiress; and in the interim will make her some valuable presents on her approaching nuptials; which, as Mrs. Howe, who loves money more than any-thing but herself, told one of my acquaintance, would be *worth fetching*.

Now, Jack, nothing more need be done, than to hire a little trim vessel, which shall sail a pleasuring backward and forward to Portsmouth, Spithead, and the Isle of Wight, for a week or fortnight before we enter upon our parts of the plot. And as Mrs. Howe will be for making the best bargain she can for her passage, the master of the vessel may have orders (as a perquisite allowed him by his owners) to take what she will give: and the master's name, be it what you will, shall be *Ganmore* on the occasion; for I know a rogue of that name, who is not obliged to be of any country, any more than we.

Well

Well, then, we will imagine them on board. I will be there in diſguiſe. They know not any of ye four—ſuppoſing (the ſcheme ſo inviting) that thou canſt be one.

'Tis plaguy hard, if we cannot *find*, or *make* a ſtorm.

Perhaps they will be ſea-ſick: but whether they be or not, no doubt they will keep their cabin.

Here will be Mrs. Howe, Miſs Howe, Mr. Hickman, a maid, and a footman, I ſuppoſe; and thus we will order it:

I know it will be hard weather: I *know* it will: and before there can be the leaſt ſuſpicion of the matter, we ſhall be in ſight of Guernſey, Jerſey, Dieppe, Cherbourg, or any-whither on the French coaſt that it ſhall pleaſe us to agree with the winds to blow us: and then, ſecuring the footman, and the women being ſeparated, one of us, according to lots that may be caſt, ſhall overcome, either by perſuaſion or force, the maid-ſervant: that will be no hard taſk; and ſhe is a likely wench: [I have ſeen her often] one, Mrs. Howe; nor can there be much difficulty there; for ſhe is full of health and life; and has been long a widow: another, ['*That*,' ſays the princely lion, 'muſt be *I!*'] the ſaucy daughter; who will be too much frighted to make great reſiſtance: [*Violent* ſpirits, in that ſex, are ſeldom *true* ſpirits—'Tis but where they *can*.]—and after beating about the coaſt for three or four days for recreation's ſake, and to make ſure work, and till we ſee our ſullen birds begin to eat and ſip, we will ſet them all on ſhore where it will be moſt convenient; ſell the veſſel, [To Mrs. Townſend's agents, with all my heart, or to ſome other ſmugglers] or give it to Ganmore; and purſue our travels, and tarry abroad till all is huſhed up.

Now I know thou wilt make difficulties, as it is thy way; while it is mine to conquer them. My other vaſſals made theirs; and I condeſcended to obviate them: as thus I will thine, firſt ſtating them for thee according to what I know of thy phlegm.

'What,' in the firſt place, wilt thou aſk, 'ſhall be done with Hickman? who 'will be in full parade of dreſs and 'primneſs, in order to ſhew the old 'aunt what a deviliſh clever fellow of a 'nephew ſhe is to have.'

What!—I'll tell thee—Hickman, in good manners, will leave the women in their cabin—and, to ſhew his courage with his breeding, be upon deck.

'Well, and ſuppoſe he is?'

Suppoſe he is!—Why then I hope it is eaſy for Ganmore, or any-body elſe, myſelf ſuppoſe in my pea-jacket and great watch-coat, (if any other make a ſcruple to do it) while he ſtands in the way, gaping and ſtaring like a novice, to ſtumble againſt him, and puſh him overboard!—A rich thought!—Is it not, Belford?—He is certainly plaguy officious in the ladies correſpondence; and, I am informed, plays double between mother and daughter, in fear of both. —Doſt not ſee him, Jack?—I do—popping up and down, his wig and hat floating by him; and paddling, pawing, and daſhing, like a frighted mongrel—I am afraid he never ventured to learn to ſwim.

'But thou wilt not drown the poor 'fellow; wilt thou?'

No, no!—That is not neceſſary to the project—I hate to do miſchiefs ſupererogatory. The ſkiff ſhall be ready to ſave him, while the veſſel keeps it's courſe: he ſhall be ſet on ſhore with the loſs of wig and hat only, and of half of his little wits, at the place where he embarked, or any-where elſe.

'Well, but ſhall we not be in danger 'of being hanged for three ſuch enor-'mous rapes, although Hickman ſhould 'eſcape with only a bellyfull of ſea-'water?'

Yes, to be ſure, when caught—But is there any likelihood of that?—Beſides, have we not been in danger before now for worſe facts?—And what is there in being only in *danger?*—If we actually were to appear in open day in England before matters are made up, there will be greater likelihood, that theſe women will not proſecute, than that they *will*.—For my own part, I ſhould with they *may*. Would not a brave fellow chuſe to appear in court to ſuch an arraignment, confronting women who would do credit to his attempt? This country is more merciful in *theſe* caſes, than in *any others*: I ſhould therefore like to put myſelf upon my country.

Let me indulge a few reflections upon what thou mayeſt think the *worſt* that *can* happen. I will ſuppoſe that thou art one of us; and that all five are actually brought to trial on this occaſion: how bravely ſhall we enter a court, I at the head of you, dreſſed out each man, as if to his wedding appearance! —You are ſure of all the women, old and young, of your ſide.—'What brave 'fellows!—What fine gentlemen!—'There goes a charming handſome man!'

—meaning

—meaning me, to be ſure!—'Who 'could find in their hearts to hang ſuch 'a gentleman as that?' whiſpers one lady, ſitting perhaps on the right-hand of the recorder: [I ſuppoſe the ſcene to be in London] while another diſbelieves that any woman could *fairly* ſwear againſt me. All will croud after *me*: it will be each man's happineſs (if ye ſhall chance to be baſhful) to be neglected. I ſhall be found to be the greateſt criminal; and my ſafety, for which the general voice will be engaged, will be yours.

But then comes the triumph of triumphs, that will make the accuſed look up, while the accuſers are covered with confuſion.

'Make room there!—Stand by—Give 'back!—One receiving a rap, another an elbow, half a ſcore a puſh apiece!

Enter the ſlow-moving, hood-faced, down-looking plaintiffs.

And firſt the widow, with a ſorrowful countenance, though half-veiled, pitying her daughter more than herſelf. The people, the women eſpecially, who on this occaſion will be five-ſixths of the ſpectators, reproaching her—'You'd 'have the conſcience, would you, to 'have five ſuch brave gentlemen as theſe 'hanged for you know not what?'

Next comes the poor maid—who perhaps had been raviſhed twenty times before; and had not appeared now, but for company-ſake; mincing, ſimpering, weeping, by turns; not knowing whether ſhe ſhould be ſorry or glad.

But every eye dwells upon Miſs!—'See, ſee, the handſome gentleman bow 'to her!'

To the very ground, to be ſure, I ſhall bow; and kiſs my hand.

'See her confuſion! See! She turns 'from him!'—'Ah! that's becauſe it is 'in open court!' cries an arch one. While others admire her—'Ay! that's 'a girl worth venturing one's neck for!'

Then ſhall we be praiſed—Even the judges, and the whole crouded bench, will acquit us in their hearts; and every ſingle man wiſh he had been me!—The women, all the time, diſclaiming proſecution, were the caſe to be their own. To be ſure, Belford, the ſufferers cannot put half ſo good a face upon the matter as we.

Then what a noiſe will this matter make! Is it not enough, ſuppoſe us moving from the priſon to the Seſſions Houſe, to make a noble heart thump it away moſt gloriouſly, when ſuch an one finds himſelf attended to his trial by a parade of guards and officers, of miens and aſpects warlike and unwarlike; himſelf their whole care, and their buſineſs!—weapons in their hands, ſome bright, ſome ruſty, equally venerable for their antiquity and inoffenſiveneſs! others of more authoritative demeanor, ſtrutting before with fine painted ſtaves! ſhoals of people following, with a 'Which is 'he whom the *young* lady appears againſt?'—Then, let us look down, look up, look round, which way we will, we ſhall ſee all the doors, the ſhops, the windows, the ſign-irons, and balconies, (garrets, gutters, and chimney-tops included) all white-capt, black-hooded, and periwigged, or crop-eared up by the *immobile vulgus*: while the floating *ſtreet-ſwarmers*, who have ſeen us paſs by at one place, run with ſtretching-out necks, and ſtrained eye-balls, a round-about way, and elbow and ſhoulder themſelves into places by which we have not paſſed, in order to obtain another ſight of us; every ſtreet continuing to pour out it's ſwarms of late-comers, to add to the gathering ſnowball; who are content to take deſcriptions of our perſons, behaviour, and countenances, from thoſe who had the good fortune to have been in time to ſee us.

Let me tell thee, Jack, I ſee not why (to judge according to our principles and practices) we ſhould not be as much elated in our march, were this to happen to us, as others may be upon any other the moſt *mob-attracting* occaſion—Suppoſe a lord-mayor on his *gawdy*; ſuppoſe a victorious general, or ambaſſador, on his publick entry—Suppoſe (as I began with the *loweſt*) the *grandeſt* parade that can be ſuppoſed, a coronation—For, in all theſe, do not the royal-guard, the heroick train bands, the pendent, clinging throngs of ſpectators, with their waving heads rolling to-and-fro from houſe-tops to houſe-bottoms and ſtreet-ways, as I have above deſcribed, make the principal part of the raree-ſhew?

And let me aſk thee, If thou doſt not think, that either the mayor, the ambaſſador, or the general, would not make very pitiful figures on their galas, did not the trumpets and tabrets call together the canaille to gaze at them?—Nor perhaps ſhould we be the moſt guilty heroes neither: for who knows how the magiſtrate may have obtained his gold chain? While the general probably returns from cutting of throats, and from murders, ſanctified by cuſtom only.—Cæſar, we are told, had won, at the age of fifty-ſix, when he was aſſaſſinated, fifty pitched battles, had taken

by

by aſſault above a thouſand towns, and ſlain near 1,200,000 men; I ſuppoſe excluſive of thoſe who fell on his own ſide in ſlaying them. Are not you and I, Jack, innocent men, and babes in ſwadling-cloaths, compared to Cæſar, and to his predeceſſor in heroiſm, Alexander, dubbed for murders and depredation *Magnus*?

The principal difference that ſtrikes me in the compariſon between us and the mayor, the ambaſſador, the general, on *their* gawdies, is, that the mob make a greater noiſe, a louder huzzaing, in the one caſe than the other, which is called *acclamation*, and ends frequently in *higher* taſte, by throwing dead animals at one another, before they diſperſe; in which they have as much joy, as in the former part of the triumph: while they will attend us with all the marks of an awful or ſilent (at moſt only a whiſpering) reſpect; their mouths diſtended, as if ſet open with gags, and their voices generally loſt in goggle-eyed admiration.

Well, but ſuppoſe, after all, we are convicted; what have we to do, but in time to make over our eſtates, that the ſheriffs may not revel in our ſpoils?—There is no fear of being hanged for ſuch a crime as this, while we have *money* or *friends*.—And ſuppoſe even the worſt, that two or three were to die, have we not a chance, each man of us, to eſcape? The devil's in them, if they'll hang five for raviſhing three!

I know I ſhall get off for one—were it but for family-ſake: and being a handſome fellow, I ſhall have a dozen or two of young madens, all dreſſed in white, go to court to beg my life—And what a pretty ſhew they will make, with their white hoods, white gowns, white petticoats, white ſcarves, white gloves, kneeling for me, with their white handkerchiefs at their eyes, in two pretty rows, as his majeſty walks through them, and nods my pardon for their ſakes!—And, if once pardoned, all is over: for, Jack, in a crime of this nature there lies no appeal, as in a murder.

So thou ſeeſt the worſt that can happen, ſhould we *not* make the grand tour upon this occaſion, but ſtay and take our trials. But it is moſt likely, that they will not proſecute at all. If not, no riſque on our ſide will be run: only taking our pleaſure abroad, at the worſt; leaving friends tired of us, in order, after a time, to return to the ſame friends endeared to us, as we to them, by abſence.

This, Jack, is my ſcheme, at the firſt running. I know it is capable of improvement—For example: I can land theſe ladies in France; whip over before they can get a paſſage back, or before Hickman can have recovered his fright; and ſo find means to entrap my beloved on board—And then all will be right; and I need not care if I were never to return to England.

Memorandum. To be conſidered of—Whether, in order to complete my vengeance, I cannot contrive to kidnap away either James Harlowe or Solmes? or both? A man, Jack, would not go into exile for nothing.

LETTER XLIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

IF, Belford, thou likeſt not my plot upon Miſs Howe, I have three or four more as good in my own opinion; better, perhaps, they will be in thine: and ſo 'tis but getting looſe from thy preſent engagement, and thou ſhalt pick and chuſe. But as for thy three brethren, they muſt do as I would have them: and ſo, indeed, muſt thou—Elſe why am I your general? But I will refer this ſubject to it's proper ſeaſon. Thou knoweſt that I never abſolutely conclude upon a project, till 'tis time for execution; and then lightning ſtrikes not quicker than I.

And now to the ſubject next my heart.

Wilt thou believe me, when I tell thee, that I have ſo many contrivances riſing up and crouding upon me for preference, with regard to my Gloriana, that I hardly know which to chuſe?—I could tell thee of no leſs than ſix princely ones, any of which *muſt* do. But, as the dear creature has not grudged giving me trouble, I think I ought not, in gratitude, to ſpare combuſtibles for her; but on the contrary, to make her ſtare and ſtand aghaſt, by ſpringing three or four mines at once.

Thou remembereſt what Shakeſpeare, in his Troilus and Creſſida, makes Hector, who, however, is not uſed to boaſt, ſay to Achilles in an interview between them; and which, applied to this watchful lady, and to the vexation ſhe has given me, and to the certainty I now think I have of ſubduing her, will run thus: Suppoſing the charmer before me; and I meditating her ſweet perſon from head to foot—

'Henceforth, *O watchful fair one!* guard thee
'well:

'For

For I'll not kill thee there! nor there! nor there!

'But by the *zone that circles Venus' waiſt*,
'I'll kill thee every where;-yea, o'er and o'er.
'Thou, wiſeſt *Belford*, pardon me this brag:
'*Her watchfulneſs* draws folly from my lips;
'But I'll endeavour *deeds* to match the *words*,
'Or may I never——'

Then, I imagine thee interpoſing to qualify my impatience, as Ajax did to Achilles—

'—— Do not chafe thee, couſin:
'—— And let theſe threats alone,
'Till *accident* or *purpoſe* bring thee to it.'

All that vexes me, in the midſt of my gloried-in devices, is, that there is a ſorry fellow in the world, who has preſumed to queſtion, whether the prize when obtained, is worthy of the pains it coſts me: yet knows, with what patience and trouble a bird-man will ſpread an acre of ground with gins and ſnares; ſet up his ſtalking horſe, his glaſſes; plant his decoy-birds, and invite the feathered throng by his whiſtle; and all his prize at laſt (the reward of early hours, and of a whole morning's pains) only a ſimple linnet.

To be ſerious, Belford, I muſt acknowledge, that all our purſuits, from childhood to manhood, are only trifles of different ſorts and ſizes, proportioned to our years and views: but then is not a fine woman the nobleſt trifle, that ever was or could be obtained by man?—And to what purpoſe do we ſay *obtained*, if it be not in the way we wiſh for?—If a man is rather to be *her* prize, than ſhe *his*?

And now, Belford, what doſt think?

'That thou art a curſed fellow if—'

If—No if's—But I ſhall be very ſick to-morrow. I ſhall, 'faith.

'Sick!—Why ſick? What a devil ſhouldſt thou be ſick for?'

For more good reaſons than one, Jack.

'I ſhould be glad to hear but one.—'Sick, quotha! Of all thy roguiſh in-'ventions I ſhould not have thought of 'this.'

Perhaps thou thinkeſt my view to be, to draw the lady to my bedſide. That's a trick of three or four thouſand years old; and I ſhould find it much more to my purpoſe, if I could get to hers. However, I'll condeſcend to make thee as wiſe as myſelf.

I am exceſſively diſturbed about this ſmuggling ſcheme of Miſs Howe. I have no doubt, that my fair-one, were I to make an attempt, and miſcarry, will fly from me, if ſhe can. I once believed ſhe loved me: but now I doubt whether ſhe does or not: at leaſt, that it is with ſuch an *ardour*, as Miſs Howe calls it, as will make her overlook a premeditated fault, ſhould I be guilty of one.

'And what will being ſick do for 'thee?'

Have patience. I don't intend to be ſo very bad as Dorcas ſhall repreſent me to be. But yet I know I ſhall reach confoundedly, and bring up ſome clotted blood. To be ſure, I ſhall break a veſſel: there's no doubt of that: and a bottle of Eaton's Styptick ſhall be ſent for; but no doctor. If ſhe has *humanity*, ſhe will be concerned. But if ſhe has *love*, let it have been puſhed ever ſo far back, it will, on this occaſion, come forward, and ſhew itſelf; not only in her eye, but in every line of her ſweet face.

I will be very intrepid. I will not fear death, or any-thing elſe. I will be ſure of being well in an hour or two, having formerly found great benefit by this aſtringent medicine, on occaſion of an inward bruiſe by a fall from my horſe in hunting, of which perhaps this malady may be the remains. And this will ſhew her, that though thoſe about me may make the moſt of it, I do not; and ſo can have no deſign in it.

'Well,' methinks thou ſayeſt, 'I be-'gin to think tolerably of this device.'

I knew thou wouldſt, when I explained myſelf. Another time prepare to wonder; and baniſh doubt.

Now, Belford, I ſhall expect, that ſhe will ſhew ſome concern at the broken veſſel, as it may be attended with fatal effects, eſpecially to one ſo fiery in his temper as I have the *reputation* to be thought to be: and the rather, as I ſhall calmly attribute the accident to the harraſſes and doubts under which I have laboured for ſome time paſt. And this will be a further proof of my love, and will demand a grateful return—

'And what then, thou egregious con-'triver?'

Why then I ſhall have the *leſs remorſe*, if I am to uſe a little violence: for can *ſhe* deſerve compaſſion, who ſhews none?

'And what if ſhe ſhew a *great deal of* '*concern*?'

Then ſhall I be in hopes of *building on a good foundation*. Love hides a multitude of faults, and diminiſhes thoſe it cannot hide. Love, when acknowledged, authorizes freedom; and freedom begets freedom; and I ſhall then ſee how far I can go.

'Well

'Well but, Lovelace, how the deuce 'wilt thou, with that full health and 'vigour of conſtitution, and with that 'bloom in thy face, make any-body be-'lieve thou art ſick?'

How!—Why, take a few grains of ipecacuanha; enough to make me reach like a fury.

'Good!—But how wilt thou manage 'to bring up blood, and not hurt thy-'ſelf?'

Fooliſh fellow! Are there not pigeons and chickens, in every poulterer's ſhop? Cry thy mercy.

But then I will be perſuaded by Mrs. Sinclair, that I have of late confined myſelf too much; and ſo will have a chair called, and be carried to the Park; where I will try to walk half the length of the Mall, or ſo; and in my return, amuſe myſelf at White's or the Cocoa.

'And what will this do?'

Queſtioning again!—I am afraid thou'rt an infidel, Belford—Why then ſhall I not know if my beloved offers to go out in my abſence?—And ſhall I not ſee whether ſhe receives me with tenderneſs at my return? But this is not all: *I have a foreboding that ſomething affecting will happen while I am out.* But of this more in it's place.

And now, Belford, wilt thou, or wilt thou not, allow, that it is a right thing to be ſick?—Lord, Jack, ſo much delight do I take in my contrivances, that I ſhall be half-ſorry, when the occaſion for them is over; for never, never, ſhall I again have ſuch a charming exerciſe for my invention.

Mean time theſe plaguy women are ſo impertinent, ſo full of reproaches, that I know not how to do any-thing but curſe them. And then, truly, they are for helping me out with ſome of *their* trite and vulgar artifices. Sally particularly, who pretends to be a mighty contriver, has juſt now in an inſolent manner told me, on my rejecting her proffered aids, that I had no mind to conquer; and that I was ſo *wicked* as to intend to marry, though I would not own it to her.

Becauſe this little devil made her firſt ſacrifice at my altar, ſhe thinks ſhe may take any liberty with me: and what makes her outrageous at times, is, that I have, for a long time, *ſtudiouſly*, as ſhe ſays, ſlighted her too readily-offered favours: but is it not very impudent in her to think, that I will be any man's *ſucceſſor?* It is not come to that neither. This thou knoweſt, was always my rule —*Once any other man's*, and *I* know it, and *never more mine.* It is for ſuch as thou, and thy brethren, to take up with *harlots.* I have been always aiming at the merit of a firſt diſcoverer.

The more devil I, perhaps thou wilt ſay, to endeavour to corrupt the uncorrupted.

But I ſay, *not*; ſince, hence, I have but very few adulteries to anſwer for.

One affair, indeed, at Paris, with a married lady [I believe I never told thee of it] touched my conſcience a little: yet brought on by a ſpirit of intrigue, more than by ſheer wickedneſs. I'll give it thee in brief:

A French marquis, ſomewhat in years, employed by his court in a publick function at that of Madrid, had put his charming young new-married wife under the controul and *wardſhip*, as I may ſay, of his inſolent ſiſter, an old prude.

I ſaw the lady at the opera. I liked her at firſt ſight, and better at ſecond, when I knew the ſituation ſhe was in. So pretending to make my addreſſes to the prude, got admittance to both.

The firſt thing I had to do, was to compliment my prude into ſhyneſs by complaints of ſhyneſs; next to take advantage of the marquiſe's ſituation, between her huſband's jealouſy, and his ſiſter's arrogance; and to inſpire her with reſentment; and, as I hoped, with a regard to my perſon. The French ladies have no diſlike to intrigue.

The ſiſter began to ſuſpect me: the lady had no mind to part with the company of the only man who had been permitted to viſit there; and told me of her ſiſter's ſuſpicions. I put her upon concealing the prude, as if unknown to me, in a cloſet in one of her own apartments, locking her in, and putting the key in her own pocket: and ſhe was to queſtion me on the ſincerity of my profeſſions to her ſiſter, in her ſiſter's hearing.

She complied. My miſtreſs was locked up. The lady and I took our ſeats. I owned fervent love, and made high profeſſions: for the marquiſe put it home to me. The prude was delighted with what ſhe heard.

And how doſt think it ended?—I took my advantage of the lady herſelf, who durſt not for her life cry out; and drew her after me to the next apartment, on pretence of going to ſeek her ſiſter, who all the time was locked up in the cloſet.

No woman ever gave me a private meeting for nothing; my deareſt Miſs Harlowe excepted.

My ingenuity obtained my pardon: the lady being unable to forbear laugh-

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The EXCURSITION of Mr. LOVELACE, CLARISSA, &c. to HAMPSTEAD.

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ing through the whole affair, to find both ſo uncommonly tricked; her gaoleress her priſoner, ſafe locked up, and as much pleaſed as either of us.

The Engliſh, Jack, do not often outwit the French.

We had contrivances afterwards equally ingenious, in which the lady, the ice once broken, [*Once ſubdued, always ſubdued*] co-operated—But a more tender tell-tale revealed the ſecret—revealed it before the marquis could come to cover the diſgrace. The ſiſter was inveterate; the huſband irreconcileable; in every reſpect unfit for a huſband, even for a *French* one—made, perhaps, more delicate to theſe particulars by the cuſtoms of a people among whom he was then reſident, ſo contrary to thoſe of his own countrymen. She was obliged to throw herſelf into my protection—Nor thought herſelf unhappy in it till child-bed pangs ſeized her: then penitence, and death, overtook her the ſame hour!

Excuſe a tear, Belford!—She deſerved a better fate! What had ſuch a vile inexorable huſband to anſwer for!—The ſiſter was puniſhed effectually—That pleaſes me on reflection—The ſiſter was effectually puniſhed!—But perhaps I told thee this ſtory before.

LETTER XLIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY EVENING.

JUST returned from an airing with my charmer, complied with after great importunity. She was attended by the two nymphs. They both topt their parts; kept their eyes within bounds; made moral reflections now-and-then. O Jack! what devils are women, when all teſts are got over, and we have completely ruined them!

The coach carried us to Hampſtead, to Highgate, to Muſwell Hill; back to Hampſtead to the Upper Flaſk: there, in compliment to the nymphs, my beloved conſented to alight, and take a little repaſt. Then home early by Kentiſh Town.

Delightfully eaſy ſhe, and ſo reſpectful and obliging I, all the way, and as we walked out upon the Heath, to view the variegated proſpects which that agreeable elevation affords, that ſhe promiſed to take now-and-then a little excurſion with me. 'I think, Miſs Howe, 'I *think*,' ſaid I to myſelf, every now-and-then as we walked, 'that thy wicked devices are ſuperſeded.'

But let me give thee a few particulars of our converſation in the circumvolation we took, while in the coach.—She had received a letter from Miſs Howe yeſterday, I preſumed?

She made no anſwer. How happy ſhould I think myſelf to be admitted into their correſpondence? I would joyfully make an exchange of communications.

So, though I hoped not to ſucceed by her conſent, [and little did ſhe think I had ſo happily in part ſucceeded without it] I thought it not amiſs to urge for it, for ſeveral reaſons: among others, that I might account to her for my conſtant employment at my pen; in order to take off her jealouſy, that *ſhe* was the ſubject of thy correſpondence and mine: and that I might juſtify *my* ſecreſy and *uncommunicativeneſs* by her *own*.

I proceeded therefore—That I loved familiar-letter-writing, as I had more than once told her, above all the ſpecies of writing: it was writing from the heart, (without the fetters preſcribed by method or ſtudy) as the very word *correſpondence* implied. Not the heart only; the *ſoul* was in it. Nothing of body, when friend writes to friend; the mind impelling ſovereignly the vaſſal-fingers. It was, in ſhort, friendſhip recorded; friendſhip given under hand and ſeal; demonſtrating that the parties were under no apprehenſion of changing, from time or accident, when they ſo liberally gave teſtimonies, which would always be ready, on a failure or infidelity, to be turned againſt them.—For my own part, it was the principal diverſion I had in her abſence; but for this innocent amuſement, the diſtance ſhe ſo frequently kept me at, would have been intolerable.

Sally knew my drift; and ſaid, She had had the honour to ſee two or three of my letters, and of Mr. Belford's; and ſhe thought them the moſt entertaining that ſhe had ever read.

My friend Belford, I ſaid, had a happy talent in the letter-writing way; and upon all ſubjects.

I expected my beloved would have been inquiſitive after our ſubject: but (lying perdue, as I ſaw) not a word ſaid ſhe. So I touched upon this article myſelf.

Our topicks were various and diffuſe: ſometimes upon literary articles; [ſhe was very attentive upon this] ſometimes upon the publick entertainments; ſometimes amuſing each other with the fruits of the different correſpondences we held with people abroad, with whom we had

contracted friendſhips; ſometimes upon the foibles and perfections of our particular friends; ſometimes upon our own preſent and future hopes; ſometimes aiming at humour and raillery upon each other.—It might indeed appear to favour of vanity, to ſuppoſe my letters would entertain a lady of her delicacy and judgment: but yet I could not but ſay, that perhaps ſhe would be far from thinking ſo hardly of me as ſometimes ſhe had ſeemed to do, if ſhe were to ſee the letters which generally paſſed between Mr. Belford and me. [I hope, Jack, thou haſt more manners than to give me the lye, though but in thy heart.]

She then ſpoke; after declining my compliment in ſuch a manner, as only a perſon could do, who deſerved it, ſhe ſaid, for her part, ſhe had always thought me a man of ſenſe. [A man of ſenſe, Jack! What a niggardly praiſe?]—And ſhould therefore hope, that, when I wrote, it exceeded even my ſpeech: for it was impoſſible, be the letters written in as eaſy and familiar ſtile as they would, but that they muſt have that advantage from ſitting down to write them which prompt ſpeech could not always have. She ſhould think it very ſtrange therefore, if my letters were barren of ſentiment; and as ſtrange, if I gave myſelf liberties upon *premeditation*, which could have no excuſe at all, but from a thoughtleſſneſs, which itſelf wanted excuſe.—But if Mr. Belford's letters and mine were upon ſubjects ſo general, and ſome of them equally (ſhe preſumed) inſtructive and entertaining, ſhe could not but ſay, that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee any of them; and particularly thoſe which Miſs Martin had ſeen and praiſed.

This was put cloſe.

I looked at her, to ſee if I could diſcover any tincture of jealouſy in this hint; that *Miſs Martin* had ſeen what I had not ſhewn to *her*. But ſhe did not look it: ſo I only ſaid, I ſhould be very proud to ſhew her not only thoſe, but all that paſſed between Mr. Belford and me; but I muſt remind her, that ſhe knew the condition.

'No, indeed!' with a ſweet lip pouted out, as faucy as pretty; implying a lovely ſcorn, that yet can only be lovely in youth ſo blooming, and beauty ſo divinely diſtinguiſhed.

How I long to ſee ſuch a motion again! *Her* mouth only can give it.

But I am mad with love—Yet eternal will be the diſtance, at the rate I go on: now fire, now ice, my ſoul is continually upon the *hiſs*, as I may ſay. In vain, however, is the trial to quench—what, after all, is unquenchable.

Pr'ythee, Belford, forgive my nonſenſe, and my Vulcan-like metaphors—Did I not tell thee, not that I am *ſick* of love, but that I am *mad* with it? Why brought I ſuch an angel into ſuch a houſe? into ſuch company?—And why do I not ſtop my ears to the ſyrens, who, knowing my averſion to wedlock, are perpetually touching that ſtring?

I was not willing to be anſwered ſo eaſily: I was ſure, that what paſſed between two ſuch young ladies (friends ſo dear) might be ſeen by every-body: I had more reaſon than any-body to wiſh to ſee the letters that paſſed between her and Miſs Howe; becauſe I was ſure they muſt be full of admirable inſtruction, and one of the dear correſpondents had deigned to wiſh my entire reformation.

She looked at me, as if ſhe would look me through: I thought I *felt* eye-beam, after eye-beam, penetrate my ſhivering reins.—But ſhe was ſilent. Nor needed her eyes the aſſiſtance of ſpeech.

Nevertheleſs, a little recovering myſelf, I hoped that nothing unhappy had befallen either Miſs Howe or her mother. The letter of yeſterday ſent by a particular hand; ſhe opening it with great emotion—ſeeming to have expected it ſooner—were the reaſons for my apprehenſions.

We were then at Muſwel Hill: *a pretty country within the eye*, to Polly, was the remark, inſtead of replying to *me*.

But I was not ſo to be anſwered—I ſhould expect ſome charming ſubjects and characters from two ſuch pens: I hoped every-thing went on well between Mr. Hickman and Miſs Howe. Her mother's heart, I ſaid, was ſet upon that match: Mr. Hickman was not without his merits: he was what the ladies called a SOBER man: but I muſt needs ſay, that I thought Miſs Howe deſerved a huſband of a very different caſt!

This, I ſuppoſed, would have enraged her into a ſubject from which I could have wiredrawn ſomething:—for Hickman is one of her favourites—Why, I can't divine, except for the ſake of oppoſition of character to that of thy honeſt friend.

But ſhe cut me ſhort by a look of diſapprobation, and another cool remark upon a diſtant view; and, '*How far off, Miſs Horton, do you think that clump of trees may be?*' pointing out of the coach—So I had done.

Here endeth all I have to write concerning

cerning our converſation on this our agreeable airing.

We have both been writing ever ſince we came home. I am to be favoured with her company for an hour, before ſhe retires to reſt.

All that obſequious love can ſuggeſt, in order to engage her tendereſt ſentiments for me againſt to-morrow's ſickneſs, will I aim at when we meet. But at parting will complain of a diſorder in my ſtomach.

We have met. All was love and unexceptionable reſpect on my part. Eaſe and complaiſance on hers. She was concerned for my diſorder. So ſudden! —Juſt as we parted! But it was nothing. I ſhould be quite well by morning.

Faith, Jack, I think I am ſick already. Is it poſſible for ſuch a giddy fellow as me to *perſuade* myſelf to be ill! I am a better mimick at this rate than I wiſh to be. But every nerve and fibre of me is always ready to contribute it's aid, whether by health or by ailment, to carry a reſolved-on roguery into execution.

Dorcas has tranſcribed for me the whole letter of Miſs Howe, dated Sunday, May 14, of which before I had only extracts. She found no other letter added to that parcel: but this and that which I copied myſelf in character laſt Sunday while ſhe was at church, relating to the ſmuggling ſcheme, are enough for me.

Dorcas tells me, that her lady has been removing her papers from the mahogany cheſt into a wainſcot-box, which held her linen, and which ſhe put into her dark cloſet. We have no key of that at preſent. No doubt but all her letters, previous to thoſe I have come at, are in that box. Dorcas is uneaſy upon it: yet hopes that her lady does not ſuſpect her; for ſhe is ſure that ſhe laid in every-thing as ſhe found it.

LETTER XLV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

COCOA-TREE, SATURDAY, MAY 27.

THIS ipecacuanha is a moſt diſagreeable medicine. That theſe curſed phyſical folks can find out nothing to do us good, but what would poiſon the devil! In the other world, were they only to take phyſick, it would be puniſhment enough of itſelf for a miſ-ſpent life. A doctor at one elbow, and an apothecary at the other, and the poor ſoul labouring under their preſcribed operations, he need no worſe tormentors.

But now this was to take down my countenance. It has done it: for, with violent reachings, having taken enough to make me ſick, and not enough water to carry it off, I preſently looked as if I had kept my bed a fortnight. *Ill jeſting*, as I thought in the midſt of the exerciſe, *with edge tools*, and worſe with *phyſical ones*.

Two hours it held me. I had forbid Dorcas to let her know any-thing of the matter; out of tenderneſs to her; being willing, when ſhe knew my prohibition, to let her ſee that I *expected* her to be concerned for me.

Well, but Dorcas was, nevertheleſs, a *woman*, and ſhe can *whiſper* to her lady the ſecret ſhe is enjoined to keep!

'Come hither, toad,' [ſick as a devil at the inſtant;] 'let me ſee what a mixture of grief and ſurprize may be beat up together in thy pudding-face.

'That won't do. That dropt jaw, and mouth diſtended into the long oval, is more upon the horrible, than the grievous.

'Nor that pinking and winking with thy *odious eyes*, as my charmer once called them.

'A little better *that*; yet not quite right: but keep your mouth cloſer. You have a muſcle or two which you have no command of, between your cheek-bone and your lips, that ſhould carry one corner of your mouth up towards your crow's-foot, and that down to meet it.

'There! Be gone! Be in a plaguy hurry running up ſtairs and down, to fetch from the dining-room what you carry up on purpoſe to fetch, till motion extraordinary put you out of breath, and give you the ſigh-natural.'

'What's the matter, Dorcas?'

'Nothing, Madam.'

My beloved wonders ſhe has not ſeen me this morning, no doubt; but is too ſhy to ſay ſhe wonders. Repeated 'What's the matter!' however, as Dorcas runs up and down ſtairs by her door, bring on, 'Oh! Madam!—my poor maſter!—my poor maſter!'

'What! How! When!'—And all the monoſyllables of ſurprize.

[*Within parentheſes* let me tell thee, that I have often thought, that the little words in the republick of letters, like the little folks in a nation, are the moſt ſignificant. The *triſyllables*, and the *numbers* of ſyllables more than *three*, are but the good-for-little *magnates*.]

'I muſt

'I muſt not tell you, Madam—My maſter ordered me not to tell you—But he is in a worſe way than he thinks for! But he would not have *you* frighted.'

High concern took poſſeſſion of every ſweet feature. She pitied me!—By my ſoul, ſhe pitied me!

'Where is he?'

Too much in a hurry for good-manners, [*Another parentheſis, Jack!* Good-manners are ſo little natural, that we ought to be *compoſed* to obſerve them: politeneſs will not live in a ſtorm.] 'I 'cannot ſtay to anſwer queſtions,' cries the wench—though deſirous to anſwer.—[*A third parentheſis*—Like the people crying proclamations, running away from the cuſtomers they want to ſell to.] This hurry puts the lady in a hurry to aſk, [*A fourth*, by way of embelliſhing the third!] as the other does the people in a hurry to buy. And I have in my eye now a whole ſtreet raiſed, and running after a proclamation or expreſs-crier, as if the firſt was a thief, the other his purſuers.

At laſt, 'O Lord! let Mrs. Lovelace 'know—There is danger, to be ſure!' whiſpered from one nymph to another; but at the door, and ſo loud, that my liſtening fair one might hear.

Out ſhe darts—'As how!—as how, 'Dorcas!'

'O Madam—A vomiting of blood! 'A veſſel broke, to be ſure!'

Down ſhe haſtens; finds every-one as buſy over my blood in the entry, as if it were that of the Neapolitan Saint.

In ſteps my charmer, with a face of ſweet concern.

'*How do you*, Mr Lovelace?'

'O my beſt love!—Very well!—Very 'well!—Nothing at all!—Nothing of 'conſequence!—I ſhall be well in an 'inſtant!'—Straining again! for I was indeed plaguy ſick, though no more blood came.

In ſhort, Belford, I have gained my end. I ſee the dear ſoul loves me. I ſee ſhe forgives me all that's paſt. I ſee I have credit for a new ſcore.

Miſs Howe, I defy thee, my dear—Mrs. Townſend!—Who the devil are you?—Troop away with your contra-bands. No ſmuggling! nor ſmuggler, but myſelf! Nor will the choiceſt of my fair-one's favours be long prohibited goods to me.

EVERY-ONE now is ſure that ſhe loves me. Tears were in her eyes more than once for me. She ſuffered me to take her hand, and kiſs it as often as I pleaſed. On Mrs. Sinclair's mentioning, that I too much confined myſelf, ſhe preſſed me to take an airing; but obligingly deſired me to be careful of myſelf. Wiſhed I would adviſe with a phyſician. *God made phyſicians*, ſhe ſaid.

I did not think that, Jack. God, indeed, made us all. But I fancy ſhe meant *phyſick* inſtead of *phyſicians*; and then the phraſe might mean what the vulgar phraſe means—*God ſends meat, the devil cooks.*

I was well already, on taking the ſyptick from *her* dear hands.

On her requiring me to take the air, I aſked if I might have the honour of her company in a coach; and this, that I might obſerve if ſhe had an intention of going out in my abſence.

If ſhe thought a chair were not a more proper vehicle for my caſe, ſhe would with all her heart!

'There's a precious!'

I kiſſed her hand again! She was all goodneſs!—'Would to Heaven I better 'deſerved it!' I ſaid.—But all were golden days before us!—Her preſence and generous concern had done every-thing. I was well! Nothing ailed me. But ſince my beloved will have it ſo, I'll take a little airing!—Let a chair be called!—'O my charmer! *were I to have owed this indiſpoſition to my late harraſſes, and to the uneaſineſs I have had for diſo-'bliging you*; all is infinitely compenſat-'ed by your goodneſs—All the art of 'healing is in your ſmiles!—Your late 'diſpleaſure was the only malady!'

While Mrs. Sinclair, and Dorcas, and Polly, and even poor ſilly Mabell, [for Sally went out, as my angel came in] with uplifted hands and eyes, ſtood thanking Heaven that, I was better, in audible whiſpers: 'See the power of 'love!' cried one.—'What a charming 'huſband!' another.—'Happy couple!' all.

O how the dear creature's cheek mantled!—How her eyes ſparkled!—How ſweetly acceptable is praiſe to conſcious merit, while it but reproaches when applied to the undeſerving!—What a new, what a gay creation it makes at once in a diffident or diſpirited heart!

And now, Belford, was it not worth while to be ſick? And yet I muſt tell thee, that too many pleaſanter expedients offer themſelves, to make trial any more of this confounded ipecacuanha.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SATURDAY, MAY 27.

MR. Lovelace, my dear, has been very ill. Suddenly taken. With a vomiting of blood in great quantities. Some veſſel broken. He complained of a diſorder in his ſtomach over-night. I was the more affected with it, *as I am afraid it was occaſioned by the violent contentions between us.*—But was I in fault?

How lately did I think I hated him!—But hatred and anger, I ſee, are but temporary paſſions with me. One cannot, my dear, hate people in danger of death, or who are in diſtreſs or affliction. My heart, I find, is not proof againſt kindneſs, and acknowledgement of errors committed.

He took great care to have his illneſs concealed from me as long as he could. So tender in the violence of his diſorder!—So deſirous to make the beſt of it!—I wiſh he had not been ill in my ſight. I was too much affected—Every-body alarming me with his danger—The poor man, from ſuch high health, ſo *ſuddenly* taken!—And ſo unprepared!

He is gone out in a chair. I adviſed him to do ſo. I fear that my advice was wrong; ſince quiet in ſuch a diſorder muſt needs be beſt. We are apt to be ſo ready, in caſes of emergency, to give our advice, without judgment, or waiting for it!—I propoſed a phyſician indeed; but he would not hear of one. I have great honour for the faculty; and the greater, as I have always obſerved, that thoſe who treat the profeſſors of the art of healing contemptuouſly, too generally treat higher inſtitutions in the ſame manner.

I am really very uneaſy. For I have, I doubt, expoſed myſelf to him, and to the women below. *They* indeed will excuſe me, as they think us married. But if he be not generous, I ſhall have cauſe to regret this ſurprize; which (as I had reaſon to think myſelf unaccountably treated by him) has taught me more than I knew of myſelf.

'Tis true, I have owned more than once, that I could have liked Mr. Lovelace above all men. I remember the debates you and I uſed to have on this ſubject, when I was your happy gueſt. You uſed to ſay, and once you wrote, that men of his caſt are the men that our ſex do not *naturally* diſlike: while I held, that ſuch were not (however *that* might be) the men we *ought* to like. But what with my relations precipitating of me, on one hand, and what with his unhappy character, and embarraſſing ways, on the other, I had no more leiſure than inclination to examine my own heart in this particular. And this reminds me of a paſſage in one of your former letters, which I will tranſcribe, though it was written in raillery. '*May it not be*,' ſay you, '*that you have had* '*ſuch perſons to deal with, as have not al-* '*lowed you to attend to the throbs*; *or, if you* '*had them a little now-and-then, whether,* '*having had two accounts to place them to,* '*you have not by miſtake put them to the* '*wrong one?*' A paſſage, which, although it came into my mind when Mr. Lovelace was leaſt exceptionable, yet that I have denied any efficacy to, when he has teazed and vexed me, and given me cauſe of ſuſpicion. For, after all, my dear, Mr. Lovelace is not wiſe in all his ways. And ſhould we not endeavour, as much as is poſſible, (where we are not attached by *natural* ties) to like and diſlike as reaſon bids us, and according to the merit or demerit of the object? If love, as it is called, is allowed to be an excuſe for our moſt unreaſonable follies, and to lay level all the fences that a careful education has ſurrounded us by, what is meant by the doctrine of ſubduing our paſſions?—But, O my deareſt friend, am I not guilty of a puniſhable fault, were I to love this man of errors? And has not my own heart deceived me, when I thought I did not? And what muſt be that love, that has not ſome degree of purity for it's object? I am afraid of recollecting ſome paſſages in my couſin Morden's letter.—And yet why fly I from ſubjects that, duly conſidered, might tend to correct and purify my heart? I have carried, I doubt, my notions on this head too high, not for practice, but for *my* practice. You think me not guilty of prudery neither; for had I found out as much of myſelf before; or, rather, had he given me heart's eaſe enough before to find it out, you ſhould have had my confeſſion ſooner.

Nevertheleſs, let me tell you, (what I hope I may juſtly tell you) that if again he give me cauſe to reſume diſtance and reſerve, I hope my reaſon will gather ſtrength enough from his imperfections, to enable me to keep my paſſions under.—What can we do more than govern ourſelves by the temporary lights lent us?

You

You will not wonder that I am grave on this detection—*Detection*, muſt I call it? What can I call it?

Diſſatisfied with myſelf, I am afraid to look back upon what I have written: and yet know not how to have done writing. I never was in ſuch an odd frame of mind.—I know not how to deſcribe it.—Was *you* ever *ſo?*—Afraid of the cenſure of her you love—Yet not conſcious that you deſerve it?

Of this, however, I am convinced, that I ſhould *indeed* deſerve cenſure, if I kept any ſecret of my heart from you.

But I will not add another word, after I have aſſured you, that I will look ſtill more narrowly into myſelf: and that I am *your equally ſincere and affectionate* CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SAT. EVENING.

I Had a charming airing. No return of my malady. My heart perfectly eaſy, how could my ſtomach be otherwiſe?

But when I came home, I found that my ſweet ſoul had been alarmed by *a new incident*—The enquiry after us both, in a very ſuſpicious manner, and that by deſcription of our perſons, and not by names, by a ſervant in a blue livery turned up and trimmed with yellow.

Dorcas was called to him, as the upper-ſervant; and ſhe refuſing to anſwer any of the fellow's queſtions, unleſs he told his buſineſs, and from whom he came, the fellow (as ſhort as ſhe) ſaid, That if ſhe would not anſwer *him*, perhaps ſhe might anſwer ſomebody *elſe*; and went away out of humour.

Dorcas hurried up to her lady, and alarmed her not only with the fact, but with her own conjectures; adding, that he was an ill-looking fellow, and ſhe was ſure could come for no good.

The livery and the features of the ſervant were particularly enquired after, and as particularly deſcribed—*Lord bleſs her! no end of her alarms, ſhe thought!* And then did her apprehenſions anticipate every evil that could happen.

She wiſhed Mr. Lovelace would come in.

Mr. Lovelace came in ſoon after; all lively, grateful, full of hopes, of duty, of love, to thank his charmer, and to congratulate with her upon the cure ſhe had performed. And then ſhe told the ſtory, with all it's circumſtances; and Dorcas, to point her lady's fears, told us, that the ſervant was a ſunburnt fellow, and looked as if he had been at ſea.

He was then, no doubt, Captain Singleton's ſervant, and the next news we ſhould hear was, that the houſe was ſurrounded by a whole ſhip's crew; the veſſel lying no farther off, as ſhe underſtood, than Rotherhithe.

'Impoſſible,' I ſaid. 'Such an *attempt* 'would not be uſhered in by ſuch a *man-* 'ner of enquiry. And why may it not 'rather be a ſervant of your couſin Mor- 'den, with notice of his arrival, and of 'his deſign to attend you?'

This ſurmiſe delighted her. Her apprehenſions went off, and ſhe was at leiſure to congratulate me upon my ſudden recovery; which ſhe did in the moſt obliging manner.

But we had not ſat long together, when Dorcas again came fluttering up to tell us, that the footman, the *very* footman was again at the door, and enquired, whether Mr. Lovelace and his lady, *by name*, had not lodgings in this houſe? He aſked, he told Dorcas, for no harm: but his diſavowing of harm, was a demonſtration with my apprehenſive fair-one, that harm was intended. And as the fellow had not been anſwered by Dorcas, I propoſed to go down to the ſtreet-parlour, and hear what he had to ſay.

'I ſee your cauſeleſs terror, my dear- 'eſt life,' ſaid I, 'and your impatience '—Will you be pleaſed to walk down '—And without being obſerved, (for 'he ſhall come no farther than the par- 'lour-door) you may hear all that 'paſſes?'

She conſented. We went down. Dorcas bid the man come forward. 'Well, 'friend, what is your buſineſs with Mr. 'and Mrs. Lovelace?'

Bowing, ſcraping. 'I am ſure *you* 'are the gentleman, Sir. Why, Sir, my 'buſineſs is only to know if your honour 'be here, and to be ſpoken with; or if 'you ſhall be here for any time?'

'Whom came you from?'

'From a gentleman who ordered me 'to ſay, if I was *made* to tell, but not 'elſe, it was from a friend of Mr. 'John Harlowe, Mrs. Lovelace's eldeſt 'uncle.'

The dear creature was ready to ſink upon this. *It was but of late that ſhe had provided herſelf with ſalts.* She pulled them out.

'Do you know any thing of Colonel 'Morden, friend?' ſaid I.

'No;

'No; I never heard of his name.'

'Of Captain Singleton?'

'No, Sir. But the gentleman, my 'maſter, is a captain too.'

'What is his name?'

'I don't know if I ſhould tell.'

'There can be no harm in telling the 'gentleman's name, if you come upon 'a good account.'

'That I do; for my maſter told me 'ſo; and there is not an honeſter gen-'tleman on the face of *God's yearth*.—His 'name is Captain Tomlinſon, Sir.'

'I don't know ſuch a one.'

'I believe not, Sir. He was pleaſed 'to ſay, He don't know your honour, 'Sir; but I heard him ſay as how he 'ſhould not be an unwelcome viſitor to 'you for all that.'

'Do you know ſuch a man as Captain 'Tomlinſon, my deareſt life,' [*Aſide*] 'your uncle's friend?'

'No; but my uncle may have ac-'quaintance, no doubt, that I don't 'know.—But I hope [Trembling] this 'is not a trick.'

'Well, friend, if your maſter has any-'thing to ſay to Mr. Lovelace, you may 'tell him that Mr. Lovelace is here; 'and will ſee him whenever he pleaſes.'

The dear creature looked as if afraid that my engagement was too prompt for my own ſafety; and away went the fellow—*I wondering, that ſhe might not wonder*, that this Captain Tomlinſon, whoever he were, came not himſelf, or ſent not a letter the ſecond time, when he had reaſon to ſuppoſe that I might be here.

Mean time, for fear that this ſhould be a contrivance of James Harlowe, who, I ſaid, loved plotting, though he had not a head turned for it, I gave ſome precautionary directions to the ſervants, and the women, whom, for the greater parade, I aſſembled before us: and my beloved was reſolved *not to ſtir abroad till ſhe ſaw the iſſue of this odd affair*.

And here muſt I cloſe, *though in ſo great a puzzle*.

Only let me add, that poor Belton wants thee; for I dare not ſtir for my life.

Mowbray and Tourville ſkulk about like vagabonds, without heads, without hands, without ſouls; having neither you nor me to conduct them. They tell me, they ſhall ruſt beyond the power of oil or action to brighten them up, or give them motion.

How goes it with thy uncle?

LETTER XLVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY, MAY 28.

THIS ſtory of Captain Tomlinſon employed us not only for the time we were together laſt night, but all the while we ſat at breakfaſt this morning. She would ſtill have it, that it was the prelude to ſome miſchief from Singleton. I inſiſted, (according to my former hint) that it might much more probably be a method taken by Colonel Morden to alarm her, previous to a perſonal viſit. Travelled gentlemen affected to ſurprize in this manner. 'And 'why, deareſt creature,' ſaid I, 'muſt 'every thing that happens, which we 'cannot immediately account for, be 'what we leaſt with?'

She had had ſo many diſagreeable things befal her of late, that her fears were too often ſtronger than her hopes.

'And thus, Madam, makes me ap-'prehenſive, that you will get into ſo 'low-ſpirited a way, that you will not be 'able to enjoy the happineſs that ſeems 'to await us.'

Her duty and her gratitude, ſhe gravely ſaid, to the Diſpenſer of all good, would ſecure her, ſhe hoped, againſt all unthankfulneſs. And a thankful ſpirit was the ſame as a joyful one.

So, Belford, for all her future joys ſhe depends entirely upon the Inviſible Good. She is certainly right; ſince thoſe who fix leaſt upon ſecond cauſes are the leaſt likely to be diſappointed—And is not this gravity for her gravity?

She had hardly done ſpeaking, when Dorcas came running up in a hurry—She ſet even *my* heart into a palpitation—Thump, thump, thump, like a precipitated pendulum in a clock-caſe—Flutter, flutter, flutter, my charmer's, as by her ſweet boſom riſing to her chin I ſaw.

This lower claſs of people, my beloved herſelf obſerved, were for ever aiming at the *ſtupid wonderful*, and for making even common incidents matter of ſurprize.

'Why the devil,' ſaid I to the wench, 'this alarming hurry?—And with your 'ſpread fingers, and your O Madams, 'and O Sirs!—and be curs'd to you! 'Would there have been a ſecond of 'time difference, had you come up 'ſlowly?'

'Captain Tomlinſon, Sir!'

'Captain Devilſon, what care I?—

'Do you see how you have disordered 'your lady?'

'Good Mr. Lovelace,' said my charmer trembling, [See, Jack, when she has an end to serve, I am *good* Mr. Lovelace] 'if—if my brother—if Captain Singleton should appear—Pray 'now—I beseech you—Let me beg of 'you—to govern your temper—My brother is my brother—Captain Singleton 'is but an *agent*.'

'My dearest life,' folding my arms about her, ['When she asks favours,' thought I, 'the devil's in it, if she will 'not allow of such innocent freedom as 'this, from *good* Mr. Lovelace too] 'you shall be witness of all that passes 'between us.—Dorcas, desire the gentleman to walk up.'

'Let me retire to my chamber first! '—Let me not be known to be in the 'house!'

Charming dear!—Thou seest, Belford, she is afraid of leaving me!—O the little witchcrafts! Were it not for surprizes now-and-then, how would an honest man know where to have them?

She withdrew to listen—And though this incident has not turned out to answer *all I wished from it*, yet is it necessary, if I would acquaint thee with my *whole circulation*, to be very particular in what passed between Captain Tomlinson and me.

Enter Captain Tomlinson in a riding-dress, whip in hand.

'Your servant, Sir—Mr. Lovelace, I 'presume?'

'My name is Lovelace, Sir.'

'Excuse the day, Sir.—Be pleased 'to excuse my garb. I am obliged to 'go out of town directly, that I may re'turn at night.'

'The day is a good day. Your garb 'needs no apology.'

'When I sent my servant, I did not '*know that I should find time to do myself this 'honour*. All that I thought I could do, 'to oblige my friend this journey, was '*only* to assure myself of your abode; 'and whether there were a probability 'of being admitted to the speech either 'of you, or your lady.'

'Sir, you best know your own motives. What your time will permit 'you to do, you also best know. And 'here I am attending your pleasure.'

My charmer owned afterwards her concern on my being so short. Whatever I shall mingle of her emotions, thou wilt easily guess I had afterwards.

'Sir, I hope no offence. I intend 'none.'

'None—None at all, Sir.'

'Sir, I have no interest in the affair I 'am come about. I may appear officious; and if I thought I should, I would 'decline any concern in it, after I have 'just hinted what it is.'

'And pray, Sir, what is it?'

'May I ask you, Sir, without offence, 'whether you wish to be reconciled, 'and to co-operate upon honourable 'terms, with *one* gentleman of the name 'of Harlowe; preparative, it may be 'hoped, to a general reconciliation?'

'*O how my heart fluttered!*' cried my charmer.

'I can't tell, Sir:'—[*And then it fluttered still more, no doubt*] 'the whole fa'mily have used me extremely ill. 'They have taken greater liberties with 'my character than are justifiable; and 'with my family *too*; which I can less 'forgive.'

'Sir, Sir, I have done. I beg pardon 'for this intrusion.'

My beloved was then ready to sink, and thought very hardly of me.

'But, pray, Sir, to the immediate pur'pose of your present commission; since 'a commission it seems to be?'

'It is a commission, Sir; and such a 'one, as I thought would be agreeable 'to all parties, or I should not have 'given myself concern about it.'

'Perhaps it *may*, Sir, when known. 'But let me ask you one previous ques'tion; Do you know Colonel Morden, 'Sir?'

'No, Sir, if you mean *personally*, I do 'not. But I have heard my good friend 'Mr. John Harlowe talk of him with 'great respect; and as a co-trustee with 'him in a certain trust.'

Lovel. 'I thought it probable, Sir, 'that the colonel might be arrived; 'that you might be a gentleman of his 'acquaintance; and that something of 'an agreeable surprize might be in'tended.'

Capt. 'Had Colonel Morden been in 'England, Mr. John Harlowe would 'have known it; and then I should not 'have been a stranger to it.'

Lovel. 'Well, but, Sir, have you then 'any commission to me from Mr. John 'Harlowe?'

Capt. 'Sir, I will tell you as briefly 'as I can, the whole of what I have to 'say; but you'll excuse *me* also a pre'vious question, for which curiosity is 'not my motive; but it is necessary to 'be answered before I can proceed: as 'you will judge when you hear it.'

Lovel. 'What, pray, Sir, is your 'question?'

Capt.

Capt. 'Briefly, Whether you are actually, and *bona fide*, married to Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe?'

I ſtarted, and, in a haughty tone, 'Is this, Sir, a queſtion that *muſt* be anſwered before you can proceed in the buſineſs you have undertaken?'

'I mean no offence, Mr. Lovelace. Mr. Harlowe ſought to me to undertake this office. I have daughters and nieces of my own. I thought it a good office, or I, who have many conſiderable affairs upon my hands, had not accepted of it. I know the world; and will take the liberty to ſay, That if that young lady——'

'Captain Tomlinſon, I think you are called?'

'My name is Tomlinſon.'

'Why then, Captain Tomlinſon, no *liberty*, as you call it, will be taken well, that is not extremely delicate, when that lady is mentioned.'

'When you had heard me out, Mr. Lovelace, and had found, I had ſo behaved, as to make the caution neceſſary, it would have been juſt to have given it.—Allow me to ſay, I know what is due to the character of a woman of virtue, as well as any man alive.'

'Why, Sir! Why, Captain Tomlinſon, you ſeem warm. If you intend any-thing by this,' ['*O how I trembled!*' ſaid the lady, *when ſhe took notice of this part of our converſation afterwards*] 'I will only ſay, that this is a privileged place. It is at preſent my home, and an aſylum for any gentleman who thinks it worth his while to enquire after me, be the manner or end of this enquiry what it will.'

'I know not, Sir, that I have given occaſion for this. I make no ſcruple to attend you *elſewhere*, if I am troubleſome here. I was told, I had a warm young gentleman to deal with: but as I knew my intention, and that my commiſſion was an amicable one, I was the leſs concerned about that. I am twice your age, Mr. Lovelace, I dare ſay: but I do aſſure you, that if either my meſſage, or my manner, give you offence, I can ſuſpend the one or the other for a day, or for ever, as you like. And ſo, Sir, any time before eight to-morrow morning, you will let me know your further commands.'—And was going to tell me where he might be found.

'Captain Tomlinſon,' ſaid I, 'you anſwer well. I love a man of ſpirit. Have you not been in the army?'

'I have, Sir; but have *turned my ſword into a plough-ſhare*, as the Scripture has it.' [*There was a clever fellow, Jack!—He was a good man with ſomebody, I warrant!* O what a fine coat and cloak for an hypocrite will a text of Scripture, properly applied, make at any time in the eye of the pious!—How eaſily are the good folks taken in!]—'And all my delight,' added he, 'for ſome years paſt, has been in cultivating my paternal eſtate. I love a brave man, Mr. Lovelace, as well as ever I did in my life. But let me tell you, Sir, that when you come to my time of life, you will be of opinion, that there is not ſo much true bravery in youthful choler, as you may now think there is.'

A clever fellow again, Belford!—Ear and heart, both at once, he took in my charmer!—"'*Tis well*,' ſhe ſays, '*there are ſome who have wiſdom in their anger*."

'Well, captain, that is reproof for reproof. So we are upon a foot. And now give me the pleaſure of hearing the import of your commiſſion.'

'Sir, you muſt firſt allow me to repeat my queſtion: are you really, and *bona fide*, married to Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe? Or are you not yet married?'

'Bluntly put, captain. But if I anſwer that I *am*, what then?'

Why then, Sir, I ſhall ſay, that you are a man of honour.'

'That I hope I am, whether *you* ſay it or not, Captain Tomlinſon.'

'Sir, I will be very frank in all I have to ſay on this ſubject—Mr. John Harlowe has lately found out, that you and his niece are both in the ſame lodgings; that you have been long ſo; and that the lady was at the play with you yeſterday ſe'ennight; and he hopes that you are actually married. He has indeed heard that you *are*; but as he knows your enterprizing temper, and that you have declared, that you diſdain a relation to their family, he is willing by me to have your marriage confirmed from your own mouth, before he take the ſteps he is inclined to take in his niece's favour. You will allow me to ſay, Mr. Lovelace, that he will not be ſatisfied with an anſwer that admits of the leaſt doubt.'

'Let me tell you, Captain Tomlinſon, that it is a high degree of vileneſs for any man to ſuppoſe—'

'Sir—Mr. Lovelace—don't put yourſelf into a paſſion. The lady's relations are jealous of the honour of their family. They have prejudices to over-

'come as well as you—Advantage may 'have been taken—and the lady, at the 'time, not to blame.'

'This lady, Sir, could give no such 'advantages: and if she *had*, what must 'the *man* be, Captain Tomlinson, who 'could have taken them?—Do you know 'the lady, Sir?'

'I never had the honour to see her but 'once: and that was at church; and 'should not know her again.'

'Not know her again, Sir?—I thought 'there was not a man living who had 'once seen her, and would not know her 'among a thousand.'

'I remember, Sir, that I thought I 'never saw a finer woman in my life. 'But, Mr. Lovelace, I believe, you will 'allow, that it is better that her relati- 'ons should have wronged *you*, than you 'the *lady*. I hope, Sir, you will per- 'mit me to repeat my question?'

Enter Dorcas, in a hurry.

'A *gentleman*, this minute, Sir, de- 'sires to speak with your honour.—[*My 'lady, Sir!*—*Aside.*]

Could the dear creature put *Dorcas* upon telling this fib, yet want to save *me* one?

'Desire the gentleman to walk into 'one of the parlours. I will wait on 'him presently.'

[*Exit Dorcas.*

The dear creature, I doubted not, wanted to instruct me how to answer the captain's home-put. I knew how I intended to answer it—Plumb, thou mayest be sure—But Dorcas's message staggered me. And yet I was upon one of my master-strokes—Which was, To take advantage of the captain's enquiries, and to make her *own her marriage before him*, as she had done to the people below; and if she had been brought to that, to induce her, for her uncle's satisfaction, to write him a letter of gratitude; which of course must have been signed '*Clarissa* '*Lovelace.*' I was loth, therefore, thou mayest believe, to attend her sudden commands: and yet, afraid of pushing matters beyond recovery with her, I thought proper to lead him from the question, to account for himself, and for Mr. Harlowe's coming at the knowledge of where we are; and for other particulars which I knew would engage her attention; and which might possibly convince her of the necessity there was for her to acquiesce in the affirmative I was disposed to give. And this for her own sake; for what, as I asked her afterwards, is it to me, whether I am ever reconciled to her family?—A family, Jack, which I must for ever despise.

'You think, captain, that I have an- 'swered doubtfully to the question you 'put. You *may* think so. And you must 'know, that I have a good deal of pride; 'and, only that you are a gentleman, 'and seem in this affair to be governed 'by generous motives, or I should ill 'brook being interrogated as to my hon- 'our to a lady so dear to me.—But be- 'fore I answer more directly to the 'point, pray satisfy me in a question or 'two that I shall put to *you*.'

'With all my heart, Sir. Ask me 'what questions you please, I will answer 'them with sincerity and candour.'

'You say, Mr. Harlowe has found 'out that we were at a play together: 'and that we were both in the same 'lodgings—How, pray, came he at his 'knowledge?—For, let me tell you, 'that I have for certain considerations '(not respecting myself, I will assure 'you) condescended, that our abode 'should be kept secret. And this has 'been so strictly observed, that even 'Miss Howe, though she and my be- 'loved correspond, knows not directly 'whither to send to us.'

'Why, Sir, the person who saw you 'at the play, was a tenant of Mr. John 'Harlowe. He watched all your mo- 'tions. When the play was done, he 'followed your coach to your lodgings. 'And early the next day, Sunday, he 'took horse, and acquainted his land- 'lord with what he had observed.'

Lovel. 'How oddly things come about! '—But does any other of the Harlowes 'know where we are?'

Capt. 'It is an absolute secret to every 'other person of the family; and so it 'is intended to be kept: as also that Mr. 'John Harlowe is willing to enter into 'treaty with you, by me, if his niece *be 'actually married*; for perhaps he is a- 'ware, that he shall have difficulty 'enough with some people to bring 'about the desirable reconciliation, al- 'though he could give them this assur- 'ance.'

'I doubt it not, captain—To James 'Harlowe is all the family-folly owing. '—Fine fools!' [*heroically stalking about*] 'to be governed by one to whom malice, 'and not genius, gives the busy livelі- 'ness that distinguishes him from a na- 'tural!—But how long, pray, Sir, has 'Mr. John Harlowe been in the pacifick 'disposition?'

'I will tell you, Mr. Lovelace, and 'the occasion; and be very explicit

'upon

'upon it, and upon all that concerns you 'to know of me, and of the commiſſion 'I have undertaken to execute; and 'this the rather, as when you have heard 'me out, you will be ſatisfied, that I 'am not an officious man in this my 'preſent addreſs to you.'

'I am all attention, Captain Tom-'linſon.'

And ſo I doubt not was my beloved.

Capt. 'You muſt know, Sir, that I 'have not been *many months* in Mr. John 'Harlowe's neighbourhood. I removed 'from Northamptonſhire, partly for the 'ſake of better managing one of two 'executorſhips, which I could not avoid 'engaging in, (the affairs of which fre-'quently call me to town, and are part 'of my preſent buſineſs;) and partly for 'the ſake of occupying a neglected farm, 'which has *lately* fallen into my hands. 'But though an acquaintance of no lon-'ger ſtanding, and that commencing on 'the bowling-green,' [*Uncle John is a great bowler, Belford*] 'upon my deciſi-'on of a point to every-one's ſatisfacti-'on, which was appealed to me by all 'the gentlemen; and which might have 'been attended with bad conſequences) 'no two brothers have a more cordial 'eſteem for each other. You know, Mr. 'Lovelace, that there is a *conſent*, as I 'may call it, in ſome minds, which will 'unite them ſtronger together in a few 'hours, than years can do with others, 'whom yet we ſee not with diſguſt.'

Lovel. 'Very true, captain.'

Capt. 'It was on the foot of this 'avowed friendſhip on both ſides, that 'on Monday the 15th, as I very well 'remember, Mr. Harlowe invited him-'ſelf home with me. And when there, 'he acquainted me with the whole of 'the unhappy affair that had made them 'all ſo uneaſy. Till then I knew it only 'by report; for, intimate as we were, 'I forbore to ſpeak of what was ſo near 'his heart, till he began firſt. And then 'he told me, that he had had an appli-'cation made to him, two or three days 'before, by a gentleman whom he nam-'ed, to induce him not only to be re-'conciled himſelf to his niece, but to 'forward for her a general reconcilia-'tion.

'A like application, he told me, had 'been made to his ſiſter Harlowe, by a 'good woman whom every-body re-'ſpected; who had intimated, that his 'niece, if encouraged, would again put 'herſelf into the protection of her friends, '*and leave you*: but if not, that *ſhe muſt unavoidably be yours.*

'I hope, Mr. Lovelace, I make no 'miſchief.—You look concerned—You 'ſigh, Sir!'

'Proceed, Captain Tomlinſon. Pray 'proceed.'—*And I ſighed ſtill more profoundly.*

Capt. 'They all thought it extremely 'particular, that a lady ſhould decline 'marriage with a man ſhe had ſo lately 'gone away with.'

'Pray, captain—*Pray*, Mr. Tomlin-'ſon—No more of this ſubject. My 'beloved is an angel. In every-thing un-'blameable. Whatever faults there have 'been, have been *theirs* and *mine*. What 'you would further ſay, is, that the *un-'forgiving* family rejected her applicati-'on. They did. She and I had had a miſ-'underſtanding. *The falling out of lovers* '—you know, captain.—We have been 'happier ever ſince.'

Capt. 'Well, Sir; but Mr. John 'Harlowe could not but better conſider 'the matter *afterwards*. And he de-'ſired my advice how to act in it. He 'told me that no father ever loved a 'daughter as he loved this niece of his; 'whom, indeed, he uſed to call his '*daughter-niece*. He ſaid, ſhe had really 'been unkindly treated by her brother 'and ſiſter: and as your alliance, Sir, 'was far from being a diſcredit to their 'family, he would do his endeavour to 'reconcile all parties, if he could be 'ſure that ye were actually man and 'wife.'

Lovel. 'And what, pray, captain, 'was your advice?'

Capt. 'I gave it as my opinion, that 'if his niece were unworthily treated, 'and in diſtreſs, (as he apprehended 'from the application to him) he would 'ſoon hear of her again: but that it 'was likely, that this application was 'made without *expecting* it would ſuc-'ceed; and as a ſalvo only, to herſelf, 'for marrying without their conſent. 'And the rather thought I ſo, as he had 'told me, that it came from a young 'lady her friend, and not in a direct way 'from herſelf; which young lady was no 'favourite of the family; and therefore 'would hardly have been employed, 'had ſucceſs been expected.'

Lovel. 'Very well, Captain Tom-'linſon—Pray proceed.'

Capt. 'Here the matter reſted till laſt 'Sunday evening, when Mr. John Har-'lowe came to me with the man who 'had ſeen you and your lady (as I pre-'ſume ſhe is) at the play; and who had 'aſſured him, that you both lodged in 'the ſame houſe.—And then the appli-

'cation

'cation having been ſo lately made, 'which implied, that you were not then 'married, he was ſo uneaſy for his 'niece's honour, that I adviſed him to 'diſpatch to town ſome one in whom he 'could confide, to make proper en-'quiries.'

Lovel. 'Very well, captain—And was 'ſuch a perſon employed on ſuch an er-'rand by her uncle?'

Capt. 'A truſty and diſcreet perſon 'was accordingly ſent; and laſt Tueſ-'day, I think it was, (for he returned 'to us on the Wedneſday) he made the 'enquiries among the neighbours firſt.' [*The very enquiry, Jack, that gave us all ſo much uneaſineſs.*] 'But finding that 'none of them could give any ſatisfac-'tory account, the lady's woman was 'come at, who declared, that you were 'actually married. But the enquiriſt 'keeping himſelf on the reſerve as to his 'employers, the girl refuſed to tell the 'day, or to give him other particulars.'

Lovel. 'You give a very clear ac-'count of every thing, Captain Tomlin-'ſon. Pray proceed.'

Capt. 'The gentleman returned: and 'on his report Mr. Harlowe, having 'ſtill doubts, and being willing to pro-'ceed on ſome grounds in ſo important 'a point, beſought me (as my affairs 'called me frequently to town) to un-'dertake this matter. "You, Mr. "Tomlinſon," he was pleaſed to ſay, "have children of your own: you know "the world: you know what I drive at: "you will proceed, I am ſure, with un-"derſtanding and ſpirit: and whatever "you are ſatisfied with, ſhall ſatisfy "me."

Enter Dorcas again in a hurry.

'Sir, the gentleman is impatient.'

'I will attend him preſently.'

The captain then accounted for his not calling in perſon, when he had rea-ſon to think us here.

He ſaid he had buſineſs of conſequence a few miles out of town, whither he thought he muſt have gone yeſterday, and having been obliged to put off his little journey till this day, and under-ſtanding that we were within, not know-ing whether he ſhould have ſuch ano-ther opportunity, he was willing to try his good fortune before he ſet out; and this made him come booted and ſpur-red, as I ſaw him.

He dropped a hint in commendation of the people of the houſe; but it was in ſuch a way, as to give no room to ſuſ-pect that he thought it *neceſſary* to en-quire after the character of perſons who make ſo genteel an appearance, as he obſerved they do.

And here let me remark, that my be-loved might collect another circumſtance in favour of the people below, had ſhe doubted their characters, from the ſilence of her uncle's enquiriſt on Tueſ-day among the neighbours.

Capt. 'And now, Sir, that I believe 'I have ſatisfied you in every thing re-'lating to my commiſſion, I hope you 'will permit me to repeat my queſtion '—which is—'

Enter Dorcas again, out of breath.

'Sir, the gentleman will ſtep up to 'you. [*My lady is impatient. She wonders 'at your honour's delay.' Aſide.*]

'Excuſe me, captain, for one mo-'ment.'

'I have ſtaid my full time, Mr. Love-'lace. What may reſult from my queſ-'tion and your anſwer, whatever it 'ſhall be, may take us up time.—And 'you are engaged. Will you permit me 'to attend you in the morning, before I 'ſet out on my return?'

'You will then breakfaſt with me, 'captain?'

'It muſt be early if I do. I muſt reach 'my own houſe to-morrow night, or I 'ſhall make the beſt of wives unhappy. 'And I have two or three places to call 'at in my way.'

'It ſhall be by ſeven o'clock, if you 'pleaſe, captain. We are early folks. 'And this I will tell you, that if ever 'I am reconciled to a family ſo impla-'cable as I have always found the Har-'lowes to be, it muſt be by the media-'tion of ſo cool and ſo moderate a gen-'tleman as yourſelf.'

And ſo, with the higheſt civilities on both ſides, we parted. But for the pri-vate ſatisfaction of ſo good a man, I left him out of doubt that we were man and wife, though I did not directly aver it.

LETTER XLIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

THIS Captain Tomlinſon is one of the happieſt as well as one of the beſt men in the world. What would I give to ſtand as high in my beloved's opinion as he does! But yet I am as good a man as he, were I to tell my own ſtory, and have equal credit given to it. But the devil ſhould have had him before I had

had ſeen him on the account he came upon, had I thought I ſhould not have anſwered my principal end in it. I hinted to thee in my laſt what that was.

But to the particulars of the conferrence between my fair-one and me, on her haſty meſſages; which I was loth to come to, becauſe ſhe has had an half triumph over me in it.

After I had attended the captain down to the very paſſage, I returned to the dining-room, and put on a joyful air, on my beloved's entrance into it—'O 'my deareſt creature,' ſaid I, 'let me 'congratulate you on a proſpect ſo a-'greeable to your wiſhes!' And I ſnatched her hand, and ſmothered it with kiſſes.

I was going on; when interrupting me, 'You ſee, Mr. Lovelace,' ſaid ſhe, 'how you have embarraſſed yourſelf, 'by your obliquities! You ſee, that you 'have not been able to return a direct 'anſwer to a plain and honeſt queſtion, 'though upon it depends all the happi-'neſs on the proſpect of which you con-'gratulate me.'

'You know, my beſt love, what my 'prudent, and I will ſay, my *kind* mo-'tives were, for giving out that we were 'married. You ſee, that I have taken 'no advantage of it; and that no in-'convenience has followed it. You ſee 'that your uncle wants only to be aſ-'ſured from ourſelves, *that it is ſo*——'

'Not another word on this ſubject, 'Mr. Lovelace. I will not only riſque, 'but I will forfeit, the reconciliation ſo 'near my heart, rather than I will go on 'to countenance a ſtory ſo untrue!'

'My deareſt ſoul—Would you have 'me appear—'

'I would have you appear, Sir, as '*you are!* I am reſolved that I will ap-'pear to my uncle's friend, and to my 'uncle, as I *am*.'

'For one week, my deareſt life! Can-'not you for one week—only till the 'ſettlements—'

'Not for one hour, with my own con-'ſent. You don't know, Sir, how much 'I have been afflicted, that I have ap-'peared to the people below what I am 'not. But my uncle, Sir, ſhall never 'have it to upbraid me, nor will I to 'upbraid myſelf, that I have wilfully 'paſſed upon him in falſe lights.'

'What, my dear, would you have 'me ſay to the captain to-morrow morn-'ing? I have given him room to think—'

'Then put him right, Mr. Lovelace. 'Tell the truth. Tell him what you 'pleaſe of the favour of your relations 'to me: tell him what you will about the 'ſettlements: and if, when drawn, you 'will ſubmit them to his peruſal and ap-'probation, it will ſhew him how much 'you are in earneſt.'

'My deareſt life!—Do you think, that 'he would diſapprove of the terms I 'have offered?'

'No.'

'Then may I be accurſed, if I willing-'ly ſubmit to be trampled under-foot by 'my enemies!'

'And may I, Mr. Lovelace, never be 'happy in this life, if I ſubmit to the 'paſſing upon my uncle Harlowe a wil-'ful and premeditated falſhood for 'truth! I have too long laboured under 'the affliction which the rejection of all 'my friends has given me, to purchaſe 'my reconciliation with them now at ſo 'dear a price as that of my veracity.'

'The women below, my dear—'

'What are the women below to me? 'I want not to eſtabliſh myſelf with 'them. Need they know all that paſſes 'between my relations and you and 'me?'

'Neither are they any-thing to me, 'Madam. Only, that when, for the 'ſake of preventing the fatal miſchiefs 'which might have attended your bro-'ther's projects, I have made them 'think us married, I would not appear 'to them in a light which you yourſelf 'think ſo ſhocking. By my ſoul, Ma-'dam, I had rather die, than contra-'dict myſelf ſo flagrantly, after I have 'related to them ſo many circumſtances 'of our marriage.'

'Well, Sir, the women may believe 'what they pleaſe. That I have given 'countenance to what you told them, is 'my error. The many circumſtances 'which you own *one* untruth has drawn 'you in to relate, is a juſtification of my 'refuſal in the preſent caſe.'

'Don't you ſee, Madam, that your 'uncle wiſhes to find that we are marri-'ed? May not the ceremony be private-'ly over, before his mediation can take 'place?'

'Urge this point no farther, Mr. 'Lovelace. If *you* will not tell the truth, '*I* will to-morrow morning (if I ſee 'Captain Tomlinſon) tell it myſelf. In-'deed I will.'

'Will you, Madam, conſent that 'things paſs as before with the people 'below? This mediation of Tomlinſon '*may* come to nothing. Your brother's 'ſchemes *may* be purſued; the rather, 'that now he will know (perhaps from 'your uncle) that you are not under a

'legal

'legal protection.—You will, at leaſt, 'conſent, that things paſs *here* as be-'fore?'

'To permit this, is to go on in an er-'ror, Mr. Lovelace. But as the occa-'ſion for ſo doing (if there *can* be in your 'opinion an occaſion that will warrant 'an untruth) will, as I preſume, ſoon 'be over, I ſhall the leſs diſpute that 'point with you. But a new error I will 'not be guilty of, if I can avoid it.'

'Can I, do you think, Madam, have 'any diſhonourable view in the ſtep I 'ſuppoſed you would not ſcruple to take 'towards a reconciliation with your own 'family? Not for *my own* ſake, you know, 'did I wiſh you to take it; for what is 'it to me, if I am never reconciled to 'your family? I want no favours from 'them.'

'I hope, Mr. Lovelace, there is no 'occaſion, in our preſent *not* diſagree-'able ſituation, to anſwer ſuch a queſ-'tion. And let me ſay, that I ſhall think 'my proſpects ſtill more agreeable, if, 'to-morrow morning, you will not only 'own the very truth, but give my un-'cle's friend ſuch an account of the ſteps 'you have taken, and are taking, as may 'keep up my uncle's favourable inten-'tions towards me. This you may do 'under what reſtrictions of ſecreſy you 'pleaſe. Captain Tomlinſon is a pru-'dent man; a promoter of family-peace, 'you find; and, I dare ſay, may be 'made a friend.'

I ſaw there was no help. I ſaw that the inflexible Harlowe ſpirit was all up in her.—A little witch!—A little—Forgive me, Love, for calling her names!—And ſo I ſaid, with an air, 'We have 'had too many miſunderſtandings, Ma-'dam, for me to wiſh for new ones: I 'will obey you without reſerve. Had I 'not thought I ſhould have obliged you 'by the other method, (eſpecially as the 'ceremony might have been over, be-'fore any-thing could have operated 'from your uncle's intentions, and of 'conſequence no untruth perſiſted in) I 'would not have propoſed it. But think 'not, my beloved creature, that you 'ſhall enjoy, without condition, this tri-'umph over my judgment.'

And then, claſping my arms about her, I gave her averted cheek (her charming lip deſigned) a fervent kiſs.—'And your 'forgiveneſs of this ſweet freedom,' [Bowing] 'is that condition.'

She was not mortally offended. And now muſt I make out the reſt as well as I can. But this I will tell thee, that although her triumph has not diminiſhed my love for her; yet it has ſtimulated me more than ever to *revenge*, as thou wilt be apt to call it. But *victory* or *conqueſt* is the more proper word.

There is a pleaſure, 'tis true, in ſubduing one of theſe watchful beauties. But, by my ſoul, Belford, men of our caſt take twenty times the pains to be rogues, that it would coſt them to be honeſt: and dearly, with the ſweat of our brows, and to the puzzling of our brains, (to ſay nothing of the hazards we run) do we earn our purchaſe; and ought not therefore to be grudged our ſucceſs when we meet with it—Eſpecially as, when we have obtained our end, ſatiety ſoon follows; and leaves us little or nothing to ſhew for it. But this, indeed, may be ſaid of all worldly delights. And is not that a grave reflection from me?

I was willing to write up to the time. Although I have not carried my principal point, I ſhall make ſomething turn out in my favour from Captain Tomlinſon's errand. But let me give thee this caution; that thou do not pretend to judge of my devices by *parts*; but have patience till thou ſeeſt the *whole*. But once more I ſwear, that I will not be *out-Norris'd* by a pair of novices. And yet I am very apprehenſive at times, of the conſequences of Miſs Howe's ſmuggling ſcheme.

My conſcience, I ſhould think, ought not to reproach me for a contrivance, which is juſtified by the contrivances of two ſuch girls as theſe: one of whom (the more excellent of the two) I have always, with her own approbation as I imagine, propoſed for my imitation.

But here, Jack, is the thing that concludes me, and caſes my heart with adamant: I find by Miſs Howe's letters, that it is owing to *her*, that I have made no greater progreſs with my blooming fair-one. She loves me. The ipecacuanha contrivance convinces me, that ſhe loves me. Where there is love, there muſt be confidence, or a deſire of having *reaſon* to confide. Generoſity founded on my ſuppoſed generoſity, has taken hold of her heart. Shall I not now ſee (ſince I muſt be for ever unhappy, if I marry her, and leave any trial uneſſayed) what I can make of her love, and her newly-raiſed confidence?—Will it not be to my glory to ſucceed? And to hers and to the honour of her ſex, if I cannot?—Where then will be the hurt to either, to make the trial? And cannot I, as I have often ſaid, reward her when I will by marriage?

'Tis

'Tis late, or rather early; for the day begins to dawn upon me. I am plaguy heavy. Perhaps I need not to have told thee that. But will only indulge a doze in my chair for an hour; then ſhake myſelf, waſh and refreſh. At my time of life, with ſuch a conſtitution as I am bleſſed with, that's all that's wanted.

Good night to me!—it cannot be broad day till I am awake.—Aw-w-w-whaugh—Pox of this yawning!

Is not thy uncle dead yet?

What's come to mine, that he writes not to my laſt?—Hunting after more *wiſdom of nations*, I ſuppoſe!—Yaw-yaw-yawning again!—Pen, be gone!

LETTER L.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY, MAY 29.

NOW have I eſtabliſhed myſelf for ever in my charmer's heart.

The captain came at ſeven, as promiſed, and ready equipped for his journey. My beloved choſe not to give us her company till our firſt converſation was over—Aſhamed, I ſuppoſe, to be preſent at that part of it, which was to reſtore her to her *virgin ſtate* by my confeſſion, after her *wifehood* had been reported to her uncle. But ſhe took her cue nevertheleſs, and liſtened to all that paſſed.

The modeſteſt women, Jack, muſt *think*, and think deeply ſometimes. I wonder whether they ever bluſh at thoſe things by themſelves, at which they have ſo charming a knack of bluſhing in company. If not; and if bluſhing be a ſign of grace or modeſty; have not the ſex as great a command over their bluſhes, as they are ſaid to have over their tears? This reflection would lead me a great way into female minds, were I diſpoſed to purſue it.

I told the captain, that I would prevent his queſtion; and accordingly (after I had enjoined the ſtricteſt ſecreſy, that no advantage might be given to James Harlowe; and which he anſwered for as well on Mr. Harlowe's part as his own) I acknowledged nakedly and fairly the whole truth—To wit, That we were not yet married. I gave him hints of the cauſes of procraſtination. Some of them owing to unhappy miſunderſtandings: but chiefly to the lady's deſire of previous reconciliation with her friends; and to a delicacy that had no example.

Leſs nice ladies than this, Jack, love to have delays, wilful and *ſtudied* delays, *imputed to them* in theſe caſes—Yet are indelicate in their affected delicacy; for do they not thereby tacitly confeſs, that they expect to be the greateſt gainers in wedlock; and that there is *ſelf-denial* in the pride they take in delaying?

I told him the reaſon of our paſſing to the people below as married—Yet as under a vow of reſtriction, as to conſummation, which had kept us both to the height, one of *forbearing*, the other of *vigilant* punctilio; even to the denial of thoſe innocent freedoms, which betrothed lovers never ſcruple to allow and to take.

I then communicated to him a copy of my propoſal of ſettlement; the contents of my letter of invitation to Lord M. to be her nuptial-father; and of my lord's generous reply. But ſaid, that having apprehenſions of delay from his infirmities, and my beloved chuſing by all means (and that from principles of *unrequited* duty) a private ſolemnization, I had written to excuſe his lordſhip's preſence; and expected an anſwer every hour.

The ſettlements, I told him, were actually drawing by Counſellor Williams, of whoſe eminence he muſt have heard.

He had.

And of the truth of this he might ſatisfy himſelf before he went out of town.

When theſe were drawn, approved, and engroſſed, nothing, I ſaid, but ſigning, and the nomination of my happy day, would be wanting. I had a pride, I declared, in doing the higheſt juſtice, to ſo beloved a creature, of my own voluntary motion, and without the intervention of a family from whom I had received the greateſt inſults. And this being our preſent ſituation, I was contented that Mr. John Harlowe ſhould ſuſpend his reconciliatory purpoſes, till our marriage were actually ſolemnized.

The captain was highly delighted with all I ſaid: yet owned, that as his dear friend Mr. Harlowe had expreſſed himſelf greatly pleaſed to hear that we were actually married, he could have wiſhed it had been ſo. But nevertheleſs, he doubted not that all would be well.

He ſaw my reaſons, he ſaid, and approved of them, for making the gentlewomen below [Whom again he *underſtood to be good ſort of people*] believe, that the ceremony had paſſed; which ſo well accounted for what the lady's maid had told Mr. Harlowe's friend. Mr. James Harlowe, he ſaid, had certainly ends to anſwer in keeping open the breach; and

as certainly had formed a design to get his sister out of my hands. Wherefore it as much imported his worthy friend to keep this treaty a secret, as it did me; at least, till he had formed his party, and taken his measures. Ill-will and passion were dreadful misrepresenters. It was amazing to him, that animosity could be carried so high against a man capable of views so pacifick and so honourable, and who had shewn such a command of his temper, in this whole transaction, as I had done. Generosity, indeed, in every case, where love of stratagem and intrigue (I would excuse him) were not concerned, was a part of my character.

He was proceeding, when breakfast being ready, in came the empress of my heart, irradiating all around her, as with a glory—A benignity and graciousness in her aspect, that, though natural to it, had been long banished from it.

Next to prostration lowly bowed the captain. O how the sweet creature smiled her approbation of him! Reverence from one begets reverence from another. Men are more of monkeys in imitation, than they think themselves—Involuntarily, in a manner, I bent my knee—'My 'dearest life—' and made a very fine speech on presenting the captain to her. No title, myself, to her lip or cheek, 'tis well *he* attempted not either. He was indeed ready to worship her—could only touch her charming hand.

'I have told the captain, my dear 'creature—' And then I briefly repeated (as if I had supposed she had not heard it) all I had told him.

He was astonished, that any-body could be displeased one moment with such an angel. He undertook her cause as the highest degree of merit to himself.

Never, I must need say, did the angel so much *look* the angel. All placid, serene, smiling, self-assured: a more lovely flush than usual heightening her natural graces, and adding charms even to radiance, to her charming complexion.

After we had seated ourselves, the agreeable subject was renewed, as we took our chocolate. How happy should she be in her uncle's restored favour!

The captain engaged for it—No more delays, he hoped, on *her* part! Let the happy day be but *once* over, all would then be right. But was it improper to ask for copies of my proposals, and of her answer, in order to shew them to his dear friend her uncle?

As Mr. Lovelace pleased—O that the dear creature would always say so!

It must be in strict confidence then, I said. But would it not be better to shew her uncle the draught of the settlements, when drawn?'

'And will you *be so good*, as to allow 'of this, Mr. Lovelace?'

There, Belford! We were once *The Quarrelsome*, but now we are *The Polite Lovers*.

'Indeed, my dear creature, I will, 'if you desire it, and if Captain Tomlin-'son will engage, that Mr. Harlowe shall 'keep them absolutely a secret; that I 'may not be subjected to the cavil and 'controul of any others of a family that 'have used me so very ill.'

'*Now, indeed, Sir, you are very oblig-'ing.*'

Dost think, Jack, that my face did not now also shine?

I held out my hand (first consecrating it with a kiss) for hers. *She condescended to give it me.* I pressed it to my lips: 'You know not, Captain Tomlinson,' (with an air) 'all storms overblown, 'what an happy man—'

'Charming couple!' [His hands lifted up] 'How will my good friend rejoice! 'O that he were present!—You know 'not, Madam, how dear you still are to 'your uncle Harlowe!'

'I am unhappy ever to have disobliged 'him.'

'*Not too much of that, however, fairest!*' *thought I.*

The captain repeated his resolutions of service, and that in so acceptable a manner, that the dear creature wished, that neither he, nor any of his, might ever want a friend of equal benevolence.

Nor any of his, she said; for the captain brought it in, that he had five children living, by one of the best wives and mothers, whose excellent management made him as happy, as if his eight hundred pounds a year (which was all he had to boast of) were two thousand.

Without œconomy, the oraculous lady said, *no* estate was large enough. *With* it, the *least* was not too small.

'Lie still, teazing villain! lie still!'—I was only speaking to my conscience, Jack.

'And let me ask you, Mr. Lovelace,' said the captain; 'yet not so much from 'doubt, as that I may proceed upon 'sure grounds—are you *willing* to co-'operate with my dear friend in a gene-'ral reconciliation?'

'Let me tell you, Mr. Tomlinson, 'that

'that if it can be diſtinguiſhed, that my 'readineſs to make up with a family, of 'whoſe generoſity I have not had reaſon 'to think highly, is entirely owing to 'the value I have for this angel of a wo-'man, I will not only co-operate with 'Mr. John Harlowe, as you aſk; but I 'will meet Mr. James Harlowe, ſenior, 'and his lady, *all the way*. And fur-'thermore, to make the ſon James and 'his ſiſter Arabella quite eaſy, I will 'abſolutely diſclaim any further intereſt, 'whether living or dying, in any of the 'three brothers eſtates; contenting my-'ſelf with what my beloved's grandfa-'ther has bequeathed to her: for I have 'reaſon to be abundantly ſatisfied with 'my own circumſtances and proſpects— 'Enough rewarded, were ſhe not to bring 'a ſhilling in dowry, in a woman who 'has a merit ſuperior to all the goods of 'fortune.'—True as the goſpel, Bel-ford!—Why had not this ſcene a real foundation!

The dear creature, by her eyes, ex-preſſed her gratitude, before her lips could utter it. 'O Mr. Lovelace!' ſaid ſhe—'You have infinitely—' And there ſhe ſtopt.

The captain run over in my praiſe. He was really affected.

'O that I had not ſuch *a mixture of* 'revenge and pride in my love!' thought I. —But (my old plea) cannot I make her amends at any time? And is not her vir-tue in the height of it's probation?—Would ſhe lay aſide, like the friends of my uncontending Roſebud, all thoughts of defiance—Would ſhe throw herſelf upon my mercy, and try me but one fortnight in the life of honour—What then?—*I cannot ſay, What then.*

Do not deſpiſe me, Jack, for my in-conſiſtency—in no two letters perhaps agreeing with myſelf—Who expects conſiſtency in men of our character?—But I am mad with love—Fired by re-venge—Puzzled with my own devices —My invention is my curſe—My pride my puniſhment—Drawn five or ſix ways at once, can *ſhe* poſſibly be ſo unhappy as *I*?—O why, why, was this woman ſo divinely excellent!—Yet how know I that ſhe is? What have been her trials? Have I had the courage to make a ſingle one upon her *perſon*, though a thouſand upon her *temper*?—Know, I hope, to make her afraid of ever diſobliging me more!

I MUST baniſh reflection, or I am a loſt man. For theſe two hours paſt have I hated myſelf for my own contrivances. And this not only from what I *have re-*lated to thee; but from what I have *further* to relate. But I have now once more ſteeled my heart. My vengeance is uppermoſt; *for I have been re-peruſing ſome of Miſs Howe's virulence.* The con-tempt they have both held me in, I can-not bear.

The happieſt breakfaſt-time, my be-loved owned, that ſhe had ever known *ſince ſhe had left her father's houſe*; [*She might have let this alone.*] The captain renewed all his proteſtations of ſervice. He would write me word how his dear friend received the account he ſhould give him of the happy ſituation of our affairs, and what he thought of the ſet-tlements, as ſoon as I ſhould ſend him the draughts ſo kindly promiſed. And we parted with great profeſſions of mu-tual eſteem; my beloved putting up vows for the ſucceſs of his generous media-tion.

When I returned from attending the captain down ſtairs, which I did to the outward door, my beloved met me as I entered the dining-room; complacency reigning in every lovely feature.

'You ſee me already,' *ſaid ſhe*, 'ano-'ther creature. You know not, Mr. 'Lovelace, how near my heart this ho-'ped-for reconciliation is. I am now 'willing to baniſh every diſagreeable 'remembrance. You know not, Sir, 'how much you have obliged me. And, 'Oh, Mr. Lovelace, how happy ſhall I 'be, when my heart is lightened from 'the all-ſinking weight of a father's 'curſe! When my dear mamma—You 'don't know, Sir, half the excellences 'of my dear mamma! and what a kind 'heart ſhe has, when it is left to follow 'it's own impulſes—When this bleſſed 'mamma ſhall once more fold me to her 'indulgent boſom! When I ſhall again 'have uncles and aunts, and a brother 'and ſiſter, all ſtriving who ſhall ſhew 'moſt kindneſs and favour to the poor 'outcaſt, then *no more* an outcaſt—And 'you, Mr. Lovelace, to behold all this, 'and to be received into a family ſo dear 'to me, with welcome—What though 'a little cold at firſt? when they come 'to know you better, and to ſee you 'oftener, no freſh cauſes of diſguſt oc-'curring, and you, as I hope, having 'entered upon a new courſe, all will be 'warmer and warmer love on both ſides, 'till every-one will perhaps wonder, 'how they came to ſet themſelves againſt 'you.'

Then drying her tears with her hand-kerchief, after a few moments pauſing;

on a ſudden, as if recollecting that ſhe had been led by her joy to an expreſſion of it which ſhe had not intended I ſhould ſee, ſhe retired to her chamber with precipitation; leaving me almoſt as unable to ſtand it as herſelf.

In ſhort, I was—I want words to ſay how I was—My noſe had been made to tingle before; my eyes have before been made to gliſten by this ſoul-moving beauty; but ſo *very* much affected, I never was—for, trying to check my ſenſibility, it was too ſtrong for me, and I even ſobbed, and was forced to turn from her before ſhe had well finiſhed her affecting ſpeech.

I want, methinks, now I have owned the odd ſenſation, to deſcribe it to thee—The thing was ſo ſtrange to me—Something choaking, as it were, in my throat—I know not how—Yet, I muſt needs ſay, though I am out of countenance upon the recollection, that there was ſomething very pretty in it; and I wiſh I could know it again, that I might have a more perfect idea of it, and be better able to deſcribe it to thee.

But this effect of her joy on ſuch an occaſion gives me a high notion of what that virtue muſt be, [What other name can I call it?] which in a mind ſo capable of delicate tranſport, ſhould be able to make ſo charming a creature, in her very bloom, all froſt and ſnow to every advance of love from the man ſhe hates not. This muſt be all from education too—Muſt it not, Belford? Can *education* have ſtronger force in a woman's heart than *nature*?—Sure it cannot. But if it can, how entirely right are parents to cultivate their daughters minds, and to inſpire them with notions of reſerve and diſtance to our ſex; and indeed to make them think highly of their own! For pride is an excellent ſubſtitute, let me tell thee, where virtue ſhines not out, as the ſun, in it's own unborrowed luſtre.

LETTER LI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

AND now it is time to confeſs, (and yet I know that thy conjectures are aforehand with my expoſition) that this Captain Tomlinſon, who is ſo great a favourite with my charmer, and who takes ſo much delight in healing breaches, and reconciling differences, is neither a greater man nor a leſs, than honeſt Patrick M'Donald, attended by a diſcarded footman of his own finding out.

Thou knoweſt what a various-lifed raſcal he is; and to what better hopes born and educated. But that ingenious knack of forgery, for which he was expelled the Dublin univerſity, and a detection ſince in evidenceſhip, have been his ruin. For theſe have thrown him from one country to another; and at laſt, into the way of life, which would make him a fit huſband for Miſs Howe's Townſend with her contrabands. He is, thou knoweſt, admirably qualified for any enterprize that requires adroitneſs and ſolemnity. And can there, after all, be a higher piece of juſtice, than to keep one ſmuggler in readineſs to play againſt another?

'Well, but, Lovelace,' (methinks thou queſtioneſt) 'how cameſt thou to venture 'upon ſuch a contrivance as this, when, 'as thou haſt told me, the lady uſed to 'be a month at a time at this uncle's; 'and muſt, therefore, in all probability, 'know, that there was not a Captain 'Tomlinſon in all the neighbourhood; 'at leaſt no one of the name ſo intimate 'with him, as this man pretends to be?'

This objection, Jack, is ſo natural a one, that I could not help obſerving to my charmer, that ſhe muſt ſurely have heard her uncle ſpeak of this gentleman. 'No,' ſhe ſaid, ſhe never had. Beſides ſhe had not been at her uncle Harlowe's for near ten months, [*This I had heard her ſay before:*] and there were ſeveral gentlemen who uſed the ſame green, whom ſhe knew not.

We are all very ready, thou knoweſt, to believe what we like.

And what was the reaſon, thinkeſt thou, that ſhe had not been of ſo long a time at this uncle's?—Why this old ſinner, who imagines himſelf entitled to call me to account for my freedoms with the ſex, has lately fallen into familiarities, as it is ſuſpected, with his houſekeeper; who aſſumes airs upon it.—A curſed deluding ſex!—In youth, middle-age, or dotage, they take us all in.

Doſt thou not ſee, however, that this houſekeeper knows nothing, nor is to know any-thing, of the treaty of reconciliation deſigned to be ſet on foot; and therefore the uncle always comes to the captain, the captain goes not to the uncle? And this I ſurmiſed to the lady. And then it was a natural ſuggeſtion, that the captain was the rather applied to, as he is a ſtranger to the reſt of the family—Need I tell thee the meaning of all this?

But this intrigue of the *ancient* is a piece of private hiſtory, the truth of which my beloved cares not to own, and indeed

indeed affects to disbelieve: as she does also some puisny gallantries of her foolish brother; which, by way of recrimination, I have hinted at, without naming my informant in their family.

'Well but,' methinks thou questioneſt again, 'is it not probable that Miſs 'Howe will make enquiry after ſuch a 'man as Tomlinſon?—And when ſhe 'cannot——'

I know what thou wouldſt ſay—But I have no doubt, that Wilſon will be ſo good, if I deſire it, as to give into my own hands any letter that may be brought by Collins to his houſe, for a week to come. And now I hope thou art ſatisfied.

I will conclude with a ſhort ſtory.

Two neighbouring ſovereigns were at war together, about ſome pitiful chuck-farthing thing or other; no matter what; *for the leaſt trifles will ſet princes and children at loggerheads.* Their armies had been drawn up in battalia ſome days, and the news of a deciſive action was expected every hour to arrive at each court. At laſt iſſue was joined; a bloody battle was fought; and a fellow who had been a ſpectator of it, arriving, with the news of a complete victory, at the capital of one of the princes ſome time before the appointed couriers, the bells were ſet a ringing, bonfires and illuminations were made, and the people went to bed intoxicated with joy and good liquor. But the next day all was reverſed: the victorious enemy, purſuing his advantage, was expected every hour at the gates of the almoſt defenceleſs capital. The firſt reporter was hereupon ſought for, and found; and being queſtioned, pleaded a great deal of merit, in that he had, in ſo diſmal a ſituation, taken ſuch a ſpace of time from the diſtreſs of his fellow-citizens, and given it to feſtivity, as were the hours between the falſe good news and the real bad.

Do thou, Belford, make the application. This I know, that I have given greater joy to my beloved, than ſhe had thought would ſo ſoon fall to her ſhare. And as the human life is properly ſaid to be chequer-work, no doubt but a perſon of her prudence will make the beſt of it, and ſet off ſo much good againſt ſo much bad, in order to ſtrike as juſt a balance as poſſible.

The lady, in three ſeveral letters, acquaints her friend with the moſt material paſſages and converſations contained in thoſe of Mr. Lovelace preceding. Theſe are her words, on relating what the commiſſion of the pretended Tomlinſon was, after the apprehenſions that his diſtant enquiry had given her:

'At laſt, my dear, all theſe doubts 'and fears were cleared up, and baniſh-'ed; and, in their place, a delightful 'proſpect was opened to me. For it 'comes happily out, (but at preſent it 'muſt be an abſolute ſecret, for reaſons 'which I ſhall mention in the ſequel) 'that the gentleman was ſent by my un-'cle Harlowe, [I thought he could not 'be angry with me for ever:] all owing 'to the converſation that paſſed between 'your good Mr. Hickman and him. 'For although Mr. Hickman's applica-'tion was too harſhly rejected at the time, 'my uncle could not but think better of 'it afterwards, and of the arguments 'that worthy gentleman uſed in my fa-'vour.

'Who, upon a paſſionate repulſe, 'would deſpair of having a reaſonable 'requeſt granted?—Who would not, by 'gentleneſs and condeſcenſion, endea-'vour to leave favourable impreſſions 'upon an angry mind; which, when it 'comes coolly to reflect, may induce it 'to work itſelf into a condeſcending 'temper? To requeſt a favour, as I have 'often ſaid, is one thing; to challenge 'it as our due, is another. And what 'right has a petitioner to be angry at a '*repulſe*, if he has not a right to *demand* 'what he ſues for as a *debt?*'

She deſcribes Captain Tomlinſon, on his breakfaſt viſit, to be, a grave good ſort of a man, *And in another place,* a genteel man, of great gravity, and a good aſpect; ſhe believes upwards of fifty years of age. 'I liked him,' *ſays ſhe,* 'as ſoon as I ſaw him.'

As her proſpects are now, as ſhe ſays, more favourable than heretofore, ſhe wiſhes, that her hopes of Mr. Lovelace's ſo often-promiſed reformation were better grounded than ſhe is afraid they can be.

'We have both been extremely puz-'zled, my dear,' *ſays ſhe,* 'to recon-'cile ſome parts of Mr. Lovelace's character 'with other parts of it: his good with 'his bad; ſuch of the former in parti-'cular, as his generoſity to his tenants; 'his bounty to the innkeeper's daughter; 'his readineſs to put me upon doing 'kind things by my good Mrs. Norton, 'and others.

'A ſtrange mixture in his mind, as I 'have told him! For he is certainly (as

'I have

'I have reaſon to ſay, looking back upon his paſt behaviour to me in twenty inſtances) *a hard-hearted man.* Indeed, my dear, *I have thought more than once, that he had rather ſee me in tears, than give me reaſon to be pleaſed with him.*

'My couſin Morden ſays, that free livers are remorſeleſs. And ſo they muſt be in the very nature of things.

'Mr. Lovelace is a proud man. We have both long ago obſerved, that he is. And I am truly afraid, that his very generoſity is more owing to his *pride* and his *vanity*, than that *philanthropy* (ſhall I call it?) which diſtinguiſhes a beneficent mind.

'Money he values not, but as a means to ſupport his pride and his independence. And it is eaſy, as I have often thought, for a perſon to part with a *ſecondary* appetite, when, by ſo doing, he can promote or gratify a *firſt*.

'I am afraid my dear, that there muſt have been ſome fault in his education. His natural bias was not, I fancy, ſufficiently attended to. He was inſtructed, perhaps (as his power was likely to be large) to do good and beneficent actions; but not, I doubt, from *proper motives*.

'If he *had*, his generoſity would not have ſtopt at *pride*, but would have ſtruck into *humanity*; and then would he not have contented himſelf with doing praiſe-worthy things by fits and ſtarts, or, as if relying on the doctrine of merits, he hoped by a good action to atone for a bad one; but he would have been uniformly noble, and done the good for it's *own* ſake.

'O my dear! what a lot have I drawn! *Pride* this poor man's *virtue*; and *revenge* his other predominating quality!—This one conſolation, however, remains: he is not an infidel, and unbeliever: had he been an *infidel*, there would have been no room at all for hope of him; but (priding himſelf, as he does, in his fertile invention) he would have been utterly abandoned, irreclaimable, and a ſavage.'

When ſhe comes to relate thoſe occaſions, which Mr. Lovelace in his narrative acknowledges himſelf to be affected by, ſhe thus expreſſes herſelf:

'He endeavoured, as once before, to conceal his emotion. But why, my dear, ſhould theſe men (for Mr. Lovelace is not ſingular in this) think themſelves above giving theſe beautiful proofs of a feeling heart? Were it in my power again to chuſe, or to refuſe, I would reject the man with contempt, who ſought to ſuppreſs, or offered to deny, the power of being viſibly affected upon *proper* occaſions, as either a ſavage-hearted creature, or as one who was ſo ignorant of the principal glory of the human nature, as to place his pride in a barbarous inſenſibility.

'Theſe lines tranſlated from Juvenal by Mr. Tate, I have been often pleaſed with:

" Compaſſion *proper* to *mankind* appears:
" Which Nature witneſs'd, when ſhe lent us
" tears
" Of tender ſentiments WE only give
" Theſe proofs: to weep is OUR prerogative:
" To ſhew by pitying looks, and melting
" eyes,
" How with a ſuff'ring friend we ſympathize.
" Who can all ſenſe of others ills eſcape,
" Is but a brute at beſt, in human ſhape."

'It cannot but yield me ſome pleaſure, hardly as I have ſometimes thought of the people of the houſe, that ſuch a good man as Captain Tomlinſon had ſpoken well of them, upon enquiry.

'And here I ſtopt a minute, my dear, to receive, in fancy, your kind congratulation.

'My next, I hope, will confirm my preſent, and open ſtill more agreeable proſpects. Mean time be aſſured, that there cannot poſſibly any good fortune befal me, which I ſhall look upon with equal delight to that I have in your friendſhip.

'My thankful compliments to your good Mr. Hickman, to whoſe kind intervention I am ſo much obliged on this occaſion, conclude me, my deareſt Miſs Howe, *your ever-affectionate and grateful* CL. HARLOWE.'

LETTER LII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, MAY 30.

I Have a letter from Lord M. Such an one as I would wiſh for, if I intended matrimony. But as matters are circumſtanced, I cannot think of ſhewing it to my beloved.

My lord regrets that he is not to be the lady's nuptial father. He ſeems apprehenſive that I have ſtill, ſpecious as my reaſons are, ſome miſchief in my head.

He graciouſly conſents, that I may marry when I pleaſe; and offers one or both of my couſins to aſſiſt my bride, and to ſupport her ſpirits on the occaſion; ſince,

ſince, as he underſtands, ſhe is ſo much afraid to venture with me.

Pritchard, he tells me, has his final orders to draw up deeds for aſſigning over to me in perpetuity 1000*l. per annum*; which he will execute the ſame hour that the lady in perſon owns her marriage.

He conſents, that the jointure be made from my own eſtate.

He wiſhes that the lady would have accepted of his draught; and commends me for tendering it to her. But reproaches me for pride in not keeping it myſelf. '*What the right ſide gives up, the left*,' he ſays, '*may be the better for*.'

The girls, the *left-ſided* girls, he means.

With all my heart. If I can have my Clariſſa, the devil take every-thing elſe.

A good deal of other ſtuff writes the ſtupid peer; ſcribbling in ſeveral places half a dozen lines, apparently for no other reaſon, but to bring in as many muſty words in an old ſaw.

If thou aſkeſt, How I can manage, ſince my beloved will wonder, that I have not an anſwer from my lord to ſuch a letter as I wrote to him; and if I own I have one, will expect that I ſhould ſhew it to her, as I did my letter?—This I anſwer—That I can be informed by Pritchard, that my lord has the gout in his right-hand; and has ordered him to attend me in form, for my particular orders about the tranſfer: and I can ſee Pritchard, thou knoweſt, at the King's Arms, or wherever I pleaſe, *at an hour's warning*; *though he be at M. Hall, I in town*; and he, by word of mouth, can acquaint me with every-thing in my lord's letter *that is neceſſary for my charmer to know*.

Whenever it ſuits me, *I can reſtore the old peer to his right hand*, and then can make him write a much more ſenſible letter than this that he has now ſent me.

Thou knoweſt, that an adroitneſs in the art of *manual imitation*, was one of my earlieſt attainments. It has been ſaid, on this occaſion, that had I been a *bad* man in *meum* and *tuum* matters, I ſhould not have been fit to live. As to the girls, we hold it no ſin to cheat them. And are we not told, that in being *well deceived* conſiſts the whole of human happineſs?

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31.

ALL ſtill happier and happier. A very high honour done me: a chariot inſtead of a coach, permitted, purpoſely to indulge me in the ſubject of ſubjects.

Our diſcourſe in this ſweet airing turned upon our future manner of life. The day is baſhfully promiſed me. Soon was the anſwer to my repeated urgency. Our equipage, our ſervants, our liveries, were parts of the delightful ſubject. A deſire that the wretch who had given me intelligence out of the family (honeſt Joſeph Leman) might not be one of our menials; and her reſolution to have her faithful Hannah, whether recovered or not; were ſignified; and both as readily aſſented to.

Her wiſhes, from my attentive behaviour, when with her at St. Paul's, that I would often accompany her to the divine ſervice, were gently intimated, and as readily engaged for. I aſſured her, that I ever had reſpected the clergy in a body: and ſome individuals of them (her Dr. Lewen for one) highly: and that were not going to church an act of religion, I thought it [as I told thee once] a moſt agreeable ſight to ſee rich and poor, all of a *company*, as I might ſay, aſſembled once a week in one place, and each in his or her beſt attire, to worſhip the God that made them. Nor could it be a hardſhip upon a man liberally educated, to make *one* on ſo ſolemn an occaſion, and to hear the harangue of a man of letters (though far from being the principal part of the ſervice, as it is too generally looked upon to be) whoſe ſtudies having taken a different turn from his own, he muſt always have ſomething new to ſay.

She ſhook her head, and repeated the word *new*: but looked as if willing to be ſatisfied for the preſent with the anſwer. To be ſure, Jack, ſhe means to do great deſpight to his Satanick majeſty in her hopes of reforming me. No wonder therefore if he exerts himſelf to prevent her, and to be revenged—But how came this in?—I am ever of party againſt myſelf.—One day, I fancy, I ſhall hate myſelf on recollecting what I am about at this inſtant. But I muſt ſtay till then. We muſt all of us do ſomething to repent of.

The reconciliation-proſpect was enlarged upon. If her uncle Harlowe will but pave the way to it, and if it can be brought about, ſhe ſhall be happy.—Happy, with a ſigh, *as it is now poſſible ſhe can be!*

She won't forbear, Jack!

I told her, that I had heard from Pritchard, juſt before we ſet out on our airing, and expected him in town to-morrow from Lord M. to take my directions. I ſpoke with gratitude of my lord's kindneſs to me; and with pleaſure of

Lady

Lady Sarah's, Lady Betty's, and my two cousins Montagues veneration for her: and also of his lordship's concerns that his gout hindered him from writing a reply *with his own hand* to my last.

She pitied my lord. She pitied poor Mrs. Fretchville too; for she had the goodness to enquire after her. The dear creature pitied ever-body that seemed to want pity. Happy in her own prospects, she had leisure to look abroad, and wishes every-body equally happy.

It is likely to go very hard with Mrs. Fretchville. Her face, which she had valued herself upon, will be utterly ruined. This good, however, as I could not but observe, she may reap from so great an evil.—As the greater malady generally swallows up the less, she may have a grief on this occasion, that may diminish the other grief, and make it tolerable.

I had a gentle reprimand for this light turn on so heavy an evil—For what was the loss of beauty to the loss of a good husband?—Excellent creature!

Her hopes (and her pleasures upon those hopes) that Miss Howe's mother would be reconciled to her, were also mentioned. *Good* Mrs. Howe was her word, for a woman so covetous, and so remorseless in her covetousness, that no one else will call her *good*. But this dear creature has such an extension in her love, as to be capable of valuing the most insignificant animal related to those whom she respects. '*Love me, and love my dog*,' I have heard Lord M. say.—
—Who knows, but that I may in time, in compliment to myself, bring her to think well of *thee*, Jack?

But what am I about? Am I not all this time arraigning my own heart?—I know I am, by the remorse I feel in it, while my pen bears testimony to her excellence. But yet I must add, (for no selfish consideration shall hinder me from doing justice to this admirable creature) that in this conversation she demonstrated so much prudent knowledge in every-thing that relates to that part of the domestick management which falls under the care of a mistress of a family, that I believe she has no equal of her years in the world.

But, indeed, I know not the subject on which she does not talk with admirable distinction; insomuch that could I but get over my prejudices against matrimony, and resolve to walk in the dull beaten path of my ancestors, I should be the happiest of men—And if I cannot, perhaps I may be ten times more to be pitied than she.

My heart, my heart, Belford, *is not to be trusted*—I break off, to re-peruse some of Miss Howe's virulence.

CURSED letters, these of Miss Howe, Jack!—Do thou turn back to those of mine, where I take notice of them—I proceed.

Upon the whole, my charmer was all gentleness, all ease, all serenity, throughout this sweet excursion. Nor had she reason to be otherwise: for it being the first time that I had the honour of her company alone, I was resolved to encourage her, by my respectfulness, to *repeat the favour*.

On our return, I found the counsellor's clerk waiting for me, with a draught of the marriage-settlements.

They are drawn, with only the necessary variations, from those made by my mother. The original of which, (now returned by the counsellor) as well as the new draughts, I have put into my beloved's hands.

These settlements of my mother made the lawyer's work easy; nor can she have a better precedent; the great Lord S. having settled them at the request of my mother's relations; all the difference, my charmer's are 100*l. per annum* more than my mother's.

I offered to read to her the old deed, while she looked over the draught; for she had refused her presence at the examination with the clerk: but this she also declined.

I suppose she did not care to hear of so many children, first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh sons, and as many daughters, *to be begotten upon the body of the said Clarissa Harlowe*.

Charming matrimonial recitativoes!—though it is always said *lawfully begotten* too—As if a man should beget children *unlawfully* upon the body of his own wife.—But thinkest thou not that these arch rogues the lawyers hereby intimate that a man may have children by his wife *before* marriage?—This must be what they mean. Why will these sly fellows put an honest man in mind of such rogueries?—But hence, as in numberless other instances, we see, that *law* and *gospel* are two very different things.

Dorcas, in our absence, tried to get at the wainscot-box in the dark closet. But it cannot be done without violence. And to run a risque of consequence *now*, for mere curiosity-sake, would be inexcusable.

Mrs. Sinclair and the nymphs are all of opinion, that I am now so much a favourite, and have such a visible share in

her

her confidence, and even in her affections, that I may do what I will, and plead for excuse violence of *paſſion*; which, they will have it, makes violence of *action* pardonable with their ſex; as well as an *allowed extenuation* with the *unconcerned of both ſexes*; and they all offer their helping hands. 'Why not?' they ſay: has ſhe not paſſed for my wife before them all?—And is ſhe not in a fine way of being reconciled to her friends? And was not the want of that reconciliation the pretence for poſtponing the conſummation?

They again urge me, ſince it is ſo difficult to make *night* my friend, to an attempt in the *day*. They remind me, that the ſituation of their houſe is ſuch, that no noiſes can be heard out of it; and ridicule me for making it neceſſary for a lady to be undreſſed. *It was not always ſo with me*, poor old man! Sally told me; ſaucily flinging her handkerchief in my face.

LETTER LIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2.

NOtwithſtanding my ſtudied-for politeneſs and complaiſance for ſome days paſt; and though I have wanted courage to throw the maſk quite aſide, yet I have made the dear creature more than once look about her, by the warm, though decent expreſſion of my paſſion. I have brought her to own, that I am *more* than indifferent with her: but as to LOVE, which I preſſed her to acknowledge, *What need of acknowledgments of that ſort, when a woman conſents to marrying?*—And once repulſing me with diſpleaſure, *The proof of true love I was vowing for her, was* RESPECT, *not* FREEDOM. And offering to defend myſelf, ſhe told me, that all the conception ſhe had been able to form of a faulty paſſion, was, that it muſt demonſtrate itſelf as mine ſought to do.

I endeavoured to juſtify my paſſion, by laying over-delicacy at her door. Over-delicacy, ſhe ſaid, was not *my* fault, if it were *hers*. She muſt plainly tell me, that I appeared to her incapable of diſtinguiſhing what were the requiſites of a pure mind. Perhaps, had the *libertine* preſumption to imagine, that there was no difference in *heart*, nor any but what proceeded from difference of *education* and *cuſtom*, between the pure and the impure—And yet cuſtom *alone*, as ſhe obſerved, if I *did* ſo think, would make a ſecond nature, as well in *good* as in *bad* habits.

I HAVE juſt now been called to account for ſome innocent liberties which I thought myſelf entitled to take before the women; as they ſuppoſe us to be married, and now within view of conſummation.

I took the lecture very hardly; and with impatience wiſhed for the happy day and hour when I might call her all my own, and meet with no check from a niceneſs that had no example.

She looked at me with a baſhful kind of contempt. I thought it *contempt*, and required the reaſon for it; not being conſcious of offence, as I told her.

'This is not the firſt time, Mr. Love-'lace,' ſaid ſhe, 'that I have had cauſe 'to be diſpleaſed with you, when you, 'perhaps, have not thought yourſelf ex-'ceptionable.—But, Sir, let me tell you, 'that the married ſtate, in my eye, is a 'ſtate of purity, and' [I *think* ſhe told me], 'not of *licentiouſneſs*;' ſo, at leaſt, I underſtood her.

Marriage purity, Jack!—Very comical, 'faith—Yet, ſweet dears, half the female world ready to run away with a rake, *becauſe* he is a rake: and for no *other* reaſon; nay, every other reaſon *againſt* their choice of ſuch a one.

But have not you and I, Belford, ſeen young wives, who would be thought modeſt; and when maids, were fantaſtically ſhy; permit freedoms in publick from their uxorious huſbands, which have ſhewn, that both of them have forgotten what belongs either to prudence or decency? While every modeſt eye has ſunk under the ſhameleſs effrontery, and every modeſt face been covered with bluſhes for thoſe who could *not* bluſh.

I once, upon ſuch an occaſion, propoſed to a circle of a dozen, thus ſcandalized, to withdraw; ſince they muſt needs ſee that as well the *lady*, as the gentleman, wanted to be in private. This motion had it's effect upon the amorous pair; and I was applauded for the check given to their licentiouſneſs.

But, upon another occaſion of this ſort, I acted a little more in character. For I ventured to make an attempt upon a bride, which I ſhould not have had the courage to make, had not the unbluſhing paſſiveneſs with which ſhe received her fond huſband's publick toyings, (looking round her with triumph rather than with ſhame, upon every lady preſent) incited my curioſity to know if the ſame complacency might not be ſhewn to a private friend. 'Tis true, I was in honour obliged to keep the ſecret. But I never ſaw the turtles bill afterwards, but I thought of number Two to the

ſame ſentence; and in my heart thanked the good husband for the leſſon he had taught his wife.

From what I have ſaid, thou wilt ſee, that I approve of my beloved's exception to *publick* loves. That, I hope, is all the charming icicle means by *marriage-parity*. But to return.

From the whole of what I have mentioned to have paſſed between my beloved and me, thou wilt gather, that I have not been a mere dangler, a Hickman, in the paſſed days, though not abſolutely active, and a Lovelace.

The dear creature now conſiders herſelf as my wife-elect. The *unſaddened* heart, no longer prudiſh, will not now, I hope, give the fable turn to every addreſs of the man ſhe diſlikes not. And yet ſhe muſt keep up ſo much reſerve, as will juſtify paſt inflexibilities. Many and many a pretty fool would yield, were ſhe not afraid that the man ſhe favoured would think the worſe of her for it. This is alſo a part of the rake's creed. But ſhould ſhe reſent ever ſo ſtrongly, ſhe cannot now break with me; ſince, if ſhe does, there will be an end of the family reconciliation; and that in a way highly diſcreditable to herſelf.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

JUST returned from Doctors Commons. I have been endeavoring to get a licence. Very true, Jack. I have the mortification to find a difficulty, as the lady is of rank and fortune, and as there is no conſent of father or *next friend*, in obtaining this *all-ſettering* inſtrument.

I made report of this difficulty. 'It 'is very right,' *ſhe ſays*, 'that ſuch dif-'ficulties ſhould be made.'—But not to a man of my known fortune, ſurely, Jack, though the woman were the daughter of a duke.

I aſked, if ſhe approved of the ſettlements? She ſaid, She had compared them with my mother's, and had no objection to them. She had written to Miſs Howe upon the ſubject, ſhe owned; and to inform her of our preſent ſituation.

JUST now, in high good humour, my beloved returned me the draughts of the ſettlements; a copy of which I had ſent to Captain Tomlinſon. She complimented me, that ſhe never had any doubt of my honour in caſes of this nature.

In matters between man and man nobody ever had, thou knoweſt.

I had need, thou wilt ſay, to have ſome good qualities.

Great faults and great virtues are often found in the ſame perſon. In nothing *very* bad, but as to women: and did not one of them begin with me?

We have held, that women have no ſouls. I am a very Turk in this point, and willing to believe they have not. And if ſo, to whom ſhall I be accountable for what I do to them? Nay, if ſouls they have, as there is no ſex in etherials, nor need of any, what plea can a lady hold of injuries done her in her lady *ſtate*, when there is an end of her lady *ſhip*?

LETTER LIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY, JUNE 5.

I Am now almoſt in deſpair of ſucceeding with this charming froſt-piece by love or gentleneſs.—A copy of the draughts, as I told thee, has been ſent to Captain Tomlinſon; and that by a ſpecial meſſenger. Engroſſments are proceeding with. I have been again at the Commons.—Should in all probability have procured a licence by Mallory's means, had not Mallory's friend the proctor been ſuddenly ſent for to Cheſhunt, to make an old lady's will. Pritchard has told me by word of mouth, *though my charmer ſaw him not*, all that was neceſſary for her to know in the letter my lord wrote, which I could not ſhew her: and taken my directions about the eſtates to be made over to me on my nuptials.—Yet, with all theſe favourable appearances, no conceding moment to be found, no improveable tenderneſs to be raiſed.

But never, I believe, was there ſo true, ſo delicate a modeſty in the human mind as in that of this lady. And this has been my ſecurity all along; and, in ſpite of Miſs Howe's advice to her, will be ſo ſtill; ſince, if her delicacy be a fault, ſhe can no more overcome it than I can my averſion to matrimony. Habit, habit, Jack, ſeeſt thou not? may ſubject us both to weakneſſes. And ſhould ſhe not have charity for me, as I have for her?

Twice indeed with rapture, which once ſhe called rude, did I ſalute her; and each time reſenting the freedom, did ſhe retire; though, to do her juſtice, ſhe favoured me again with her preſence at my firſt entreaty, and took no notice of the cauſe of her withdrawing.

Is it policy to ſhew ſo open a reſentment for innocent liberties, which, in her ſituation, ſhe muſt ſo ſoon forgive?

Yet

Yet the woman who reſents not initiatory freedoms muſt be loſt. For love is an encroacher. Love never goes backward. Love is always aſpiring. Always *muſt* aſpire. Nothing but the higheſt act of love can ſatisfy an indulged love. And what advantages has a lover who values not breaking the peace, over his miſtreſs who is ſolicitous to keep it!

I have now at this inſtant wrought myſelf up, for the dozenth time, to a half-reſolution. A thouſand agreeable things I have to ſay to her. She is in the dining-room. Juſt gone up. She always expects me when there.

HIGH diſpleaſure!—followed by an abrupt departure.

I ſat down by her. I took both her hands in mine. I would *have* it ſo. All gentle my voice. Her father mentioned with reſpect. Her mother with reverence. Even her brother amicably ſpoken of. I never thought I could have wiſhed ſo ardently, as I told her I did with, for a reconciliation with her family.

A ſweet and grateful bluſh then overſpread her fair face; a gentle ſigh now-and-then heaved her handkerchief.

I perfectly longed to hear from Captain Tomlinſon. It was impoſſible for the uncle to find fault with the draught of the ſettlements. I would not, however, be underſtood, by ſending them down, that I intended to put it in her uncle's power to delay my happy day. When, when, was it to be?

I would haſten again to the Commons; and would not return without the licence.

The Lawn I propoſed to retire to, as ſoon as the happy ceremony was over. This day and that day I propoſed.

It was time enough to name the day, when the ſettlements were completed, and the licence obtained. Happy ſhould ſhe be, could the kind Captain Tomlinſon obtain her *uncle's preſence privately*.

A good hint!—It may perhaps be improved upon—Either for a *delay* or a *pacifier*.

No new delays for Heaven's ſake, I beſought her; and reproached her gently for the paſt. Name but the day—(an *early* day, I hoped it would be, in the following week)—that I might hail it's approach, and number the tardy hours.

My cheek reclined on her ſhoulder—kiſſing her hands by turns. Ra her baſhfully than angrily reluctant, her hands ſought to be withdrawn; her ſhoulder avoiding my reclined cheek—Apparently loth, and more loth to quarrel with me; her downcaſt eye confeſſing more than her lips could utter. 'Now, 'ſurely,' thought I, 'is my time to try 'if ſhe can forgive a ſtill bolder freedom 'than I had ever yet taken.'

I then gave her ſtruggling hands liberty, I put one arm round her waiſt; I imprinted a kiſs on her ſweet lip, with a '*Be quiet*' only, and an averted face, as if ſhe feared another.

Encouraged by ſo gentle a repulſe, the tendereſt things I ſaid; and then, with my other hand, drew aſide the handkerchief that concealed the beauty of beauties, and preſſed with my burning lips the moſt charming breaſt that ever my ravithed eyes beheld.

A very contrary paſſion to that which gave her boſom ſo delightful a ſwell, immediately took place. She ſtruggled out of my encircling arms with indignation. I detained her reluctant hand. 'Let me go,' ſaid ſhe. '*I ſee there is no* '*keeping terms with you*. Baſe encroach-'er! Is this the deſign of your flatter-'ing ſpeeches? Far as matters have 'gone, I will for ever renounce you. 'You have an odious heart. Let me go, 'I tell you.'

I was forced to obey, and ſhe flung from me, repeating *baſe*, and adding *flattering*, encroacher.

IN vain have I urged by Dorcas for the promiſed favour of dining with her: She would not dine *at all*. She *could not*.

But why makes ſhe every inch of her perſon thus ſacred?—So near the time too, as ſhe muſt ſuppoſe, that all will be my own by deed of purchaſe and ſettlement?

She has read, no doubt, of the art of the eaſtern monarchs, who ſequeſter themſelves from the eyes of their ſubjects, in order to excite their adoration, when, upon ſome ſolemn occaſions, they think fit to appear in publick.

But let me aſk thee, Belford, whether (on theſe ſolemn occaſions) the preceding cavalcade; here a great officer, and there a great miniſter, with their ſatellites, and glaring equipages; do not prepare the eyes of the wondering beholders, by degrees, to bear the blaze of canopied majeſty, (what though but an ugly old man perhaps himſelf!) yet glittering in the collected riches of his vaſt empire?

And ſhould not my beloved, for her own ſake, deſcend, by *degrees*, from *goddeſs-hood* into *humanity!* If it be *pride* that reſtrains her, ought not that pride

to be punished). If, as in the eastern emperors, it be *art* as well as *pride*, *art* is what the of all women need not use. If *shame*, what a shame to be ashamed to communicate to her adorer's sight the most admirable of her personal graces!

Let me perish, Belford, if I would not forego the brightest diadem in the world, for the pleasure of seeing a twin Lovelace at each charming breast, drawing from it his first sustenance; the pious milk, (for physical reasons*, continued for one month and no more!

Now, methinks, behold this most charming of women in this sweet office: her conscious eye now dropt on one, now on the other, with a sigh of maternal tenderness, and then raised up to my delighted eye, full of wishes, for the sake of the pretty varlets, and for her own sake, that I would deign to legitimate; that I would condescend to put on the nuptial fetters.

LETTER LV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

A Letter received from the worthy Captain Tomlinson has introduced me into the presence of my charmer sooner perhaps than I should otherwise have been admitted.

Sullen her brow, at her first entrance into the dining-room. But I took no notice of what had passed, and her anger of itself subsided.

The captain, after letting me know, that he chose not to write, till he had the promised draught of the settlements, he acquaints me, that his friend Mr. John Harlowe, in their first conference, (which was held as soon as he got down) was extremely surprized, and even grieved, (*as he feared he would be*) to hear that we were not married. The world, he said, who knew my character, would be very censorious, were it owned, that we had lived so long together unmarried in the same lodgings; although our marriage were now to be ever so publickly celebrated.

His nephew James, he was sure, would make a great handle of it against any motion that might be made towards a reconciliation; and with the greater success, as there was not a family in the kingdom more jealous of their honour than theirs.

This is true of the Harlowes, Jack: they have been called *The proud Harlowes*: and I have ever found, that all *young honour* is supercilious and touchy.

But seest thou not how right I was in my endeavour to persuade my fair-one to allow her uncle's friend to think us married; especially as he came *prepared* to believe it; and as her uncle *hoped* it was so?—But nothing on earth is so perverse, as a woman when she is set upon carrying a point, and has a *meek* man, or one who loves his *peace*, to deal with.

My beloved was vexed. She pulled out her handkerchief: but was more inclined to blame me, than herself:

'Had you kept your word, Mr. Love-'lace, and left me when we came to 'town——' And there she stopt; for she knew, that it was her own fault that we were not married before we left the country; and how could I leave her *afterwards, while her brother was plotting to carry her off by violence?*

Nor has this brother yet given over his machinations.

For as the captain proceeds, Mr. John Harlowe owned to him, (but in confidence) that his nephew is at this time busied in endeavouring to find out where we are; being assured (as I am not to be heard of at any of my relations, or at my usual lodgings) that we are together. And that we are not married, is plain, as he will have it, *from Mr. Hickman's application so lately made to her uncle; and which was seconded by Mrs. Norton to her mother.* And her brother cannot bear that I should enjoy such a triumph unmolested.

A profound sigh and the handkerchief again lifted to the eye. But did not the sweet soul deserve this turn upon her for feloniously resolving to rob me of herself, had the application made by Hickman succeeded?

I read on to the following effect:

Why (asked Mr. Harlowe) was it said to his other enquiring friend, that we *were* married; and that by his niece's woman, who ought to know? Who could give convincing reasons, no doubt—

Here again she wept; took a turn across the room; then returned—'Read 'on,' says she.

'Will you, my dearest life, read it 'yourself?'

'I will take the letter with me, by-'and-by—I cannot *see* to read it just now,' wiping her eyes—'Read on—Let me

* In Pamela, Vol. IV. Letter VI. these reasons are given, and are worthy of every parent's consideration, as is the whole letter, which contains the debate between Mr. B. and his Pamela, on the important subject of mothers being nurses to their own children.

hear

'hear it all—that I may know *your* sen-
'timents upon this letter, as well as give
'*my own*.'

The captain then told uncle John, the reaſons that induced me to give out that we were married; and the conditions, on which my beloved was brought to countenance it: which had kept us at the moſt punctilious diſtance.

But ſtill, Mr. Harlowe objected my character. And went away diſſatisfied. And the captain was alſo ſo much concerned, that he cared not to write what the reſult of his firſt conference was.

But in the next, which was held on receipt of the draughts, at the captain's houſe, (as the former was, for the greater ſecreſy) when the old gentleman had read them, and had the captain's opinion, he was much better pleaſed. And yet he declared, that it would not be eaſy to perſuade *any other* perſon of his family to believe ſo favourably of the matter, as he was *now* willing to believe, were they to know that we had lived ſo long together unmarried.

And then the captain ſays, his dear friend made a propoſal:—It was this—*That we ſhould marry out of hand, but as privately as poſſible, as indeed he found we intended*—(for he could have no objection to the draughts)—*But yet, he expected to have preſent one truſty friend of his own, for his better ſatisfaction.*—

Here I ſtopt, with a deſign to be angry—But ſhe deſiring me to read on, I obeyed.

—*But that it ſhould paſs to every-one living, except to that truſty perſon, to himſelf, and to the captain, that we were married from the time that we had lived together in one houſe; and that this time ſhould be made to agree with that of Mr. Hickman's application to him from Miſs Howe.*

'This, my deareſt life,' ſaid I, 'is 'a very conſiderate propoſal. We have 'nothing to do, but to caution the peo-'ple below properly on this head. I 'did not think your uncle Harlowe ca-'pable of hitting upon ſuch a charming 'expedient as this. But you ſee how 'much his heart is in the reconciliation.'

This was the return I met with—'You 'have always, as a mark of your polite-'neſs, let me know, how *meanly* you 'think of every-one of my family.'

Yet, thou wilt think, Belford, that *I could forgive her for the reproach.*

The captain does not know, he ſays, how this propoſal will be reliſhed by us. But, for his part, he thinks it an expedient that will obviate many difficulties, and may poſſibly put an end to Mr. James Harlowe's further deſigns: and on this account he has, *by the moſt ſpecial advice*, already declared to two ſeveral perſons, by whoſe means it may come to that young gentleman's ears, that he [Captain Tomlinſon] has very great reaſon to believe, that we were married ſoon after Mr. Hickman's application was rejected.

'And this, Mr. Lovelace,' (ſays the captain) 'will enable you to pay a com-'pliment to the family, that will not 'be unſuitable to the generoſity of ſome 'of the declarations you were pleaſed to 'make to the lady before me, (and which 'Mr. John Harlowe may make ſome ad-'vantage of in favour of a reconciliati-'on;) in that you have not demanded 'your lady's eſtate ſo ſoon as you were 'entitled to make the demand.' An excellent contriver, ſurely, ſhe muſt think this worthy Mr Tomlinſon to be!

But the captain adds, that if either the lady or I diſapprove of his report of our marriage, he will retract it. Nevertheleſs, he muſt tell me, that Mr. John Harlowe is very much ſet upon this way of proceeding; as the only one, in his opinion, capable of being improved into a general reconciliation. But if we do acquieſce in it, he beſeeches my fair-one not to ſuſpend my day, that he may be authorized in what he ſays, as to the truth of the main fact. [*How conſcientious this good man!*] Nor muſt it be expected, he ſays, that her uncle will take one ſtep towards the wiſhed-for reconciliation, till the *ſolemnity is actually over.*

He adds, that he ſhall be very ſoon in town on other affairs; and then propoſes to attend us, and give us a more particular account of all that has paſſed, or ſhall further paſs, between Mr. Harlowe and him.

'Well, my deareſt life, what ſay you 'to your uncle's expedient? Shall I 'write to the captain, and acquaint him, 'that we have no objection to it?'

She was ſilent for a few minutes. At laſt, with a ſigh, 'See, Mr. Lovelace,' ſaid ſhe, 'what you have brought me 'to, by treading after you in ſuch crook-'ed paths!—See what diſgrace I have 'incurred!—Indeed you have not acted 'like a wiſe man.'

'My beloved creature, do you not 'remember, how earneſtly I beſought 'the honour of your hand before we came 'to town?—Had I been *then* favour-'ed——'

'Well, well, Sir—There has been 'much amiſs ſomewhere; that's all I 'will ſay at preſent. And ſince what's 'paſſed

passed cannot be recalled, my uncle must be obeyed, I think.'

Charmingly dutiful!—I had nothing then to do, that I might not be behindhand with the worthy captain and her uncle, but to press for the day. This I fervently did. But (as I might have expected) she repeated her former answer; to wit, That when the settlements were completed; when the licence was actually obtained; it would be time enough to name the day: 'And, O Mr. Love-'lace!' said she, turning from me with a grace inimitably tender, her handkerchief at her eyes, 'what a happiness, if 'my dear uncle could be prevailed up-'on to be personally a father, on this oc-'casion, to *the poor father-less girl!*'

What's the matter with me!—Whence this dew-drop!—A tear!—As I hope to be saved, it is a tear, Jack!—Very ready methinks!—Only on reciting!—But her lovely image was before me, in the very attitude she spoke the words—And indeed at the time she spoke them, these lines of Shakespeare came into my head—

'Thy heart is big. Get thee apart, and weep!
'Passion, I see, is catching—For my eyes,
'Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
'Begin to water.'—

I withdrew, and wrote to the captain to the following effect—I desired, that he would be so good as to acquaint his dear friend, that we entirely acquiesced with what he had proposed; and had already *properly* cautioned the gentlewoman of the house, and their servants, as well as our own: and to tell him, that if he would in person give me the blessing of his dear niece's hand, it would crown the wishes of both. In this case, I consented, that his own day, *as I presumed it would be a short one*, should be ours: that by this means the secret would be with fewer persons: that I myself, as well as he, thought the ceremony could not be too privately performed; and this not only for the sake of the wife end he had proposed to answer by it, but because I would not have Lord M. think himself slighted; since that nobleman, as I had told him, [the captain] had once intended to be our nuptial-father; and actually made the offer; but that we had declined to accept of it, and that for no other reason than to avoid a publick wedding; which his beloved niece would not come into, while she was in disgrace with her friends—But that if he chose not to do us this honour, I wished that Captain Tomlinson might be the trusty person whom he would have to be present on the happy occasion.

I shewed this letter to my fair-one. She was not displeased with it. So Jack, we cannot now move too fast, as to settlements and licence: the day is her *uncle's day*, or *Captain Tomlinson's*, perhaps, as shall best suit the occasion. Miss Howe's smuggling-scheme is now surely provided against in all events.

But I will not by anticipation make thee a judge of all the benefits that may flow from this my elaborate contrivance. Why will these girls put me upon my *master-strokes?*

And now for a little mine which I am getting ready to spring. The *first* that I have sprung, and at the rate I go on, (now a *resolution*, and now a *remorse*) perhaps the *last* that I shall attempt to spring.

A *little* mine, I call it. But it may be attended with great effects. I shall not, however, absolutely depend upon the success of it, having much more effectual ones in reserve. And yet great engines are often moved by small springs. A little spark falling by accident into a powder-magazine, hath done more execution in a siege, than an hundred cannon.

Come the worst, the *hymeneal torch*, and a *white sheet*, must be my *amende honorable*, as the French have it.

LETTER LVI.*

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6.

UNSUCCESSFUL as hitherto my application to you has been, I cannot for the heart of me forbear writing once more in behalf of this admirable woman: and yet am unable to account for the zeal which impels me to take her part with an earnestness so sincere.

But all her merit thou acknowledgest; all thy own vileness thou confessest, and even gloriest in it: what hope then of moving so hardened a man?—Yet, as it is not too late, and thou art nevertheless upon the crisis, I am resolved to try what another letter will do. It is but my writing in vain, if it do no good; and if thou wilt let me prevail, I know thou wilt hereafter think me richly entitled to thy thanks.

To *argue* with thee would be folly. The case cannot require it. I will only *entreat* thee, therefore, that thou wilt not let such an excellence lose the reward of her vigilant virtue.

I believe

I believe there never were libertines so vile, but purposed, at some future period of their lives, to set about reforming; and let me beg of thee, that thou wilt, in this great article, make thy future repentance as easy, as some time hence thou wilt wish thou *hadst* made it.

If thou proceedest, I have no doubt, that this affair will end tragically, one way or other. It *must*. Such a woman must interest both gods and men in her cause. But what I most apprehend, is, that with her own hand, in resentment of the perpetrated outrage, she (like another Lucretia) will assert the purity of her heart: or, if her piety preserve her from this violence, that wasting grief will soon put a period to her days. And in either case, will not the remembrance of thy *ever-during* guilt, and *transitory* triumph, be a torment of torments to thee?

'Tis a seriously sad thing, after all, that so fine a creature should have fallen into such vile and remorseless hands: for, from thy cradle, as I have heard thee own, thou ever delightedst to sport with and torment the animal, whether bird or beast, that thou lovedst, and hadst a power over.

How different is the case of this fine woman from that of any other whom thou hast seduced!—I need not mention to thee, nor insist upon the striking difference: justice, gratitude, thy interest, thy vows, all engaging thee; and thou certainly loving her, as far as thou art capable of love, above all her sex. She not to be drawn aside by art, or to be made to suffer from credulity, nor for want of wit and discernment; (that will be another cutting reflection to so fine a mind as hers:) the contention between you only unequal, as it is between naked innocence and armed guilt. In everything else, as thou owneſt, her talents greatly superior to thine!—What a fate will hers be, if thou art not at last overcome by thy reiterated remorses!

At first, indeed, when I was admitted into her presence; (and till I observed her meaning air, and heard her speak) I supposed, that she had no very uncommon *judgment* to boast of: for I made, as I thought, but *just* allowances for her blossoming youth, and for that loveliness of person, and for that ease and elegance in her dress, which I imagined must have taken up half her time and study to cultivate; and yet I had been prepared by thee to entertain a very high opinion of her sense and her reading. 'Her choice of this gay fellow, upon 'such hazardous terms,' (thought I) 'is 'a confirmation that her *wit* wants that 'maturity which only *years* and *experience* can give it. Her *knowledge*' (argued I to myself) 'must be all *theory*; 'and the complaisance ever consorting 'with an age so green and so gay, will 'make so inexperienced a lady at least 'forbear to shew herself *disgusted* at freedoms of discourse in which those present of her own sex, and some of ours, '(so learned, so well read, and so travelled) allow themselves.'

In this presumption, I ran on; and having the advantage, as I conceited, of all the company but you, and being desirous to appear in her eyes a mighty clever fellow, I thought I *shewed away*, when I said any foolish things that had more sound than sense in them: and when I made silly jests, which attracted the smiles of thy Sinclair, and the specious Partington: and that Miss Harlowe did not smile too. I thought was owing to her youth or affectation, or to a mixture of both, perhaps to a greater command of her features.—Little dreamt I, that I was incurring her contempt all the time.

But when, as I said, I heard her speak, which she did not till she had fathomed us all; when I heard her sentiments on two or three subjects, and took notice of that searching eye, darting into the very inmost cells of our frothy brains; by my faith, it made me look about me; and I began to recollect, and be ashamed of all I had said before; in short, was resolved to sit silent, till every one had talked round to keep my folly in countenance. And then I raised the subjects, that she *could* join in; and which she *did* join in, so much to the confusion and surprize of every-one of us!—For even thou, Lovelace, so noted for smart wit, repartee, and a vein of raillery, that delighteth all who come near thee, satest in palpable darkness, and lookedst about thee, as well as we.

One instance only, of this, shall I remind thee of?

We talked of *wit*, and of *wits*, and aimed at it, bandying it like a ball from one to another, and reflng it chiefly with thee, who wert always proud enough and vain enough of the attribute; and then more especially as thou hadst assembled us, as far as I know, principally to shew thy lady thy superiority over us; and us thy triumph over her. And then Tourville (who is always satisfied with wit at *second-hand*; wit upon memory; other mens wit) repeated some verses,

as applicable to the ſubject; which two of us applauded, though full of *double entendre*. Thou, ſeeing the lady's ſerious air on one of their repetitions, appliedſt thyſelf to her, deſiring her notions of wit: a quality, thou ſaidſt, which every-one prized, whether flowing from himſelf, or found in another.

Then it was that ſhe took all our attention. It was a quality much talked of, ſhe ſaid, but, ſhe believed, very little underſtood. At leaſt, if ſhe might be ſo free as to give her judgment of it from what had paſſed in the preſent converſation, ſhe muſt ſay, that wit with men was one thing; with women, another.

This ſtartled us all:—how the women looked!—How they purſed in their mouths; a broad ſmile the moment before, upon each, from the verſes they had heard repeated, ſo well underſtood, as we ſaw, by their looks! While I beſought her to let us know, for our inſtruction, what wit was with *women*; for ſuch I was ſure it *ought* to be with *men*.

Cowley, ſhe ſaid, had defined it prettily by negatives. Thou deſiredſt her to repeat his definition.

She did; and with ſo much graceful eaſe, and beauty, and propriety of accent, as would have made bad poetry delightful.

> 'A thouſand different ſhapes it bears;
> 'Comely in thouſand ſhapes appears.
> 'Tis not a *tale*, 'tis not a *jeſt*,
> Admir'd with *laughter* at a *feaſt*,
> Nor *florid talk*, which muſt this title gain:
> The proofs of wit for ever muſt remain.
> 'Much leſs can that have any place
> At which a virgin hides her face.
> Such droſs the fire muſt purge away:—'Tis
> 'juſt
> The author bluſh there, where the reader
> '*muſt*.'

Here ſhe ſtopt, looking round her upon us all with conſcious ſuperiority, as I thought. Lord, how we ſtared! Thou attemptedſt to give us thy definition of wit, that thou mighteſt have ſomething to ſay, and not ſeem to be ſurprized into ſilent modeſty.

But, as if ſhe cared not to truſt thee with the ſubject, referring to the ſame author as for his more poſitive deciſion, ſhe thus, with the ſame harmony of voice and accent, emphatically decided upon it.

> '*Wit*, like a luxuriant vine,
> Unleſs to *Virtue*'s prop it join,
> Firm and erect, tow'rd Heaven bound,
> Though it with beauteous leaves and plea-
> 'ſant fruit be crown'd,
> Its lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.'

If thou recollecteſt this part of the converſation, and how like fools we looked at one another; how much it put us out of conceit with ourſelves, and made us fear her, when we found our converſation thus excluded from the very character which our vanity had made us think unqueſtionably ours; and if thou profiteſt properly by the recollection, thou wilt be of my mind, that there is not ſo much wit in wickedneſs as we had flattered ourſelves there was.

And after all, I have been of opinion ever ſince *that* converſation, that the wit of all the rakes and libertines I ever converſed with, from the brilliant Bob Lovelace down to little Johnny Hartop, the punſter, conſiſts moſtly in ſaying bold and ſhocking things, with ſuch courage as ſhall make the modeſt bluſh, the impudent laugh, and the ignorant ſtare.

And why doſt thou think I mention theſe things, ſo mal-à-propos, as it may ſeem!—Only, let me tell thee, as an inſtance (among many that might be given from the ſame evening's converſation) of this fine woman's ſuperiority in thoſe talents which ennoble nature, and dignify her ſex—Evidenced not only to each of us, as we offended, but to the flippant Partington, and the groſſer, but egregiouſly hypocritical Sinclair, in the correcting eye, the diſcouraging bluſh, in which was mixed as much diſpleaſure as modeſty, and ſometimes, as the occaſion called for it, (for we were ſome of us hardened above the ſenſe of feeling *delicate* reproof) by the ſovereign contempt, mingled with a diſdainful kind of pity, that ſhewed at once her own conſcious worth, and our deſpicable worthleſſneſs.

O Lovelace! what then was the triumph, even in my eye, and what is it ſtill upon reflection, of *true* modeſty, of *true* wit, and *true* politeneſs, over frothy jeſt, laughing impertinence, and an obſcenity ſo ſhameful, even to the guilty, that they cannot hint at it but under a double meaning!

Then, as thou haſt ſomewhere obſerved, all her correctives *avowed* by her eye. Not poorly, like the generality of her ſex, affecting ignorance of meanings too obvious to be concealed; but ſo reſenting, as to ſhew each impudent laugher, the offence given to, and taken by, a purity, that had miſtaken it's way, when it fell into ſuch company.

Such is the woman, ſuch is the angel, whom thou haſt betrayed into thy power, and wouldſt deceive and ruin.—Sweet creature! did ſhe but know how ſhe is

ſurrounded, (as I then thought, as well as now think) and what is *intended*, how much ſooner would death be her choice, than ſo dreadful a ſituation!—And how effectually would her ſtory, were it generally known, warn all the ſex againſt throwing themſelves into the power of ours, let our vows, oaths, and proteſtations, be what they will!

But let me beg of thee, once more, my dear Lovelace, if thou haſt any regard for thine own honour, for the honour of thy family, for thy future peace, or for my opinion of thee, (who yet pretend not to be ſo much moved by principle, as by that dazzling merit which ought ſtill more to attract *thee*) to be prevailed upon—to be—to be *humane*, that's all—Only, that thou wouldeſt not diſgrace our common humanity!

Hardened as thou art, I know, that they are the abandoned people in the houſe who keep thee up to a reſolution againſt her. O that the ſagacious fair-one (with ſo much innocent charity in her own heart) had not ſo reſolutely held thoſe women at diſtance!—That, as the *boarded* there, ſhe had often*er* *tabled* with them! Specious as they are, in a week's time, ſhe would have ſeen through them; they could not have been always ſo guarded, as they were when they ſaw her but ſeldom, and when they *prepared* themſelves to ſee her; and ſhe would have fled their houſe as a place infected. And yet, perhaps, with ſo determined an enterprizer, this diſcovery might have accelerated her ruin.

I know that thou art nice in thy loves. But are there not hundreds of women, who, though not utterly abandoned, would be taken with thee for mere *perſonal* regards! Make a toy, if thou wilt, of principle with reſpect to ſuch of the ſex as regard it as a toy; but rob not an angel of thoſe purities, which, in her own opinion, conſtitute the difference between angelick and brutal qualities.

With regard to the paſſion itſelf, the leſs of ſoul in either man or woman, the more ſenſual are they. Thou, Lovelace, haſt a ſoul, though a corrupted one; and art more intent (as thou even glorieſt) upon the preparative ſtratagem, than upon the end of conquering.

See we not the natural bent of ideots and the crazed? the very appetite is *body*; and when we ourſelves are moſt fools, and crazed, then are we moſt eager in theſe purſuits. See what fools this paſſion makes the wiſeſt men! What ſnivellers, what dotards, when they ſuffer themſelves to be run away with by it!—An *unpermanent paſſion!* Since, if (aſhamed of it's *more proper* name) we muſt call it *love*, *love gratified*, *is love ſatisfied*—*And love ſatisfied*, *is indifference begun*. And this is the caſe where *conſent* on one ſide adds to the obligation on the other. What then but remorſe can follow a forcible attempt?

Do not even chaſte lovers chuſe to be alone in their courtſhip preparations, aſhamed to have even a child to witneſs to their fooliſh actions, and more fooliſh expreſſions? Is this deified paſſion, in it's greateſt altitudes, fitted to ſtand the day? Do not the lovers, when mutual conſent awaits their wills, retire to coverts, and to darkneſs, to complete their wiſhes? And ſhall ſuch a ſneaking paſſion as this, which can be ſo eaſily gratified by viler objects, be permitted to debaſe the nobleſt?

Were not the delays of thy vile purpoſes owing more to the awe which her majeſtick virtue has inſpired thee with, than to thy want of adroitneſs in villainy; [I *muſt* write my free ſentiments in this caſe; for have I not *ſeen* the angel?] I ſhould be ready to cenſure ſome of thy contrivances and pretences to ſuſpend the expected day, as *trite*, *ſtale*, and (to me, who know thy intention) *poor*; and too often reſorted to, as nothing comes of them, to be gloried in; particularly that of Mennel, the vapouriſh lady, and the ready-furniſhed houſe.

She muſt have thought ſo too, at times, and in her heart deſpiſed thee for them, or love thee (ungrateful as thou art!) to her misfortune; as well as entertain hope againſt probability. But this would afford another warning to the ſex, were they to know her ſtory; as it would ſhew them what poor pretences they muſt *ſeem* to be ſatisfied with, if once they put themſelves into the power of a deſigning man.

If *trial* only was thy end, as once was thy pretence, enough ſurely haſt thou tried this paragon of virtue and vigilance. But I knew thee too well, to expect, at the *time*, that thou wouldeſt ſtop there. Men of our caſt put no other bound to their views upon any of the ſex, than what want of power compels them to put. I knew that from one advantage gained, thou wouldeſt proceed to attempt another. Thy habitual averſion to wedlock, too well I knew; and indeed thou avoweſt thy hope to bring her to *cohabitation*, in that very letter in which thou pretendeſt *trial* to be thy principal view.

But do not even thy own frequent

and involuntary remorſes, when thou haſt time, place, company, and every other circumſtance, to favour thee in thy wicked deſign, convince thee, that there can be no room for a hope ſo preſumptuous?—Why then, ſince thou wouldeſt chuſe to marry her rather than loſe her, wilt thou make her hate thee for ever?

But if thou dareſt to meditate *perſonal* trial, and art ſincere in thy reſolution to reward her, as ſhe behaves in it, let me beſeech thee to remove her from this vile houſe. That will be to give her and thy conſcience fair play. So entirely now does the ſweet deluded excellence depend upon her ſuppoſed happier proſpects, that thou needeſt not to fear that ſhe will fly from thee, or that ſhe will wiſh to have recourſe to that ſcheme of Miſs Howe, which has put thee upon what thou calleſt thy *maſter-ſtroke*.

But whatever be thy determination on this head; and if I write not in time, but that thou haſt actually pulled off the maſk; let it not be one of thy devices, if thou wouldeſt avoid the curſes of every heart, and hereafter of thy own, to give her, no not for one hour, (be her reſentment ever ſo great) into the power of that villainous woman, who has, if poſſible, leſs remorſe than thyſelf; and whoſe *trade* it is to break the reſiſting ſpirit, and utterly to ruin the heart unpractiſed in evil.—O Lovelace, Lovelace, how many dreadful ſtories could this horrid woman tell the ſex! And ſhall that of a Clariſſa ſwell the guilty liſt?

But this I might have ſpared. Of this, devil as thou art, thou canſt not be capable. Thou couldſt not enjoy a triumph ſo diſgraceful to thy wicked pride, as well as to humanity.

Shouldeſt thou think, that the melancholy ſpectacle hourly before me has made me more ſerious than uſual, perhaps thou wilt not be miſtaken. But nothing more is to be inferred from hence (were I even to return to my former courſes) but that whenever the time of cool reflection comes, whether brought on by our own diſaſters, or by thoſe of others, we ſhall undoubtedly, if capable of thought, and if we have time for it, think in the ſame manner.

We neither of us are ſuch fools as to diſbelieve a futurity, or to think, whatever be our practice, that we came hither by chance, and for no end but to do all the miſchief we have it in our power to do. Nor am I aſhamed to own, that in the prayers which my poor uncle makes me read to him, in the abſence of a very good clergyman who regularly attends him, I do not forget to put in a word or two for myſelf.

If, Lovelace, thou laugheſt at me, thy ridicule will be more conformable to thy *actions* than to thy *belief*.—*Devils believe and tremble*. Canſt thou be more abandoned than they?

And here let me add, with regard to my poor old man, that I often wiſh thee preſent but for one half-hour in a day, to ſee the dregs of a gay life running off in the moſt excruciating tortures, that the colick, the ſtone, and the ſurgeon's knife, can unitedly inflict, and to hear him bewail the diſſoluteneſs of his paſt life, in the bittereſt anguiſh of a ſpirit every hour expecting to be called to it's laſt account.—Yet, by all his confeſſions, he has not to accuſe himſelf, in ſixty-ſeven years of life, of half the *very* vile enormities, which you and I have committed in the laſt ſeven only.

I conclude with recommending to your ſerious conſideration all I have written, as proceeding from the heart and ſoul of *your aſſured friend*,

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER LVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 6.

DIFFICULTIES ſtill to be got over in procuring this plaguy licence. I ever hated, and ever ſhall hate, theſe ſpiritual lawyers, and their court.

And now, Jack, if I have not ſecured *victory*, I have a *retreat*.

But hold—Thy ſervant with a letter.

A CONFOUNDED *long* one, though not a *narrative* one—Once more in behalf of this lady!—Lie thee down, oddity! What canſt thou write that can have force upon me at this criſis?—And have I not, as I went along, made thee to ſay all that was neceſſary for thee to ſay?

YET once more, I will take thee up. *Trite*, *ſtale*, *poor*, (ſayeſt thou) are ſome of my contrivances? That of the widow particularly!—I have no patience with thee. Had not that contrivance it's effect at that time, for a procraſtination?—And had I not then reaſon to fear, that the lady would find enough to make her diſlike this houſe? And was it not right (intending what I intended) to lead her on from time to time, with a notion, that a houſe of her own would be ready

for her ſoon, in order to induce her to continue here till it was?

Trite, *ſtale*, and *poor!*—Thou art a ſilly fellow, and no judge, when thou ſayeſt this. Had I not, like a blockhead, revealed to thee, as I *went along*, the ſecret purpoſes of my heart, but had kept all in, till the event had explained my myſteries, I would have defied thee to have been able, any more than the lady, to have gueſſed at what was to befal her, till it had actually come to paſs. Nor doubt I, in this caſe, that, inſtead of preſuming to reflect upon her for credulity, as *loving me to her misfortune*, and for *hoping againſt probability*, thou wouldeſt have been readier, by far, to cenſure her for nicety and over-ſcrupulouſneſs. And, let me tell thee, that had ſhe loved me as I wiſhed her to love me, ſhe could not poſſibly have been ſo very apprehenſive of my deſi ns, nor ſo ready to be influenced by Miſs Howe's precautions, as ſhe has always been, although my general character made not for me with her.

But in thy opinion, I ſuffer for that ſimplicity in my contrivances, which is their principal excellence. No machinery make I neceſſary. No unnatural flights aim I at. All pure nature, taking advantage of nature, as nature tends; and ſo ſimple my devices, that when they are known, thou, even *thou*, imagineſt, thou couldeſt have thought of the ſame. And indeed thou ſeemeſt to *own*, that the ſlight thou putteſt upon them, is owing to my letting thee into them before-hand—undiſtinguiſhing, as well as ungrateful as thou art!

Yet, after all, I would not have thee think, that I do not know my weak places. I have formerly told thee, that it is difficult for the ableſt general to ſay what he *will* do, or what he *can* do, when he is obliged to regulate his motions by thoſe of a watchful enemy. If thou giveſt due weight to this conſideration thou wilt not wonder that I ſhould make many marches and countermarches, ſome of which may appear to a ſlight obſerver unneceſſary.

But let me curſorily enter into debate with thee on this ſubject, now I am within ſight of my journey's end.

Abundance of impertinent things thou telleſt me in this letter; ſome of which thou hadſt from myſelf; others that I knew before.

All that thou ſayeſt in this charming creature's praiſe, is ſhort of what I have ſaid and written, on the inexhauſtible ſubject.

Her virtue, her reſiſtance, which are her *merits*, are my *ſtimulatives*. Have I not told thee ſo twenty times over?

Devil, as theſe girls between them call me, what of devil am I, but in my *contrivances*? I am not more a devil, than others, in the *end* I aim at; for when I have carried my point, it is ſtill but *one* ſeduction. And I have perhaps been ſpared the guilt of *many* ſeductions in the time.

What of uncommon would there be in this caſe, but for her watchfulneſs?—As well as I love intrigue and ſtratagem, doſt think, that I had not rather have gained my end with leſs trouble and leſs guilt?

The man, let me tell thee, who is as wicked as he *can* be, is a worſe man than I am. Let me aſk any rake in England, if, reſolving to carry his point, he would have been *ſo long about it?* or have had *ſo much compunction* as I have had?

Were every rake, nay, were every man, to ſet down, as I do, and write all that enters into his head, or into his heart, and to accuſe himſelf with equal freedom and truth, what an army of miſcreants ſhould I have to keep me in countenance!

It is a maxim with ſome, that if they are left alone with a woman, and make not an attempt upon her, ſhe will think herſelf affronted—Are not ſuch men as theſe worſe than I am? What an opinion muſt they have of the whole ſex?

Let me defend the ſex I ſo dearly love. If theſe elder brethren of ours think they have general reaſon for their aſſertion, they muſt have kept very bad company, or muſt judge of women's hearts by their own. She muſt be an abandoned woman, who will not ſhrink as a ſnail into it's ſhell, at a *groſs* and *ſudden* attempt. A modeſt woman muſt be naturally *cold*, *reſerved*, and *ſhy*. She cannot be *ſo much*, and *ſo ſoon* affected as libertines are apt to imagine. She muſt, *at leaſt*, have ſome confidence in the *honour* and *ſilence* of a man, before deſire can poſſibly put forth in her, to encourage and meet his flame. For my own part, I have been always decent in the company of women, till I was *ſure* of them. Nor have I ever offered a *great* offence, till I have found *little* ones paſſed over; and that they ſhunned me not, when they knew my character.

My divine Clariſſa has puzzled me, and beat me out of my play: at one time, I hoped to overcome by *intimidating* her; at another, by *love*; by the amorous *ſee-ſaw*, as I have called it.

And I have only now to join *surprize* to the other two, and see what can be done by all three.

And whose property, I pray thee, shall I invade, if I pursue my schemes of love and vengeance? Have not those who have a right to her, renounced that right? Have they not wilfully exposed her to dangers? Yet must know, that such a woman would be considered as lawful prize, by as many as could have the opportunity to attempt her?—And had they not thus cruelly exposed her, is she not a *single woman*? And need I tell thee, Jack, that men of our cast, the *best* of them, [the *worst* stick at nothing] think it a great grace and favour done to the married men, if they leave them their wives to themselves: and compound for their sisters, daughters, wards, and nieces? Shocking as these principles must be to a reflecting mind, yet such thou knowest are the principles of thousands, (who would not act so generously, as I have acted by almost all the sex, over whom I have obtained a power;) and as often carried into practice, as their opportunities or courage will permit.—Such therefore have no right to blame *me*.

Thou repeatedly pleadest her sufferings from her family. But I have too often answered this plea, to need to say any more now, than that she has not suffered for *my sake*. For has she not been made the victim of the malice of her rapacious brother and envious sister, who only waited for an occasion to ruin her with her other relations; and took this *as the first* to drive her out of the house; and as it happened, into my arms?—Thou knowest how much *against her inclination*.

As for her *own* sins, how many has the dear creature to answer for to *love* and to *me*!—Twenty times, and twenty times twenty, has she not told me, that she refused not the odious Solmes in favour to me? And as often has she not offered to renounce me for the single life, if the implacables would have received her on that condition?—Of what repetitions does thy weak pity make me guilty?

To look a little farther back: Canst thou forget what my sufferings were from this haughty beauty in the whole time of my attendance upon her proud motions, in the purlieus of Harlowe Place, and at the little White Hart at Neale, as we called it?—Did I not threaten vengeance upon her then, (and had I not reason?) for disappointing me of a promised interview?

O Jack! what a night had I in the bleak coppice adjoining to her father's paddock! My linen and wig frozen; my limbs absolutely numbed; my fingers only sensible of so much warmth, as enabled me to hold a pen; and that obtained by rubbing the skin off, and by beating with my hands my shivering sides! Kneeling on the hoar moss on one knee, writing on the other, if the stiff scrawl could be called writing! My feet, by the time I had done, seeming to have taken root, and actually unable to support me for some minutes!—Love and rage then kept my heart in motion, [and only love and rage could do it] or how much more than I *did* suffer, must I have suffered!

I told thee, at my melancholy return, what were the contents of the letter I wrote. And I shewed thee afterwards, her tyrannical answer to it. Thou, then, Jack, lovedst thy friend; and pitiedst thy poor suffering Lovelace. Even the affronted god of Love approved then of my threatened vengeance against the fair promiser; though now with thee, in the day of my power, forgetful of the night of my sufferings, he is become an advocate for her.

Nay, was it not he himself that brought to me my adorable *Nemesis*; and both together put me upon this very vow, That I would never rest till I had drawn in this goddess-daughter of the Harlowes to cohabit with me; and that in the face of all their proud family?

Nor canst thou forget this vow.—At this instant I have thee before me, as then thou sorrowfully lookedst. Thy strong features glowing with compassion for me; thy lips twisted; thy forehead furrowed; thy whole face drawn out from the stupid round into the ghastly oval; every muscle contributing it's power to complete the aspect grievous; and not one word couldst thou utter, but *amen* to my vow.

And what of distinguishing love, or favour, or confidence, have I had from her since, to make me forego this vow?

I *renewed* it not, indeed, afterwards; and actually, for a long season, was willing to forget it; till repetitions of the same faults revived the remembrance of the former. And now adding to those the contents of some of Miss Howe's virulent letters, so lately come, what canst thou say for the rebel, consistent with thy loyalty to thy friend?

Every man to his genius and constitution. Hannibal was called *The father of warlike stratagems*. Had Hannibal been a private

a private man, and turned his plotting head againſt the *other ſex*, or had I been a general, and turned mine againſt ſuch of my fellow creatures of *my own*, as I thought myſelf entitled to conſider as my enemies, becauſe they were born and lived in a different climate; Hannibal would have done leſs miſchief; Lovelace more.—That would have been the difference.

Not a ſovereign on earth, if he be not a *good man*, and if he be of a warlike tempe, but muſt do a thouſand times more miſchief than I. And why? Becauſe he has it in his *power* to do more.

An honeſt man, perhaps thou'lt ſay, will not wiſh to have it in his power to do hurt. He *ought not*, let me tell him: for, if he have it, a thouſand to one but it makes him both wanton and wicked.

In what, then, am I ſo *ſingularly* vile?

In my *contrivances*, thou wilt ſay, (for thou art my echo) if not in my propoſed *end* of them.

How difficult does every man find it, as well as I, to forego a predominant paſſion! I have three paſſions that ſway me by turns; all imperial ones. Love, Revenge, Ambition, or a deſire of conqueſt.

As to this particular contrivance of Tomlinſon and the uncle, which perhaps thou wilt think a black one; that had been ſpared, had not theſe *innocent* ladies put me upon finding a huſband for their Mrs. Townſend: that device, therefore, is but a *preventive* one. Thinkeſt thou, that I could bear to be outwitted? And may not this very contrivance ſave a world of miſchief? For doſt thou think, I would have tamely given up the lady to Townſend's tars?

What meaneſt thou, except to overthrow thy own plea, when thou ſayeſt, *that men of our caſt know no other bound to their wickedneſs, but want of power*; yet knoweſt this lady to be in mine?

Enough, ſayeſt thou, *have I tried this paragon of virtue*. Not ſo; for I have not tried her at all—All I have been doing, is but *preparation to a trial*.

But thou art concerned for the *means* that I may have recourſe to in the *trial*, and for my *veracity*.

Silly fellow!—Did ever any man, thinkeſt thou, deceive a woman, but at the expence of his veracity; how, otherwiſe, can he be ſaid to *deceive*?

As to the *means*, thou doſt not imagine, that I expect a *direct* conſent. My main hope is but in a yielding reluctance; without which I will be ſworn, whatever rapes have been attempted, none ever were committed, one perſon to one perſon. And good Queen Beſs of England, had ſhe been living, and appealed to, would have declared herſelf of my mind.

It would not be amiſs for the ſex to know what our opinions are upon this ſubject. I love to warn them. I wiſh no man to ſucceed with them but myſelf. I told thee once, that *though a rake, I am not a rake's friend*.

Thou ſayeſt, that I ever hated wedlock. And true thou ſayeſt. And yet *as* true, when thou telleſt me, that I *would rather marry than loſe this lady*. And *will ſhe deteſt me for ever*, thinkeſt thou, if I try her, and ſucceed not?—Take care, Jack!—Seeſt thou not, that thou warneſt me, that I do not try without reſolving to conquer?

I muſt add, that I have for ſome time been convinced that I have done wrong, to ſcribble to thee ſo freely as I have done, (and the more ſo, if I make the lady legally mine;) for has not every letter I have written to thee been a bill of indictment againſt myſelf? I may partly curſe my vanity for it; and I think I will refrain for the future; for thou art really very impertinent.

A *good* man, I own, might urge many of the things thou urgeſt; but by my ſoul, they come very awkwardly from thee. And thou muſt be ſenſible, that I can anſwer every tittle of what thou writeſt, upon the foot of the *maxims we have long held and purſued*.—By the ſpecimen above, thou wilt ſee that I can.

And pr'ythee tell me, Jack, what but this that follows would have been the epitome of mine and my beloved's ſtory, *after ten years cohabitation*, had I never written to thee upon the ſubject, and had I not been my own accuſer?

'Robert Lovelace, a notorious wo-
'man-eater, makes his addreſſes in an
'honourable way to Miſs Clariſſa Har-
'lowe; a young lady of the higheſt me-
'rit—Fortunes on both ſides out of the
'queſtion.

'After encouragement given, he is
'inſulted by her violent brother; who
'thinks it his intereſt to diſcountenence
'the match; and who at laſt challeng-
'ing him is obliged to take his worthleſs
'life at his hands.

'The family as much enraged, as if
'he had *taken* the life he *gave*, inſult him
'perſonally, and find out an odious
'lover for the young lady.

'To avoid a forced marriage, ſhe is
prevailed

'prevailed upon to take a ſtep, which 'throws her into Mr. Lovelace's pro-'tection.

'Yet, diſclaiming any paſſion for him, 'ſhe repeatedly offers to renounce him 'for ever, if, on that condition, her re-'lations will receive her, and free her 'from the addreſs of the man ſhe hates.

'Mr. Lovelace, a man of ſtrong paſ-'ſions, and, as ſome ſay, of great pride, 'thinks himſelf under very little obliga-'tion to her on this account; and not 'being naturally fond of marriage, and 'having ſo much reaſon to hate her re-'lations, endeavours to prevail upon 'her to live with him, without the calls the 'life of honour: and at laſt, by ſtratagem, 'art, and contrivance, prevails.

'He reſolves never to marry any other 'woman: takes a pride to have her call-'ed by his name: a church-rite all the 'difference between them: treats her 'with deſerved tenderneſs. Nobody 'queſtions their marriage but thoſe 'proud relations of hers, whom he 'wiſhes to queſtion it. Every year a 'charming boy. Fortunes to ſupport 'the increaſing family with ſplendor. 'A tender father. Always a warm 'friend; a generous landlord, and a 'punctual paymaſter. Now-and-then, 'however, perhaps, indulging with a 'new object, in order to bring him back 'with greater delight to his charming 'Clariſſa—His only fault love of the 'ſex—Which, nevertheleſs, the women 'ſay, will cure itſelf—Defenſible *thus* 'far, that he breaks no contracts by his 'rovings.'

And what is there ſo very greatly amiſs, AS THE WORLD GOES, in all this?

Let me aver, that there are thouſands and ten thouſands, who have worſe ſto-ries to tell than this would appear to be, had I not intereſted thee in the progreſs to my great end. And beſides, thou knoweſt that the character I gave myſelf to Joſeph Leman, as to my treatment of my miſtreſſes, is pretty near the truth.

Were I to be as much in earneſt in my defence, as thou art warm in my ar-raignment, I could convince thee, by other arguments, obſervations, and compariſons, [*Is not all human good and evil comparative?*] that though from my ingenuous temper, (writing only to thee, who art maſter of every ſecret of my heart) I am ſo ready to accuſe myſelf in my narrations; yet I have ſome-thing to ſay *for* myſelf *to* myſelf, as I go along; though no one elſe, perhaps, that was not a rake, would allow any weight to it.—And this caution might I give to thouſands, who would ſtoop for a ſtone to throw at me: 'See that your own 'predominant paſſions, whatever they be, 'hurry you not into as much wicked-'neſs, as *mine* do *me*. See, if ye happen 'to be better than I in ſome things, 'that ye are not worſe in others; and in 'points too, that may be of more ex-'tenſive bad conſequences, than that of 'ſeducing a girl, (and taking care of her 'afterwards) who *from her cradle is armed* 'with cautions againſt the deluſions of men.'

And yet I am not ſo partial to my own follies as to think lightly of *this* fault, when I allow myſelf to think.

Another grave thing will I add, now my hand is in: So dearly do I love the ſex, that had I found, that a character for virtue had been generally *neceſſary* to recommend me to them, I ſhould have had a much greater regard to my morals as to the ſex than I have had.

To ſum up all—I am ſufficiently ap-prized, that men of worthy and honeſt hearts, who never allowed themſelves in *premeditated* evil, and who take into the account the excellencies of this fine crea-ture, will and muſt not only condemn, but *abhor* me, were they to know as much of me as thou doſt. But, me-thinks, I would be glad to eſcape the cenſure of thoſe men and thoſe women too, who have never known what capi-tal trials and temptations are; of thoſe who have no genius for enterprize; of thoſe who want rather courage than will; and moſt particularly of thoſe, who have kept their ſecret better than I have kept, or wiſh to keep, mine. Were theſe exceptions to take place, perhaps, Jack, I ſhould have ten to ac-quit, to one that ſhould condemn me. Have I not often ſaid, *That human na-ture is a rogue?*

I THREATENED above to refrain writ-ing to thee. But take it not to heart, Jack—I muſt write on, and cannot help it.

LETTER LVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, 11 O'CLOCK.

FAITH, Jack, thou hadſt half un-done me with thy nonſenſe, though I would not own it in my yeſterday's letter: my conſcience of thy party be-fore.—But I think I am my own man again.

So near to execution my plot; ſo near ſpringing my mine; all agreed upon be-tween

tween the women and me; or I believe thou hast overthrown me.

I have time for a few lines preparative to what is to happen in an hour or two; and I love to write to the *moment*.

We have been extremely happy. How many agreeable days have we known together!—What may the next two hours produce?

When I parted with my charmer, (which I did, with infinite reluctance, half an hour ago) it was upon her promise, that she would not sit up to write or read. For so engaging was the conversation to me, (and indeed my behaviour throughout the whole of it was confessedly agreeable to her) that I insisted, if she did not directly retire to rest, that we should add another happy hour to the former.

To have sat up writing or reading half the night, as she sometimes does, would have frustrated my view, as thou wilt observe, when my little plot unravels.

'WHAT—What—What now!—'Bounding villain! wouldst thou choak 'me.'

I was speaking to my heart, Jack!—It was then at my throat.—And what is all this for?—These shy women, how, when a man thinks himself near the mark, do they *tempest* him!

'Is all ready, Dorcas? Has my be-'loved kept her word with me?'—Whether are these billowy heavings owing more to love or to fear? I cannot tell for the soul of me, of which I have most. If I can but take her before her apprehension, before her eloquence, is awake—

Limbs, why thus convulsed?—Knees, till now so firmly knit, why thus relaxed? Why beat you thus together? Will not these trembling fingers, which twice have refused to direct the pen, fail me in the arduous moment?

Once again, Why and for what all these convulsions? This project is not to end in *matrimony*, surely!

But the consequences must be greater than I had thought of till this moment—My beloved's destiny or my own may depend upon the issue of the two next hours!

I will recede, I think!—

SOFT, O virgin saint, and safe as soft, be thy slumbers!

I will now once more turn to my friend Belford's letter. Thou shalt have fair play, my charmer. I will re-peruse what thy advocate has to say for thee. Weak arguments will do, in the frame I am in.

But, what, what's the matter!—What a *double*—But the uproar abates!—What a *double coward* am I?—Or is it that I am taken in a cowardly minute? For heroes have their fits of *fear*; cowards their *brave* moments; and virtuous women, all but my Clarissa, their moment *critical*.

But thus coolly enjoying thy reflections in a hurricane!—Again the confusion is renewed!

What!—Where!—How came it!
Is my beloved safe—
O wake not too roughly my beloved!

LETTER LIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THURS. MORN. 5 O'CLOCK, (JUNE 8.)

NOW is my reformation secured; for I never shall love any other woman! O she is all variety! she must be ever new to me! *Imagination* cannot form; much less can the pencil paint; nor can the soul of painting, *Poetry*, describe an angel so exquisitively, so elegantly lovely!—But I will not by anticipation pacify thy impatience. Although the subject is too hallowed for profane contemplation, yet shalt thou have the whole before thee as it passed: and this not from a spirit wantoning in description upon so rich a subject; but with a design to put a bound to thy roving thoughts. It will be iniquity *greater than a Lovelace ever was guilty of*, to carry them farther than I shall acknowledge.

Thus then connecting my last with the present, I lead to it.

Didst thou not, by the conclusion of my former, perceive the consternation I was in, just as I was about to re-peruse thy letter, in order to prevail upon myself to recede from my purpose of awaking in terrors my slumbering charmer? And what dost think was the matter?

I'll tell thee—

At a little after two, when the whole house was still, or seemed to be so, and, as it proved, my Clarissa in bed, and fast asleep; I also in a manner undressed (as indeed I was for an hour before) and in my gown and slippers, though, to oblige thee, writing on; I was alarmed by a trampling noise over head, and a confused buz of mixed voices, some louder than others, like scolding, and little short of screaming. While I was wondering what could be the matter, down

down ſtairs ran Dorcas, and at my door, in an accent rather frightedly and hoarſely inward, than ſhrilly clamorous, ſhe cried out 'Fire! Fire!' And this the more alarmed me, as ſhe ſeemed to endeavour to cry out louder, but could not.

My pen (it's laſt ſcrawl a benediction on my beloved) dropt from my fingers; and up ſtarted I; and making but three ſteps to the door, opening it, I cried out, 'Where! where!' almoſt as much tertified as the wench: while ſhe, more than half-undreſſed, her petticoats in her hand, unable to ſpeak diſtinctly, pointed up ſtairs.

I was there in a moment, and found all owing to the careleſſneſs of Mrs. Sinclair's cook-maid, who having ſat up to read the ſimple *Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Fawnia* when ſhe ſhould have been in bed, had ſet fire to an old pair of callico window-curtains.

She had the preſence of mind, in her fright, to tear down the half-burnt-valens, as well as curtains, and had got them, though blazing, into the chimney, by the time I came up; ſo that I had the ſatisfaction to find the danger happily over.

Mean time Dorcas, after ſhe had directed me up ſtairs, not knowing the worſt was over, and expecting every minute the houſe would be in a blaze, out of tender regard for her lady, [*I ſhall for ever love the wench for it*] ran to her door, and rapping loudly at it, in a recovered voice, cried out with a ſhrillneſs equal to her love, '*Fire! fire!* '*—The houſe is on fire!—Riſe! Madam!* '*—This inſtant riſe—if you would not be* '*burnt in your bed!*'

No ſooner had ſhe made this dreadful outcry, but I heard her lady's door, with haſty violence, unbar, unbolt, unlock, and open, and my charmer's voice ſounding like that of one going into a fit.

Thou mayeſt believe that I was greatly affected. I trembled with concern for her, and haſtened down faſter than the alarm of fire had made me run up, in order to ſatisfy her, that all the danger was over.

When I had *flown down* to her chamber-door, there I beheld the moſt charming creature in the world, ſupporting herſelf on the arm of the gaſping Dorcas, ſighing, trembling, and ready to faint, with nothing on but an under-petticoat, her lovely boſom half-open, and her feet juſt ſlipt into her ſhoes. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe panted, and ſtruggled to ſpeak; but could only ſay, 'Oh, Mr. Lovelace!' and down was ready to ſink.

I claſped her in my arms with an ardour ſhe never felt before: 'My deareſt 'life! fear nothing: I have been up— 'The danger is over—The fire is got 'under—And how, fooliſh devil!' [to Dorcas] 'could you thus, by your hide-'ous yell, alarm and frighten my angel!'

O Jack! how her ſweet boſom, as I claſped her to mine, heaved and panted! I could even diſtinguiſh her dear heart flutter, flutter, flutter, againſt mine; and for a few minutes, I feared ſhe would go into fits.

Leſt the half-lifeleſs charmer ſhould catch cold in this undreſs, I lifted her to her bed, and ſat down by her upon the ſide of it, endeavouring with the utmoſt tenderneſs, as well of action as expreſſion, to diſſipate her terrors.

But what did I get by this my generous care of her, and by my *ſucceſsful* endeavour to bring her to herſelf?—Nothing (ungrateful as ſhe was!) but the moſt paſſionate exclamations: for we had both already forgotten the occaſion, dreadful as it was, which had thrown her into my arms: I, from the joy of incircling the almoſt diſrobed body of the loveliеſt of her ſex; ſhe, from the greater terrors that aroſe from finding herſelf in my arms, and both ſeated on the bed, from which ſhe had been ſo lately frighted.

And now, Belford, reflect upon the diſtance at which the watchful charmer had hitherto kept me? reflect upon my love, and upon her ſuffering for her: reflect upon her vigilance, and how long I had laid in wait to elude it; the awe I had ſtood in, becauſe of her frozen virtue and over-niceneſs; and that I never before was ſo happy with her; and then think how ungovernable muſt be my tranſports in thoſe happy moments!—And yet, in my own account, I was both decent and generous.

But, far from being affected, as I wiſhed, by an addreſs ſo fervent, (although from a man for whom ſhe had ſo lately owned a regard, and with whom, but an hour or two before, ſhe had parted with ſo much ſatisfaction) I never ſaw a bitterer or more moving grief, when ſhe came fully to herſelf.

She appealed to Heaven againſt my *treachery*, as ſhe called it; while I, by the moſt ſolemn vows, pleaded my own equal fright, and the reality of the danger that had alarmed us both.

She conjured me, in the moſt ſolemn and



Painter delin. Engraver Sculp.

LOVELACE *in consequence of an alarm of* FIRE, *flies to* CLARISSA'S BED CHAMBER, *from which she intreats him to depart.*

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and affecting manner, by turns threatening and ſoothing, to quit her apartment, and permit her to hide herſelf from the light, and from every human eye.

I beſought her pardon, yet could not avoid offending; and repeatedly vowed, that the next morning's ſun ſhould witneſs our eſpouſals: but, taking, I ſuppoſe, all my proteſtations of this kind as an indication that I intended to proceed to the laſt extremity, ſhe would hear nothing that I ſaid; but redoubling her ſtruggles to get from me, in broken accents, and exclamations the moſt vehement, ſhe proteſted, that ſhe would not ſurvive what ſhe called a treatment ſo diſgraceful and villainous; and, looking all wildly round her, as if for ſome inſtrument of miſchief, ſhe eſpied a pair of ſharp-pointed ſciſſars on a chair by the bed-ſide, and endeavoured to catch them up, with a deſign to make her words good on the ſpot.

Seeing her deſperation, I begged her to be pacified; that ſhe would hear me ſpeak but one word; declaring that I intended no diſhonour to her: and having ſeized the ſciſſars, I threw them into the chimney; and ſhe ſtill inſiſting vehemently upon my diſtance, I permitted her to take the chair.

But, O the ſweet diſcompoſure!—Her bared ſhoulders, and arms ſo inimitably fair and lovely: her ſpread hands croſſed over her charming neck; yet not half concealing it's gloſſy beauties: the ſcanty coat, as ſhe roſe from me, giving the whole of her admirable ſhape, and fine-turn'd limbs: her eyes running over, yet ſeeming to threaten future vengeance: and at laſt her lips uttering what every indignant look and glowing feature portended; exclaiming as if I had done the worſt I could do, and vowing never to forgive me; wilt thou wonder if I reſumed the incenſed, the already too-much-provoked fair-one?

I did; and claſped her once more to my boſom: but, conſidering the delicacy of her frame, her force was amazing, and ſhewed how much in earneſt ſhe was in her reſentment; for it was with the utmoſt difficulty that I was able to hold her: nor could I prevent her ſliding through my arms, to fall upon her knees: which ſhe did at my feet? and there, in the anguiſh of her ſoul, her ſtreaming eyes lifted up to my face with ſupplicating ſoftneſs, hands folded, diſhevelled hair; for her night head-dreſs having fallen off in her ſtruggling, her charming treſſes fell down in naturally ſhining ringlets, as if officious to conceal the dazzling beauties of her neck and ſhoulders; her lovely boſom too heaving with ſighs, and broken ſobs, as if to aid her quivering lips, in pleading for her—In this manner, but when her grief gave way to her ſpeech, in words pronounced with that emphatical propriety, which diſtinguiſhes this admirable creature in her elocution from all the women I ever heard ſpeak; did ſhe implore my compaſſion, and my honour.

'Conſider me, *dear* Lovelace,' [*dear* was her charming word!] 'on my knees 'I beg you to conſider me, as a poor 'creature who has no protector but you; 'who has no defence but your honour: 'by that honour! By your humanity! 'By all you have vowed! I conjure you 'not to make me abhor myſelf!—Not 'to make me vile in my own eyes!'

I mentioned to-morrow as the happieſt day of my life.

'Tell me not of to-morrow. If in-'deed you mean me honourably, now, 'this very inſtant NOW! you muſt ſhew 'it, and be gone! You can never in a 'whole long life repair the evils you 'may NOW make me ſuffer.

'Wicked wretch!—Inſolent villain!' —Yes, ſhe called me inſolent villain, although ſo much in my power! And for what?—only for kiſſing *(with paſſion indeed)* her inimitable neck, her lips, her cheeks, her forehead, and her ſtreaming eyes, as this aſſemblage of beauties offered itſelf at once to my raviſhed ſight; ſhe continuing kneeling at my feet as I ſat.

'If I *am* a villain, Madam—' And then my graſping, but trembling hand —I hope I did not hurt the tendereſt and loveliеſt of all her beauties—'If I *am* 'a villain, Madam—'

She tore my ruffle, ſhrunk from my happy hand, with amazing force and agility, as with my other arm I would have encircled her waiſt.

'Indeed you are!—The worſt of vil-'lains!—Help! dear bleſſed people!' and ſcreamed—'No help for a poor 'creature!'

'*Am* I then a villain, Madam?—*Am* 'I then a villain, ſay you?'—and claſped both my arms about her, offering to raiſe her to my bounding heart.

'O no!—And yet you are!'—And again I was her *dear* Lovelace!—Her hands again claſped over her charming boſom: 'Kill me! Kill me!—If I am 'odious enough in your eyes, to deſerve 'this treatment; and I will thank you! '—Too long, much too long, has my 'life been a burden to me!—Or,' wildly looking all round her, 'give me but the 'means, and I will inſtantly convince 'you,

'you, that my honour is dearer to me
'than my life!'

Then, with ſtill folded hands, and freſh ſtreaming eyes, I was her *bleſſed* Lovelace; and ſhe would thank me with her lateſt breath, if I would permit her to make that preference, or free her from further indignities.

I ſat ſuſpended for a moment: 'By
'my ſoul,' thought I, 'thou art, upon
'full proof, an angel and no woman!'
Still, however, cloſe claſping her to my boſom, as I had raiſed her from her knees, ſhe again ſlid through my arms, and dropt upon them:—'See, Mr. Love-
'lace!—Good God! that I ſhould live
'to ſee this hour, and to bear this treat-
'ment!—See at your feet a poor crea-
'ture, imploring your pity, who, for
'your ſake, is abandoned of all the
'world! Let not my father's curſe thus
'dreadfully operate! Be not *you* the in-
'flicter, who have been the *cauſe* of it:
'but ſpare me, I beſeech you ſpare me!
'—For how have I deſerved this treat-
'ment from you?—For *your own ſake*,
'if not for *my ſake*, and as you would
'that God Almighty, in your laſt hour,
'ſhould have mercy upon *you*, ſpare me!'

What heart but muſt have been penetrated?

I would again have raiſed the dear ſuppliant from her knees; but ſhe would not be raiſed, till my ſoftened mind, ſhe ſaid, had yielded to her prayer, and bid her riſe to be innocent.

'Riſe then, my angel! Riſe, and be
'what you are, and all you wiſh to be!
'Only pronounce me pardoned for what
'has paſſed, and tell me you will conti-
'nue to look upon me with that eye of
'favour and ſerenity which I have been
'bleſſed with for ſome days paſt, and I
'will ſubmit to my beloved conquereſs,
'whoſe power never was at ſo great an
'height with me, as now, and retire to
'my apartment.'

'God Almighty,' ſaid ſhe, 'hear your
'prayers in your moſt arduous moments,
'as you have heard mine! And now
'leave me, this moment leave me, to
'my own recollection: in *that* you will
'leave me to miſery enough, and more
'than you ought to wiſh to your bitter-
'eſt enemy.'

'Impute not every-thing, my beſt be-
'loved, to deſigh, for deſign it was not.

'O, Mr. Lovelace!'

'Upon my ſoul, Madam, the fire was
'real.'—[*And ſo it was, Jack!*]—The
'houſe, my deareſt life, might have been
'conſumed by it, as you will be con-
'vinced in the morning by ocular de-
'monſtration.'

'O, Mr. Lovelace!'

'Let my paſſion for you, Madam,
'and the unexpected meeting of you at
'your chamber-door, in an attitude ſo
'charming—'

'Leave me, leave me, this moment!
'I beſeech you leave me;' looking wildly and in confuſion about her, and upon herſelf.

'Excuſe me, deareſt creature, for
'thoſe liberties, which, innocent as they
'were, your too great delicacy may make
'you take amiſs.'

'No more!—No more!—Leave me,
'I beſeech you!' Again looking upon herſelf, and round her, in a ſweet confuſion—'Be gone! Be gone!'

Then weeping, ſhe ſtruggled vehemently to withdraw her hands, which all the while I held between mine.—Her ſtruggles!—O what additional charms, as I now reflect, did her ſtruggles give to every feature, every limb, of a perſon ſo ſweetly elegant and lovely!

'Impoſſible, my deareſt life, till you
'pronounce my pardon!—Say but you
'forgive me!—Say but you forgive me!'

'I beſeech you, be gone! Leave me
'to myſelf, that I may think what I *can*
'do, and what I *ought* to do.'

'That, my deareſt creature, is not
'enough. You muſt tell me, that I
'am forgiven; that you will ſee me to-
'morrow, as if nothing had happened.'

And then I claſped her again in my arms, hoping ſhe would not forgive me—

'I will—I do forgive you.—Wretch
'that you are!'

'Nay, my Clariſſa! And is it ſuch
'a reluctant pardon, mingled with a
'word ſo upbraiding, that I am to be
'put off with, when you are thus'
[Claſping her cloſe to me] 'in my
'power?'

'I do, I *do* forgive you!'

'Heartily?'

'Yes, heartily!'

'And freely?'

'Freely!'

'And will you look upon me to-mor-
'row as if nothing had paſſed?'

'Yes, yes!'

'I cannot take theſe peeviſh affirma-
'tives, ſo much like intentional nega-
'tives!—Say you will, upon your ho-
'nour.'

'Upon my honour, then—O now,
'be gone! be gone!—And never, ne-
'ver—'

'What never, my angel!—Is this
'forgiveneſs?'

'Never,' ſaid ſhe, 'let what has paſſed
'be remembered more!'

I inſiſted upon one kiſs to ſeal my par-

don

don—And retired like a fool, a woman's fool, as I was!—I ſneakingly retired!—Couldſt thou have believed it?

But I had no ſooner entered my own apartment, than, reflecting upon the opportunity I had loſt, and that all I had gained was but an increaſe of my own difficulties; and upon the ridicule I ſhould meet with below upon a weakneſs ſo much out of my uſual character; I repented, and haſtened back, in hope, that through the diſtreſs of mind which I left her in, ſhe had not ſo ſoon faſtened the door; and I was fully reſolved to execute all my purpoſes, be the conſequence what it would; 'For,' thought I, 'I have already ſinned beyond *cordial* 'forgiveneſs, I doubt; and if fits and 'deſperation enſue, I can but marry at 'laſt, and then I ſhall make her amends.'

But I was juſtly puniſhed; for her door was faſt: and hearing her ſigh and ſob, as if her heart would burſt, 'My be-'loved creature,' ſaid I, rapping gently, [Her ſobbings then ceaſing] 'I want 'but to ſay three words to you, which 'muſt be the moſt acceptable you ever 'heard from me. Let me ſee you but 'for one moment.'

I thought I heard her coming to open the door, and my heart leapt in that hope; but it was only to draw another bolt, to make it ſtill the faſter: and ſhe either could not or would not anſwer me, but retired to the further end of her apartment, to her cloſet probably: and more like a fool than before, again I ſneaked away.

This was my mine, my plot! And this was all I made of it!

I love her more than ever!—And well I may!—Never ſaw I poliſhed ivory ſo beautiful as her arms and ſhoulders; never touched I velvet ſo ſoft as her ſkin: her virgin boſom—O Belford! ſhe is all perfection! Then ſuch an elegance!—In her ſtruggling loſing her ſhoe, (but juſt ſlipt on, as I told thee) her pretty foot equally white and delicate as the hand of any other woman!

But ſeeſt thou not that I have a claim of merit for a grace that every-body hitherto hath denied me? And that is, for a capacity of being moved by prayers and tears—Where, where, on this occaſion, was the *callus*, where the flint, by which my heart was ſaid to be ſurrounded?

This, indeed, is the firſt inſtance, in the like caſe, that ever I was wrought upon. But why? *Becauſe, I never before encountered a reſiſtance ſo much in earneſt:* a reſiſtance, in ſhort, ſo irreſiſtible.

What a triumph has her ſex obtained in my thoughts by this trial, and this reſiſtance?

But if ſhe can *now* forgive me—*Can!*—She *muſt*.—Has ſhe not upon her honour already done it?—But how will the dear creature keep that part of her promiſe, which engages her to ſee me in the morning, as if nothing had happened?

She would give the world, I fancy, to have the firſt interview over!—She had not beſt reproach me—Yet *not* to reproach me!—What a charming puzzle!—Let her break her word with me at her peril. Fly me ſhe cannot—No appeals lie from my tribunal—What friend has ſhe in the world, if my compaſſion exert not itſelf in her favour?—And then the worthy Captain Tomlinſon, and her uncle Harlowe, will be able to make all up for me, be my *next* offence what it will.

As to thy apprehenſions of her committing any raſhneſs upon herſelf, whatever ſhe might have done in her paſſion if ſhe could have ſeized upon her ſciſſars, or found any other weapon, I dare ſay, there is no fear of that from her *deliberate* mind. A man has trouble enough with theſe truly pious, and truly virtuous girls; [*Now I believe there are ſuch*] he had need to have ſome benefit *from*, ſome ſecurity *in*, the rectitude of their minds.

In ſhort, I fear nothing in this lady but grief: yet that's a ſlow worker, you know; and gives time to pop in a little joy between it's ſullen fits.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

THE

HISTORY

OF

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

LETTER I.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THURSDAY MORN. EIGHT O'CLOCK.

HER chamber-door has not yet been opened. I muſt not expect ſhe will breakfaſt with me. Nor dine with me, I doubt. A little ſilly ſoul, what trouble does ſhe make to herſelf by her overniceneſs!—All I have done to her, would have been looked upon as a *frolick* only, a *romping-bout*, and laughed off by nine parts in ten of the ſex accordingly. The more ſhe makes of it, the more painful to herſelf, as well as to me.

Why now, Jack, were it not better, upon *her own* notions, that ſhe ſeemed not *ſo ſenſible* as ſhe will make herſelf to be, if ſhe is *very* angry?

But perhaps I am more afraid than I need. I believe I am. From her *over*-niceneſs ariſes my fear, more than from any extraordinary reaſon for reſentment. Next time, ſhe may count herſelf very happy, if ſhe come off no worſe.

The dear creature was ſo frightened, and ſo fatigued, laſt night, no wonder ſhe lies it out this morning.

I hope ſhe has had more reſt than I have had. Soft and balmy, I hope, have been her ſlumbers, that ſhe may meet me in tolerable temper. All ſweetly bluſhing and confounded—I *know* how ſhe will look!—But why ſhould ſhe, the *ſufferer*, be aſhamed, when I, the *treſpaſſer*, am not?

But cuſtom's a prodigious thing. The women are told how much their bluſhes brighten their graces: they practiſe for them therefore: bluſhes come as haſtily when they call for them, as their tears: aye, that's it! while we men, taking bluſhes for a ſign of guilt or ſheepiſhneſs, are equally ſtudious to ſuppreſs them.

By my troth, Jack, I am half as much aſhamed to ſee the women below, as my fair-one can be to ſee me. I have not yet opened my door, that I may not be obtruded upon by them.

After all, what devils may one make of the ſex! To what a height of—What ſhall I call it?—muſt thoſe of it be arrived, who once loved a man with ſo much diſtinction, as both Polly and Sally loved me; and yet can have got ſo much above the pangs of jealouſy, ſo much above the mortifying reflections that ariſe from dividing and ſharing with new objects the affections of them they prefer to all others, as to wiſh for and promote a competitorſhip in his love, and make their ſupreme delight conſiſt in reducing others to their level!—For thou canſt not imagine, how even Sally Martin rejoiced laſt night in the thought that the lady's hour was approaching.

PAST TEN O'CLOCK.

I NEVER longed in my life for anything with ſo much impatience, as to ſee my charmer. She has been ſtirring, it ſeems, theſe two hours.

Dorcas juſt now tapped at her door, to take her morning commands.

She had none for her, was the anſwer.

She deſired to know, If ſhe would not breakfaſt?

A ſullen and low-voiced *negative* received Dorcas.

I will go myſelf.

THREE different times tapped I at the door; but had no anſwer.

'Permit me, deareſt creature, to enquire after your health. As you have not been ſeen to-day, I am impatient to know how you do.'

Not a word of anſwer; but a deep ſigh, even to ſobbing.

'Let me beg of you, Madam, to accompany me up another pair of ſtairs —You'll rejoice to ſee what a happy eſcape we have all had.'

A happy eſcape indeed, Jack!—For the fire had ſcorched the window-board ſinged the hangings, and burnt through the ſlit-deal lining of the window-jambs.

'No anſwer, Madam! — Am I not worthy of one word?—Is it thus you keep your promiſe with me?—Shall I not have the favour of your company for two minutes' [Only for two minutes] in the dining-room?'

'Hem!'—And a deep ſigh!—were all the anſwer.

'Anſwer me but how you do! Anſwer me but that you are well! Is this the forgiveneſs that was the condition of my obedience?'

Then, in a faintiſh, but angry voice, 'Be gone from my door!—Wretch! inhuman, barbarous, and all that is baſe and treacherous!—be gone from my door!—Nor teaze thus a poor creature, entitled to protection, not outrage.'

'I ſee, Madam, how you keep your word with me!—*If* a ſudden impulſe, the effects of an unthought-of accident, cannot be forgiven—'

'O the dreadful weight of a father's curſe, thus in the very letter of it—'

And then her voice dying away in murmurs inarticulate, I looked though the key-hole, and ſaw her on her knees, her face, though not towards me, lifted up, as well as hands, and theſe folded, deprecating, I ſuppoſe, that gloomy tyrant's curſe.

I could not help being moved.

'My deareſt life! admit me to your preſence but for two minutes, and confirm your promiſed pardon; and may lightning blaſt me on the ſpot, if I offer any-thing but my penitence, at a ſhrine ſo ſacred!—I will afterwards leave you for the whole day; and till to-morrow morning; and then attend you with writings, all ready to ſign, a licence obtained, or if it cannot, a miniſter without one. This once believe me! When you ſee the reality of the danger that gave occaſion for this your unhappy reſentment, you will think leſs hardly of me. And let me beſeech you to perform a promiſe on which I made a reliance not altogether ungenerous.'

'I cannot ſee you! Would to Heaven 'I never had! If I write, that's all I can 'do.'

'Let your writing then, my deareſt 'life, confirm your promiſe: and I will 'withdraw in expectation of it.'

PAST ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

She rung her bell for Dorcas; and, with her door in her hand, only half-opened, gave her a billet for me.

'How did the dear creature look, 'Dorcas?'

'She was dreſſed. She turned her face 'quite from me; and ſighed, as if her 'heart would break.'

'Sweet creature!'—I kiſſed the wet wafer, and drew it from the paper with my breath.

Theſe are the contents.—No inſcriptive 'Sir!' No 'Mr. Lovelace!'

'I CANNOT ſee you: nor will I, if I 'can help it. Words cannot expreſs the 'anguiſh of my ſoul on your baſeneſs 'and ingratitude.

'If the circumſtances of things are 'ſuch, that I can have no way for re'conciliation with thoſe who would have 'been my natural protectors from ſuch 'outrages, but through *you*, [The only 'inducement I can have to ſtay a mo'ment longer in your knowledge] pen 'and ink muſt be, at preſent, the only 'means of communication between us.

'Vileſt of men! and moſt deteſtable of 'plotters! how have I deſerved from 'you the ſhocking indignities—But no 'more—Only for your own ſake, wiſh 'not, at leaſt for a week to come, to ſee 'the *undeſervedly injured and inſulted*

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

So thou ſeeſt, nothing could have ſtood me in ſtead, but this plot of Tomlinſon and her uncle! To what a pretty paſs, nevertheleſs, have I brought myſelf!—Had Cæſar been ſuch a fool, he had never paſſed the rubicon. But after he *had* paſſed it, had he retreated *re infecta*, intimidated by a ſenatorial edict, what a pretty figure would he have made in hiſtory!—I might have known, that to attempt a robbery, and put a perſon in bodily fear, is as puniſhable as if the robbery had been actually committed.

But not to ſee her for a week!—Dear pretty fool! how ſhe anticipates me in every-thing! The counſellor will have finiſhed the writings to-day or to-morrow, at furtheſt: the licence with the parſon, or the parſon without the licence, muſt be alſo procured within the next four-and-twenty hours; Pritchard

is

is as good as ready with his indentures tripartite: Tomlinſon is at hand with a favourable anſwer from her uncle—*Yet not to ſee her for a week!*—Dear ſweet ſoul!—Her good angel is gone a journey: is truanting at leaſt. But nevertheleſs, in thy week's time, or in much leſs, my charmer, I doubt not to complete my triumph!

But what vexes me of all things, is, that ſuch an excellent creature ſhould break her word:—Fie, fie, upon her!—But nobody is abſolutely perfect! *'Tis human to err*, but *not to perſevere*—I hope my charmer cannot be inhuman!

LETTER II.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

KING'S-ARMS, PALL MALL, THURSDAY, TWO O'CLOCK.

SEVERAL billets paſſed between us before I went out, by the *internunciaſhip* of Dorcas: for which reaſon mine are ſuperſcribed by her married name.—She would not open her door to receive them; leſt I ſhould be near it, I ſuppoſe: ſo Dorcas was forced to put them under the door; (after copying them for thee) and thence to take the anſwers. Read them, if thou wilt, at this place.

'TO MRS. LOVELACE.

'INDEED, my deareſt life, you carry this matter too far. What will the people below, who ſuppoſe us one as to the ceremony, think of ſo great a niceneſs? Liberties ſo innocent! the occaſion of accidental!—You will expoſe *yourſelf* as well as *me*—Hitherto they know nothing of what has paſſed. And what indeed *has* paſſed, to occaſion all this reſentment?—I am ſure, you will not, by a breach of your word of honour, give me reaſon to conclude, that had I *not* obeyed you, I could have fared no worſe.

'Moſt ſincerely do I repent the offence given to your delicacy—But muſt I, for ſo accidental an occurrence, be branded by ſuch ſhocking names?—*Vileſt of men*, and *moſt deteſtable of plotters*, are hard words!—From the pen of ſuch a lady too.

'If you ſtep up another pair of ſtairs, you will be convinced, that, however *deteſtable* I may be to you, I am no *plotter* in this affair.

'I muſt inſiſt upon ſeeing you, in order to take your directions upon ſome of the ſubjects we talked of yeſterday in the evening.

'All that is *more than neceſſary is too much*. I claim your promiſed pardon, and wiſh to plead it on my knees.

'I beg your preſence in the dining-room for one quarter of an hour, and I will then leave you for the day. I am, *my deareſt life, your ever-adoring and truly penitent*,

'LOVELACE.'

'TO MR. LOVELACE.

'I WILL not ſee you. I cannot ſee you. I have no directions to give you. Let Providence decide for me as it pleaſes.

'The more I reflect upon your vileneſs, your ingrateful, your barbarous vileneſs, the more I am exaſperated againſt you.

'You are the *laſt* perſon, whoſe judgment I will take upon what is or is not carried too far in matters of decency.

''Tis grievous to me to write, or even to *think* of you at preſent. Urge me no more then. Once more, I will *not* ſee you. Nor care I, now you have made me vile to myſelf, what other people think of me.'

'TO MRS. LOVELACE.

'AGAIN, Madam, I remind you of your promiſe: and beg leave to ſay, I inſiſt upon the performance of it.

'Remember, deareſt creature, that the fault of a blameable perſon cannot warrant a fault in one more perfect. *Over-niceneſs* my be *under-niceneſs!*

'I cannot reproach myſelf with anything that deſerves this high reſentment.

'I own that the violence of my paſſion for you might have carried me beyond fit bounds—But that your commands and adjurations had power over me at *ſuch* a moment, I humbly preſume to ſay, deſerves ſome conſideration.

'You enjoin me not to ſee you for a week. If I have not your pardon before Captain Tomlinſon comes to town, what ſhall I ſay to *him?*

'I beg once more your preſence in the dining-room. By my ſoul, Madam, I *muſt* ſee you.

'I want to conſult you about the licence, and other particulars of great importance. The people below think us married; and I cannot talk to you upon ſuch ſubjects with the door between us.

'For

'For Heaven's sake, favour me with your presence for a few minutes: and I will leave you for the day.

'If I am to be forgiven, according to your promise, the earlier forgiveness will be most obliging, and will save great pain to yourself as well as to *your truly contrite and afflicted*

'LOVELACE.'

'TO MR. LOVELACE.

'THE more you teaze me, the worse it will be for you.

'*Time* is wanted to consider whether I ever should think of you at all.

'At *present*, it is my sincere wish, that I may never more see your face.

'All that can afford you the least shadow of favour from me, arises from the hoped-for reconciliation with my *real* friends, not my *Judas* protector.

'I am careless at present of consequences. I hate myself: and who is it I have reason to value?—Not the man who could form a plot to disgrace his own hopes, as well as a poor friendless creature, *(made friendless by himself)* by insults not to be thought of with patience.'

'TO MRS. LOVELACE.

'MADAM,

'I WILL go to the Commons, and proceed in every particular as if I had not the misfortune to be under your displeasure.

'I must insist upon it, that however faulty my passion on so unexpected an incident, made me appear to a lady of your delicacy, yet my compliance with your entreaties at *such* a moment [As it gave you an instance of your power over me, which few men could have shewn] ought, duly considered, to entitle me to the effects of that solemn promise which was the condition of my obedience.

'I hope to find you in a kinder, and, I will say, *juster* disposition on my return. Whether I get the licence, or not, let me beg of you to make the *soon* you have been pleased to bid me hope for, to-morrow morning. This will reconcile every-thing, and make me the happiest of men.

'The settlements are ready to sign, or will be by night.

'For Heaven's sake, Madam, do not carry your resentment into a displeasure so disproportionate to the offence. 'For that would be, to expose us both to the people below; and, what is of infinitely more consequence to us, to Captain Tomlinson. Let us be able, I beseech you, Madam, to assure him, on his next visit, that we are one.

'As I have no hope to be permitted to dine with you, I shall not return till evening: and then, I presume to say, 'I *expect* [Your *promise* authorizes me to use the word] to find you disposed to bless, by your consent for to-morrow, 'your adoring, 'LOVELACE.'

WHAT pleasure did I propose to take, how to *enjoy* the sweet confusion in which I expected to find her, while all was so recent!—But she *must*, she *shall*, see me on my return. It were better for *herself*, as well as for *me*, that she had not made *so much ado about nothing*. I must keep my anger alive, lest it sink into compassion. *Love* and *compassion*, be the provocation ever so great, are hard to be separated: while *anger* converts what would be *pity* without it, into *resentment*. Nothing can be lovely in a man's eye, with which he is thoroughly displeased.

I ordered Dorcas, on putting the last billet under the door, and finding it taken up, to tell her, that I hoped an answer to it before I went out.

Her reply was verbal, '*Tell him that I 'care not whither he goes, nor what he does.*' —*And this*, re-urged by Dorcas, *was all she had to say to me.*

I looked through the key-hole at my going by her door, and saw her on her knees, at her bed's feet, her head and bosom on the bed, her arms extended; [*Sweet creature, how I adore her!*] and in an agony she seemed to be, sobbing, as I heard at that distance, as if her heart would break—By my soul, Jack, I am a *pitiful* fellow. Recollection is my enemy! —Divine excellence! —Happy with her for so many days together! Now so unhappy!—And for what?——But she is purity herself.—And why, after all, should I thus torment—But I must not trust myself with myself, in the humour I am in.

WAITING here for Mowbray and Mallory, by whose aid I am to get the licence, I took papers out of my pocket, to divert myself; and thy last popt officiously the first into my hand. I gave it the honour of a re-perusal; and this revived the subject with me, with which I had resolved not to trust myself.

I remember, that the dear creature, in her torn answer to my proposals, says *That condescension is not meanness.* She better

better knows how to make this out, than any mortal breathing. Condescension indeed *implies* dignity: and dignity ever *was* there in *her* condescension. Yet such a dignity, as gave grace to the condescension; for there was no pride, no insult, no apparent superiority, indicated by it.—This, Miss Howe confirms to be a part of her general character

I can tell her, how she might behave, to make me her own for ever. She knows she cannot fly me. She knows she must see me sooner or later; the sooner the more gracious.—I would allow her to resent; [Not because the liberties I took with her require resentment, were she not a CLARISSA; but as it becomes her particular niceness to resent:] but would she shew more *love* than *abhorrence* of me in her resentment; would she *seem*, if it were *but* to *seem*, to believe the fire no device, and all that followed merely accidental; and descended, upon it, to tender expostulation, and upbraiding for the advantage I would have taken of her surprize; and would she, at last, be satisfied (as *well* she may) that it was attended with no further consequence; and place some generous confidence in my honour; [*Power loves to be trusted, Jack*;] I think I would put an end to all her trials, and pay her my vows at the altar.

Yet, to have taken such bold steps, as with Tomlinson and her uncle—To have made such a progress—O Belford, Belford, how have I puzzled myself, as well as her!—This cursed aversion to wedlock how it has entangled me!—What contradictions has it made me guilty of!

How pleasing to myself, to look back upon the happy days I gave her; though mine would doubtless have been more unmixedly so, could I have determined to lay aside my contrivances, and to be as sincere all the time, as she deserved that I should be!

If I find this humour hold but till to-morrow morning, [And it has now lasted two full hours, and I seem, methinks, to have pleasure in encouraging it] I will make thee a visit, I think, or get thee to come to me; and then will I—*consult thee upon it.*

But she will not trust me. She will not confide in my honour. Doubt, in this case, is defiance. She loves me not well enough to forgive me generously. *She is so greatly above me!* How can I forgive her for a merit so mortifying to my pride! She *thinks*, she *knows*, she has *told* me, that she is above me. These words are still in my ears, 'Be gone, Lovelace! '—My soul is above thee, man!—Thou 'hast a proud heart to contend with!—'My soul is above thee, man.' Miss Howe thinks her above me too. Thou, even thou, my friend, my *intimate* friend and companion, art of the same opinion. Then I fear her as much as I love her.—How shall my pride bear these reflections? My wife (as I have often said, because it so often recurs to my thoughts) to be so *much* my superior!—Myself to be considered but as the *second person* in my own family!—Canst thou teach me to bear such a reflection as this!—To tell me of my acquisition in her, and that she, with all her excellences, will be *mine* in full property, is a mistake—It cannot be so—For shall I not be *hers*; and not *my own*?—Will not every act of her duty (as I cannot deserve it) be a condescension, and a triumph over me?—And must I owe it merely to her *goodness*, that she does not despise me?—To have her *condescend* to bear with my follies!—To wound me with an *eye of pity!*—A daughter of the Harlowes thus to excel the last, and as I have heretofore said, not the meanest of the Lovelaces—Forbid it!

Yet forbid it not—For do I not now—do I not every moment—see her before me all over charms, and elegance and purity, as in the struggles of the past midnight? And in these struggles, heart, voice, eyes, hands, and sentiments, so greatly, so gloriously consistent with the character she has sustained from her cradle to the present hour?

But what advantages do I give *thee?* Yet have I not *always* done her justice? Why then thy teazing impertinence?

However, I forgive thee, Jack—Since (so much generous love am I capable of!) I had rather all the world should condemn *me*, than that *her* character should suffer the least impeachment.

The dear creature herself once told me, that there was a strange mixture in my mind.

I have been called *devil* and *Beelzebub*, between the two proud beauties: I must indeed be a Beelzebub, if I had not some tolerable qualities.

But as Miss Howe says, the *suffering-time* of this excellent creature is her *shining-time*. Hitherto she has done nothing but shine.

She called me *villain*, Belford, within these few hours. And what is the sum of the present argument; but that had I *not* been a villain in her sense of

the stand, but had not been so much an angel!

O Jack, Jack! This midnight attempt has made me mad; has utterly undone me! How can the dear creature say, I have made her vile in her *own* eyes, when her behaviour under such a surprise, and her resentment under such circumstances, have so greatly exalted her in *mine*?

Whence, however, this strange rhapsody?—Is it owing to my being *here*? That I am not at *Sinclair's*? But if there be infection in that house, how has my *beloved* escaped it?

But no more in this strain!—I will see what her behaviour will be on my return—Yet already do I begin to apprehend some little sinkings, some little retrogradations: for I have just now a doubt arisen, whether, for *her own* sake, I should wish her to forgive me *lightly*, or with *difficulty*?

I AM in a way to come at the wished-for licence.

I have now given every-thing between my beloved and me a full consideration; and my puzzle is over. What has brought me to a speedier determination, is, that I think I have found out what she means by the *week's* distance at which she intends to hold me. It is, that she may have time to write to Miss Howe, to put in motion that cursed scheme of hers, and to take measures upon it which shall enable her to abandon and renounce me for ever. Now, Jack, *if I obtain not admission to her presence on my return*; but am refused with haughtiness; if her *week* be insisted upon, (such prospects before her:) I shall be confirmed in my conjecture; and it will be plain to me, that weak at best was that love, which could give place to punctilio, at a time when the all-reconciling ceremony, as she must think, waits her command:—then will I recollect all her perverseness; then will I re-peruse Miss Howe's letters, and the transcripts from others of them; give way to my aversion to the life of shackles: and then shall she be mine in my own way.

But, after all, I am in hopes, that she will have better considered of every-thing by the evening; that her threat of a *week's* distance was thrown out in the heat of passion; and that she will allow, that I have as much cause to quarrel with *her* for breach of her word, as she has with *me* for breach of the peace.

These lines of Rowe have got into my head; and I shall repeat them very devoutly all the way the chairmen shall poppet me towards her by-and-by.

'Teach me, some power, the happy art of
'speech,
'To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
'Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
'And never waken the tempestuous passions.'

LETTER III.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 8.

O *For a curse to kill with!*—Ruined! Undone! Outwitted! Tricked!—Zounds, man, the lady is gone off!—Absolutely gone off!—Escaped!

Thou knowest not, nor canst conceive the pangs that wring my heart!—What can I do!—O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

And thou, too, who hast endeavoured to weaken my hands, wilt but clap thy dragon's wings at the tidings!

Yet I must write, or I shall go distracted. Little less have I been these two hours; dispatching messengers to every stage, to every inn, to every waggon or coach, whether flying or creeping, and to every house with a bill up, for five miles round.

The little hypocrite, who knows not a soul in this town, [*I thought I was sure of her at any time*] such an unexperienced traitress; giving me hope too, in her first billet, that her expectation of the family-reconciliation would withold her from taking such a step as this—Curse upon her contrivances!—I thought, that it was owing to her bashfulness, to her modesty, that, after a few innocent freedoms, she could not look me in the face; when, all the while, she was impudently [Yes, I say, *impudently*, though she be Clarissa Harlowe] contriving to rob me of the dearest property I had ever purchased—Purchased by a painful servitude of many months; fighting through the wild-beasts of her family for her, and combating with a wind-mill virtue, which had cost me millions of perjuries only to attempt; and which now, with it's damn'd air-fans, has tost me a mile and an half beyond hope!—And this, just as I had arrived within view of the consummation of all my wishes!

O devil of love! God of love no more—How have I deserved this of thee!—Never before the friend of frozen virtue!—*Powerless* demon, for powerless

thou

thou must be, if thou *mean'st* not to frustrate my hopes; who shall henceforth kneel at thy altars!—May every enterprizing heart abhor, despise, execrate, renounce thee, as I do!—But, O Belford, Belford, what signifies cursing now!

How she could effect this her wicked escape, is my astonishment; the whole sisterhood having charge of her:—for, as yet, I have not had patience enough to enquire into the particulars, nor to let a soul of them approach me.

Of this I am sure, *or I had not brought her hither*; there is not a creature belonging to this house, that could be *corrupted* either by *virtue* or *remorse*: the highest joy every infernal nymph of this worse than infernal habitation, *could* have known, would have been to reduce this proud beauty to her own level.—And as to my villain, who also had charge of her, he is such a seasoned varlet, that he delights in mischief for the sake of it: no bribe could seduce him to betray his trust, were there but wickedness in it!—'Tis well, however, he was out of my way when the cursed news was imparted to me!—Gone, the villain! in quest of her: not to return, nor to see my face [so it seems he declared] till he has heard some tidings of her; and all the *out-of-place* varlets of his numerous acquaintance are summoned and employed in the same business.

To what purpose brought I this angel (angel I must yet call her) to this hellish house?—And was I not meditating to do her deserved honour! By my soul, Belford, I was resolved—But thou knowest what I had *conditionally* resolved—And now, who can tell into what hands she may have fallen?

I am mad, stark mad, by Jupiter, at the thoughts of this!—Unprovided, destitute, unacquainted—some villain, worse than myself, who adores her not as I adore her, may have seized her, and taken advantage of her distress!—Let me perish, Belford, if a whole hecatomb of *innocents*, as the little plagues are called, shall atone for the broken promise and wicked artifices of this *cruel creature!*

Going home, as I did, with resolutions favourable to her, judge thou of my distraction, when her escape was first hinted to me, although but in broken sentences! I knew not what I said, nor what I did. I wanted to kill somebody. I flew out of one room into another, while all avoided me but the veteran Betty Carberry, who broke the matter to me. I charged bribery and corruption, in my first fury, upon all; and threatened destruction to old and young, as they should come in my way.

Dorcas continues *hold up* from me: Sally and Polly have not yet dared to appear: the vile Sinclair—

But here comes the odious devil. She taps at the door, though that's only a-jar, whining and snuffling, to try, I suppose, to coax me into temper.

What a helpless state, where a man can only execrate himself and others; the occasion of his rage remaining; the evil increasing upon reflection; time itself conspiring to deepen it!—O how I cursed her!

I have her now, methinks, before me, blubbering—How odious does sorrow make an ugly face!—Thine, Jack, and this old beldam's, in penitentials, instead of moving compassion, must evermore confirm hatred; while beauty in tears, is beauty heightened, and what my heart has ever delighted to see.

'What excuse!—Confound you, and 'your cursed daughters, what excuse can 'you make?—Is she not gone?—Has she 'not escaped?—But before I am quite 'distracted, before I commit half an 'hundred murders, let me hear how it 'was.'

I have heard her story!—Art, damn'd, confounded, wicked, unpardonable art, in a woman of her character—But shew me a woman, and I'll shew thee a plotter!—This plaguy sex is *art* itself: every individual of it is a plotter by nature.

This is the substance of the old wretch's account.

She told me, That I had no sooner left the vile house, than Dorcas acquainted the syren [*Do, Jack, let me call her names!—I beseech thee, Jack, to permit me to call her names!* than Dorcas acquainted her lady] with it; and that I had left word, that I was gone to Doctors Commons, and should be heard of for some hours at the Horn there, if enquired after by the counsellor, or any-body else: that afterwards I should be either at the Cocoa-Tree, or King's Arms, and should not return till late. She then urged her to take some refreshment.

She was in tears when Dorcas approached her; her saucy eyes swelled with weeping: she refused either to eat or drink; sighed as if her heart would break.—False grief! *not the humble, silent grief, that only deserves pity!*—Contriving

to ruin me, to deſpoil me of all that I held valuable, in the very midſt of it.

Nevertheleſs, being reſolved not to ſee me for a week at leaſt, ſhe ordered her to bring up three or four French rolls, with a little butter, and, a decanter of water; telling her ſhe would diſpenſe with her attendance; and that ſhould be all ſhe would live upon in the interim. So, artful creature! pretending to lay up for a week's ſiege.—For, as to ſubſtantial food, ſhe, no more than other angels—Angels, ſaid I?—The devil take me if ſhe ſhall be any more an angel!—For ſhe is odious in my eyes; and I hate her mortally!

'But, oh! Lovelace, thou lyeſt!—'She is all that is lovely!—All that is 'excellent!'

But *is* ſhe, *can* ſhe be gone!—O how Miſs Howe will triumph!—But if that little fury receive her, fate ſhall make me rich amends; for then will I contrive to have them both.

I was looking back for connexion—but the devil take connexion; I have no buſineſs with it: the contrary beſt befits diſtraction, and that will ſoon be my lot!

Dorcas conſulted the old wretch about obeying her: 'O yes, by all means;' for Mr. Lovelace knew how to come at her at any time; and directed a bottle of Sherry to be added.

This cheerful compliance ſo obliged her, that ſhe was prevailed upon to go up, and look at the damage done by the fire; and ſeemed not only ſhocked at it, but, as they thought, ſatisfied it was no trick; as ſhe owned ſhe had at firſt apprehended it to be. All this made them ſecure; and they laughed in their ſleeves, to think what a childiſh way of ſhewing her reſentment ſhe had found out; Sally throwing out her witticiſms, that Mrs. Lovelace was right, however, *not to quarrel with her bread and butter*.

Now this very childiſhneſs, as *they* imagined it, in ſuch a genius, would have *me* ſuſpect either her head, after what had happened the night before; or her purpoſe, when the marriage was (ſo far as ſhe knew) to be completed within the week in which ſhe was reſolved to ſecrete herſelf from me in the ſame houſe.

She ſent Will with a letter to Wilſon's, directed to Miſs Howe, ordering him to enquire if there were not one for her there.

He only pretended to go, and brought word there was none; and put her letter in his pocket for me.

She then ordered him to carry another (which ſhe gave him) to the Horn Tavern to me. All this done without any ſeeming hurry; yet ſhe appeared to be very ſolemn; and put her handkerchief frequently to her eyes.

Will pretended to come to me, with this letter. But though the dog had the ſagacity to miſtruſt ſomething on her ſending him out a ſecond time, (and to *me*, whom ſhe had refuſed to ſee;) which he thought extraordinary; and mention his miſtruſts to Sally, Polly, and Dorcas; yet they made light of his ſuſpicions; Dorcas aſſuring them all, that her lady ſeemed more ſtupid with her grief, than active; and that ſhe really believed ſhe was a little turned in her head, and knew not what ſhe did. But all of them depended upon her inexperience, her open temper, and upon her not making the leaſt motion towards going out, or to have a coach or chair called, as ſometimes ſhe had done: and ſtill more upon the preparations ſhe had made for a week's ſiege, as I may call it.

Will went out, pretending to bring the letter to me; but quickly returned; his heart ſtill miſgiving him, on recollecting my frequent cautions, that he was not to judge for himſelf, when he had *poſitive* orders; but if any doubt occurred, from circumſtances I could not foreſee, literally to follow them, as the only way to avoid blame.

But it muſt have been in this little interval, that ſhe eſcaped; for ſoon after his return, they made faſt the ſtreet-door and hatch, the mother and the two nymphs taking a little turn into the garden; Dorcas going up ſtairs, and Will (to avoid being ſeen by his lady, or his voice heard) down into the kitchen.

About half an hour after, Dorcas, who had planted herſelf where ſhe could ſee her lady's door open, had the curioſity to go to look through the key-hole, having a miſgiving, as ſhe ſaid, that her lady might offer ſome violence to herſelf, in the mood ſhe had been in all day; and finding the key in the door which was not very uſual, ſhe tapped at it three or four times, and having no anſwer, opened it, with 'Madam, Madam, did you 'call?'—Suppoſing her in her cloſet.

Having no anſwer, ſhe ſtept forward, and was aſtoniſhed to find ſhe was not there. She haſtily ran into the dining-room, then into my apartments; ſearched every cloſet; dreading all the time to behold ſome ſad cataſtrophe.

Not finding her any-where, ſhe ran down to the old creature, and her nymphs,

nymphs, with a 'Have you seen my 'lady?—Then she's gone!—She's no-'where above!'

They were sure she could not be gone out.

The whole house was in an uproar in an instant, some running up-stairs, some down, from the upper rooms to the lower; and all screaming, How should they look *me* in the face!

Will cried out he was a dead man; *he* blamed *them*; *they him*; and every-one was an *accuser*, and an *excuser* at the same time.

When they had searched the whole house, and every closet in it, ten times over, to no purpose, they took it into their heads to send to all the porters, chairmen, and Hackney-coachmen, that had been near the house for two hours past to enquire if any of them saw such a young lady; describing her.

This brought them some light: the only dawning for hope, that I can have, and which keeps me from absolute despair. One of the chairmen gave them this account: That he saw such a one come out of the house a little before four, (in a great hurry, and as if frighted) with a little parcel tied up in an handkerchief, in her hand: that he took notice to his fellow, who plied her without her answering, that she was a fine young lady: that he'd warrant, she had either a bad husband, or very cross parents; for that her eyes seemed swelled with crying. Upon which, a third fellow replied, That it might be a doe escaped from mother *Damnable's* park. This Mrs. Sinclair told me with a curse, and a wish that she knew the saucy villain: —She thought, truly, that she *had a better reputation; so handsomely as she lived, and so justly as she paid every-body for what she bought; her house visited by the best and civilest of gentlemen; and no noise or brawls ever heard, or known in it.*

From these appearances, the fellow who gave this information, had the curiosity to follow her, unperceived. She often looked back. Every-body who passed her, turned to look after her; passing their verdict upon her tears, her hurry, and her charming person; till coming to a stand of coaches, a coachman plied her; was accepted; alighted; opened the coach-door in a hurry, seeing *her* hurry; and in it she stumbled for haste; and, as the fellow believed, hurt her shins with the stumble.

The devil take me, Belford, if my generous heart is not moved for her, notwithstanding her wicked deceit, to think what must be her reflections and apprehensions at the time:—A mind so delicate, heeding no censures; yet, poor baby, afraid of being laid hold of by a Lovelace in every-one she saw! At the same time, not knowing to what dangers she was about to expose herself; nor of whom she could obtain shelter; a stranger to the town, and to all its ways; the afternoon far gone; but little money; and no cloaths but those she had on!

It is impossible, in this little interval since last night, that Miss Howe's Townsend could be co-operating.

But how she must abhor me, to run all these risques; how heartily must she detest me, for my freedoms of last night! O that I had given her greater reason for a resentment so violent!—As to her *virtue*, I am too much enraged to give her the merit due to that. To virtue it cannot be owing that she should fly from the charming prospects that were before her; but to malice, hatred, contempt, Harlowe pride, (the worst of pride) and to all the deadly passions that ever reigned in a female breast—And if I can but recover her—But be still, be calm, be hushed, my stormy passions; for is it not Clarissa [*Harlowe* must I say?] that thus I rave against!

The fellow heard her say, 'Drive 'fast! Very fast!'—'Where, Madam?' —'To Holborn Bars,' answered she; repeating, 'Drive very fast!'—And up she pulled both the windows: and he lost sight of the coach in a minute.

Will, as soon as he had this intelligence, speeded away in hopes to trace her out; declaring, that he would never think of seeing me, till he had heard some tidings of his lady.

And now, Belford, all my hope is, that this fellow (who attended us in our airing to Hampstead, to Highgate, to Muswell Hill, to Kentish Town) will hear of her at some one or other of those places. And on this I the rather build, as I remember she was once, after our return, very inquisitive about the stages, and their prices; praising the conveniency to passengers in their going off every hour; and this in Will's hearing, who was then in attendance. Woe be to the villain, if he recollect not this!

I HAVE been traversing her room, meditating, or taking up every-thing she but touched or used: the glass she dressed at, I was ready to break, for not giving me the personal image it was wont to reflect, of *her*, whose idea is far

over

never prevail with me. I call for her, now in the tenderest, now in the most reproachful terms, as if within hearing: wanting her, I want my own soul, at least every-thing dear to it. What a void in my heart! what a chilness in my blood, as if its circulation were arrested! From her room to my own; in the dining-room, and in and out of every place where I have seen the beloved of my heart, do I hurry; in none can I tarry; her lovely image in every one, in some lively attitude, rushing cruelly upon me, in differently remembered conversations.

But when in my first fury, at my return, I went up two pair of stairs, resolved to find the locked-up Dorcas, and behold the vainly-burnt window-board, and recollected my baffled contrivances, baffled by my own weak folly, I thought my distraction compleated; and down I ran as one frighted at a spectre, ready to howl for vexation; my head and my temples shooting with a violence I had never felt before; and my back aching as if the vertebræ were disjointed, and falling in pieces.

But now that I have heard the mother's story, and contemplated the dawning hopes given by the chairman's information, I am a good deal easier, and can make cooler reflections. Most heartily pray I for Will's success, every four or five minutes. If I lose her, all my rage will return with redoubled fury. The disgrace to be thus out-witted by a novice, an infant in stratagem and contrivance, added to the violence of my passion for her, will either break my heart, or (what saves many an heart, in evils insupportable) turn my brain. What had I to do to go out a licence-hunting, at least till I had seen her, and made up matters with her? And, indeed, were it not the privilege of a principal to lay all his own faults upon his underlings, and never be to blame himself, I should be apt to reflect, that I am more in fault than any-body. And as the sting of this reflection will sharpen upon me, if I recover her not, how shall I be able to bear it?

If ever—

Here Mr. Lovelace lays himself under a curse, too shocking to be repeated, if he revenge not himself upon the lady, should he once more get her into his hands.

I HAVE just now dismissed the snivelling toad Dorcas, who was introduced to me for my pardon by the whining mother. I gave her a kind of negative and ungracious forgiveness. Yet I shall as violently curse the two nymphs, by-and-by, for the consequences of my own folly: and this will be a good way too, to prevent their ridicule upon me, for losing so glorious an opportunity as I had last night, or rather this morning.

I have collected, from the result of the enquiries made of the chairman, and from Dorcas's observations before the cruel creature escaped, a description of her dress; and am resolved, if I cannot otherwise hear of her, to advertise her in the Gazette, as an eloped wife, both by her maiden and acknowledged name; for her elopement will soon be known by every *enemy*: why then should not my *friends* be made acquainted with it, from whose enquiries and informations I may expect some tidings of her.

She had on a brown lustring night-gown, fresh, and looking like new, as every-thing she wears does, whether new or not, from an elegance natural to her. A beaver hat, a black ribband about her neck, and blue knots on her breast. A quilted petticoat of carnation-coloured satin; a rose-diamond ring, supposed on her finger; and in her whole person and appearance, as I shall express it, a dignity, as well as beauty, that commands the repeated attention of every-one who sees her.

The description of her person I shall take a little more pains about. My mind must be more at ease, before I can undertake that. And I shall threaten, that if, after a certain period given for her voluntary return, she be not heard of, I will prosecute any person who presumes to entertain, harbour, abett, or encourage her, with all the vengeance that an injured gentleman and husband may be warranted to take by law, or otherwise.

FRESH cause of aggravation!—But for this scribling vein, or I should still run mad.

Again, going into her chamber, because it *was* hers, and sighing over the bed, and every piece of furniture in it, I cast my eyes towards the drawers of the dressing-glass, and saw peep out, as it were, in one of the half-drawn drawers, the corner of a letter. I snatched it out, and found it superscribed, by her, '*To Mr. Lovelace.*' The sight of it made my heart leap, and I trembled so, that I could hardly open the seal.

How does this damn'd love unman me!

me!—but nobody ever loved as I love!—It is even increased by her unworthy flight, and my disappointment. Ingrateful creature, to fly from a passion thus ardently flaming! which, like the palm, rises the more for being depressed and slighted.

I will not give thee a copy of this letter. I owe her not so much service.

But wouldst thou think that this *haughty promise-breaker* could resolve as she does, absolutely and for ever to renounce me for what passed last night? That she could resolve to forego all her opening prospects of reconciliation; that reconciliation with a worthless family, on which she had set her whole heart?—Yet she does—She acquits me of all obligation to her, and herself of all expectations from me—And for what?—O that indeed I had given her real cause! Damn'd confounded niceness, prudery, affectation, or pretty ignorance, if not affectation!—By my soul, Belford, I told thee all—I was more indebted to her struggles, than to my own forwardness. I cannot support my own reflections upon a decency so ill-requited.—She could not, she would not have been so much a Harlowe in her resentment, had I deserved, as I *ought* to have done, her resentment. All she feared, had then been over; and her own good-sense, and even modesty, would have taught her to make the best of it.

But if ever again I get her into my hands, *art* and more *art*, and *compulsion* too, if she make it necessary, [*And 'tis plain that nothing else will do*] shall she experience from the man whose fear *of* her has been above even his passion *for* her; and whose gentleness and forbearance she has thus *perfidiously* triumphed over. Well says the poet—

'Tis nobler like a lion to invade
When appetite directs, and seize my prey,
Than to wait tamely, like a begging dog,
Till dull consent throws out the scraps of love.'

Thou knowest what I have so lately vowed—And yet at times, [Cruel creature, and ingrateful as cruel!] I can subscribe with too much truth to those lines of another poet—

'She reigns more fully in my soul than ever;
She garrisons my breast, and mans against me
E'en my own rebel thoughts, with thousand graces,
Ten thousand charms, and new-discovered beauties!'

LETTER IV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

A Letter is put into my hands by Wilson himself—Such a letter!

A letter from Miss Howe to her cruel friend!

I made no scruple to open it.

It is a miracle that I fell not into fits at the reading of it; and at the thought of what *might* have been the consequence had it come to the hands of *this Clarissa Harlowe*. Let my justly-excited rage excuse my irreverence.

Collins, though not his day, brought it this afternoon to Wilson's, with a particular desire, that it might be sent with all speed to Miss Beaumont's lodgings, and given, if possible, into her own hands. He had before been here, (at Mrs. Sinclair's) with intent to deliver it to the lady with his own hand; but was told, [*Too truly told!*] that she was abroad; but that they would give her any-thing he should leave for her, the moment she returned. But he cared not to trust them with his business, and went away to Wilson's, (as I find by the description of him at both places) and there left the letter; but not till he had a second time called here, and found her not come in.

The letter [which I shall inclose; for it is too long to transcribe] will account to thee for *Collins's* coming hither.

O this devilish Miss Howe—Something must be resolved upon and done, with that little fury!

THOU wilt see the margin of this cursed letter crouded with indices. [☞] I put them to mark the places which call for vengeance upon the vixen writer, or which require animadversion. Return thou it to me the moment thou hast perused it.

Read it here; and avoid trembling for me, if thou canst.

'TO MISS LÆTITIA BEAUMONT.

'WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7.

'MY DEAREST FRIEND,

'YOU will perhaps think, that I have been too long silent. 'But I had begun two letters at 'different times since my last, and 'written a great deal each time; 'and with spirit enough, I assure 'you; incensed as I was against ☞ 'the abominable wretch you are 'with; particularly on reading 'yours of the 21st of the past month.

'The

'The *first* I intended to keep open 'till I could give you some account 'of my proceedings with Mrs. 'Townsend. It was some days be- 'fore I saw her: and this interve- 'nient space giving me time to re- 'peruse what I had written, I 'thought it proper to lay that aside, 'and to write in a style a little less 'fervent; for you would have blam- 'ed me, I know, for the freedom 'of some of my expressions. [*Ex- 'ecrations*, if you please] And when 'I had gone a good way in the *se- 'cond*, the change in your prospects, 'on his communicating to you 'Miss Montague's letter, and his 'better behaviour, occasioning a 'change in your mind, I laid that 'aside also. And in this uncer- 'tainty, thought I would wait to 'see the issue of affairs between you 'before I wrote again; believing 'that all would soon be decided one 'way or other.

'I had still, perhaps, held this 'resolution, [As every appearance 'according to your letters, was 'more and more promising] had 'not the two past days furnished me 'with intelligence which it highly 'imports you to know.

'But I must stop here and take 'a little walk, to try to keep down 'that just indignation which rises 'to my pen, when I am about to 'relate to you what I must com- 'municate.

'I AM not my own mistress enough '—Then my mother—Always up 'and down—And watching as if I 'were writing to a fellow—But I 'will try if I can contain myself in 'tolerable bounds.

'The women of the house where 'you are—O my dear—The wo- 'men of the house—But you never 'thought highly of them—So it 'cannot be very surprizing—Nor 'would you have *staid so long with 'them, had not the notion of removing 'to one of your own*, made you less 'uneasy, and less curious about 'their characters, and behaviour. 'Yet I could *now* wish, that you 'had been less reserved among 'them—But I teaze you—In short, 'my dear, you are certainly in a 'devilish house!—Be assured, that 'the woman is one of the vilest of 'women—Nor does she go to you 'by her right name—Very true! '—Her name is *not* Sinclair—nor 'is the street she lives in, Dover 'Street—Did you never go out by 'yourself, and discharge the coach 'or chair, and return by another 'coach or chair? If you did, [Yet I 'don't remember that you ever 'wrote to me, that you did] you 'would never have found your way 'to the vile house, either by the 'woman's name, *Sinclair*, or by the 'street's name, mentioned by that 'Doleman in his letter about the 'lodgings.

'The wretch might indeed have 'held out these false lights a little 'more excuseably, had the house 'been an honest house; and had his 'end only been to prevent mischief 'from your brother.—But this con- 'trivance was antecedent, as I 'think, to your brother's project: 'so that no excuse can be made for 'his intentions at the *time*—The 'man, whatever he may *now* intend, 'was certainly then, even *then*, a 'villain in his heart!

'I AM excessively concerned, that 'I should be prevailed upon, be- 'tween *your* over-niceness, on one 'hand, and my *mother's* positiveness, 'on the other, to be satisfied with- 'out knowing how to direct to you 'at your lodgings. I think too, 'that the proposal that I should be 'put off to a *third-hand* knowledge, 'or rather veiled in a *first-hand* ig- 'norance, came from him—and 'that it was only acquiesced in 'by you, as it was by me, upon 'needless and weak considerations '—Because, truly, I might have it 'to say, if challenged, *that I knew 'not where to send to you!*—I am 'ashamed of myself!—Had this 'been at *first* excusable, it could not 'be a good reason for going on in 'the folly, when you had no liking 'to the house, and when he began to 'play tricks, and delay with you.— 'What! I was to mistrust myself, was 'I?—I was to allow it to be thought, 'that I could not keep my own se- 'cret?—But the house *to be taken 'at this time, and at that time*, led us 'both on—like fools, like tame 'fools, in a string.—Upon my life, 'my dear, this man is a vile, a con- 'temptible villain—I must speak 'out!—How has he laughed in his 'sleeve at us both, I warrant, for I 'can't tell how long!

'And yet who could have thought, 'that a man of fortune and some *re-*

'*putation*—[This Doleman, I mean; 'not your wretch to be ſure!] for- 'merly a rake indeed—[I en- 'quired after him—long ago; and 'ſo was the eaſier ſatisfied]—but 'married to a woman of family— 'having had a palſy blow—and 'one would think a penitent— ☞ 'ſhould recommend ſuch a houſe '[Why, my dear, he could not *en- 'quire* of it, but muſt find it to be 'bad] to ſuch a man as Lovelace, 'to bring his future, nay, his *then* 'ſuppoſed, bride to?

☞ 'I WRITE, perhaps, with too 'much violence, to be clear. But 'I cannot help it. Yet I lay down 'my pen, and take it up every ten 'minutes, in order to write with 'ſome temper—My mother too in 'and out—What need I (ſhe aſks 'me) lock myſelf in, if I am only 'reading paſt correſpondencies?— ☞ 'for that is my pretence, when ſhe 'comes poking in with her face 'ſharpened to an edge, as I may ☞ 'ſay, by a curioſity that gives her 'more pain than pleaſure—The 'Lord forgive me; but I believe 'I ſhall huff her next time ſhe 'comes in.

'Do *you* forgive me, too, my 'dear. My mother *ought*; becauſe 'ſhe ſays I am my father's girl; 'and becauſe I am ſure I am *hers*. 'I don't know what to do—I don't 'know what to write next—I have 'ſo much to write, yet have ſo 'little patience, and ſo little op- 'portunity.

'But I will tell you how I came ☞ 'by my intelligence. *That* being a '*fact*, and requiring the leſs atten- 'tion, I will try to account to you 'for *that*.

'Thus then it came about—Miſs 'Lardner, (whom you have ſeen 'at her couſin Biddulph's) ſaw you 'at St. James's church on Sunday 'was fortnight. She kept you in 'her eye during the whole time; 'but could not once obtain the no- 'tice of yours, though ſhe curt- 'ſeyed to you twice. S[illegible] thought 'to pay her compliments to you 'when the ſervice was over; for ſhe 'doubted not but you were mar ☞ 'ried—and for an odd reaſon—*Be- 'cauſe you came to church by your- 'ſelf*. 'Every eye (as uſual, where- ever 'you are, ſhe ſaid) was upon you; 'and this ſeeming to give you hur- 'ry, and you being nearer the 'door than ſhe, you ſlid out, be- 'fore ſhe could get to you. But 'ſhe ordered her ſervant to follow 'you till you were houſed. This 'ſervant ſaw you ſtep into a chair, 'which waited for you; and you 'ordered the men to carry you to 'the place where they took you up.

'The next day, Miſs Lardner 'ſent the ſame ſervant, out of mere 'curioſity, to make private en- 'quiry whether Mr. Lovelace were, 'or were not, with you there. And 'this enquiry brought out, from ☞ '*different* people, that the houſe was 'ſuſpected to be one of thoſe gen- 'teel wicked houſes, which receive 'and accommodate *faſhionable peo- 'ple* of both ſexes.

'Miſs Lardner, confounded at 'this ſtrange intelligence, made 'further enquiry; enjoining ſecre- 'cy to the ſervant ſhe had ſent, as 'well as to the gentleman whom 'ſhe employed; who had it con- ☞ 'firmed from a rakiſh friend, who 'knew the houſe; and told him, 'that there were two houſes; the 'one *in which all decent appearances 'were preſerved, and ladies rarely 'admitted*; the other, the receptacle 'of thoſe who were abſolutely en- 'gaged, and broken to the vile 'yoke.

☞ 'Say—my dear creature—ſay— 'Shall I not execrate the wretch? '—But words are weak—What 'can I ſay, that will ſuitably ex- 'preſs my abhorrence of ſuch a 'villain as he muſt have been, when 'he meditated to carry a Clariſſa to 'ſuch a place!

'Miſs Lardner kept this to her- 'ſelf ſome days, not knowing what 'to do; for ſhe loves you, and ad- 'mires you of all women. At 'laſt, ſhe revealed it, but in con- 'fidence, to Miſs Biddulph, by 'letter. Miſs Biddulph, in like 'confidence, being afraid it would 'diſtract *me*, were I to know it, 'communicated it to Miſs Lloyd; 'and ſo like a whiſpered ſcandal, 'it paſſed through ſeveral canals; 'and then it came to me. Which 'was not till laſt Monday.

'I thought I ſhould have faint- 'ed upon the ſurprizing communi- 'cation. But rage taking place, 'it blew away the ſudden illneſs. 'I beſought Miſs Lloyd to re-en- 'join ſecrecy to every-one. I told 'her, that I would not for the 'world that my mother, or any of 'your

☞ 'your family, ſhould know it. And 'I inſtantly cauſed a truſty friend 'to make what enquiries he could 'about Tomlinſon.

☞ 'I had thoughts to have done it 'before I had this intelligence: 'but not imagining it to be need-'ful, and little thinking that you 'could be in ſuch a houſe, and as 'you were pleaſed with your chang-☞ 'ed proſpects, I forbore. And 'the rather forbore, as the matter 'is ſo laid, that Mrs. Hodges is 'ſuppoſed to know nothing of the 'projected treaty of accommoda-'tion; but on the contrary, that 'it was deſigned to be a ſecret to 'her, and to every-body but im-'mediate parties; and it was Mrs. 'Hodges that I had propoſed to 'ſound by a *ſecond* hand.

☞ 'Now, my dear, it is certain, 'without applying to that too-much 'favoured houſekeeper, that there 'is not ſuch a man within ten miles 'of your uncle. Very true! One '*Tomkins* there is about four miles 'off; but he is a day-labourer: 'and one *Thompſon* about five miles 'diſtant the other way; but he is a 'pariſh ſchoolmaſter, poor, and 'about ſeventy.

☞ 'A man, though but of 800*l.* a 'year, cannot come from one coun-'ty to ſettle in another, but every-'body in both muſt know it, and 'talk of it.

☞ 'Mrs. Hodges may yet be found-'ed at a diſtance, if you will. Your 'uncle is an old man. Old men 'imagine themſelves under obliga-'tion to their paramours, if younger ☞ 'than themſelves and ſeldom keep 'any-thing from their knowledge. 'But if we ſuppoſe him to make a 'ſecret of the deſigned treaty, it is 'impoſſible, *before* that treaty was 'thought of, but ſhe muſt have 'ſeen him, at leaſt have *heard* your 'uncle ſpeak praiſefully of a man 'he is ſaid to be ſo intimate with, 'let him have been ever ſo little a 'while in thoſe parts.

☞ 'Yet, methinks, the ſtory is ſo 'plauſible: Tomlinſon, as you de-'ſcribe him, is ſo good a man, and 'ſo much of a gentleman; the end ☞ 'to be anſwered by his being an 'impoſter, ſo *much more than neceſ-'ary* if Lovelace has villainy in his 'head; and as you are in ſuch a ☞ 'houſe—Your wretch's behaviour 'to him was ſo petulant and lordly; 'and Tomlinſon's anſwer ſo full of ☞ 'ſpirit and circumſtance; and then 'what he communicated to you of 'Mr. Hickman's application to 'your uncle, and Mrs. Norton's to ☞ 'your mother; [ſome of which par-'ticulars, I am ſatisfied his vile 'agent Joſeph Leman could not 'reveal to his viler employer] his 'preſſing on the marriage-day in 'the name of your uncle, which it ☞ 'could not anſwer any *wicked* pur-'poſe for him to do; and what he 'writes of your uncle's propoſal, 'to have it thought that you were 'married from the time that you 'have lived in one houſe together; 'and that to be made to agree with 'the time of Mr. Hickman's viſit to ☞ 'your uncle: the inſiſting on a 'truſty perſon's being preſent at 'the ceremony, at that uncle's no-'mination—*Theſe things make me 'willing to try for a tolerable conſtruc-'tion to be made of all*; though I am 'ſo much puzzled by what occurs ☞ 'on both ſides of the queſtion, that 'I cannot but abhor the deviliſh 'wretch, whoſe inventions and con-☞ 'trivances are for ever employing 'an inquiſitive head, as mine is, 'without affording the means of ab-'ſolute detection.

'But this is what I am ready to 'conjecture, that Tomlinſon, ſpe-'cious as he is, is a machine of 'Lovelace; and that he is employ-☞ 'ed for ſome end, which has not 'yet been anſwered. This is cer-'tain, that not only Tomlinſon, 'but Mennell, who, I think, at-'tended you more than once at this 'vile houſe, muſt know it to *be* a 'vile houſe.

'What can you think of Tom-'linſon's declaring himſelf in *favour* 'of it, upon enquiry?

'Lovelace too muſt know it to be 'ſo; if not before he brought you 'to it, ſoon after.

☞ 'Perhaps the *company he found 'there*, may be the moſt probable 'way of accounting for his bearing 'with the houſe, and for his ſtrange 'ſuſpenſions of marriage, when it 'was in his power to call ſuch an 'angel of a woman his.

☞ 'O my dear, the man is a vil-'lain! the greateſt of villains, in 'every light!—I am convinced that 'he is. And this Doleman muſt 'be another of his implements!

☞ 'There are ſo many wretches who

'think

'think *that* to be no ſin, which is 'one of the greateſt, and moſt in-'grateful of all ſins, to ruin young 'creatures of our ſex who place 'their confidence in them; that the 'wonder is leſs than the ſhame, 'that people of figure, of *ap-'pearance* at leaſt, are found to 'promote the horrid purpoſes of 'proſligates of fortune and intereſt!

☞ 'But can I think, [you will aſk 'with indignant aſtoniſhment] that 'Lovelace can have deſigns upon 'your honour?

☞ 'That ſuch deſigns he *has had*, 'if he *ſtill* hold them not, I can 'have no doubt, now that I know 'the houſe he has brought you to, 'to be a vile one. This is a clue 'that has led me to account for all 'his behaviour to you ever ſince 'you have been in his hands.

'Allow me a brief retroſpection 'of it all.

'We both know, that pride, re-'venge, and a delight to trade in 'unbeaten paths, are principal in-'gredients in the character of this 'finiſhed libertine.

☞ 'He hates all your family, your-'ſelf excepted; and I have ſeveral 'times thought, that I have ſeen 'him ſtung and mortified that love 'has obliged him to kneel at your ☞ 'footſtool, becauſe you are a *Har-'lowe*.—Yet is this wretch a ſavage 'in love.—Love that humanizes the ☞ 'fierceſt ſpirits, has not been able 'to ſubdue his. His *pride*, and the ☞ 'credit which a few *plauſible qua-'lities*, ſprinkled among his *odious 'ones*, have given him, have ſecur-'ed him too good a reception from 'our eye-judging, our undiſtin-'guiſhing, our ſelf-flattering, our 'too-confiding ſex, to make aſſi-'duity and obſequiouſneſs, and a 'conqueſt of his unruly paſſions, 'any part of his ſtudy.

☞ 'He has ſome reaſon for his ani-'moſity to *all* the men, and to *one* 'woman of your family. He has 'always ſhewn you, and his own fa-☞ 'mily too, that he prefers his pride 'to his intereſt. He is a declared 'marriage-hater: a notorious in-'triguer: full of his inventions; 'and glorying in them. He never 'could draw you into declarations 'of love: nor till your *wife* relati-'ons perſecuted you, as they did, to 'receive his addreſſes as a lover.—☞ 'He knew that you profeſſedly diſ-'liked him for his immoralities: he 'could not therefore juſtly blame 'you for the coldneſs and indiffe-'rence of your behaviour to him.

☞ 'The prevention of miſchief was 'your firſt main view in the correſ-'pondence he drew you into. He 'ought not, then, to have wonder-'ed, that you declared your pre-'ference of the *ſingle life* to *any* ma-'trimonial engagement. He knew, 'that this was *always* your prefer-'ence; and *that* before he tricked ☞ 'you away ſo artfully. What was 'his conduct to you afterwards, 'that you ſhould of a ſudden change 'it?

'Thus was your whole behavi-'our regular, conſiſtent, and duti-'ful to thoſe to whom by birth you 'owed duty; and neither prudiſh, 'coquettiſh, nor tyrannical to him.

☞ 'He had *agreed* to go on with 'you upon thoſe your own terms, 'and to rely only on *his own merits* 'and *future reformation*, for your 'favour.

☞ 'It was plain to me, indeed, to 'whom you communicated all that 'you *knew* of your own heart, 'though not all of it that *I found out*, 'that love had pretty early gained 'footing in it. And this you your-'ſelf would have diſcovered ſooner ☞ 'than you did, had not his alarm-'ing, his unpolite, his rough con-'duct, kept it under.

☞ 'I knew, by experience, that 'love is a fire that is not to be play-'ed with, without burning one's 'fingers: I knew it to be a dangerous 'thing for two ſingle perſons of dif-'ferent ſexes, to enter into famili-'arity and correſpondence with each 'other; ſince, as to the latter, muſt 'not a perſon be capable of preme-'ditated art, who can ſit down to 'write, and not write from the 'heart?—And a woman to write 'her heart to a man practiſed in de-'ceit, or even to a man of ſome cha-'racter, what advantage does it 'give him over her?

☞ 'As this man's vanity had made 'him imagine, that no woman could 'be proof againſt love, when his 'addreſs was honourable; no won-'der that he ſtruggled, like a lion 'held in toils, againſt a paſſion that 'he thought not returned. And how 'could you, *at firſt*, ſhew a return 'in love, to ſo fierce a ſpirit, and 'who had ſeduced you away by vile

'artifices, but to the approval of 'thoſe artifices?

☞ 'Hence, perhaps, it is not diffi- 'cult to believe, that it became 'poſſible for ſuch a wretch as this 'to give way to his old prejudices 'againſt marriage; and to that re- 'venge which had always been a 'firſt paſſion with him.

'This is the only way, I think, to 'account for his horrid views in 'bringing you to a vile houſe.

'And now may not all the reſt be 'naturally accounted for?—His de- 'lays — His teazing ways — His 'bringing you to bear with his lodg- 'ing in the ſame houſe—His mak- 'ing you paſs to the people of it, 'as his wife; *though reſtrictively ſo*, 'yet with hope, no doubt, (vileſt ☞ 'of villains as he is!) to take you ☞ 'at advantage—His bringing you 'into the company of his libertine 'companions: the attempt of im- 'poſing upon you that Miſs Part- 'ington for a bedfellow, very pro- 'bably his own invention for the 'worſt of purpoſes: his terrifying 'you at many different times: his 'obtruding himſelf upon you when 'you went out to church; no doubt 'to prevent your finding out what 'the people of the houſe were: the 'advantages he made of your bro- 'ther's fooliſh project with Single- 'ton.

'See, my dear, how naturally all 'this follows from the diſcovery 'made by Miſs Lardner. See how ☞ 'the monſter, whom I thought, 'and ſo often called, a *fool*, comes 'out to have been all the time one ☞ 'of the greateſt villains in the 'world!

'But if this be ſo, what [it 'would be aſked by an indifferent 'perſon] has hitherto ſaved you? 'Glorious creature!—What, mo- 'rally ſpeaking, but your watch- 'fulneſs! What but that, and the 'majeſty of your virtue; *the native* 'dignity, which, in a ſituation ſo 'very difficult, (friendleſs, deſti- 'tute, paſſing for a wife, caſt into 'the company of creatures accuſ- 'tomed to betray and ruin inno- 'cent hearts) has hitherto enabled 'you to baffle, over-awe, and con- 'found, ſuch a dangerous libertine 'as this; ſo habitually remorſeleſs, 'as you have obſerved him to be; 'ſo very various in his temper; ſo 'inventive, ſo ſeconded, ſo ſup- 'ported, ſo inſtigated, too proba- 'bly, as he has been!—That *native* 'dignity, that *heroiſm* I will call it, 'which has, on all proper occaſions, 'exerted itſelf in it's *full* luſtre, un- ☞ 'mingled with that charming ob- 'ligingneſs and condeſcending 'ſweetneſs, which is evermore the '*ſoftener* of that dignity, when 'your mind is free and unappre- 'henſive!

☞ 'Let me ſtop to admire, and to 'bleſs my beloved friend, who, un- 'happily for herſelf, at an age ſo 'tender, unacquainted as ſhe was 'with the world, and with the vile 'arts of libertines, having been 'called upon to ſuſtain the hardeſt 'and moſt ſhocking trials, from 'perſecuting relations on one hand, 'and from a villainous lover on the 'other, has been enabled to give 'ſuch an illuſtrious example of for- 'titude and prudence, as never 'woman gave before her; and who, 'as I have heretofore obſerved, has 'made a far greater figure in adver- 'ſity, than ſhe poſſibly could have 'made, had all her ſhining qualities 'been exerted in their full force 'and power, by the continuance of ☞ 'that proſperous run of fortune 'which attended her for eighteen 'years of life out of nineteen.

☞ 'But now, my dear, do I ap- 'prehend, that you are in greater 'danger than ever yet you have 'been in; if you are not married 'in a week; and yet ſtay in this a- 'bominable houſe. For were you 'out of it, I own I ſhould not be 'much afraid for you.

'Theſe are my thoughts on the 'moſt deliberate conſideration: that 'he is now convinced, that he has 'not been able to draw you off your 'guard: that therefore, if he can 'obtain no new advantage over 'you as he goes along, he is re- 'ſolved to do you all the *poor juſtice* 'that it is in the power of ſuch a 'wretch as he, to do you. He is 'the rather induced to this, as he 'ſees, that all his own family have 'warmly engaged themſelves in 'your cauſe: and that it is his ☞ '*higheſt intereſt* to be juſt to you. 'Then the horrid wretch loves you '(as well he may) above all women. 'I have no doubt of this; with *ſuch* 'a love as ſuch a wretch is capable ☞ 'of: with *ſuch* a love as Herod

'loved

'loved his Mariamne. He is now 'therefore, very probably, at laſt, 'in earneſt.

'I took time for enquiries of 'different natures, as I knew by 'the train you are in, that what-'ever his deſigns are, they cannot 'ripen either for good or evil, till ☞ 'ſomething ſhall reſult from this 'new device of his about Tomlin-'ſon and your uncle.

'*Device* I have no doubt that it 'is, whatever this dark, this im-'penetrable ſpirit intends by it.

☞ 'And yet I find it to be true, 'that Counſellor Williams (whom 'Mr. Hickman knows to be a man 'of eminence in his profeſſion) has ☞ 'actually as good as finiſhed the 'ſettlements: that two draughts of 'them have been made; one avow-'edly to be ſent to one Captain 'Tomlinſon, as the clerk ſays— 'And I find that a licence has actu-'ally been more than once endea-'voured to be obtained; and that 'difficulties have hitherto been 'made, equally to Lovelace's vex-☞ 'ation and diſappointment. My 'mother's proctor, who is very in-'timate with the proctor applied to 'by the wretch, has come at this 'information in confidence; and 'hints, that, as Mr. Lovelace is a 'man of high fortunes, theſe diffi-'culties will probably be got over.

'But here follow the cauſes of 'my apprehenſion of your danger; 'which I ſhould not have had a ☞ 'thought of, (ſince nothing *very* 'vile has yet been attempted) but 'on finding what a houſe you are in, 'and, on that diſcovery, laying to-'gether and ruminating on paſt oc-'currences.

'You are obliged, from the pre-☞ 'ſent favourable appearances, to 'give him your company whenever 'he requeſts it.—You are under a 'neceſſity of forgetting, or ſeeming 'to forget, paſt diſobligations; and 'to receive his addreſſes as thoſe of 'a betrothed lover.—You will in-'cur the cenſure of prudery and 'affectation, even perhaps in your 'own apprehenſion, if you keep ☞ 'him at that diſtance which has 'hitherto been your ſecurity.—His 'ſudden (and as ſuddenly recover-'ed) illneſs has given him an op-'portunity to find out, that you 'love him. [*Alas, my dear, I knew 'you loved him!*] He is, as you re-☞ 'late, every hour more and more 'an encroacher, upon it. He has 'ſeemed to change his nature, and 'is all love and gentleneſs. The 'wolf has put on the ſheep's cloath-'ing; yet more than once has ☞ 'ſhewn his teeth, and his hardly-'ſheathed claws. The inſtance you 'have given of his freedom with 'your perſon, which you could not 'but reſent; and yet, as matters 'are circumſtanced between you, 'could not but paſs over, when Tom-'linſon's letter called you into his ☞ 'company, ſhew the advantage he 'has now over you; and alſo, that 'if he can obtain greater, he will.— 'And for this very reaſon (as I ap-'prehend) it is, that Tomlinſon is 'introduced; that is to ſay, to give ☞ 'you the greater ſecurity, and to 'be a mediator, if mortal offence 'be given you, by any villainous 'attempt.—The day ſeems not now 'to be ſo much in your power as it 'ought to be, ſince that now partly 'depends on your uncle, whoſe pre-'ſence, at your own motion, he 'has wiſhed on the occaſion.—A 'wiſh, were all real, very unlikely, 'I think, to be granted.

☞ 'And thus ſituated, ſhould he 'offer greater freedoms, muſt you 'not forgive him?

'I fear nothing (as I know who 'has ſaid) that devil carnate or in-'carnate can fairly do againſt a vir-☞ 'tue ſo eſtabliſhed.—But ſurprizes, 'my dear, in ſuch a houſe as that 'you are in, and in ſuch circum-'ſtances as I have mentioned, I ☞ 'greatly fear!—The man, one, who 'has already triumphed over perſons 'worthy of his alliance.

☞ 'What then have you to do, but 'to fly this houſe, this infernal 'houſe!—O that your heart would 'let you fly the *man!*

☞ 'If you ſhould be diſpoſed ſo to 'do, Mrs. Townſend ſhall be ready 'at your command.—But if you 'meet with no impediments, no 'new cauſes of doubt, I think your 'reputation in the eye of the 'world, though not your happineſs, 'is concerned, that you ſhould be ☞ 'his.—And yet I cannot bear, that 'theſe libertines ſhould be reward-'ed for their villainy with the beſt 'of the ſex, when the worſt of it 'are too good for them.

'But if you meet with the leaſt 'ground for ſuſpicion; if he would

'detain

'detain you at the odious houſe, or 'wiſh you to ſtay, now you know ☞ 'what the people are; fly *him*, what-'ever your proſpects are, as well 'as *them*.

'In one of your next airings, if 'you have no other way, refuſe to ☞ 'return with him. Name me for 'your intelligencer, that you are in 'a bad houſe; and if you think you 'cannot now break with him, ſeem 'rather to believe that he may not 'know it to be ſo; and that I do ☞ 'not believe he does: and yet this 'belief in us both muſt appear to 'be very groſs.

'But ſuppoſe you deſire to go out 'of town for the air, this ſultry 'weather, and inſiſt upon it? You 'may plead your health for ſo do-☞ 'ing. He dare not reſiſt ſuch a plea. 'Your brother's fooliſh ſcheme, I 'am told, is certainly given up; ſo 'you need not be afraid on that 'account.

'If you do not fly the houſe upon 'reading of this, or ſome way or 'other get out of it, I ſhall judge 'of his power over you, by the lit-'tle you will have over either him 'or yourſelf.

☞ 'One of my informers has made 'ſlight enquiries concerning Mrs. 'Fretchville. Did he ever name 'to you the ſtreet or ſquare ſhe liv-'ed in?—I don't remember that 'you, in any of yours, mentioned 'the place of her abode to me. ☞ 'Strange, very ſtrange, this, I 'think! No ſuch perſon or houſe 'can be found, near any of the new 'ſtreets or ſquares, where the lights 'I had from your letter led me to 'imagine her houſe might be—Aſk ☞ 'him, What ſtreet the houſe is in, 'if he has not told you? And let 'me know. If he make a difficul-'ty of that circumſtance, it will a-☞ 'mount to a detection.—And yet, 'I think, you have enough with-'out this.

'I ſhall ſend this long letter by 'Collins, who changes his day to 'oblige me; and that he may try '(now I know where you are) to 'get it into your own hands. If 'he cannot, he will leave it at Wil-'ſon's. As none of our letters by 'that conveyance have miſcarried 'when you have been in more *ap-'parently* diſagreeable ſituations 'than you are in at preſent, I hope 'that this will go ſafe, if Collins 'ſhould be obliged to leave it there.

☞ 'I wrote a ſhort letter to you in 'my firſt agitations. It contained 'not above twenty lines, all full 'of fright, alarm, and execration. 'But being afraid, that my vehe-'mence would too much affect you, 'I thought it better to wait a little, 'as well for the reaſons already 'hinted at, as to be able to give 'you as many particulars as I could; 'and my thoughts upon all. And 'now, I think, taking to your aid 'other circumſtances, as they *have* 'offered or *may* offer, you will be 'ſufficiently armed to reſiſt all his 'machinations, be what they will.

☞ 'One word more. Command 'me up, if I can be of the leaſt ſer-'vice or pleaſure to you. I value 'not fame; I value not cenſure; 'nor even life itſelf, I verily think, 'as I do your honour, and your 'friendſhip—For, is not your hon-'our my honour? And is not your 'friendſhip the pride of my life?

'May Heaven preſerve you, my 'deareſt creature, in honour and 'ſafety, is the prayer, the hourly 'prayer, of *your ever-faithful and 'affectionate*

'ANNA HOWE.

'THURSDAY MORN. 5.
'I have written all night.'

'TO MISS HOWE.

'MY DEAREST CREATURE,

'HOW you have ſhocked, confound-'ed, ſurprized, aſtoniſhed me, by your 'dreadful communication!—My *heart is 'too weak* to bear up againſt ſuch a ſtroke 'as this!—When all hope was with me! 'When my proſpects were ſo much 'mended!—But can there be ſuch vil-'lainy in men, as in this vile principal, 'and equally vile agent!

'I am really ill—Very ill—Grief and 'ſurprize, and, *now* I will ſay, deſpair, 'have overcome me!—All, all, you 'have laid down as conjecture, appears 'to *me now* to be *more* than conjecture!

'O that your mother would have the 'goodneſs to permit me the preſence of 'the only comforter that my afflicted, 'my half-broken heart, could be raiſed 'by! But I charge you, think not of 'coming up without her indulgent per-'miſſion. I am too ill at preſent, my 'dear, to think of combating with this 'dreadful man; and of flying from this 'horrid houſe!—*My bad writing will ſhew 'you this.*—But my illneſs will be my

'preſent

'present security, should he indeed
'have meditated villainy.—Forgive, O
'forgive, my dearest friend, the trouble
'I have given you!—All must soon—
'But why add I grief to grief, and
'trouble to trouble?—But I charge you,
'my beloved creature, not to think of
'coming up without your mother's leave,
'to the truly desolate and broken-
'spirited 'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

WELL, Jack!—And what thinkest thou of this last letter? Miss Howe values not either *fame* or *censure*; and thinkest thou, that this letter will not bring the little fury up, though she could procure no other conveyance than her higgler's paniers, one for herself, the other for her maid? She knows whither to come now. Many a little villain have I punished for knowing more than I would have her know, and that by adding to her knowledge and experience. What thinkest thou, Belford, if, by getting hither this virago, and giving *cause* for a lamentable letter from her to the fair fugitive, I should be able to recover *her*? Would she not visit that friend in *her* distress, thinkest thou, whose intended visit to her in *hers* brought her into the condition from which she herself had so perfidiously escaped?

Let me enjoy the thought!

Shall I send this letter?—Thou seest I have left room, if I fail in the exact imitation of so charming a hand, to avoid too strict a scrutiny. Do they not both deserve it of me? Seest thou not how the raving girl threatens her mother? Ought she not to be punished? And can I be a worse devil, or villain, or monster, than she calls me in the long letter I inclose, (and has called me in her former letters) were I to punish them both as my vengeance urges me to punish them? And when I have executed that my vengeance, how charmingly satisfied may they both go down into the country, and keep house together, and have a much better reason than their pride could give them, for living the single life they have both seemed so fond of!

I will set about transcribing it this moment, I think. I can resolve afterwards. Yet what has poor Hickman done to deserve this of me?—But gloriously would it punish the mother, (as well as daughter) for all her sordid avarice; and for her undutifulness to honest Mr. Howe, whose heart she actually broke. I am on tiptoe, Jack, to enter upon this project. Is not one country as good to me as another, if I should be obliged to take another tour upon it?

BUT I will not venture. Hickman is a good man, they tell me. I love a good man. I hope one of these days to be a good man myself. Besides, I have heard within this week something of this honest fellow that shews he has a soul; when I thought, if he had one, that it lay a little of the deepest to emerge to notice, except on very extraordinary occasions; and that then it presently sunk again into it's *cellula adiposa*.—The man is a *plump man*.—Didst ever see him, Jack?

But the principal reason that withholds me, [For 'tis a tempting project!] is, for fear of being utterly blown up, if I should not be quick enough with my letter, or if Miss Howe should deliberate on setting out, or try her mother's consent first; in which time a letter from my frighted beauty might reach her; for I have no doubt, wherever she has refuged, but her first work was to write to her vixen friend. I will therefore go on patiently; and take my revenge upon the little fury at my leisure.

But, in spite of my compassion for Hickman, whose better character is sometimes my envy, and who is one of those mortals that bring clumsiness into credit with the *mothers*, to the disgrace of us clever fellows, and often to our disappointment, with the *daughters*, and who has been very busy in assisting these double-armed beauties against me; I swear by all the *Dii Majores*, as well as *Minores*, that I will have Miss Howe, if I cannot have her more exalted friend! And then, if there be as much flaming love between these girls as they pretend, what will my charmer profit by her escape?

And now, that I shall permit Miss Howe to reign a little longer, let me ask thee, If thou hast not, in the inclosed letter, a fresh instance, that a great many of my difficulties with her sister-toast are owing to this flighty-girl?—'Tis true, that here was naturally a confounded sharp winter air; and if a little cold water was thrown into the path, no wonder that it was instantly frozen; and that the poor honest traveller found it next to impossible to keep his way; one foot sliding back as fast as the other advanced, to the endangering of his limbs or neck. But yet I think it impossible, that she should have baffled me

as she has done, (novice as she is, and never before from under her parents wings) had she not been armed by a virago, who was formerly very near shewing, that she could better advise than practise. But this, I believe, I have said more than once before.

I am loth to reproach *myself*, now the cruel creature has escaped me; for what would that do, but add to my torment? since evils self caused, and avoidable, admit not of palliation or comfort. And yet, if *thou* tellest me, that all *her* strength was owing to *my* weakness, and that I have been a cursed coward in this whole affair; why then, Jack, I may blush, and be vexed; but, by my soul, I cannot contradict thee.

But this, Belford, I hope—that if I can turn the poison of the inclosed letter into wholesome aliment; that is to say, if I can make use of it to my advantage; I shall have *thy* free consent to do it.

I am always careful to open covers cautiously, and to preserve seals entire. I will draw out from this cursed letter an alphabet. Nor was Nick Rowe ever half so diligent to learn Spanish, at the Quixote recommendation of a certain peer, as I will be to gain the mastery of this vixen's hand.

LETTER V.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 8.

AFTER my last, so full of other hopes, the contents of this will surprize you. O my dearest friend, the man has at last proved himself to be a villain!

It was with the utmost difficulty last night, that I preserved myself from the vilest dishonour. He extorted from me a promise of forgiveness, and that I would see him next day, as if nothing had happened: but if it were possible to escape from a wretch, who, as I have too much reason to believe, formed a plot to fire the house, to frighten me, almost naked, into his arms, how could I see him the next day?

I have escaped—Heaven be praised that I have!—And have now no other concern, than that I fly from the only hope that could have made such an husband tolerable to me; the reconciliation with my friends, so agreeably undertaken by my uncle.

All my present hope is, to find some reputable family, or person of my own sex, who is obliged to go beyond sea, or who lives abroad; I care not whither; but if I might chuse, in some one of our American colonies—Never to be heard of more by my relations, whom I have so grievously offended.

Nor let your generous heart be moved at what I write. If I can escape the dreadfullest part of my father's malediction, (for the temporary part is already in a manner fulfilled, which makes me tremble in apprehension of the other) I shall think the wreck of my worldly fortunes a happy composition.

Neither is there need of the renewal of your so often tendered goodness to me: for I have with me rings and other valuables, that were sent me with my cloaths, which will turn into money to answer all I can want, till Providence shall be pleased to put me into some way to help myself, if, for my further punishment, my life is to lengthened beyond my wishes.

Impute not this scheme, my beloved friend, either to dejection on one hand, or to that romantick turn on the other, which we have supposed generally to obtain with our sex, from fifteen to twenty-two: for, be pleased to consider my unhappy situation, in the light in which it really must appear to every considerate person, who knows it. In the first place, the man, who has had the assurance to think me, and to endeavour to make me, his *property*, will hunt me from place to place, and search after me as a stray: and he knows he may do so with impunity; for whom have I to protect me from him?

Then as to my estate, the envied estate, which has been the original cause of all my misfortunes, it shall never be mine upon litigated terms. What is there in being enabled to boast, that I am worth more than *I can use*, or *wish to use*? And if my power is circumscribed, I shall not have that to answer for, which I should have, if I did not use it as I ought: which very few do. I shall have no husband, of whose interest I ought to be so regardful, as to prevent me doing *more* than justice to others, that I may not do *less* to him. If, therefore, my father will be pleased (as I shall presume, in proper time, to propose to him) to pay two annuities out of it, one to my dear Mrs. Norton, which may make her easy for the remainder of her life, as she is now growing into years; the other of 50 l. *per annum*, to the same good woman, for the use of *my poor*, as I have had the vanity to call a certain set of people, concerning whom she knows all my mind; that so as few as possible may

suffer

ſuffer by the conſequences of my error; God bleſs them, and give them heart's-eaſe and content, with the reſt!

Other reaſons for my taking the ſtep I have hinted at, are theſe:

This wicked man knows I have no friend in the world but you: your neighbourhood, therefore, would be the firſt he would ſeek for me in, were you to think it poſſible for me to be concealed in it: and in this caſe you might be ſubjected to inconveniences greater even than thoſe which you have already ſuſtained on my account.

From my couſin Morden, were he to come, I could not hope protection; ſince, by his letter to me, it is evident, that my brother has engaged him in his party: nor would I, by any means, ſubject ſo worthy a man to danger; as might be the caſe, from the violence of this ungovernable ſpirit.

Theſe things conſidered, what better method can I take, than to go abroad to ſome one of the Engliſh colonies; where nobody but yourſelf ſhall know anything of me; nor you, let me tell you, preſently, nor till I am fixed, and (if it pleaſe God) in a courſe of living tolerably to my mind? For it is no ſmall part of my concern, that my indiſcretions have laid ſo heavy a tax upon you, my dear friend, to whom, once, I hoped to give more pleaſure than pain.

I am at preſent at one Mrs. Moore's at Hampſtead. My heart miſgave me at coming to this village, becauſe I had been here with him more than once: but the coach hither was ſo ready a conveniency, that I knew not what to do better. Then I ſhall ſtay here no longer than till I can receive your anſwer to this: in which you will be pleaſed to let me know, if I cannot be hid, according to your former contrivance, [Happy, had I given into it at the time!] by Mrs. Townſend's aſſiſtance, till the heat of his ſearch be over. The Deptford road, I imagine, will be the right direction to hear of a paſſage, and to get ſafely aboard.

O why was the great fiend of all unchained, and permitted to aſſume ſo ſpecious a form, and yet allowed to conceal his feet and his talons, till with the one he was ready to trample upon my honour, and to ſtrike the other into my heart!—And what had I done, that he ſhould be let looſe particularly upon me!

Forgive me this murmuring queſtion, the effect of my impatience, my *guilty* impatience, I doubt: for, as I have eſcaped with my honour, and nothing but my worldly proſpects, and my pride, my ambition, and my vanity, have ſuffered in this wreck of my hopefuller fortunes, may I not ſtill be more happy than I deſerve to be? And is it not in my own power ſtill, by the Divine favour, to ſecure the great ſtake of all? And who knows but that this very path into which my inconſideration has thrown me, ſtrew'd as it is with briers and thorns, which tear in pieces my gaudier trappings, may not be the right path to lead me into the great road to my future happineſs; which might have been endangered by evil communication?

And after all, are there not ſtill more deſerving perſons than I, who never failed in any capital point of duty, that have been more humbled than myſelf; and ſome too, by the errors of parents and relations, by the tricks and baſeneſs of guardians and truſtees, and in which their own raſhneſs or folly had no part?

I will then endeavour to make the beſt of my preſent lot. And join with me, my beſt, my only friend, in praying, that my puniſhment may end here; and that my preſent afflictions may be ſanctified to me.

This letter will enable you to account for a line or two, which I ſent to Wilſon's, to be carried to you, only for a feint, to get his ſervant out of the way. He ſeemed to be left, as I thought, for a ſpy upon me. But he returning too ſoon, I was forced to write a few lines for him to carry to his maſter, to a tavern near Doctors Commons, with the ſame view; and this happily anſwered my end.

I wrote early in the morning a bitter letter to the wretch, which I left for him obvious enough; and I ſuppoſe he has it by this time. I kept no copy of it. I ſhall recollect the contents, and give you the particulars of all, at more leiſure.

I am ſure you will approve of my eſcape—The rather, as the people of the houſe muſt be very vile: for they, and that Dorcas too, did hear me (I know they did) cry out for help. If the fire had been other than a villainous plot, (although in the morning, to blind them, I pretended to think it otherwiſe) they would have been alarmed as much as I; and have run in, hearing me ſcream, to *comfort me*, ſuppoſing my terror was the fire; to *relieve me*, ſuppoſing it were any-thing elſe. But the vile Dorcas went away as ſoon as ſhe ſaw

saw the wretch throw his arms about me!—Bleſs me, my dear, I had only my ſlippers and an under-petticoat on. I was frighted out of my bed, by her cries of fire; and that I ſhould be burnt to aſhes in a moment—And ſhe to go away, and never to return, nor anybody elſe! And yet I heard women's voices in the next room; indeed I did. —An evident contrivance of them all: —God be praiſed, I am out of their houſe!

My terror is not yet over: I can hardly think myſelf ſafe. Every well-dreſſed man I ſee from my windows, whether on horſeback or on foot, I think to be him.

I know you will expedite an anſwer. A man and horſe will be procured me to-morrow early, to carry this. To be ſure, you cannot return an anſwer by the ſame man, becauſe you muſt ſee Mrs. Townſend firſt: nevertheleſs, I ſhall wait with impatience till you *can*; having no friend but you to apply to; and being ſuch a ſtranger to this part of the world, that I know not which way to turn myſelf; whither to go; nor what to do—What a dreadful hand have I made of it!

Mrs. Moore, at whoſe houſe I am, is a widow, and of good character: and of this one of her neighbours, of whom I bought a handkerchief, purpoſely to make enquiry before I would venture, informed me.

I will not ſet my foot out of doors, till I have your direction: and I am the more ſecure, having dropt words to the people of the houſe where the coach ſet me down, as if I expected a chariot to meet me in my way to Hendon; a village a little diſtance from this. And when I left their houſe, I walked backward and forward upon the hill; at firſt, not knowing what to do; and afterwards, to be certain that I was not watched before I ventured to enquire after a lodging.

You will direct for me, my dear, by the name of Mrs. Harriot Lucas.

Had I not made my eſcape when I did, I was reſolved to attempt it again and again. He was gone to the Commons for a licence, as he wrote me word; for I refuſed to ſee him, notwithſtanding the promiſe he extorted from me.

How hard, how next-to-impoſſible, my dear, to avoid many *leſſer* deviations, when we are betrayed into a *capital* one!

For fear I ſhould not get away at my firſt effort, I had appriz'd him, that I would not ſet eye upon him under a week, in order to gain myſelf time for it in different ways—And were I ſo to have been watched as to have made it neceſſary, I would, after ſuch an inſtance of the connivance of the women of the houſe, have run out into the ſtreet, and thrown myſelf into the next houſe I could have entered, or claimed protection from the firſt perſon I had met—*Women to deſert the cauſe of a poor creature of their own ſex in ſuch a ſituation, what muſt they be!*—Then, ſuch poor guilty ſort of figures did they make in the morning after he was gone out—ſo earneſt to get me up ſtairs, and to convince me, by the ſcorched window-boards, and burnt curtains and vallens, that the fire was real—that (although I ſeemed to believe all they would have me believe) I was more and more reſolved to get out of their houſe at all adventures.

When I began, I thought to write but a few lines. But, be my ſubject what it will, I know not how to conclude when I write to *you*. It was *always* ſo: it is not therefore owing peculiarly to that moſt intereſting and unhappy ſituation, which you will allow however, to engroſs at preſent the whole mind of *your unhappy, but ever-affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER VI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY MORN. PAST 2 O'CLOCK.

IO triumphe! Io Clariſſa, ſing!—Once more, what a happy man thy friend! —A ſilly dear novice, to be heard to tell the coachman whither to carry her!—And to go to *Hampſtead*, of all the villages about London!—The place where we had been together more than once!

Methinks I am ſorry ſhe managed no better!—I ſhall find the recovery of her too eaſy a taſk, I fear! Had ſhe but known how much difficulty enhances the value of any-thing with me, and had ſhe had the leaſt notion of obliging me by it, ſhe would never have ſtopt ſhort at *Hampſtead*, ſurely.

Well, but after all this exultation, thou wilt aſk, If I have already got back my charmer?—I have not: but knowing where ſhe is, is almoſt the ſame thing as having her in my power. And it delights me to think how ſhe will ſtart and tremble when I firſt pop upon her! How ſhe will look with conſcious guilt, that will more than wipe off my guilt of Wedneſday night, when ſhe ſees her in-

jured lover, and acknowledged husband, from whom, the greatest of felonies, she would have stolen herself.

But thou wilt be impatient to know how I came by my lights. Read the inclosed here, and remember the instructions which from time to time, as I have told thee, I have given my fellow, in apprehension of such an elopement; and that will tell thee all, and what I may reasonably expect from the rascal's diligence and management, if he wishes ever to see my face again.

I received it about half an hour ago, just as I was going to lie down in my cloaths: and it has made me so much alive, that, midnight as it is, I have sent for a Blunt's chariot, to attend me here, by day-peep, with *my usual coachman*, if possible; and knowing not what else to do with myself, I sat down, and, in the joy of my heart, have not only written thus far, but have concluded upon the measures I shall take when admitted to her presence: for well am I aware of the difficulties I shall have to contend with from her perverseness.

'HONNORED SUR,

'THIS is to sertifie your honner, as 'how I am heer at Hamestet, wher 'I have found out my lady to be in 'logins at one Mrs. Moore's, near upon 'Hamstet Hethe. And I have so or-'dered matters, that her ladiship can-'not stur but I must have notice of her 'goins and comins. As I knowed I 'dursted not look into your honner's 'fase, if I had not found out my lady, 'thoff she was gone off the prems's in a 'quar er of an hour, as a man may say; 'so I knowed you would be glad at hart 'to know I had found her out: and so 'I send this by Petur Patrick, who is to 'have 5 shillins, it being now near 12 'of the clock at nite; for he would not 'stur without a hearty drink too be-'sides: and I was willing all shulde be 'snug likeways at the logins before I 'sent.

'I have munny of youre honner's; 'but I thought as how if the man was 'payed by me beforend, he mought play 'trix; so left that to your honner.

'My lady knows nothing of my be-'ing hereaway. But I thoute it best 'not to leve the plase, because she has 'taken the logins but for a fue nites.

'If your honner come to the Upper 'Flax, I will be in site all the day about 'the tapp-house or the hethe. I have 'borrowed another cote, instead of your 'honner's liferie, and a blacke wigg; 'so cannot be knoen by my lady, iff as 'howe she should see me: and have made 'as if I had the toothe-ake; so with 'my hancriffe at my mothe, the teth 'which your honner was pleased to 'betr out with your honner's fyste, and 'my dam'd wide mothe, as your honner 'notifys it to be, cannot be knoen to be mine.

'The tow inner letters I had from my 'lady, before she went off the prems's. 'One was to be left at Mr. Wilson's for 'Miss How. The next was to be for 'your honner. But I knowed you was 'not at the plase directed; and being 'afear'd of what fell out, so I kept them 'for your honner, and so could not 'give um to you, until I seed you. Miss 'How's I only made belief to her ladi-'ship as I carried it, and sed as how 'there was nothing left for hur, as she 'wished to knoe: so here they be bothe.

'I am, may it plese your honner, *your 'honner's most dutiful, and, wonce more, 'happy servant,*

'WM. SUMMERS.'

The two *inner* letters, as Will calls them, 'tis plain, were written for no other purpose, but to send him out of the way with them, and one of them to amuse me. That directed to Miss Howe is only this:

THURSDAY, JUNE 8.

'I Write this, my dear Miss Howe, only 'for a feint, and to see if it will go 'current. I shall write at large very 'soon, if not miserably prevented!!!

'CL. H.'

Now, Jack, will not *her feints* justify *mine!* Does she not invade my province, thinkest thou? And is it not now fairly come to *who shall most deceive and cheat the other?* So, I thank my stars, we are upon a par, at last, as to this point—Which is a great ease to my conscience, thou must believe. And if what Hudibras tells us is true, the dear fugitive has also abundance of pleasure to come.

'Doubtless the pleasure is as great
'In being cheated, as to cheat.
'As lookers-on find most delight,
'Who least perceive the juggler's sleight;
'And still the less they understand,
'The more admire the slight of hand.'

This my dear juggler's letter to me; the other *inner* letter sent by Will.

'THURSDAY, JUNE 8.

'MR. LOVELACE,

'DO not give me cause to dread your 'return. If you would not that 'I should hate you for ever, send me

half a line by the bearer, to assure me that you will not attempt to see me for a week to come. I cannot look you in the face without equal confusion and indignation. The obliging me in this is but a poor atonement for your last night's vile behaviour.

'You may pass this time in a journey to Lord M.'s: and I cannot doubt, if the ladies of your family are as favourable to me as you have assured me they are, but that you will have interest enough to prevail with one of them to oblige me with her company. After your baseness of last night, you will not wonder, that I insist upon this proof of your future honour.

'If Captain Tomlinson comes mean time, I can hear what he has to say, and send you an account of it.

'But in less than a week if you see me, it must be owing to a fresh act of violence, of which you know not the consequence.

'Send me the requested line, if ever you expect to have the forgiveness confirmed, the promise of which you extorted from *the unhappy* CL. H.'

Now, Belford, what canst thou say in behalf of this sweet rogue of a lady? What *canst* thou say for her? 'Tis apparent that she was fully determined upon an elopement, when she wrote it: and thus would she make me of party against myself, by drawing me in to give her a week's time to complete it: and, more wicked still, send me upon a fool's errand to bring up one of my cousins.—When we came to have the satisfaction of finding her gone off, and me exposed for ever!—What punishment can be bad enough for such a little villain of a lady!

But mind, moreover, how plausibly she accounts by this billet, (supposing she should not find an opportunity of eloping before I returned) for the resolution of not seeing me for a week; and for the bread and butter expedient!—So childish, as we thought it!

The chariot is not come; and if it were, it is yet too soon for every-thing but my impatience. And as I have already taken my measures, and can think of nothing but my triumph, I will resume her violent letter, in order to strengthen my resolutions against her. I was *before* in too gloomy a way to proceed with it; but now the subject is all alive to me, and my gayer fancy, like the sun-beams, will irradiate it, and turn the solemn deep-green into a brighter verdure.

When I have called upon my charmer to explain some parts of her letter, and to atone for others, I will send it, or a copy of it, to thee.

Suffice it at present to tell thee, in the first place, that *she is determined never to be my wife*—To be sure, there ought to be no compulsion in so material a case. Compulsion was her parent's fault, which I have censured so severely, that I shall hardly be guilty of the same. I am therefore glad I know her mind as to this essential point.

I have *ruined* her, she says!—Now that's a fib, take it her own way—If I had, she would not perhaps, have run away from me.

She is *thrown upon the wide world*: now I own that Hampstead Heath affords very pretty and very *extensive* prospects; but 'tis not the *wide world* neither: and suppose that to be her grievance, I hope soon to restore her to a *narrower*.

I am the *enemy of her soul, as well as of her honour!*—Confoundedly severe! Nevertheless, another fib!—For I love her soul very well; but think no more of it in this case than of my own.

She is to be *thrown upon strangers!*—And is not that her own fault!—Much against my will, I am sure!

She is cast from a state of *independency* into one of *obligation*. She never was in a state of *independency*; nor is it fit a woman should, of any age, or in any state of life. And as to the state of obligation, there is no such thing as living without being beholden to somebody. Mutual obligation is the very essence and soul of the social and commercial life:—why should *she* be exempt from it:—I am sure the person she raves at, desires not such an exemption—has been long *dependent* upon her; and would rejoice to owe *further obligations* to her than he can boast of hitherto.

She talks of her *father's curse*—But have I not repaid him for it an hundred fold in the same coin? But why must the faults of other people be laid at my door? Have I not enough of my own?

But the grey-eyed dawn begins to peep—Let me sum up all.

In short, then, the dear creature's letter is a collection of invectives not very new to *me*; though the occasion for them, no doubt, is new to *her*. A little sprinkling of the romantick and contradictory runs through it. She loves, and she hates: she encourages me to pursue her, by telling me I safely may; and yet she begs I will not. She apprehends poverty and want, yet resolves

to give away her eſtate; to gratify whom? —Why, in ſhort, thoſe who have been the cauſe of her misfortunes. And finally, though ſhe reſolves never to be mine, yet ſhe has ſome regrets at leaving me, becauſe of the opening proſpects of a reconciliation with her friends.

But never did morning dawn ſo tardily as this!—Neither is the chariot yet come.

'A GENTLEMAN to ſpeak with me, 'Dorcas!—Who can want me thus 'early?

'Captain Tomlinſon, ſayeſt thou: 'ſurely he muſt have travelled all night! '—Early riſer as I am, how could he 'think to find me up *thus* early?'

But let the chariot come, and he ſhall accompany me in it to the bottom of the hill, (though he return to town on foot; for the captain is all obliging goodneſs) that I may hear all he has to ſay, and tell him all my mind, and loſe no time.

Well, now I am ſatisfied that this rebellious flight will turn to my advantage, as all cruſhed rebellions do to the advantage of a ſovereign in poſſeſſion.

'DEAR captain, I rejoice to ſee you— 'Juſt in the nick of time—See! See!

"The roſy-finger'd morn appears,
"And from her mantle ſhakes her tears;
"The ſun ariſing, mortals cheers;
"And drives the riſing miſts away,
"In promiſe of a glorious day."

'Excuſe me, Sir, that I ſalute you 'from my favorite bard. He that riſes 'with the lark, will ſing with the lark. 'Strange news ſince I ſaw you, captain! '—Poor miſtaken lady!—But you have 'too much goodneſs, I know, to reveal 'to her uncle Harlowe the errors of this 'capricious beauty. It will all turn out 'for the beſt. You muſt accompany 'me part of the way. I know the de'light you take in compoſing differences. 'But 'tis the taſk of the prudent to heal 'the breaches made by the raſhneſs and 'folly of the imprudent.'

AND now (all round me ſo ſtill, and ſo ſilent) the rattling of the chariot-wheels at a ſtreet's diſtance do I hear!—And to this angel of a woman I fly!

Reward, O god of Love, [the cauſe is thy own] reward thou as it deſerves, my ſuffering perſeverance!—Succeed my endeavours to bring back to thy obedience this charming fugitive!—Make her acknowledge her raſhneſs; repent her inſults; implore my forgiveneſs; beg to be reinſtated in my favour, and that I will bury in oblivion the remembrance of her heinous offence againſt thee, and againſt me, thy faithful votary.

THE chariot at the door!—I come! I come!

'I attend you, good captain—'

'Indeed, Sir—'

'Pray, Sir—Civility is not ceremony.'

And now, dreſſed like a bridegroom, my heart elated beyond that of the moſt deſiring one, (attended by a footman whom my beloved never ſaw) I am already at Hampſtead!

LETTER VII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

UPPER FLASK, HAMPSTEAD, FRID. MORN. 7 O'CLOCK. (JUNE 9.)

I Am now here, and here have been this hour and a half. What an induſtrious ſpirit have I!—Nobody can ſay, that I eat the bread of idleneſs. I take true pains for all the pleaſure I enjoy. I cannot but admire myſelf ſtrangely; for, certainly, with this active ſoul, I ſhould have made a very great figure in whatever ſtation I had filled. But had I been a prince! To be ſure I ſhould have made a moſt *noble* prince! I ſhould have led up a a military dance equal to that of the great Macedonian. I ſhould have added kingdom to kingdom, and deſpoiled all my neighbouring-ſovereigns, in order to have obtained the name of *Robert the Great*. And I would have gone to war with the Great Turk, and the Perſian, and Mogholl, for the ſeraglios; for not one of thoſe eaſtern monarchs ſhould have had a pretty woman to bleſs himſelf with, till I had done with her.

And now I have ſo much leiſure upon my hands, that after having informed myſelf of all neceſſary particulars, I am ſet to my ſhort-hand writing in order to keep up with time as well as I can: for the ſubject is now become worthy of me; and it is yet too ſoon, I doubt, to pay my compliments to my charmer, after all her fatigues for two or three days paſt: and, moreover, I have abundance of matters preparative to my future proceedings to recount, in order to connect and render all intelligible.

I parted with the captain at the foot of the hill, trebly inſtructed; that is to ſay, as to the *fact*, to the *probable*, and to the *poſſible*. If my beloved and I can meet, and make up without the mediating of this *worthy* gentleman, it will be

ſo

ſo much the better. As little foreign aid as poſſible in my amorous conflicts has always been a rule with me; though here I have been obliged to call in ſo much. And who knows but it may be the better for the lady the leſs ſhe makes neceſſary? I cannot bear that ſhe ſhould ſit ſo indifferent to me as to be in earneſt to part with me for ever upon ſo *ſlight*, or even upon *any* occaſion. *If I find ſhe is*—But no more threatenings till ſhe is in my power—Thou knoweſt what I have vowed.

All Will's account from the lady's flight to his finding her again, all the accounts of the people of the houſe, the coachman's information to Will, and ſo forth, collected together, ſtand thus.

The Hampſtead coach, when the dear fugitive came to it, had but two paſſengers in it. But ſhe made the fellow go off directly, paying for the vacant places.

The two paſſengers directing the coachman to ſet them down at the Upper Flaſk, ſhe bid him ſet her down there alſo.

They took leave of her, [very reſpectfully no doubt;] and ſhe went into the houſe, and aſked, if ſhe could not have a diſh of tea, and a room to herſelf for half an hour.

They ſhewed her up to the very room where I now am. She ſat at the very table I now write upon; and, I believe, the chair I ſit in was hers. O Belford, if thou knoweſt what love is, thou wilt be able to account for theſe *minutiæ*.

She ſeemed ſpiritleſs and fatigued. The gentlewoman herſelf choſe to attend ſo genteel and lovely a gueſt. She aſked her, If ſhe would have bread and butter with her tea?

No. She could not eat.

They had very good biſcuits.

As ſhe pleaſed.

The gentlewoman ſtept out for ſome; and returning on a ſudden, ſhe obſerved the ſweet fugitive endeavouring to reſtrain a violent burſt of grief to which ſhe had given way in that little interval.

However, when the tea came, ſhe made the landlady ſit down with her, and aſked her abundance of queſtions about the villages and roads in that neighbourhood.

The gentlewoman took notice to her, *that ſhe ſeemed to be troubled in mind.*

Tender ſpirits, ſhe replied, could not part with *dear* friends without concern.

She meant *me*, no doubt.

She made no enquiry about a lodging, though by the ſequel, thou'lt obſerve, that ſhe ſeemed to intend to go no farther that night than Hampſtead. But after ſhe had drank two diſhes, and put a biſcuit in her pocket—[Sweet ſoul! to ſerve for her ſupper perhaps] ſhe laid down half a crown; and refuſing change, ſighing, took leave, ſaying, ſhe would proceed towards Hendon; the diſtance to which had been one of her queſtions.

They offered to ſend to know, if a Hampſtead coach were not to go to Hendon that evening.

No matter, ſhe ſaid—Perhaps ſhe might meet the chariot.

Another of her *feints* I ſuppoſe: for how, or with whom, could any thing of this ſort have been concerted ſince yeſterday morning?

She had, as the people took notice to one another, ſomething ſo uncommonly noble in her air, and in her perſon and behaviour, that they were ſure ſhe was of quality. And having no ſervant with her of either ſex, her eyes [Her fine eyes, the gentlewoman called them, ſtranger as ſhe was, and a woman!] being ſwelled and red, they were ſure there was an elopement in the caſe, either from parents or guardians; for they ſuppoſed her too young and too maidenly to be a married lady: and were ſhe married, no huſband would let ſuch a fine young creature be unattended and alone; nor give her cauſe for ſo much grief, as ſeemed to be ſettled in her countenance. Then, at times, ſhe ſeemed to be ſo bewildered, they ſaid, that they were afraid ſhe had it in her head to make away with herſelf.

All theſe things put together, excited their curioſity; and they engaged a *peery* ſervant, as they called a footman who was drinking with Kit the hoſtler at the taphouſe, to watch all her motions. This fellow reported the following particulars, as they were re-reported to me.

She indeed went towards Hendon, paſſing by the ſign of the Caſtle on the Heath; then, ſtopping, looked about her, and down into the valley before her. Then, turning her face towards London, ſhe ſeemed, by the motion of her handkerchief to her eyes, to weep; repenting [Who knows?] the raſh ſtep ſhe had taken, and wiſhing herſelf back again.

Better for her, if ſhe do, Jack, once more I ſay!—Woe be to the girl who could think of marrying me, yet be able to run away from me, and renounce me for ever!

Then, continuing on a few paces, ſhe ſtopt again; and, as if diſliking her road, again ſeeming to weep, directed her courſe back towards Hampſtead.

I am glad ſhe wept ſo much, becauſe

no

no heart bursts (be the occasion for the sorrow what it will) which has that kindly relief. Hence I hardly ever am moved at the sight of these pellucid fugitives in a fine woman. How often, in the past twelve hours, have I wished, that I could cry most confoundedly!

She then saw a coach-and-four driving towards her empty. She crossed the path she was in, as if to meet it; and seemed to intend to speak to the coachman, had he stopt or spoken first. He as earnestly looked at *her*. Every-one did so, who passed her, (so the man who dogged her was the less suspected)—Happy rogue of a coachman, hadst thou known whose notice thou didst engage, and whom thou mightest have obliged?—It was the divine Clarissa Harlowe at whom thou gazedst!—Mine own Clarissa Harlowe!—But it was well for me thou wert as undistinguishing as the beasts thou drovest; otherwise what a wild-goose chace had I been led?

The lady, as well as the coachman, in short, seemed to want resolution; the horses kept on, [The fellow's head and eyes, no doubt, turned behind him;] and the distance soon lengthened beyond recal. With a wistful eye she looked after him; sighed and wept again; as the servant, who then slily passed her, observed.

By this time she had reached the houses. She looked up at every one, as she passed; now-and-then breathing upon her bared hand, and applying it to her swelled eyes, to abate the redness, and dry the tears. At last, seeing a bill up for letting lodgings, she walked backwards and forwards half a dozen times, as if unable to determine what to do. And then went far her into the town; and there the fellow, being spoken to by one of his familiars, lost her for a few minutes: but he soon saw her come out of a linen-drapery shop, attended with a servant-maid, having, as he believed, bought some little matters, and, as it proved, got that maid-servant to go with her to the house where she is now at.

The fellow, after waiting about an hour, and not seeing her come out, returned, concluding that she had taken lodgings there.

And here, supposing my narrative of the dramatick kind, ends act the first. And now begins,

ACT II.

SCENE, *Hampstead Heath continued.*

Enter my Rascal.

WILL having got at all these particulars, by exchanging others as frankly against them, with which I had formerly prepared him both verbally and in writing; I found the people already of my party, and full of good wishes for my success, repeating to me all they told him.

But he had first acquainted me with the accounts he had given them of his lady and me. It is necessary that I give thee the particulars of his tale—And I have a little time upon my hands; for the maid of the house, who had been out of an errand, tells us, that she saw Mrs. Moore [with whom must be my first business] go into the house of a young gentleman, within a few doors of her, who has a maiden sister, Miss Rawlins by name, *so notify'd* for prudence, that none of her acquaintance undertake any-thing of consequence without consulting her.

Meanwhile my honest coachman is walking about Miss Rawlins's door, in order to bring me notice of Mrs. Moore's return to her own house. I hope her gossip's-tale will be as soon told as mine. Which take as follows.

Will told them, before I came, That his lady was but lately married to one of the finest gentlemen in the world. But that he, being very gay and lively, she was *mortal* jealous of him; and in a fit of that sort, had eloped from him. For although she loved him dearly, and he doated upon her, (as well he might, since as they had seen, she was the finest creature *that ever the sun shone upon*;) yet she was apt to be very wilful and sullen, if he might take the liberty to say so--but truth was truth;—and if she could not have her own way in every thing, would be for leaving him. That she had three or four times played his master such tricks; but with all the virtue and innocence in the world; running away to an intimate friend of hers, who, though a young lady of honour, was but too indulgent to her in this her *only* failing; for which reason his master had brought her to London-lodgings; their usual residence being in the country: and that, on his refusing to satisfy her about a lady he had been seen with in St. James's Park, she had, for the first time since she came to town, served his master thus; whom he had left half-distracted on that account.

'And truly well he might, poor gen-'tleman!' cried the honest folks, pitying me before they saw me.

He told them how he came by this intelligence of her; and made himself such an interest with them, that they helped him

him to a change of cloaths for himself; and the landlord, at his request, privately enquired, if the lady actually remained at Mrs. Moore's; and for how long she had taken the lodgings: which he found only to be for a week certain: but she had said, that she believed she should hardly stay so long. And then it was that he wrote his letter, and sent it by honest Peter Patrick, as thou hast heard.

When I came, my person and dress having answered Will's description, the people were ready to worship me. I now-and-then sighed, now-and-then put on a lighter air; which, however, I designed, should shew more of vexation ill-disguised, than of real cheerfulness: and they told Will it was a thousand pities so fine a lady should have such *skittish tricks*; adding, that she might expose herself to great dangers by them; for that there were rakes every-where, [*Lovelaces in every corner, Jack!*] and many about that town, who would leave nothing unattempted to get into her company: and although they might not prevail upon her, yet might they, nevertheless, hurt her reputation; and, in time, estrange the affections of so fine a gentleman from her.

Good sensible people, these!—Hay, Jack!

'Here, landlord; one word with you. '—My servant, I find, has acquainted 'you with the reason of my coming this 'way. An unhappy affair, landlord! 'A very unhappy affair! But never was 'there a more virtuous woman.'

'So, Sir, she seems to be. A thou-'sand pities her ladyship has such ways '—And to so good-humoured a gentle-'man as you seem to be, Sir.'

'Mother-spoilt, landlord!—Mother-'spoilt! that's the thing!—But,' sighing, 'I must make the best of it. What 'I want *you* to do for me, is to lend me 'a great coat. I care not what it is. If 'my spouse should see me at a distance, 'she would make it very difficult for me 'to get at her speech. A great coat 'with a cape, if you have one. I must 'come upon her before she is aware.'

'I am afraid, Sir, I have none fit for 'such a gentleman as you.'

'O any-thing will do!—The worse 'the better.'

Exit Landlord. Re-enter with two great coats.

'Aye, landlord, this will be best; for 'I can button the cape over the lower 'part of my face. Don't I look devilishly 'down and concerned, landlord?'

'I never saw a gentleman with a bet-'ter-natured look. 'Tis pity you should 'have such trials, Sir.'

'I must be very unhappy, no doubt 'of it, landlord. And yet I am a little 'pleased, you must needs think, that I 'have found her out before any great 'inconvenience has arisen to her. How-'ever, if I cannot break her of these 'freaks, she'll break my heart; for I 'do love her with all her failings.'

The good woman, who was within hearing of all this, pitied me much.

'Pray, your honour,' said she, 'if 'I may be so bold, was Madam ever a 'mamma?'

'No!'—and I sighed—'We have been 'but a little while married; and, as I 'may say to *you*, it is her own fault that 'she is not in that way.' [Not a word of a lie in this, Jack.] But to tell you truth, 'Madam, she may be compared to the 'dog in the manger.'

'I understand you, Sir,' [simpering.] 'She is but young, Sir. I have heard 'of one or two such skittish young ladies, 'in my time, Sir—But when Madam is 'in that way, I dare say, as she loves you, '(and it would be strange if she did not!) 'all this will be over, and she may make 'the best of wives.'

'That's all my hope.'

'She is as fine a lady as ever I beheld. 'I hope, Sir, you won't be too severe. 'She'll get over all these freaks, if once 'she be a mamma, I warrant.'

'I can't be severe to her; she knows 'that. The moment I see her, all re-'sentment is over with me, if she give 'me but one kind look.'

All this time, I was adjusting my horseman's coat, and Will was putting in the ties of my wig, and buttoning the cape over my chin.

I asked the gentlewoman for a little powder. She brought me a powder-box, and I slightly shook the puff over my hat, and flapped one side of it, though the lace looked a little too gay for my covering; and touching it over my eyes, 'Shall I be known, think you, Ma-'dam?'

'Your honour is so expert, Sir!—I 'wish, if I may be so bold, your lady 'has not some *cause* to be jealous. But 'it will be impossible, if you keep your 'laced cloaths covered, that any-body 'should know you in that dress to be the 'same gentleman—Except they find you 'out by your clocked stockings.'

'Well observed—Can't you, land-'lord, lend or sell me a pair of stock-'ings, that will draw over these? I can

'cut

'cut off the feet, if they won't go into 'my ſhoes.'

He could let me have a pair of coarſe, but clean, ſtirrup-ſtockings, if I pleaſed.

'The beſt in the world for the pur-'poſe.'

He fetched them. Will drew them on; and my legs then made a good gouty appearance.

The good woman, ſmiling, wiſhed me ſucceſs; and ſo did the landlord: and as thou knoweſt that I am not a bad mimick, I took a cane, which I borrowed of the landlord, and ſtooped in the ſhoulders to a quarter of a foot of leſs height, and ſtumped away acroſs to the bowling-green, to practiſe a little the hobbling gaite of a gouty man. The landlady whiſpered her huſband, as Will tells me, 'He's a good one, I warrant him—I dare 'ſay the fault lies not all of one ſide.' While mine hoſt replied, that I was ſo lively and ſo good-natured a gentleman, that he did not know who could be angry with me, do what I would. A ſenſible fellow!—I wiſh my charmer were of the ſame opinion.

And now I am going to try, if I can't agree with Goody Moore for lodgings and other conveniences for my ſick wife.

'Wife, Lovelace?' methinks thou interrogateſt.

Yes, *wife*; for who knows what cautions the dear fugitive may have given in apprehenſion of me?

'But has Goody Moore any other 'lodgings to let?'

Yes, yes; I have taken care of that; and find that ſhe has juſt ſuch conveniences as I want. And I know that my wife will like them. For, although married, I can do every-thing I pleaſe; and that's a bold word, you know. But had ſhe only a garret to let, I would have liked it; and been a poor author afraid of arreſts, and made that my place of refuge; yet would have made ſhift to pay before-hand for what I had. I can ſuit myſelf to any condition, that's my comfort.

THE widow Moore returned! ſay you—Down, down flutterer!—This impertinent heart is more troubleſome to me than my conſcience, I think.—I ſhall be obliged to hoarſen my voice, and roughen my character, to keep up with it's puppily dancings.

But let me ſee, Shall I be angry or pleaſed, when I am admitted to my beloved's preſence?

Angry to be ſure.—Has ſhe not broken her word with me?—At a time too when I was meditating to do her grateful juſtice?—And is not breach of word a dreadful crime in good folks? I have ever been for forming my judgment of the nature of things and actions, not ſo much from what they are in themſelves, as from the character of the actors. Thus it would be as odd a thing in ſuch as we to *keep* our words with a woman, as it would be *wicked* in her to *break* hers to us.

Seeſt thou not, that this unſeaſonable gravity is admitted to quell the palpitations of this unmanageable heart? But ſtill it will go on with it's boundings. I'll try as I ride in my chariot to *tranquilize*.

'Ride, Bob! ſo little a way?'

Yes, ride, Jack; for am I not lame? And will it not look well to have a lodger who keeps his chariot? What widow, what ſervant, aſks queſtions of a man who keeps an equipage?

My coachman, as well as my other ſervant, is under Will's tuition.

Never was there ſuch a hideous raſcal as he has made himſelf. The devil only and his *other* maſter can know him. They both have ſet their marks upon him. As to my honour's mark, it will never be out of *his damned wide mouth*, as he calls it. For the dog will be hanged before he can loſe the reſt of his teeth by age.

I am gone.

LETTER VIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

HAMPSTEAD, FRIDAY NIGHT, JUNE 9.

NOW, Belford, for the narrative of narratives. I will continue it, as I have opportunity; and that ſo dexterouſly, that if I break off twenty times, thou ſhalt not diſcern where I piece my thread.

Although grievouſly afflicted with the gout, I alighted out of my chariot, (leaning very hard on my cane with one hand, and on my new ſervant's ſhoulder with the other) the ſame inſtant almoſt that he had knocked at the door, that I might be ſure of admiſſion into the houſe.

I took care to button my great coat about me, and to cover with it even the pummel of my ſword; it being a little too gay for my years. I knew not what occaſion I might have for my ſword. I ſtooped forward; blinked with my eyes to conceal their luſtre, [No vanity in ſaying that, Jack;] my chin wrapt up for the tooth-ache; my flouched, laced hat, and ſo much of my wig as was viſible,

giving me the appearance of an antiquated beau.

My wife, I reſolved before-hand, ſhould have a complication of diſorders.

The maid came to the door. I aſked for her miſtreſs. She ſhewed me into one of the parlours; and I ſat down with a gouty 'Oh!'

Enter Goody Moore.

'Your ſervant, Madam—But you 'muſt excuſe me; I cannot well ſtand. '—I find by the bill at the door, that 'you have lodgings to let,' [Mumbling my words as if, like my man Will, I had loſt ſome of my fore-teeth:] 'be 'pleaſed to inform me what they are; 'for I like your ſituation—And I will 'tell you my family—I have a wife, a 'good old woman—Older than myſelf, 'by the way, a pretty deal. She is in 'a bad ſtate of health, and is adviſed into 'the Hampſtead air. She will have 'two maid-ſervants and a footman. The 'coach or chariot (I ſhall not have them 'up both together) we can put any-'where, and the coachman will be with 'his horſes.'

'When, Sir, ſhall you want to come 'in?'

'I will take them from this very day; 'and, if convenient, will bring my wife 'in the afternoon.'

'Perhaps, Sir, you would board, as 'well as lodge?'

'That as you pleaſe. It will ſave me 'the trouble of bringing my cook, if 'we do. And I ſuppoſe you have ſer-'vants who know how to dreſs a couple 'of diſhes. My wife muſt eat plain food, 'and I don't love kick-ſhaws.'

'We have a ſingle lady, who will be 'gone in two or three days. She has 'one of the beſt apartments: that will 'then be at liberty.'

'You have one or two good ones mean 'time, I preſume, Madam, juſt to re-'ceive my wife; for we have loſt time.—'Theſe damned phyſicians—Excuſe me, 'Madam, I am not uſed to curſe; but 'it is owing to the love I have for my 'wife—They have kept her in hand, till 'they are aſhamed to take more fees, and 'now adviſe her to the air. I wiſh we 'had ſent her hither at firſt. But we 'muſt now make the beſt of it.

'Excuſe me, Madam,' [for ſhe looked hard at me] 'that I am muffled up in 'this warm weather. I am but too ſen-'ſible, that I have left my chamber 'ſooner than I ought, and perhaps ſhall 'have a return of my gout for it. I came 'out thus muffled up with a dreadful 'pain in my jaws; an ague in them, I 'believe. But my poor dear will not 'be ſatisfied with any-body's care but 'mine. And, as I told you, we have 'loſt time.'

'You ſhall ſee what accommodations 'I have, if you pleaſe, Sir. But I doubt 'you are too lame to walk up-ſtairs.'

'I can make ſhift to hobble up now I 'have reſted a little. I'll juſt look up-'on the apartment my wife is to have. 'Any-thing may do for the ſervants: 'and as you ſeem to be a good ſort of 'gentlewoman, I ſhan't ſtand for a price, 'and will pay well beſides for the trou-'ble I ſhall give.'

She led the way; and I, helping my-ſelf by the baniſters, made ſhift to get up with leſs fatigue than I expected from ancles ſo weak. But, oh! Jack, what was Sixtus the Vth's artful depreſſion of his natural powers to mine, when, as the half-dead Montalto, he gaped for the pretendedly unſought pontificate, and the moment he was choſen leapt upon the prancing beaſt, which it was thought by the amazed conclave he was not able to mount without help of chairs and men? Never were there a more joyous heart and lighter heels than mine, joined together; yet both denied their functi-ons; the one fluttering in ſecret, ready to burſt it's bars for relief-ful expreſſion, the others obliged to an hobbling mo-tion; when, unreſtrained, they would, in their maſter's imagination, have mounted him to the lunar world without the help of a ladder.

There were three rooms on a floor: two of them handſome; and the third, ſhe ſaid, ſtill handſomer; but the lady was in it.

I ſaw, I ſaw ſhe was! for as I hobbled up, crying out upon my weak ancles, in the hoarſe mumbling voice I had aſſum-ed, I beheld a little piece of her as ſhe juſt caſt an eye (with the door a-jar, as they call it) to obſerve who was coming up; and, ſeeing ſuch an old clumſy fel-low, great-coated in weather ſo warm, ſlouched, and muffled up, ſhe withdrew, ſhutting the door without any emotion. But it was not ſo with me; for thou canſt not imagine how my heart danced to my mouth, at the very glimpſe of her; ſo that I was afraid the thump, thump, thumping villain, which had ſo lately thumped as much to no purpoſe, would have choaked me.

I liked the lodging well; and the more as ſhe ſaid the third room was ſtill hand-ſomer. 'I muſt ſit down, Madam:' [And choſe the darkeſt part of the room] 'won't

'you rave! You will not eaſily recover 'from the effects of this violence. Have 'patience, my love. Be pacified; and 'we will coolly talk this matter over: 'for you expoſe yourſelf as well as me: 'theſe ladies will certainly think you 'have fallen among robbers, and that 'I am the chief of them.'

'So you are! ſo you are!' ſtamping, her face ſtill covered; [*She thought of Wedneſday night, no doubt*] and, ſighing as if her heart was breaking, ſhe put her hand to her forehead—'I ſhall be quite 'diſtracted!'

'I will not, my deareſt love, uncover 'your face. You ſhall *not* look upon 'me, ſince I am ſo odious to you. But 'this is a violence I never thought you 'capable of.'

And I would have preſſed her hand, as I held it, with my lips; but ſhe drew it from me with indignation.

'Unhand me, Sir,' ſaid ſhe. 'I will 'not be touched by you. Leave me to 'my fate. What right, what title, have 'you to perſecute me thus?'

'*What right, what title*, my dear! But 'this is not a time—I have a letter from 'Captain Tomlinſon—Here it is,' offering it to her.

'I will receive nothing from your 'hands—Tell me not of Captain Tom-'linſon—Tell me not of any-body—'You have no *right* to invade me thus '—Once more leave me to my fate—'Have you not made me miſerable 'enough?'

I touched a delicate ſtring, on purpoſe to ſet her in ſuch a paſſion before the women, as might confirm the intimation I had given of a phrenſical diſorder.

'What a turn is here!—Lately ſo 'happy—Nothing wanting but a recon-'ciliation between you and your friends! 'That reconciliation in ſuch a happy 'train—Shall ſo *ſlight*, ſo *accidental* an 'occaſion be ſuffered to overturn all 'our happineſs!'

She ſtarted up with a trembling impatience, her apron falling from her indignant face—'Now,' ſaid ſhe, 'that 'thou *dareſt* to call the occaſion *ſlight* 'and *accidental*, and that I am happily 'out of thy vile hands, and out of a 'houſe I have reaſon to believe *as* vile, 'traitor and wretch that thou art, I will 'venture to caſt an eye upon thee—And 'O that it were in my power, in mercy 'to my ſex, to look thee firſt into ſhame 'and remorſe, and then into death!

This violent tragedy-ſpeech, and the high manner in which ſhe uttered it, had it's deſired effect. I looked upon the women, and upon her by turns, with a pitying eye, and they ſhook their wiſe heads, and beſought *me* to retire, and *her* to lie down to compoſe herſelf.

This hurricane, like other hurricanes, was preſently allayed by a ſhower. She threw herſelf once more on her armed chair, and begged pardon of the women for her paſſionate exceſs; but not of me: yet I was in hopes, that when compliments were ſtirring, I ſhould have come in for my ſhare.

'Indeed, ladies,' ſaid I, [with aſſurance enough, thou'lt ſay] 'this violence 'is not natural to my beloved's temper '—Miſapprehenſion—'

'Miſapprehenſion, wretch!—And 'want I excuſes from thee!'

By what a ſcorn was every lovely feature agitated!

Then turning her face from me, 'I 'have not patience, O thou guileful be-'trayer, to look upon thee! Be gone! 'Be gone! With a face ſo unbluſhing, 'how dareſt thou appear in my pre-'ſence?'

I thought then that the character of a huſband obliged me to be angry.

'You may one day, Madam, repent 'this treatment:—by my ſoul you may. 'You know I have not deſerved it of 'you—You *know* I have not.'

'Do I know you have not?—Wretch! 'Do I know—'

'You do, Madam—And never did 'a man of my figure and conſideration' [I thought it was proper to throw that in] 'meet with ſuch treatment—'

She lifted up her hands; indignation kept her ſilent.

'But all of a piece with the charge 'you bring againſt me of *deſpoiling you* '*of all ſuccour and help*, of making you '*poor* and *low*, and with other unprece-'dented language. I will only ſay, be-'fore theſe two gentlewomen, that ſince 'it *muſt* be ſo, and ſince your former 'eſteem for me is turned into ſo rivetted 'an averſion, I will ſoon, *very* ſoon, 'make you entirely eaſy. I *will* be gone: '—I *will* leave you to *your own fate*, as 'you call it; and may that be happy! '—Only, that I may not appear to be a 'ſpoiler, a robber indeed, let me know 'whither I ſhall ſend your apparel, and 'every-thing that belongs to you, and I 'will ſend it.'

'Send it to this place; and aſſure me, 'that you will never moleſt me more; 'never more come near me; and that 'is all I aſk of you.'

'I *will* do ſo, Madam,' ſaid I, with a dejected air. 'But did I ever think I 'ſhould be ſo indifferent to you!—How-

'ever,

'ever, you must permit me to insist on 'your reading this letter; and on your 'seeing Captain Tomlinson, and hear-'ing what he has to say from your un-'cle. He will be here by-and-by.'

'Don't trifle with me,' said she, in an imperious tone. 'Do as you offer. I 'will not receive any letters from your 'hands. If I see Captain Tomlinson, 'it shall be on his *own* account; not 'on *yours*. You tell me you will send 'me my apparel: if you would have 'me believe any-thing you say, let this 'be the test of your sincerity—Leave me 'now, and send my things.'

The women stared. They did nothing but stare; and appeared to be more and more at a loss what to make of the matter between us.

I pretended to be going from her in a pet: but when I had got to the door, I turned back; and, as if I had recollected myself, 'One word more, my 'dearest creature!—Charming even in 'your anger!—O my fond soul!' said I, turning half-round, and pulling out my handkerchief.

I believe, Jack, my eyes did glisten a little. I have no doubt but they did. The women pitied me. Honest souls! They shewed, that they had each of them a handkerchief as well as I. So, hast thou not observed (to give a familiar illustration) every man in a company of a dozen or more, obligingly pull out his watch, when some one has asked, 'What's o'clock?' As each man of a like number, if one talks of his beard, will fall to stroking his chin with his four fingers and thumb.

'One word, only, Madam,' repeated I, (as soon as my voice had recovered it's tone:) 'I have represented to Cap-'tain Tomlinson in the most favoura-'ble light the cause of our present mis-'understanding. You know what your 'uncle insists upon; and with which you 'have acquiesced. The letter in my 'hand' [and again I offered it to her] 'will acquaint you with what you have 'to apprehend from your brother's ac-'tive malice.'

She was going to speak in a high accent, putting the letter from her with an open palm—'Nay, hear me out, Madam '—The captain, you know, has report-'ed our *marriage* to two different per-'sons. It is come to your brother's 'ears. My own relations have also 'heard of it. Letters were brought me 'from town this morning from Lady 'Betty Lawrance and Miss Montague. 'Here they are.' [I pulled them out of my pocket, and offered them to her, with that of the captain; but she held back her still open palm, that she might not receive them.] 'Reflect, Madam, I be-'seech you reflect, upon the fatal con-'sequences with which this your high 'resentment may be attended.'

'Ever since I knew you,' said she, 'I 'have been in a wilderness of doubt and 'error. I bless God that I am out of 'your hands. I will transact for my-'self what relates to myself. I dismiss 'all your solicitude for me. Am I 'not my own mistress?—Have you any 'title—'

The women stared, ['The devil stare 'ye!' thought I. 'Can you do nothing 'but stare?'] It was high time to stop her here.

I raised my voice to drown hers—'You used, my dearest creature, to have 'a tender and apprehensive heart—You 'never had so much reason for such a 'one as now—'

'Let me judge for myself upon what 'I shall *see*, not upon what I shall *hear* '—Do you think I shall ever—'

I dreaded her going on—'I *must* be 'heard, Madam,' raising my voice still higher. 'You *must* let me read one pa-'ragraph or two of this letter to you, 'if you will not read it yourself.'

'Be gone from me, man!—Be gone 'from me with thy letters! What pre-'tence hast thou for tormenting me thus '—What right—What title!'

'Dearest creature, what questions you 'ask! Questions that you can as well 'answer yourself.'

'I *can*, I *will*—And *thus* I answer 'them—

Still louder raised I my voice. She was overborne. 'Sweet soul! It would 'be hard,' thought I, [and yet I was very angry with her] 'if such a spirit as 'thine cannot be brought to yield to 'such a one as mine!'

I lowered my voice on her silence. All gentle, all *intreative*, my accent: my head bowed; one hand held out; the other on the honest heart:—'For 'Heaven's sake, my dearest creature, 'resolve to see Captain Tomlinson with 'temper. He would have come along 'with me: but I was willing to try to 'soften your mind first on this fatal mis-'apprehension; and this for the sake of 'your own wishes: for what is it other-'wise to me whether your friends are or 'are not reconciled to us? *Do I want* 'any favour from them?*—For your own

'mind's ſake, therefore, fruſtrate not 'Capt. Tomlinſon's negociation. That 'worthy gentleman will be here in 'the afternoon.—Lady Betty will be in 'town with my couſin Montague, in a 'day or two. They will be your vi-'ſitors. I beſeech you do not carry 'this miſunderſtanding ſo far, as that 'Lord M. and Lady Betty, and Lady 'Sarah may know it.'—[*How conſider-able this made me look to the women!*]—'Lady Betty will not let you reſt till 'you conſent to accompany her to her 'own ſeat—And to that lady may you 'ſafely entruſt your cauſe.'

Again, upon my pauſing a moment, ſhe was going to break out. I liked not the turn of her countenance, nor the tone of her voice—'And thinkeſt thou, 'baſe wretch!—were the words ſhe *did* utter. I again raiſed my voice and drowned hers—'*Baſe wretch*, Madam?—'You know that I have not deſerved 'the violent names you have called me. 'Words ſo opprobrious! from a mind ſo 'gentle!—But this treatment is from '*you*, Madam!—From *you*, whom I love 'more than my own ſoul!—By that 'ſoul, I ſwear that I do.'—[The women looked upon each other. They ſeemed pleaſed with my ardour. Women, whether wives, maids, or widows, love ardours. Even Miſs Howe, thou knoweſt, ſpeaks up for ardours.]—'Ne-'verthleſs, I muſt ſay, that you have 'carried matters too far for the occaſion. 'I ſee you hate me.'

She was juſt going to ſpeak—'If we 'are to *ſeparate for ever*,' in a ſtrong and ſolemn voice, proceeded I, 'this 'iſland ſhall not long be troubled with 'me. Mean time, only be pleaſed to 'give theſe letters a peruſal, and con-'ſider what is to be ſaid to your uncle's 'friend, and what he is to ſay to your 'uncle. Any-thing will I come into, '(renounce me if you will) that ſhall 'make for *your* peace, and for the re-'conciliation *your heart was ſo lately ſet 'upon*. But I humbly conceive, that it 'is neceſſary, that you ſhould come into 'better temper with me, were it but 'to give a favourable appearance to 'what *has paſſed*, and weight to any *fu-'ture application* to your friends, in what-'ever way you ſhall think proper to 'make it.'

I then put the letters into her lap, and retired into the next apartment with a low bow and a very ſolemn air.

I was ſoon followed by the two women. Mrs. Moore withdrew to give the fair perverſe time to read them: Miſs Rawlins for the ſame reaſon; and becauſe ſhe was ſent for home.

The widow beſought her ſpeedy return. I joined in the ſame requeſt; until ſhe was ready enough to promiſe to oblige us.

I excuſed myſelf to Mrs. Moore for the diſguiſe I had appeared in at firſt, and for the ſtory I had invented. I told her, that I held myſelf obliged to ſatisfy her for the whole floor we were upon; and for an upper-room for my ſervant; and that for a month certain.

She made many ſcruples, and begged ſhe might not be urged on this head, till ſhe had conſulted Miſs Rawlins.

I conſented; but told her, that ſhe had taken my earneſt; and I hoped there was no room for diſpute.

Juſt then Miſs Rawlins returned, with an air of eager curioſity; and having been told, what had paſſed between Mrs. Moore and me, ſhe gave herſelf airs of office immediately: which I humoured, plainly perceiving, that if I had *her* with me, I had the other.

She wiſhed, if there were time for it, and if it were not quite impertinent in her to deſire it, that I would give Mrs. Moore and her a brief hiſtory of an affair, which, as ſhe ſaid, bore the face of novelty, myſtery, and ſurprize: for ſometimes it looked to her as if we were married; at other times, that point appeared doubtful; and yet the lady did not abſolutely deny it; but, upon the whole, thought herſelf highly injured.

I ſaid, That ours was a very particular caſe: that were I to acquaint them with it, ſome part of it would hardly appear credible. But, however, as they ſeemed to be perſons of diſcretion, I would give them a brief account of the whole; and this in ſo plain and ſincere a manner, that it ſhould clear up to their ſatisfaction every-thing that had paſſed, or might hereafter paſs between us.

They ſat down by me, and threw every feature of their faces into attention. I was reſolved to go as near the truth as poſſible, leaſt any-thing ſhould drop from my ſpouſe to impeach my veracity; and yet keep in view what paſſed at the Flaſk.

It is neceſſary, although thou knoweſt my whole ſtory, and a good deal of my views, that thou ſhouldſt be apprized of the ſubſtance of what I told them.

I gave them, in as conciſe a manner as I was able, the hiſtory of our families, fortunes, alliances, antipathies; her brother's and mine particularly. I averred the truth of our private mar-

rance. The captain's letter, which I will inclose, will give thee my reasons for that. And besides, the women might have proposed a parlon to me by way of compromise. I told them the condition my spouse had made me swear to; and how much she held me, in order, I said, to induce me the sooner to be reconciled to her relations.

I owned, that this restraint made me sometimes ready to fly out. And Mrs. Moore was so good as to declare, that *she did not much wonder at it.*

'Thou art a very good sort of a wo-'man, Mrs. Moore,' thought I.

As Miss Howe has actually detected our mother; and might possibly find some way still to acquaint her friend with her discoveries; I thought it proper to prepossess them in favour of Mrs. Sinclair and her two nieces.

I said, They were gentlewomen born; that they had not bad hearts; that indeed my spouse did not love them; they having once jointly taken the liberty to blame her for her over-niceness with regard to me. People, I said, even *good* people, who knew themselves to be guilty of a fault they had no inclination to mend, were too often least patient, when told of it; as they could less bear than others, to be thought indifferently of.

Too often the case they owned.

'Mrs. Sinclair's house was a very 'handsome house, and fit to receive the 'first quality.' [True enough, Jack!] 'Mrs. Sinclair was a woman very easy 'in her circumstances: a widow gentle-'woman — as *you*, Mrs. Moore, are. 'Lets lodgings—as *you*, Mrs. Moore, 'do. Once had better prospects—as '*you*, Mrs Moore, may have had: the 'relict of Colonel Sinclair: you, Mrs. 'Moore, might know Colonel Sinclair '—He had lodgings at Hampstead.'

She had heard of the name.

'O, he was related to the best families 'in Scotland: and his widow is not to 'be reflected upon, because she lets 'lodgings, you know, Mrs. Moore— 'You know, Miss Rawlins.'

Very true—and, very true: and they must needs say, it did not look quite so pretty in such a lady, as my spouse, to be so censorious.

'A foundation here,' thought I, 'to 'procure these womens help to get back 'the fugitive, or their connivance at least 'at my doing so; as well as for antici-'pating any future information from 'Miss Howe.'

I gave them a character of that virago: and intimated, that for a head to contrive mischief, and a heart to execute it, she had hardly her equal in her sex.

To *this* Miss Howe it was, Mrs. Moore said, she supposed, that my spouse was so desirous to dispatch a man and horse, by day-dawn, with a letter she wrote before she went to bed last night; proposing to stay no longer than till she had received an answer to it.

'The very same,' said I. 'I *knew* she 'would have immediate recourse to her. 'I should have been but too happy, 'could I have prevented such a letter 'from passing, or so to have managed, 'as to have it given into Mrs. Howe's 'hands, instead of her daughter's. 'Women who had lived some time in 'the world knew *better* than to encou-'rage such skittish pranks in young 'wives.'

Let me just stop to tell thee, while it is in my head, that I have since given Will his cue to find out where the man lives who is gone with the fair fugitive's letter; and, if possible, to see him on his return, before he sees her.

I told the women, I despaired that it would ever be better with us while Miss Howe had so strange an ascendency over my spouse, and remained herself *unmarried*; and until the reconciliation with her friends could be effected; or a *still* happier event—'as I should think 'it, who am the last male of my family; 'and which my foolish vow, and her 'rigour, had hitherto——'

Here I stopt, and looked modest, turning my diamond-ring round my finger: while Goody Moore looked mighty significant, calling it a very particular case: and the maiden fanned away, and primmed and pursed, to shew, that what I said needed no farther explanation.

I told them the occasion of our present difference: I avowed the reality of the fire: but owned, that I would have made no scruple of breaking the unnatural oath she had bound me in, (having an husband's right on my side) when she was so accidentally frighted into my arms: and I blamed myself excessively, that I did not; since she thought fit to carry her resentment so high, and had the injustice to suppose the fire to be a contrivance of mine.

'Nay, for that matter,' Mrs. Moore said—as we were *married*, and *Madam* was so *odd*—'Every gentleman *would* '*not*—— And stopt there Mrs. Moore.

'To suppose I should have recourse 'to such a *poor* contrivance,' said I, 'when I saw the dear creature every

'hour——'

'*hour* ——' Was not this a bold put, Jack?

'A moſt extraordinary caſe, truly!' cried the maiden; fanning, yet coming in with her '*Well buts*; and her ſitting '*Pray Sirs!*' and her reſtraining '*Enough Sirs!*'—flying *from* the queſtion *to* the queſtion; her ſeat now-and-then uneaſy, for fear my *want of delicacy* ſhould hurt her abundant *modeſty*; and yet it was difficult to ſatisfy her *ſuper*-abundant *curioſity*.

My beloved's jealouſy, [and jealouſy of itſelf, to female minds, accounts for a thouſand unaccountableneſſes] and the imputation of her half-phrenzy brought upon her by her father's wicked curſe, and by the previous perſecutions ſhe had undergone from all her family, were what I dwelt upon, in order to provide againſt what might happen.

In ſhort, I owned againſt myſelf moſt of the offences which I did not doubt but ſhe would charge me with in their hearing: and as every cauſe has a black and white ſide, I gave the worſt parts of our ſtory the gentleſt turn. And when I had done, acquainted them with ſome of the contents of that letter of Captain Tomlinſon which I had left with the lady. I concluded with cautioning them to be guarded againſt the enquiries of James Harlowe, and of Captain Singleton, or of any ſailor-looking men.

This thou wilt ſee from the letter itſelf was neceſſary to be done. Here, therefore, thou mayeſt read it. And a charming letter to my purpoſe wilt thou find it to be, if thou giveſt the leaſt attention to it's contents.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'DEAR SIR, WED. JUNE 7.

ALTHOUGH I am obliged to be in 'town to-morrow, or next day at far-'theſt, yet I would not diſpenſe with writing to you, by *one of my ſervants*, '(whom I ſend up before me upon a par-'ticular occaſion) in order to adviſe 'you, *that it is probable you will hear from 'ſome of your own relations on your* [*ſuppo-'ſed**] *nuptials*. One of the perſons (Mr. 'Lilburne by name) to whom I hinted 'my belief of your marriage, happens 'to be acquainted with Mr. Spurrier, 'Lady Betty Lawrance's ſteward; and '(not being under any reſtriction) men-'tioned it *to* Mr. Spurrier, and he to 'Lady Betty, as a thing certain: and 'this (though I have not the honour *to 'be perſonally known to her ladyſhip*) 'brought on an enquiry from her lady-'ſhip to me by her gentleman: who 'coming to me in company with Mr. 'Lilburne, I had no way but to con-'firm the report. And I underſtand, 'that Lady Betty takes it amiſs, that ſhe 'was not acquainted with ſo deſirable 'a piece of news from yourſelf.

'Her ladyſhip, it ſeems, has *buſineſs 'that calls her to town*, [and you will poſ-'ſibly chuſe to put her right. If you 'do, it will, I preſume, *be in confidence*; 'that nothing may perſpire from your 'own family to contradict what I have 'given out.]

'[I have ever been of opinion, *That 'truth ought to be ſtrictly adhered to on all 'occaſions*: and am concerned that I have '(though with ſo good a view) depart-'ed from my old maxim. But my dear 'friend Mr. John Harlowe would have 'it ſo. Yet I never knew a departure 'of this kind a *ſingle* departure. But, 'to make the beſt of it now, allow me, 'Sir, to beg the lady, as ſoon as poſ-'ble, to authenticate the report given 'out.] When both you and the lady 'join in the acknowledgement of your 'marriage, it will be impertinent in any-'one to be inquiſitive as to the *day or 'week*: [and, if as privately celebrated 'as you intend, (while the gentlewomen 'with whom you lodge are properly in-'ſtructed, as you ſay they are, and who 'actually believe you were married long 'ago) who ſhall be able to give a contra-'diction to my report?]

'And yet it is very probable, that 'minute enquiries will be made; and 'this is what renders precaution neceſ-'ſary. For Mr. James Harlowe will not 'believe that you are married; and is 'ſure, he ſays, that you both lived to-'gether when Mr. Hickman's applica-'tion was made to Mr. John Harlowe: 'and if you lived together *any* time un-'married, he infers from *your* character, 'Mr. Lovelace, that it is not probable, 'that you would ever marry. And he 'leaves it to his two uncles to decide, if 'you even *ſhould be married*, whether 'there be not room to believe, that his 'ſiſter was *firſt diſhonoured*; and if ſo, to 'judge of the title ſhe will have to their 'favour, or to the forgiveneſs of any 'of her family. I believe, Sir, this part 'of my letter had beſt be kept from the 'lady.

'Young Mr. Harlowe is *reſolved to*

* What is between hooks [] thou mayeſt ſuppoſe, Jack, I ſunk upon the women, in the account I gave them of the contents of this letter.

'find this out, and to come at his ſiſter's ſecret likewiſe; and for that purpoſe 'sets out to-morrow, as I am well in-'formed, with a large attendance armed; 'and Mr. Solmes is to be of the party. And 'what makes him the more earneſt to 'find it out, is this: Mr. John Harlowe 'has told the whole family that he will 'alter and new ſettle his will. Mr. 'Antony Harlowe is reſolved to do the 'ſame by his; for, it ſeems, he has 'given over all thoughts of changing 'his condition, *having lately been diſap-'pointed in a view he had of that ſort with 'Mrs. Howe.* Theſe two brothers gene-'rally *act in concert*; and Mr. James 'Harlowe dreads (and let me tell you, 'that he has reaſon for it, on *my* Mr. 'Harlowe's account) that his younger 'ſiſter will be, at laſt, more benefited 'than he wiſhes for, by the alteration 'intended. He has already been en-'deavouring to ſound his uncle Harlowe 'on the ſubject; and wanted to know 'whether any *new application* had been 'made to him on his ſiſter's part. Mr. 'Harlowe avoided a direct anſwer, and 'expreſſed his wiſhes for a general re-'conciliation, and his hopes that his 'niece were married. This offended 'the furious young man, and he re-'minded his uncle of engagements they 'had all entered into at his ſiſter's going 'away, *not to be reconciled but by general 'conſent.*

'Mr. John Harlowe complains to me 'often, of the uncontroulableneſs of his 'nephew; and ſays, that now, that the 'young man has not any-body of whoſe 'ſuperior ſenſe he ſtands in awe, he ob-'ſerves not decency in his behaviour to 'any of them. And this makes *my* Mr. 'Harlowe ſtill more deſirous than ever of 'bringing his younger niece into favour 'again. I will not ſay all I might of 'this young man's extraordinary rapa-'ciouſneſs:—but one would think, 'that *theſe graſping men expect to live for 'ever!*

'I took the liberty but within theſe 'two hours, to propoſe to ſet on foot '(and offered my cover to) a corre-'ſpondence between *my friend, and his 'daughter-niece*, as he ſtill ſometimes 'fondly calls her. She was miſtreſs of 'ſo much prudence, I ſaid, that I was 'ſure ſhe could better direct every-'thing to it's deſirable end, than any-'body elſe could. But he ſaid, he did 'not think himſelf entirely at liberty to 'take ſuch a ſtep *at preſent*; and that it 'was beſt that he ſhould have it in his 'power to ſay, occaſionally, that he had 'not any correſpondence *with* her, or 'letter *from* her.

'You will ſee, Sir, from all this, the 'neceſſity of keeping our treaty an *ab-'ſolute ſecret*; and if the lady has men-'tioned it to her *worthy friend*, Miſs 'Howe, I hope it is in confidence.

'[And now, Sir, a few lines in anſwer 'to yours of Monday laſt.]

'[Mr. Harlowe was very well pleaſed 'with your readineſs to come into his 'propoſal. But as to what you *both* de-'ſire, that he will be preſent at the ce-'remony, he ſaid, that his nephew 'watched all his ſteps ſo narrowly, that 'he thought it was not practicable (if 'he were inclinable) to oblige you: but 'that he conſented with all his heart, 'that I ſhould be the perſon whom he 'ſtipulated ſhould be privately preſent 'at the ceremony on his part.]

'[However, I think, I have an *expe-'dient* for this, if your lady *continues* 'to be very deſirous of her uncle's pre-'ſence; (except he ſhould be more de-'termined than his anſwer to me ſeemed 'to import) of which I ſhall acquaint 'you, and perhaps of what he ſays to it, 'when *I have the pleaſure to ſee you in town.* 'But, indeed, I think you have *no time 'to loſe.* Mr. Harlowe is impatient to 'hear, that you are actually one; and 'I hope I may carry him down word, 'when I leave you next, that I *ſaw* the 'ceremony performed.]

'[If any obſtacle ariſes from the lady, '(from *you* it cannot) I ſhall be tempted 'to think a little hardly of her punctilio.]

'Mr. Harlowe hopes, Sir, that you 'will rather take pains to *avoid*, than to '*meet*, this violent young man. He has 'the better opinion of you, let me tell 'you, Sir, from the account I gave him 'of your moderation and politeneſs; 'neither of which are qualities with his 'nephew. *But we have all of us ſomething 'to amend.*

'You cannot imagine how dearly my 'friend ſtill loves this excellent niece of 'his—I will give you an inſtance of it, 'which affected me a good deal—"If "once more," ſaid he, (the laſt time 'but one we were together) "I can but "ſee this ſweet child gracing the upper-"end of my table, as miſtreſs of my "houſe, in my *allotted month*; all the reſt "of my family preſent but as her gueſts; "for ſo I formerly would have it; and "had her *mother's conſent for it*—" There 'he ſtopt; for he was forced to turn his 'reverend face from me. Tears ran 'down his cheeks. Fain would he have 'hid them: but he could not—"Yet—



Dodd delin. Goldar Sculp.t

LOVELACE *reading* LADY BETTY'S
Letter to CLARISSA.

Published by Alex.r Hogg. Aug.t 17.th 1793.

" yet," said he—" how—how"—[Poor ' gentleman, he perfectly sobbed]—" how shall I be able to bear the first " meeting!"

'I bless God I am *no hard-hearted* 'man, Mr. Lovelace: my eyes shewed 'to my worthy friend, that he had no 'reason to be ashamed of his humanity 'before me.

'I will put an end to this long epistle. 'Be pleased to make my compliments 'acceptable to the most excellent of wo-'men; as well as believe me to be, *dear 'Sir, your faithful friend, and humble ser-'vant,* 'ANTONY TOMLINSON.'

During the conversation between me and the women, I had planted myself at the farther end of the apartment we were in, over-against the door, which was open; and opposite to the lady's chamber door, which was shut. I spoke so low, that it was impossible for her, at that distance, to hear what we said; and in this situation I could see if her door opened.

I told the women, that what I had mentioned to my spouse of Lady Betty's coming to town with her niece Montague, and of their intention to visit my beloved, whom they had never seen, nor she them, was real; and that I expected news of their arrival every hour. I then shewed them copies of the other two letters, which I had left with *her*; the one from Lady Betty, the other from my cousin Montague.—And here thou mayest read them if thou wilt.

Eternally reproaching, eternally upbraiding me, are my impertinent relations. But they are fond of occasions to find fault with me. Their love, their love, Jack, and their dependence on my known good-humour, are their inducements.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'WED. MORN. JUNE 7.

'DEAR NEPHEW,

'I UNDERSTAND, that at length 'all our wishes are answered in your 'happy marriage. But I think, we 'might as well have heard of it directly 'from you, as from the round-about 'way by which we have been made ac-'quainted with it. Methinks, Sir, the '*power* and the *will* we have to oblige 'you, should not expose us the more to 'your slights and negligence. My bro-'ther had set his heart upon giving to 'you the wife we have all so long wished 'you to have. But if you were actually 'married at the time you made him that 'request, (*supposing, perhaps, that his 'gout would not let him attend you*) it is but 'like *you*.—If your lady had *her* reasons 'to wish it to be private while the dif-'ferences between her family and self 'continue, you might nevertheless have 'communicated it to us with *that* restric-'tion; and we should have forborne 'the publick manifestations of our joy, 'upon an event we have so long desired.

'The distant way we have come to 'know it is by my steward; who is ac-'quainted with a friend of Captain Tom-'linson, to whom that gentleman reveal-'ed it: and he, it seems, had it from 'yourself and lady, with such circum-'stances as leave it not to be doubted.

'I am, indeed, very much disobliged 'with you: so is Lady Sarah. But I 'shall have a very speedy opportunity 'to tell you so in person; being obliged 'to go to town on my old Chancery-'affair. My cousin Leeson, who is, it 'seems, removed to Albemarle Street, 'has notice of it. I shall be at *her* house, 'where I bespeak your attendance on 'Sunday night. I have written to my 'cousin Charlotte for either her, or her 'sister, to meet me at Reading, and ac-'company me to town. I shall stay but 'a few days; my business being matter 'of form only. On my return I shall 'pop upon Lord M. at M. Hall, to see 'in what way his last fit has left him.

'Mean time, having told you my mind 'on your negligence, I cannot help con-'gratulating you both on the occasion—'Your fair lady particularly, upon her 'entrance into a family which is prepar-'ed to admire and love her.

'My principal intention of writing 'to you (dispensing with the necessary 'punctilio) is, that you may acquaint 'my dear new niece, that I will not be 'denied the honour of her company 'down with me into Oxfordshire. I 'understand, that your proposed house 'and equipages cannot be soon ready. 'She shall be with me till they are. I 'insist upon it. This shall make all up. 'My house shall be her own. My ser-'vants and equipages hers.

'Lady Sarah, who has not been out 'of her own house for months, will 'oblige me with her company for a week, 'in honour of a niece so dearly beloved, 'as I am sure, she will be of us all.

'Being but in lodgings in town, nei-'ther you nor your lady can require 'much preparation.

'Some time on Monday I hope to at-'tend the dear young lady, to make her 'my compliments; and to receive *her*

'apology

'apology for *your* negligence: which, 'and her going down with me, as I ſaid 'before, ſhall be full ſatisfaction. Mean 'time, God bleſs *her* for her courage; '[Tell her I ſay ſo] and bleſs you *both* 'in each other; and that will be happi-'neſs to us all—particularly to *your tru-'ly affectionate aunt*,

'ELIZ. LAWRANCE.'

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'AT laſt, as we underſtand, there is 'ſome hope of you. Now does my good 'lord run over his bead-roll of pro-'verbs; of *black oxen, wild oats, long 'lanes*, and ſo-forth.

'Now, couſin, ſay I, is your time 'come; and you will be no longer, I 'hope, an infidel either to the power or 'excellence of the ſex you have pretend-'ed hitherto ſo much to undervalue; 'nor a ridiculer or ſcoffer at an inſtitu-'tion which all ſober people reverence, 'and all rakes, ſooner or later, are 'brought to reverence, or to wiſh they 'had.

'I want to ſee how you become your 'ſilken fetters: whether the charming 'yoke ſits light upon your ſhoulders. 'If with ſuch a ſweet yoke-fellow it does 'not, my lord, and my ſiſter, as well as 'I, think that you will deſerve a cloſer 'tie about your neck.

'His lordſhip is very much diſpleaſed, 'that you have not written him word of 'the day, the hour, the manner, and 'every-thing. But I aſk him, How he 'can *already* expect any mark of defe-'rence or politeneſs from you? He muſt 'ſtay, I tell him, till that ſign of reform-'ation, among others, appear from the 'influence and example of your lady: but 'that, if ever you will be good for any-'thing, it will be quickly ſeen. And, 'O couſin, what a vaſt, vaſt journey 'have you to take from the dreary land 'of libertiniſm, through the bright pro-'vince of reformation into the ſerene 'kingdom of happineſs!—You had need 'to loſe no time. You have many a 'weary ſtep to tread, before you can 'overtake thoſe travellers, who ſet out 'for it from a leſs remote quarter. But 'you have a charming pole-ſtar to guide 'you, that's your advantage. I wiſh 'you joy of it: and as I have never yet 'expected any highly complaiſant thing 'from you, *I make no ſcruple to begin firſt*; 'but it is purely, I muſt tell you, in 'reſpect to my new couſin; whoſe ac-'ceſſion into our family we moſt heartily 'congratulate and rejoice in.

'I have a letter from Lady Betty. 'She commands either my attendance 'or my ſiſter's at Reading, to proceed 'with her to town, to couſin Leſton's. 'She puts Lord M. in hopes, that ſhe 'ſhall certainly bring down with her 'our lovely new relation; for ſhe ſays, 'ſhe will not be denied. His lordſhip 'is the willinger to let *me* be the per-'ſon, as I am in a manner wild to ſee 'her; my ſiſter having two years ago 'had that honour at Sir Robert Bid-'dulph's. So get ready to accompany 'us in our return; except your lady has 'objections ſtrong enough to ſatisfy us 'all. Lady Sarah longs to ſee her; and 'ſays, This acceſſion to the family will 'ſupply to it the loſs of her beloved 'daughter.

'I ſhall ſoon, I hope, pay my com-'pliments to the dear lady in perſon: ſo 'have nothing to add, but that I am *your 'old mad playfellow and couſin*,

'CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.'

The women having read the copies of theſe two letters, I thought that I might then threaten and ſwagger—'But very 'little heart have I,' ſaid I, 'to encou-'rage ſuch a viſit from Lady Betty and 'Miſs Montague to my ſpouſe. For 'after all, I am tired out with her ſtrange 'ways. She is not what ſhe was, and '(as I told her in your hearing, ladies) 'I will leave this plaguy iſland, though 'the place of my birth, and though the 'ſtake I have in it is very conſiderable; 'and go and reſide in France or Italy, 'and never think of myſelf as a married 'man, *nor live like one*.'

'O dear!' ſaid one.

'That would be a ſad thing!' ſaid the other.

'Nay, Madam,' [Turning to Mrs. Moore]—'Indeed, Madam,' [To Miſs Rawlins]—'I am quite deſperate. I 'can no longer bear ſuch uſage. I have 'had the good fortune to be favoured 'by the ſmiles of very fine ladies, though 'I ſay it,' [and I looked modeſt] 'both 'abroad and at home.'—[*Thou knoweſt 'this to be true, Jack*] 'With regard to 'my ſpouſe here, I had but one hope 'left; (for as to the reconciliation with 'her friends, I ſcorn them all too much 'to value that, but for her ſake) and 'that was, that if it pleaſed God to bleſs 'us with children, ſhe might entirely re-'cover her uſual ſerenity; and we might 'then be happy. But the reconciliation 'her heart is ſo much ſet upon, is now, 'as I hinted before, entirely hopeleſs—'Made ſo, by this raſh ſtep of hers, and

'by

'by the rather temper she is in; since, '(as you will believe) her brother and 'sister, when they come to know it, will 'make a fine handle of it against us both '—affecting, as they do at present, to 'disbelieve our marriage—and the dear 'creature herself too ready to counte-'nance such a disbelief—as nothing *more* 'than the ceremony—as nothing *more*— 'hem!—as nothing more than the ceremo-'ny—'

Here, as thou wilt perceive, I was bashful; for Miss Rawlins, by her preparatory primness, put me in mind, that it was *proper to be so*.

I turned half round; then facing the fan-player, and the matron—'You *your-'selves*, ladies, knew not what to believe 'till *now*, that I have told you our story: 'and I do assure you, that I shall not 'give myself the same trouble to con-'vince people I hate; people from whom 'I neither expect nor desire any favour; 'and who are determined *not* to be con-'vinced. And what, pray, must be the 'issue, when her uncle's friend comes, 'although he seems to be a *truly worthy 'man?* Is it not natural for him to say, "To what purpose, Mr. Lovelace, should "I endeavour to bring about a reconci-"liation between Mrs. Lovelace and her "friends, by means of her elder uncle, "when a good understanding is wanting "between yourselves?"—A fair infer-'ence, Mrs. Moore!—A fair inference, 'Miss Rawlins!—And here is the un-'happiness—Till she is reconciled to 'them, this cursed oath, in her notion, 'is binding.'

The women seemed moved; for I spoke with great earnestness, though low—And besides, they love to have their sex, and it's favours, appear of importance to us. They shook their deep heads at each other, and looked sorrowful: and this moved my tender heart too.

''Tis an unheard of case, ladies—Had 'she not preferred me to all mankind—' There I stopped—'And that,' resumed I, feeling for my handkerchief, 'is what 'staggered Captain Tomlinson when he 'heard of her flight; who, the last time 'he saw us together, saw the most affec-'tionate couple on earth!—The most 'affectionate couple on earth!'—in the accent-grievous, repeated I.

Out then I pulled my handkerchief, and putting it to my eyes, arose and walked to the window—'It makes me 'weaker than a woman! Did I not love 'her as never man loved *his wife*—' [I have no doubt but I do, Jack.]

There again I stopt; and resuming—'Charming creature, as you see she is, 'I wish I had never beheld her face! 'Excuse me, ladies;' traversing the room. And having rubbed my eyes till I supposed them red, I turned to the women; and, pulling out my letter-case, 'I will shew you one letter—Here it is—'Read it, Miss Rawlins, if you please '—It will confirm to you, how much all 'my family are prepared to admire her. 'I am freely treated in it;—so I am in 'the two others: but after what I have 'told you, nothing need be a secret to 'you two.'

She took it with an air of eager curiosity, and looked at the seal, ostentatiously coroneted; and at the superscription, reading out, '*To Robert Lovelace, 'Esq.*'—'Aye, Madam—Aye, Miss—'that's my name,' [giving myself an air, though I had told it to them before] 'I 'am not ashamed of it. My wife's maid-'en name—*Unmarried* name, I should 'rather say—fool that I am!'—and I rubbed my cheek for vexation [Fool enough in conscience, Jack!] 'was Har-'lowe—Clarissa Harlowe—You heard 'me call her *my Clarissa*.'

'I did—but thought it to be a feigned 'or love-name,' said Miss Rawlins.

I wonder what is Miss Rawlins's love-name, Jack. Most of the fair romancers have in their early womanhood chosen love-names. No parson ever gave more *real* names, than I have given *fictitious* ones. And to very good purpose: many a sweet dear has answered me a letter for the sake of owning a name which her godmother never gave her.

No—It was her real name, I said.

I bid her read out the whole letter. 'If the spelling be not exact, Miss Raw-'lins,' said I, 'you will excuse it; the 'writer is a lord. But perhaps, I may 'not shew it to my spouse; for if those 'I have left with her have no effect upon 'her, neither will this: and I shall not 'care to expose my lord M. to her scorn. 'Indeed I begin to be quite careless of 'consequences.'

Miss Rawlins, who could not but be pleased with this mark of my confidence, looked as if she pitied me.

And here thou mayest read the letter, No. III.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'M. HALL, WEDN. JUNE 7.

'COUSIN LOVELACE,

'I THINK you might have found 'time to let us know of your nuptials 'being actually solemnized. I might

'have

'have expected this piece of civility from 'you. But perhaps the ceremony was 'performed at the very time that you 'asked me to be your lady's father—'But I shall be angry if I proceed in 'my guesses—And *little said is soon amend-*'*ed*.

'But I can tell you, that Lady Betty 'Lawrance, whatever Lady Sarah does, 'will not so soon forgive you, as I have 'done. *Women resent slights longer than* 'men. You that know so much of the 'sex (I speak it not however to your 'praise) might have known *that*. But 'never was you before acquainted with 'a lady of such an amiable character. 'I hope there will be but one soul be-'tween you. I have before now said, 'that I will disinherit you, and settle all 'I can upon her, if you prove not a good 'husband to her.

'May this marriage be crowned with 'a great many fine boys (I desire no 'girls) to build up again a family so an-'cient! The first boy shall take my sur-'name by act of parliament. That is 'my will.

Lady Betty and niece Charlotte will 'be in town about business *before you* '*know where you are*. They long to pay 'their compliments to your fair bride. 'I suppose you will hardly be at the 'Lawn when they get to town; because 'Greme informs me, you have sent no 'orders there for your lady's accommo-'dation.

'Pritchard has all things in readiness 'for signing. I will take no advantage 'of your slights. Indeed I am too much 'used to them—More praise to my pa-'tience, than to your complaisance, how-'ever.

'One reason for Lady Betty's going 'up, as I may tell you *under the rose*, is 'to buy some suitable presents for Lady 'Sarah and all of us to make on this 'agreeable occasion.

'We would have blazed it away, could 'we have had timely notice, and thought 'it would have been agreeable to all 'round. The *like occasions don't happen* '*every day*.

'My most affectionate compliments 'and congratulations to my new niece, 'conclude me, for the present, in violent 'pain, that with all your heroicalness 'would make you mad, *your truly affec-*'*tionate uncle*, M.'

This letter clench'd the nail. Not but that, Miss Rawlins said, she saw I had been a wild gentleman; and, truly, she thought so, the moment she beheld me. They began to intercede for my spouse (so nicely had I turned the tables;) and that I would not go abroad, and disap-point a reconciliation so much wished for on one side, and such desirable pros-pects on the other in my own family.

'Who knows,' thought I to myself, 'but more may come of this plot, than 'I had even promised myself? What a 'happy man shall I be, if these women 'can be brought to join to carry my 'marriage into consummation!

'Ladies, you are exceeding good to 'us both. I should have some hopes, 'if my unhappily nice spouse could be 'brought to dispense with the unnatural 'oath she has laid me under. You see 'what my case is. Do you think I may 'not insist upon her absolving me from 'this abominable oath? Will you be so 'good, as to give your advice, that one 'apartment may serve for a man and 'his wife at the hour of retirement?'—Modestly put, Belford!—And let me here observe, that few rakes would find a language so decent as to engage modest women to talk with him in, upon such subjects.

They both simpered, and looked upon one another.

These subjects always make women simper, at least. No *need* but of the most delicate hints to *them*. A man who is gross in a woman's company, ought to be knocked down with a club: for, like so many musical instruments, touch but a single wire, and the dear souls are sensible all over.

'To be sure,' Miss Rawlins learnedly said, playing with her fan, 'a casuist 'would give it, that the matrimonial 'vow ought to supersede any other obli-'gation.'

Mrs. Moore, for her part, was of opi-nion, that, if the lady owned herself to be a wife, she ought to behave *like* one.

'Whatever be my luck,' thought I, 'with this *all-eyed* fair one, any other 'woman in the world from fifteen to 'five-and-twenty, would be mine upon 'my own terms before the morning.

'And now, that I may be at hand to 'take all advantages, I will endeavour,' said I to myself, 'to make sure of good 'quarters.'

'I am your lodger, Mrs. Moore, in 'virtue of the earnest I have given you 'for these apartments, and for any one 'you can spare above for my servants. 'Indeed for *all* you have to spare—for 'who knows what my spouse's brother 'may attempt? I will pay you your own 'demand; and that for a month or two

'certain,

'certain, (board included) as I ſhall or 'ſhall not be your hindrance. Take '*that* as a pledge; or in part of pay-'ment.'—Offering her a thirty pound Bank note.

She declined taking it: deſiring ſhe might conſult the lady firſt; adding, that ſhe doubted not my honour; and that ſhe would not let her apartments to any other perſon, whom ſhe knew not ſomething of, while I and the lady were here.

The lady! The lady! from both the womens mouths continually, (which ſtill implied a doubt in their hearts:) and not *your ſpouſe*, and *your lady, Sir*.

'I never met with ſuch women,' thought I:—'ſo thoroughly convinced 'but this moment, yet already doubt-'ing—I am afraid I have a couple of 'ſcepticks to deal with.'

I knew no reaſon, I ſaid, for my wife to object to my lodging in the ſame houſe with her here, any more than in town, at Mrs. Sinclair's. But were ſhe to make ſuch objection, I would not quit poſſeſſion; ſince it was not unlikely, that the ſame freakiſh diſorder which brought her to Hampſtead, might carry her abſolutely out of my knowledge.

They both ſeemed embarraſſed; and looked upon one another; yet with ſuch an air, as if they thought there was reaſon in what I ſaid. And I declared myſelf her boarder, as well as lodger: and dinner time approaching, was not denied to be the former.

LETTER IX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Thought it was now high time to turn my whole mind to my beloved; who had had full leiſure to weigh the contents of the letters I had left with her.

I therefore requeſted Miſs Moore to ſtep in, and deſire to know whether ſhe would be pleaſed to admit me to attend her in her apartment, on occaſion of the letters I had left with her; or whether ſhe would favour me with her company in the dining-room.

Mrs. Moore deſired Miſs Rawlins to accompany her in to the lady. They tapped at the door, and were both admitted.

I cannot but ſtop here for one minute, to remark, though againſt myſelf, upon the ſecurity which innocence gives, that, nevertheleſs, had better have in it a greater mixture of the ſerpent than the dove. For here, heedleſs of all I could ſay behind her back, becauſe ſhe was ſatisfied with her own worthineſs, ſhe permitted me to go on with my own ſtory, without interruption, to perſons as great ſtrangers to her as to me; and who, as ſtrangers to *both*, might be ſuppoſed to lean to the ſide moſt injured: and that, as I managed it, was to mine. 'A dear ſilly ſoul,' thought I, at the time, 'to depend upon the goodneſs of 'her own heart, when the heart cannot 'be ſeen into but by it's actions; and 'ſhe, to appearance, a runaway, an 'eloper, from a tender, a moſt indul-'gent huſband!—To neglect to culti-'vate the opinions of individuals, when 'the whole world is governed by ap-'pearance!'

Yet, what can be expected of an angel under twenty?—She has a world of knowledge; knowledge *ſpeculative*, as I may ſay: but no *experience!* How ſhould ſhe?—Knowledge by the theory only is a vague uncertain light: a Will o'the Wiſp, which as often miſleads the doubting mind, as puts it right.

There are many things in the world, could a moralizer ſay, that would afford inexpreſſible pleaſure to a reflecting mind, were it not for the mixture they come to us with. To be graver ſtill: I have ſeen parents [Perhaps my own did ſo] who delighted in thoſe very qualities in their children, while young, the natural conſequences of which (too much indulged and encouraged) made them, as they grew up, the plague of their hearts—To bring this home to my preſent purpoſe. I muſt tell thee, that I adore this charming creature for her vigilant prudence; but yet I would not, methinks, wiſh her, by virtue of that prudence, which is, however, neceſſary to carry her above the *devices* of all the reſt of the world, to be too wiſe for *mine*.

My revenge, my *ſworn* revenge, is nevertheleſs (adore her as I will) uppermoſt in my heart—Miſs Howe ſays, that my love is an *Herodian* love: by my ſoul, that girl's a witch! I am half ſorry to ſay, *that I find a pleaſure in playing the tyrant over what I love.* Call it an ungenerous pleaſure, if thou wilt: ſofter hearts than mine know it. The women to a woman know it, and *ſhew* it too, whenever they are truſted with power. And why ſhould it be thought ſtrange, that I, who love them ſo dearly, and ſtudy them ſo much, ſhould catch the infection of them?

LETTER X.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Will now give thee the ſubſtance of the dialogue that paſſed between the two women and the lady.

Wonder not, that a perverſe wife makes a liſtening huſband. The event, however, as thou wilt find, juſtified the old obſervation, *That liſteners ſeldom hear good of themſelves.* Conſcious of their own demerits, if I may gueſs by myſelf, [There's ingenuouſneſs, Jack!] and fearful of cenſure, they ſeldom find themſelves diſappointed. There is ſomething of ſenſe, after all, in theſe proverbs, in theſe phraſes, in this *wiſdom of nations.*

Mrs. Moore was to be the meſſenger; but Miſs Rawlins began the dialogue.

'Your SPOUSE, Madam—' [Devil! —Only to fiſh for a negative or affirmative declaration,]

Cl. 'My *ſpouſe*, Madam!'

Miſs R. 'Mr. Lovelace, Madam, avers, that you are married to him; 'and begs admittance, or your compa'ny in the dining-room, to talk upon 'the ſubject of the letters he left with 'you.'

Cl. 'He is a poor wicked wretch. 'Let me beg of you, Madam, to favour 'me with your company as often as poſ'ſible while he is hereabouts, and I re'main here.'

Miſs R. 'I ſhall with pleaſure attend 'you, Madam. But, methinks, I could 'wiſh you would *ſee* the gentleman, and 'hear what he has to ſay on the ſubject 'of the letters.'

Cl. 'My caſe is a hard, a very hard one —I am quite bewildered!—I know not 'what to do!—I have not a friend in 'the world, that can or will help me! —Yet had none *but* friends till I knew 'that man!'

Miſs R. 'The gentleman neither looks 'nor talks like a bad man.—Not a *very* 'bad man; as men go.'

'As men go!—Poor Miſs Rawlins!' thought I—'And doſt thou know, *how* 'men go?'

Cl. 'O Madam, you know him not! —He can put on the appearance of an 'angel of light; but has a black, a 'very black heart!'

Poor!!

Miſs R. 'I could not have thought it truly!—But men are very deceitful 'now-a-days.'

'*Now-a-days!*'—A fool!—Have not her hiſtory-books told her, that they 'were always ſo.'

Mrs. Moore, ſighing. 'I have found it 'ſo, I am ſure, to my coſt!'

Who knows but in her time, poor Goody Moore may have met with a Lovelace, or a Belford, or ſome ſuch vile fellow?—My little hare-um-ſcare-um beauty knows not what ſtrange hiſtories every woman living, who has had the leaſt independence of will could tell her, were ſuch to be as communicative as ſhe is.—But here's the thing;—I have given her cauſe enough of offence; but not enough to make her hold her tongue.

Cl. 'As to the letters he has left with 'me, I know not what to ſay to *them:* '—But am reſolved never to have any'thing to ſay to *him.*'

Miſs R. 'If, Madam, I may be al'lowed to ſay ſo, I think you carry mat'ters very far.'

Cl. 'Has he been making a bad cauſe 'a good one with you, Madam?—*That* 'he can do with thoſe who know him 'not. Indeed I heard him talking, 'though not what he ſaid, and am in'different about it. But what account 'does he give of himſelf?'

I was pleaſed to hear this. 'To ar'reſt, to ſtop her paſſion,' thought I, 'in the height of it's career, is a charm'ing preſage.'

Then the buſy Miſs Rawlins fiſhed on, to find out from her either a *confirmation* or *diſavowal* of my ſtory.—Was Lord M. my uncle? Did I court her at firſt with the allowance of her friends, her brother excepted? Had I a rencounter with that brother? Was ſhe ſo perſecuted in favour of a very diſagreeable man, one Solmes, as to induce her to throw herſelf into my protection?

None of theſe were denied. All the objections ſhe *could* have made, were ſtifled, or kept in, by the conſideration, (as ſhe mentioned) that ſhe ſhould ſtay there but a little while; and that her ſtory was too long. But Miſs Rawlins would not be thus eaſily anſwered.

Miſs R. 'He ſays, Madam, that he 'could not prevail for marriage, till he 'had conſented, under a ſolemn oath, 'to ſeparate beds, while your family 'remained unreconciled.'

Cl. 'O the wretch! What can be ſtill 'in his head, to endeavour to paſs theſe 'ſtories upon ſtrangers?'

'So no direct denial,' though I.— 'Admirable!—All will do by-and-'by!'

Miſs R. 'He has owned, that an ac'cidental fire had frightened you very 'much on Wedneſday night—And that

'—And

'—And that—And that—an accidental 'fire had frightened you—Very much 'frightened you—laſt Wedneſday night!'

Then, after a ſhort pauſe—'In ſhort, he owned, that he had taken ſome in-'nocent liberties, which might have led 'to a breach of the oath you had impoſ-'ed upon him: and that this was the 'cauſe of your diſpleaſure.'

I would have been glad to ſee how my charmer then looked.—To be ſure ſhe was at a loſs in her own mind, to juſtify herſelf for reſenting ſo highly an offence ſo trifling.—She heſitated—Did not preſently ſpeak—When ſhe did, ſhe wiſhed, That ſhe, Miſs Rawlins, might never meet with any man who would take ſuch innoc nt liberties with *her*.

Miſs Rawlins puſhed further.

'Your caſe, to be ſure, Madam, is 'very particular. But if the hope of a 'reconciliation with your own friends is 'made more diſtant by your leaving him, 'give me leave to ſay, that 'tis pity—'tis pity—' [I ſuppoſe the maiden then primmed, fanned, and bluſhed;]—'tis pity the oath cannot be diſpenſed 'with; eſpecially as he owns he has not 'been ſo ſtrict a liver.'

I could have gone in and kiſſed the girl.

Cl. 'You have heard *his* ſtory. Mine, 'as I told you before, is too long, and 'too melancholy; my diſorder on ſeeing 'the wretch is too great; and my time 'here is too ſhort, for me to enter upon 'it. And if he has any end to ſerve by 'his own vindication, in which I ſhall 'not be a *perſonal* ſufferer, let him make 'himſelf appear as white as an angel; 'with all my heart.'

My love for her, and the excellent character I gave her were then pleaded.

Cl. 'Specious ſeducer!—Only tell me, 'if I cannot get away from him by ſome 'back-way?'

How my heart then went *pit-a-pat!* to ſpeak in the female dialect.

Cl. 'Let me look out—' [I heard the ſaſh lifted up] 'Whither does that path 'lead? Is there no poſſibility of getting 'to a coach?—Surely, he muſt deal with 'ſome fiend, or how could he have found 'me out?—Cannot I ſteal to ſome neigh-'bouring houſe, where I may be con-'cealed till I can get quite away?—You 'are good people!—I have not been al-'ways among ſuch!—O help me, help 'me, ladies!'—[with a voice of impatience] 'or I am ruined!'

Then pauſing, 'Is that the way to 'Hendon?' [pointing, I ſuppoſe]—'Is 'Hendon a private place?—The Hamp-'ſtead coach, I am told, will carry paſ-'ſengers thither.'

Mrs. Moore. 'I have an honeſt friend 'at Mill-Hill,'—['Devil fetch her!' thought I] 'where, if ſuch be your de-'termination, Madam, and if you think 'yourſelf in danger, you may be ſafe, I 'believe.'

Cl. 'Any-whither, if I can but eſcape 'from *this man!*—Whither does that path 'lead, out yonder?—What is that town 'on the right-hand called?'

Mrs. M. 'Highgate, Madam.'

Miſs R. 'On the ſide of the Heath is a 'little village called North-End. A 'kinſwoman of mine lives there. But 'her houſe is ſmall. I am not ſure ſhe 'could accommodate ſuch a lady.'

'Devil take *her* too!' thought I.—I imagined, that I had made myſelf a better intereſt in theſe women. But the whole ſex love plotting—And plotters too, Jack.

Cl. 'A barn, an out-houſe, a garret, 'will be a palace to me, if it will but 'afford me a refuge from *this man!*'

'Her ſenſes,' thought I, 'are much 'livelier than *mine*. What a devil have 'I done, that ſhe ſhould be ſo very im-'placable!'—I told thee, Belford, all I did: was there any-thing in it ſo very much amiſs?—Such proſpects of family-reconciliation before her too?—To be ſure ſhe is a very *ſenſible* lady!

She then eſpied my new ſervant walking under the window, and aſked, if he were not one of mine?

Will was on the look-out for old Grimes, [So is the fellow called whom my beloved has diſpatched to Miſs Howe.] And being told that the man ſhe ſaw *was* my ſervant; 'I ſee,' ſaid ſhe, 'that there is no eſcaping, unleſs 'you, Madam,' [to Miſs Rawlins, I ſuppoſe] 'can befriend me till I can 'get farther. I have no doubt that the 'fellow is planted about the houſe to 'watch my ſteps. But the wicked wretch 'his maſter has no *right to controul me.* 'He ſhall not hinder me from going 'whither I pleaſe. I will raiſe the town 'upon him, if he moleſts me. Dear la-'dies, is there no back-door for me to 'get out at while you hold him in 'talk?'

Miſs R. 'Give me leave to aſk you, 'Madam, Is there no room to hope for 'accommodation? Had you not better 'ſee him? He certainly loves you dearly: 'he is a fine gentleman: you may exaſ-'perate him, and make matters more 'unhappy for yourſelf.'

Cl. 'O Mrs. Moore!—O Miſs Raw-

'fits—you know not the man!—I wish 'not to see his face, nor to exchange 'another word with him as long as I 'live.'

Mrs. Moore. 'I don't find, Miss Rawlins, that the gentleman has misrepresented any-thing.—You see, Madam,' [to my Clarissa] 'how respectful he is; 'not to come in till permitted. He certainly loves you dearly. Pray, Madam, let him talk to you, as he wishes 'to do, on the subject of the letters.'

Very kind of Mrs. Moore!—'Mrs. 'Moore,' thought I, 'is a very good 'woman.' I did not curse her *then*.

Miss Rawlins said something; but so low, that I could not hear what it was. Thus it was answered.

Cl. 'I am greatly distressed! I know 'not what to do!—But, Mrs. Moore, 'be so good as to give his letters to him —Here they are.—Be pleased to tell 'him, That I wish him and Lady Betty 'and Miss Montague a happy meeting. 'He never can want excuses to them for 'what has happened, any more than 'pretences to those he would delude. 'Tell him, that he has ruined me in the 'opinion of my own friends. I am for 'that reason the less solicitous how I appear to his.'

Mrs. Moore then came to me; and I, being afraid that something would pass mean time between the other two, which I should not like, took the letters, and entered the room, and found them retired into the closet; my beloved whispering with an air of earnestness to Miss Rawlins, who was all attention.

Her back was towards me; and Miss Rawlins, by pulling her sleeve, giving intimation of my being there—'Can I 'have no retirement uninvaded, Sir?' said she, with indignation, as if she were interrupted in some talk her heart was in.—'What business have you here, or 'with me?—You have your letters, have 'you not?'

Lovel. 'I have, my dear; and let me 'beg of you to consider what you are 'about. I every moment expect Captain Tomlinson here. Upon my soul, 'I do. He has promised to keep from 'your uncle what has happened: but 'what will he think if he find you hold 'in this strange humour?'

Cl. 'I will endeavour, Sir, to have 'patience with you for a moment or 'two, while I ask you a few questions 'before this lady, and before Mrs. 'Moore,' [who just then came in] both 'of whom you have prejudiced in your 'favour by your specious stories—Will 'you say, Sir, that we are married together? Lay your hand upon your 'heart, and answer me, Am I your 'wedded wife?'

'I am gone too far,' thought I, 'to 'give up for such a push as this, home-'one as it is.

'My dearest soul! how can you put 'such a question? Is it either for *your* 'honour or *my own*, that it should be 'doubted?—Surely, surely, Madam, 'you cannot have attended to the con-'tents of Captain Tomlinson's letter.'

She complained often of want of spirits throughout our whole contention, and of weakness of person and mind, from the fits she had been thrown into: but little reason had *she* for this complaint, as I thought, who was able to hold me to it, as she did. I own that I was excessively concerned for her several times.

'You and I!—*Vilest of men!*—'

'My name is Lovelace, Madam—'

'*Therefore* it is, that I call you the '*vilest of men.*' [Was this pardonable, Jack?]—'*You* and *I* know the truth, the '*whole* truth—I want not to clear up my 'reputation with these gentlewomen: '—That is already lost with every-one 'I had most reason to value: but let me 'have this *new* specimen of what you are 'capable of—Say, wretch, (say, Love-'lace, if thou hadst rather) Art thou 'really and truly my wedded husband? '—Say; answer without hesitation.'

She trembled with impatient indignation; but had a wildness in her manner, which I took some advantage of, in order to parry this cursed thrust. And a cursed thrust it was; since, had I positively averred it, she never would have believed any-thing I said: and had I owned that I was not married, I had destroyed my own plot, as well with the women as with her; and could have no pretence for pursuing her, or hindering her from going whithersoever she pleased. Not that I was ashamed to aver it, had it been consistent with policy. I would not have thee think me such a milk-sop neither.

Lovel. 'My dearest love, how wildly 'you talk! What would you *have* me 'answer? Is it necessary that I should 'answer? May I not re-appeal this to 'your own breast, as well as to Captain 'Tomlinson's treaty and letter? You 'know yourself how matters stand be-'tween us.—And Captain Tomlin-'son——'

Cl. 'O wretch! Is this an answer to 'my question? Say, Are we married, 'or are we not?'

Lovel. 'What *makes a marriage*, we all

'all know. If it be the union of two 'hearts,' [There was a turn, Jack!] 'to my utmoſt grief, I muſt ſay we are '*not*; ſince now I ſee you hate me. If 'it be the completion of marriage, to my 'confuſion and regret, I muſt own we 'are *not*. But, my dear, will you be 'pleaſed to conſider what anſwer half a 'dozen people whence you came, could 'give to your queſtion? And do not 'now, in *the diſorder of your mind*, and in 'the height of paſſion, bring into queſ-'tion before theſe gentlewomen a point 'you have acknowledged before thoſe 'who know us better.'

I would have whiſpered her about the treaty with her uncle, and about the contents of the captain's letter; but, retreating, and with a rejecting hand, 'Keep thy diſtance, *man!*' cried the dear inſolent—'To thine own heart I appeal, 'ſince thou evadeſt me thus pitifully!— 'I own no marriage with thee!—Bear 'witneſs, ladies, I do not. And ceaſe 'to torment me, ceaſe to follow me.— 'Surely, ſurely, faulty as I have been, 'I have not deſerved to be *thus* perſecu-'ted!—I reſume, therefore, my former 'language: you have no right to purſue 'me: you *know* you have not: be gone, 'then, and leave me to make the beſt of 'my hard lot. O my dear cruel father!' ſaid ſhe, in a violent fit of grief, [falling upon her knees, and claſping her up-lifted hands together] 'thy heavy curſe 'is completed upon thy devoted daugh-'ter! I am *puniſhed*, dreadfully puniſhed, '*by the very wretch in whom I had placed my* '*wicked confidence!*'

By my ſoul, Belford, the little witch with her words, but more by her man-ner, moved *me!* Wonder not then, that her action, her grief, her tears, ſet the women into the like compaſſionate ma-niſeſtations.

Had I not a curſed taſk of it?

The two women withdrew to the fur-ther end of the room, and whiſpered, 'A ſtrange caſe! There is no prenzy 'here,'—I juſt heard ſaid.

The charming creature threw her handkerchief over her head and neck, continuing kneeling, her back towards me, and her face hid upon a chair, and repeatedly ſobbed with grief and paſ-ſion.

I took this opportunity to ſtep to the women, to keep them ſteady.

'You ſee, ladies,' [whiſpering] 'what 'an unhappy man I am! You ſee what 'a ſpirit this dear creature has!—All, 'all owing to her implacable relations, 'and to her father's curſe.—A curſe 'upon them all! they have ſtarved the 'head of the moſt charming woman in 'the world!'

'Ah! Sir, Sir,' replied Miſs Raw-lins, 'whatever be the cauſe of her re-'lations, all is not as it ſhould be be-'tween you and her. 'Tis plain ſhe does 'not think herſelf married: 'tis plain 'ſhe does not: and if you have any va-'lue for the poor lady, and would not 'totally deprive her of her ſenſes, you 'had better withdraw, and leave to time 'and cooler conſideration the event in 'your favour.'

'She will compel me to this at laſt, I 'fear, Miſs Rawlins; I *fear* ſhe will; 'and then we are both undone: for I 'cannot live without her; ſhe knows it 'too well: and ſhe has not a friend who 'will look upon her: this alſo ſhe knows. 'Our marriage, when her uncle's friend 'comes, will be proved inconteſtably. 'But I am aſhamed to think I have given 'her room to believe it no marriage: 'that's what ſhe harps upon!'

'Well, 'tis a ſtrange caſe, a very 'ſtrange one,' ſaid Miſs Rawlins; and was going to ſay further, when the an-gry beauty, coming towards the door, ſaid 'Mrs. Moore, I beg a word with 'you.' And they both ſtepped into the dining-room.

I ſaw her juſt before put a parcel into her pocket; and followed them out, for fear ſhe ſhould ſlip away; and ſtepping to the ſtairs, that ſhe *might not go by me*, 'Will!' cried I, aloud, [though I knew he was not near]—'Pray, child,' to a maid, who anſwered, 'call either of 'my ſervants to me.'

She then came up to me, with a wrathful countenance: 'Do you call 'your ſervant, Sir, to hinder me, be-'tween you, from going whither I 'pleaſe?'

'Don't, my deareſt life, miſinterpret 'every thing I do. Can you think me 'ſo mean and ſo unworthy as to employ 'a ſervant to conſtrain you?—I call him 'to ſend to the publick-houſes, or inns 'in this town, to enquire after Captain 'Tomlinſon, who may have alighted at 'ſome one of them, and be now, per-'haps, needleſsly adjuſting his dreſs; 'and I would have him come, were he 'to be without cloaths, God forgive me! 'for I am ſtabbed to the heart by your 'cruelty.'

Anſwer was returned, that neither of my ſervants was in the way.

'Not in the way!' ſaid I.—'Whither 'can the dogs be gone?'

'O Sir!' with a ſcornful air; 'not 'far,

'for, I'll warrant. One of them was under the window just now; according to order, I suppose, to watch my steps.—But I will do what I please, and go whither I please; and that to your face.'

'God forbid, that I should hinder you in any-thing that you may do with safety to yourself!'

Now I verily believe, that her design was, to slip out in pursuance of the closet-whispering between her and Miss Rawlins; perhaps to Miss Rawlins's house.

She then stept back to Mrs. Moore, and gave her something, which proved to be a diamond-ring, and desired her [Not whisperingly, but with an air of defiance to me] that that might be a pledge for her, till she defrayed her demands; which she should soon find means to do; having no more money about her, than she might have occasion for before she came to an acquaintance's.

Mrs. Moore would have declined taking it; but she would not be denied; and then, wiping her eyes, she put on her gloves—'Nobody has a right to stop 'me!' said she.—'I *will* go!—Whom 'should I be afraid of?'—Her very question, charming creature! testifying her fear.

'I beg pardon, Madam,' [Turning to Mrs. Moore, and curtseying] 'for the 'trouble I have given you.—I beg par-'don, Madam,' to Miss Rawlins, [Curtseying likewise to her]—'You may both 'hear of me in a happier hour, if such 'a one fall to my lot—And God bless 'you both!'—struggling with her tears till she sobbed—and away was tripping.

I stepped to the door: I put it to; and setting my back against it, took her struggling hand—'My dearest life! My 'angel!' said I, 'why will you thus 'distress me?—Is this the forgiveness 'which you so solemnly promised?'

'Unhand me, Sir!—You have no 'business with me! You have no right 'over me! You *know* you have not.'

'But whither, whither, my dearest 'love, would you go?—Think you not 'that I will follow you, were it to the 'world's end?—Whither would you 'go?'

'Well do you ask me, whither I 'would go, who have been the occa-'sion that I have not a friend left!—But 'God, who knows my innocence, and 'my upright intentions, will not wholly 'abandon me when I am out of your 'power—But while in it, I cannot ex-'pect a gleam of the Divine grace or 'favour to reach me.'

'How severe is this!—How shocking-'ly severe!—Out of *your* presence, my 'angry fair-one, I can neither hope for 'the one nor the other. As my cousin 'Montague, in the letter you have read, 'observes, you are my pole-star, and 'my guide; and if ever I am to be hap-'py, either here or hereafter, it must 'be in and by you.'

She would then have opened the door. But I respectfully opposing her, 'Be 'gone, man! Be gone, Mr. Lovelace!' 'said she: 'stop not my way. If you 'would not that I should attempt the 'window, give me passage by the door; 'for, once more, you have *no right to* '*detain me.*'

'Your resentments, my dearest life, 'I will own to be well grounded. I will 'acknowledge, that I have been all in 'fault. On my knee,' [And down I dropt] 'I ask your pardon. And can 'you refuse to ratify your own *promise?* '—Look forward to the happy prospect 'before us. See you not my Lord M. 'and Lady Sarah longing to bless *you*, 'for blessing me, and their whole family? 'Can you take no pleasure in the pro-'mised visit of Lady Betty and my cou-'sin Montague? And in the protection 'they offer you, if you are dissatisfied 'with *mine?* Have you no wish to see 'your uncle's friend? Stay only till Cap-'tain Tomlinson comes. Receive from 'him the news of your uncle's compliance 'with the wishes of both.'

She seemed altogether distressed; was ready to sink; and forced to lean against the wainscot, as I kneeled at her feet. A stream of tears at last burst from her less indignant eyes—'Good Heaven!' said she, lifting up her lovely face, and clasped hands, 'what is at last to be my 'destiny!—Deliver me from this dange-'rous man; and direct me! I know not 'what I do; what I can do; nor what 'I ought to do!'

The women, as I had owned our marriage to be but half completed, heard nothing in this whole scene to contradict (not flagrantly to contradict) what I had asserted: they believed they saw in her returning temper, and staggered resolution, a love for me, which her indignation had before suppressed; and they joined to persuade her to tarry till the captain came, and to hear his proposals; representing the dangers to which she would be exposed; the fatigues she might endure; a lady of her appearance,

unguarded,

unguarded, unprotected. On the other hand, they dwelt upon my declared contrition, and on my promises; for the performance of which they offered to be bound. So much had my kneeling humility affected them.

Women, Jack, tacitly acknowledge the inferiority of their sex, in the pride they take to behold a kneeling lover at their feet.

She turned from me, and threw herself into a chair.

I arose, and approached her with reverence. 'My dearest creature,' said I—and was proceeding—But, with a face glowing with conscious dignity, she interrupted me—'Ungenerous, ungrateful Lovelace!—You know not the value of the heart you have insulted! Nor can you conceive how much my soul despises your meanness. But meanness must ever be the portion of the man, who can act vilely!'

The women believing we were likely to be on better terms, retired. The dear perverse opposed their going; but they saw I was desirous of their absence. And when they had withdrawn, I once more threw myself at her feet, and acknowledged my offences; implored her forgiveness for this one time, and promised the most exact circumspection for the future.

It was impossible for her, she said, to keep her *memory*, and *forgive* me. 'What hadst thou *seen* in the conduct of Clarissa Harlowe, that should encourage such an insult upon her, as thou didst dare to make? How meanly must thou think of *her*, that *thou* couldst presume to be so guilty, and expect *her* to be so weak as to forgive thee?'

I besought her to let me read over to her Captain Tomlinson's letter. I was sure it was impossible she could have given it the requisite attention.

'I *have* given it the requisite attention,' said she; 'and the other letters too. So that what I say, is upon deliberation. And what have I to fear from my brother and sister?—They can but *complete* the ruin of my fortunes with my father and uncles. Let them and welcome. You, Sir, I thank you, have lowered my fortunes: but I bless God, that my mind is not sunk with my fortunes. It is, on the contrary, raised above fortune, and above you; and for half a word, they shall have the estate they have envied me for, and an acquittal from me of all expectations from my family that may make them uneasy.'

I lifted up my hands and eyes in silent admiration of her.

'My brother, Sir, may think me ruined. To the praise of your character he may think it impossible to be with *you*, and be innocent. You have but too well justified their harshest censures by every part of your conduct. But now, that I have escaped from you, and that I am out of the reach of your mysterious devices, I will wrap myself up in mine own innocence,' [And then the passionate beauty folded her arms about herself] 'and leave to time, and to my future circumspection, the re-establishment of my character.—Leave me then, Sir—Pursue me not!'

'Good Heaven!' interrupting her—'And all this, for what?—Had I not yielded to your entreaties, (Forgive me, Madam) you could not have carried farther your resentments.'

'Wretch!—Was it not crime enough to give *occasion* for those *entreaties*? Wouldst thou make a merit to me, that thou didst not utterly ruin *her* whom thou oughtest to have protected?—Be gone, man!' turning from me, her face crimsoned over with passion—'See me no more!—I cannot bear thee in my sight!'

'Dearest, dearest creature!'

'If I forgive thee, Lovelace—'And there she stopped. 'To endeavour,' proceeded she, 'to endeavour, by *premeditation*, by *low contrivance*, by *coming of fire*—to terrify a poor creature who had consented to take a wretched chance with thee for life!'

'For Heaven's sake—' offering to take her repulsing hand as she was flying from me towards the closet.

'What hast thou to do, to plead the sake of Heaven in thy favour, O darkest of human minds!'

Then turning *from me*, wiping her eyes, and again turning *towards me*, but her sweet face half-aside, 'What difficulties hast thou involved me in!—*That thou hadst a plain path before thee*, after thou hadst betrayed me into thy power—At once my mind takes in the whole of thy crooked behaviour; and if thou thinkest of Clarissa Harlowe as her proud heart tells her thou oughtest to think of her, thou wilt seek thy fortunes elsewhere. How often hast thou provoked me to tell thee, that my soul is above thee?'

'For Heaven's sake, Madam, for a soul's sake, which it is in your power to save from perdition, forgive me the past offence. I am the greatest villain

on

'on earth, if it was a premeditated one. 'Yet I presume not to excuse myself. 'On your mercy I throw myself. I will 'not offer at any plea, but that of pe'nitence. See but Captain Tomlinson. 'See but Lady Betty and my cousin; let 'them plead for me; let *them* be guaran'tees for my honour.

'If Captain Tomlinson come while I 'stay here, I may see *him*. But as for 'you, Sir—'

'Dearest creature! let me beg of you 'not to aggravate my offence to the 'captain, when he comes. Let me beg 'of you—'

'What askest thou?—Is it not, that 'I shall be of party against myself!—'That I shall palliate—'

'Do not charge me, Madam,' interrupted I, 'with villainous premeditati'on!—Do not give such a construction 'to my offence, as may weaken your 'uncle's opinion—as may strengthen 'your brother's—'

She flung from me to the further end of the room [*She could go no further*]—And just then Mrs. Moore came up, and told her, that dinner was ready; and that she had prevailed upon Miss Rawlins to give her her company.

'You must excuse me, Mrs. Moore,' said she. 'Miss Rawlins I hope also 'will—But I cannot eat—I cannot go 'down.—As for *you*, Sir, I suppose you 'will think it right to depart hence; at 'least till the gentleman comes whom 'you expect.'

I respectfully withdrew into the next room, that Mrs. Moore might acquaint her, [I durst not myself] that I was her lodger and boarder, as [whisperingly] I desired she would: and meeting Miss Rawlins in the passage, 'Dearest Miss 'Rawlins,' said I, 'stand my friend: 'join with Mrs. Moore to pacify my 'spouse, if she has any new slights upon 'my having taken lodgings, and intend'ing to board here. I hope she will have 'more generosity than to think of hin'dering a gentlewoman from letting her 'lodgings.'

I suppose Mrs. Moore (whom I left with my fair-one) had apprized her of this before Miss Rawlins went in; for I heard her say, while I with-held Miss Rawlins—'No, indeed; he is much 'mistaken—Surely he does not think I 'will.'

They both expostulated with her, as I could gather from bits and scraps of what they said; for they spoke so low, that I could not hear any distinct sentence, but from the fair-perverse, whose anger made her louder. And to this purpose I heard her deliver herself in answer to different parts of their talk to her:—'Good Mrs. Moore—dear Miss 'Rawlins—press me no further:—I can'not sit down at table with him!'

They said something, as I suppose in my behalf—'O the insinuating wretch! '—What defence have I against a man, 'who, go where I will, can turn every'one, even of the virtuous of my sex, in 'his favour?'

After something else said, which I heard not distinctly—'This is execra'ble cunning!—Were you to know his 'wicked heart, he is not without hope 'of engaging you two good persons to 'second him in the vilest of his machi'nations.'

'How came she,' (thought I at the instant) 'by all this penetration? My 'devil surely does not play me booty. 'If I thought he did, I would marry, 'and live honest, to be even with him.'

I suppose then, they urged the plea which I hinted to Miss Rawlins at going in, that she would not be Mrs. Moore's hindrance; for thus she expressed herself—'He will no doubt pay 'you your own price. You need not 'question his liberality. But one house 'cannot hold us. Why, if it would, 'did I fly from him, to seek refuge a'mong strangers?'

Then, in answer to somewhat else they pleaded—''Tis a mistake, Madam; I 'am *not* reconciled to him. I will be'lieve nothing he says. Has he not given 'you a flagrant specimen of what a man 'he is, and of what he is capable, by the 'disguises you saw him in? My story is 'too long, and my stay here will be but 'short; or I could convince you, that 'my resentments against him are but too 'well founded.'

I suppose then, that they pleaded for *her* leave, for *my* dining with them: for she said; 'I have nothing to say to that '—It is your own house, Mrs. Moore—'It is your own table—You may admit 'whom you please to it—Only leave me 'at my liberty to chuse my company.'

Then in answer, as I suppose, to their offer of sending her up a plate—'A bit of bread, if you please, and a 'glass of water: that's all I can swallow 'at present. I am really very much 'discomposed. Saw you not how bad I 'was?—Indignation only could have 'supported my spirits!

'I have no objection to his dining 'with you, Madam;' added she, in reply, I suppose, to a farther question of the





LOVELACE *in company with* Mrs. MOORE,
MISS RAWLINS *and the* WIDOW BEVIS.

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the same nature—'But I will not stay 'a night in any house where he lodges.'

I presume Miss Rawlins had told her, that she would not stay dinner—for she said, 'Let me not deprive Mrs. Moore 'of your company, Miss Rawlins. You 'will not be displeased with his talk. 'He can have no design upon you.'

Then I suppose they pleaded what I might say behind her back, to make my own story good:—'I care not what he 'says, or what he thinks of me. Re-'pentance and amendment are all the 'harm I wish him, whatever becomes 'of me!'

By her accent, she wept when she spoke these last words.

They came out both of them wiping their eyes; and would have persuaded me to relinquish the lodgings, and to depart till her uncle's friend came. But I knew better. I did not care to trust the devil, well as she and Miss Howe suppose me to be acquainted with him, for finding her out again, if once more she escaped me.

What I am most afraid of, is, that she will throw herself among her own relations; and if she does, I am confident they will not be able to withstand her affecting eloquence. But yet, as thou'lt see, the captain's letter to me is admirably calculated to obviate my apprehensions on this score; particularly in that passage, where it is said, that her uncle thinks not himself at liberty to correspond directly with her, or to receive applications from her—*But through Captain Tomlinson*, as is strongly implied.

I must own (notwithstanding the revenge I have so solemnly vowed) that I would very fain have made for her a merit with myself *in her returning favour*, and have owed as little as possible to the mediation of Captain Tomlinson. My pride was concerned in this: and this was one of my reasons for not bringing him with me. Another was; that, if I were obliged to have recourse to his assistance, I should be better able (by visiting her without him) to direct him what to say or to do, as I should find out the turn of her humour.

I was, however, glad at my heart, that Mrs. Moore came up so seasonably with notice, that dinner was ready. The fair fugitive was all in alt. She had the game in her own hands; and by giving me so good an excuse for withdrawing, I had time to strengthen myself; the captain had time to come; and the lady to cool. Shakespeare advises well—

'Oppose not rage, whilst rage is in it's force;
'But give it way awhile, and let it waste.
'The rising deluge is not stopt with dams;
'Those it o'erbears, and drowns the hope of
'harvest.
'But wisely managed, it's divided strength
'Is drain'd in channels, and securely drain'd
'And when it's force is spent, and unsup-
'plied,
'The ruins with mounds may be refrain'd,
'And dry-shod we may pass the ruined field.'

I went down with the women to dinner. Mrs. Moore sent her fair boarder up a plate; but she only ate a little bit of bread, and drank a glass of water. I doubted not but she would keep her word, when it was once gone out. Is she not an Harlowe?—She seems to be enuring herself to hardships, which at the worst she can never know; since, though she should ultimately refuse to be obliged to me, or (to express myself more suitable to my own heart) to oblige me, every one who sees her must befriend her.

But let me ask thee, Belford, Art thou not solicitous for me in relation to the contents of the letter which the angry beauty had written and dispatched away by man and horse; and for what may be Miss Howe's answer to it? Art thou not ready to enquire, Whether it be not likely that Miss Howe, when she knows of her saucy friend's flight, will be concerned about her letter, which she supposes could not be at Wilson's till after that flight; and so, probably would fall into my hands?

All these things, as thou'lt see in the sequel, are provided for with as much contrivance as human foresight can admit.

I have already told thee that Will is upon the look out for old Grimes—Old Grimes is it seems a gossiping foolish rascal; and if Will can but light of him, I'll answer for the consequence; for has not Will been my servant upwards of seven years?

LETTER XI.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

WE had at dinner, besides Miss Rawlins, a young widow-niece of Mrs. Moore, who is come to stay a month with her aunt—*Beau her name*; very forward, very lively, and a great admirer of *me*, I assure you;—hanging smirkingly upon all I said; and prepared to approve of every word before I spoke: and who, by the time we had

half-dined, (by the help of what she had collected before) was as much acquainted with our story, as either of the other two.

As it behoved me to prepare them in my favour against whatever might come from Miss Howe, I improved upon the hint I had thrown out above-stairs against that mischief-making lady. I represented her to be an arrogant creature, revengeful, artful, enterprizing, and one who, had she been a man, would have sworn and cursed, and committed rapes, and played the devil, as far as I knew; [*I have no doubt of it, Jack*] but who, nevertheless, by advantage of a female education, and pride and insolence, I believed was *personally* virtuous.

Mrs. Bevis allowed, that there was a *vast deal* in education—and in *pride* too, she said. While Miss Rawlins came with a prudish 'God forbid, that virtue 'should be owing to education only!' However, I declared that Miss Howe was a subtle contriver of mischief; one who had always been *my* enemy: her motives I knew not: but despised the man whom her mother was desirous she should have, one Hickman; although I did not directly aver, that she would rather have had me; yet they all immediately imagined that *that* was the ground of her animosity to me, and of her envy to my beloved: and it was pity, they said, that so fine a young lady did not see through such a pretended friend.

'And yet nobody' [added I] 'has 'more reason than she to know by *ex-* 'perience the force of a hatred founded 'in envy—as I hinted to *you* above, Mrs. 'Moore—and to *you*, Miss Rawlins—in 'the case of her sister Arabella.'

I had compliments made to my person and talents on this occasion; which gave me a singular opportunity of disclaiming my modesty, by disclaiming the merit of them, with a '*No, indeed!—I should be* '*very vain, ladies, if I thought so.*' While thus abasing myself, and exalting Miss Howe, I got their opinion both for modesty and generosity; and had all the graces which I disclaimed thrown in upon me besides.

In short, they even oppressed that modesty, which (to speak modestly of myself) their praises *created*, by disbelieving all I said against myself.

And, truly, I must needs say, they have almost persuaded even me myself, that Miss Howe is actually in love with me. I have often been willing to hope this. And who knows but she may? The captain and I have agreed, that it shall be so insinuated *occasionally*—And what's thy opinion, Jack? She certainly hates Hickman: and girls who are *disengaged* seldom *hate*, though they may not *love*: and if she had rather have *another*, why not that *other* ME? For am I not a smart fellow, and a rake? And do not your sprightly ladies love your smart fellows, and your rakes? And where is the wonder, that the man who could engage the affections of Miss Harlowe, should engage those of a lady (with her *Alas's*) who would be honoured in being deemed her second?

Nor accuse thou me of SINGULAR vanity in this presumption, Belford. Wert thou to know the secret vanity that lurks in the hearts of those who *disguise* or *cloak it best*, thou wouldst find great reason to acquit, at least, to allow for, *me*: since it is generally the *conscious over-fulness of conceit*, that makes the hypocrite most upon his guard to conceal it.—Yet with these fellows, proudly-humble as they are, it will break out sometimes in spite of their cloaks, though but in self-denying, compliment-begging self degradation.

But now I have undervalued myself, in apologizing to thee on this occasion, let me use another argument in favour of my observation, that the ladies generally prefer a rake to a sober man; and of my presumption upon it, that Miss Howe is in love with me: it is this: common fame says, That Hickman is a very virtuous innocent fellow—a *male-virgin*, I warrant!—An odd dog I always thought him. Now women, Jack, like not novices. *Two maidenheads meeting together in wedlock, the first child must be a fool*, is their common aphorism. They are pleased with the love of the sex that is founded in the *knowledge of it*. Reason good; novices expect more than they can possibly find in the commerce with them. The man who knows them, yet has ardours for them, to borrow a word from Miss Howe, though those ardours are generally owing more to the *devil* within him, than to the witch *without* him, is the man who makes them the highest and most grateful compliment. He knows *what to expect*, and *with what to be satisfied*.

Then the merit of a woman, in some cases, must be *ignorance*, whether *real* or *pretended*. The man, in *these* cases, must be an *adept*. Will it then be wondered at, that a woman prefers a libertine to a novice?—While she expects in the one the confidence *she* wants, she considers the other and herself as two

parallel

parallel lines, which, though they run ſide by ſide, can never meet.

Yet in this the ſex is generally miſtaken too; for theſe ſheepiſh fellows are ſly. I myſelf was modeſt once; and this, as I have elſewhere hinted to thee, has better enabled me to judge of both ſexes.

But to proceed with my narrative:

Having thus prepared every-one againſt any letter ſhould come from Miſs Howe, and againſt my beloved's meſſenger returns, I thought it proper to conclude that ſubject with a hint, that my ſpouſe could not bear to have any-thing ſaid, *that reflected upon Miſs Howe*; and, with a deep ſigh, added, that I had been made very unhappy more than once by the ill-will of ladies whom I had never offended.

The widow Bevis believed that might very eaſily be.

Theſe hints within-doors, joined with others to Will both without and within, [For I intend he ſhall fall in love with widow Moore's maid, and have ſaved one hundred pounds in my ſervice, at leaſt] will be great helps, as things may happen.

LETTER XII.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

WE had hardly dined, when my coachman who kept a look out for Captain Tomlinſon, as Will did for old Grimes, conducted hither that worthy gentleman, attended by one ſervant, *both* on horſeback. He alighted. I went out to meet him at the door.

Thou knoweſt his ſolemn appearance, and unbluſhing freedom; and yet canſt not imagine what a dignity the raſcal aſſumed, nor how reſpectful to him I was.

I led him into the parlour, and preſented him to the women, and them to him. I thought it highly imported me (as they might ſtill have ſome diffidences about our marriage, from my fair-one's home-puſhed queſtions on that head) to convince them entirely of the truth of all I had aſſerted. And how could I do this better than by dialoguing a little with him before them?

'Dear captain, I thought you long, 'for I have had a terrible conflict with 'my ſpouſe.'

Capt. 'I am ſorry that I am later than 'my intention—My account with my 'banker' [There's a dog, Jack!] took 'me up longer time to adjuſt, than I had 'foreſeen:' [all the time pulling down and ſtroking his ruffles] 'for there was 'a ſmall difference between us—only 'twenty pounds, indeed, which I had 'taken no account of.'

The raſcal has not ſeen twenty pounds of his own theſe ten years.

Then had we between us the characters of the Harlowe family; I railed againſt them all; the captain taking his dear friend Mr. John Harlowe's part; with a '*Not ſo faſt!—Not ſo faſt, young 'gentleman!*'—and the like free aſſumptions.

He accounted for *their* animoſity by *my* defiances: no good family, having ſuch a charming daughter, would care to be *defied*, inſtead of *courted*: he muſt ſpeak his mind: never was a double-tongued man.—He appealed to the ladies, if he were not right?

He got them of his ſide.

The correction I had given the brother, he told me, muſt have aggravated matters.

How valiant this made me look to the women!—The ſex love us mettled fellows at their hearts.

Be that as it would, I ſhould never love any of the family but my ſpouſe; and wanting nothing from them, I would not, but for *her* ſake, have gone ſo far as I *had* gone towards a reconciliation.

This was very good of me, Mrs. Moore ſaid.

'Very good indeed;' Miſs Rawlins.

'Good;—it is *more* than good; it is 'very generous;' ſaid the widow.

Capt. 'Why ſo it is, I muſt needs ſay: 'for I am ſenſible, that Mr. Lovelace 'has been rudely treated by them all—'More rudely, than it could have been 'imagined a man of his *quality* and *ſpirit* 'would have put up with.—But then, 'Sir,' [turning to me] I think you are 'amply rewarded in ſuch a lady; and 'that you ought to forgive the father 'for the daughter's ſake.'

Mrs. Moore. 'Indeed ſo I think.'

Miſs R. 'So muſt every-one think, 'who has ſeen the lady.'

Widow B. 'A fine lady, to be ſure! 'But ſhe has a violent ſpirit; and ſome 'very odd humours too, by what I have 'heard. The value of good huſbands is 'not known till they are loſt!'

Her conſcience then drew a ſigh from her.

Lovel. 'Nobody muſt reflect upon 'my angel—An angel ſhe is—Some lit-'tle blemiſhes, indeed, as to her over-'haſty ſpirit, and as to her unforgiving 'temper. But this ſhe has from the

'Harlowes; inſtigated too by *that* Miſs 'Howe.—But her innumerable excel-'lences are all her own.'

Capt. 'Aye, talk of ſpirit, there's a 'ſpirit, now you have named Miſs Howe!' [And ſo I led him to confirm all I had ſaid of that vixen.] 'Yet ſhe was to 'be pitied too;' looking with meaning at me.

As I have already hinted, I had before agreed with him to impute ſecret love *occaſionally* to Miſs Howe, as the beſt means to invalidate all that might come from her in my diſfavour.

Capt. 'Mr. Lovelace, but that I 'know your modeſty, or *you* could give 'a reaſon——'

Lovel. Looking down, and very modeſt—'I can't think ſo, captain—But 'let us call another cauſe.'

Every woman preſent could look me in the face, ſo baſhful was I.

Capt. 'Well, but as to our *preſent* 'ſituation—Only it mayn't be proper—' looking upon me, and round upon the women.

Lovel. 'O captain, you may ſay any-'thing before this company—Only, 'Andrew,' [to my new ſervant, who attended us at table] 'do you with-'draw: this good girl'—[looking at the maid-ſervant]—'will help us to all we 'want.'

Away went Andrew: he wanted not his cue; and the maid ſeemed pleaſed at my honour's preference of her.

Capt. 'As to our *preſent* ſituation, I 'ſay, Mr. Lovelace—Why, Sir, we 'ſhall be all *untwiſted*, let me tell you, 'if my friend Mr. John Harlowe were 'to know what *that* is. He would as 'much queſtion the truth of your be-'ing married, as the reſt of the family 'do.'

Here the women perked up their ears; and were all ſilent attention.

Capt. '*I aſked you before* for particu-'lars, Mr. Lovelace; but you *declined* 'giving them.—Indeed it may not be *pro-'per* for me to be acquainted with them. '—But I muſt own, that it is paſt my 'comprehenſion, that a wife can reſent 'any-thing a huſband can do, (that is 'not a breach of the peace) ſo far as to 'think herſelf juſtified for *eloping* from 'him.'

Lovel. 'Captain Tomlinſon—Sir—I 'do aſſure you, that I ſhall be offended '—I ſhall be extremely concerned—'if I hear that word *eloping* mentioned 'again.'

Capt. 'Your nicety, and your love, 'Sir, may make you take offence—But 'it is my way to call every-thing by 'it's proper name, let who will be of-'fended.'

Thou canſt not imagine, Belford, how brave, and how independent, the raſcal looked.

Capt. 'When, *young gentleman*, you 'ſhall think proper to give us particu-'lars, we will find a word for this raſh 'act in ſo admirable a lady, that ſhall 'pleaſe you better—You ſee, Sir, that, 'being the repreſentative of my dear 'friend Mr. John Harlowe, I ſpeak as 'freely as I ſuppoſe *he* would do, if 'preſent. But you bluſh, Sir—I beg 'your pardon, Mr. Lovelace: it be-'comes not a modeſt man to pry into 'thoſe ſecrets, which a modeſt man can-'not reveal.'

I did not bluſh, Jack; but denied not the compliment, and looked down: the women ſeemed delighted with my modeſty: but the widow Bevis was more inclined to laugh at me, than praiſe me for it.

Capt. 'Whatever be the cauſe of this 'ſtep, (I will not again, Sir, call it *elope-'ment*, ſince that harſh word wounds 'your tenderneſs) I cannot but expreſs 'my ſurprize upon it, when I recollect 'the affectionate behaviour, to which 'I was witneſs between you, when I 'attended you laſt. *Over-love*, Sir, I 'think you once mentioned—but *over-'love*,' [ſmiling] 'give me leave to ſay, 'Sir, is an odd cauſe of quarrel—Few 'ladies—'

Lovel. 'Dear captain!' And I tried to bluſh.

The women alſo tried; and being more uſed to it, ſucceeded better.—Mrs. Bevis indeed has a red-hot countenance, and always bluſhes.

Miſs R. 'It ſignifies nothing to mince 'the matter: but the lady above as good 'as denies her marriage.—You *know*, 'Sir, that ſhe does;' turning to me.

Capt. 'Denies her marriage! Hea-'vens! how then have I impoſed upon 'my dear friend Mr. John Harlowe!'

Lovel. 'Poor dear!—But let not her '*veracity* be called in queſtion. She would 'not be guilty of a wilful untruth for 'the world.'

Then I had all their praiſes again.

Lovel. 'Dear creature!—She thinks 'ſhe has reaſon for her denial.—You 'know, Mrs. Moore—you know, Miſs 'Rawlins—what I owned to you above, 'as to my vow—'

I looked down, and, as once before, turned round my diamond-ring.

Mrs. Moore looked awry; and with a leer

leer at Miſs Rawlins, as to her partner in the hinted-at reference.

Miſs Rawlins looked down as well as I; her eye-lid half-cloſed, as if mumbling a Pater-noſter, meditating her ſnuff-box, the diſtance between her noſe and chin lengthened by a cloſe-ſhut mouth.

She put me in mind of the pious Mrs. Fetheritone at Oxford, whom I pointed out to thee once, among other groteſque figures, at St. Mary's Church, whither we went to take a view of her two ſiſters: her eyes ſhut, not daring to truſt her heart with them open; and but juſt half-rearing her lids, to ſee who the next-comer was; and falling them again, when her curioſity was ſatisfied.

The widow Bevis gazed, as if on the hunt for a ſecret.

The captain looked archly, as if half in poſſeſſion of one.

Mrs. Moore at laſt broke the baſhful ſilence. Mrs. Lovelace's behaviour, ſhe ſaid, could be no otherwiſe ſo well accounted for, as by the ill-offices of *that* Miſs Howe; and by the ſeverity of her relations; which might but too probably have affected her head a little at times: adding, that it was very generous in me to give way to the ſtorm when it was up, rather than to exaſperate at ſuch a time.

'But let me tell you, Sirs,' ſaid the widow Bevis, 'that is not what one huſ-'band in a thouſand would have done.'

I deſired, that *no part of this converſation might be hinted to my ſpouſe*; and looked ſtill more baſhfully. Her great fault, I muſt own, was over-delicacy.

The captain leered round him; and ſaid, He believed he could gueſs from the hints I had given him in town, (of my *over-love*) and from what had now paſſed, that we had not conſummated our marriage.

O Jack! how ſheepiſhly then looked, or endeavoured to look, thy friend!—how primly Goody Moore!—how affectedly Miſs Rawlins!—while the honeſt widow Bevis gazed around her fearleſs; and though only ſimpering with her mouth, her eyes laughed out-right, and ſeemed to challenge a laugh from every eye in the company.

He obſerved, that I was a phœnix of a man, if ſo; and he could not but hope, that all matters would be happily accommodated in a day or two; and that then he ſhould have the pleaſure to aver to her uncle, that he was preſent, as he might ſay, on our wedding-day.

The women ſeemed all to join in the ſame hope.

'Ah, captain!—Ah, ladies!—how 'happy ſhould I be, if I could bring my 'dear ſpouſe to be of the ſame mind!'

'It would be a very happy concluſion of a very knotty affair,' ſaid widow Bevis; 'and I ſee not why we may 'not make this very night a merry one.'

The captain ſuperciliouſly ſmiled at me. He ſaw plainly enough, he ſaid, that we had been at *children's play* hitherto. A man of my character, who could give way to ſuch a caprice as this, muſt have a prodigious value for his lady. But one thing he would venture to tell me; and that was this—That, however deſirous young ſkittiſh ladies might be to have their way in this particular, it was a very bad ſetting-out for the man; as it gave his bride a very high proof of the power ſhe had over him: and he would engage, that no woman, *thus* humoured, ever valued the man the more for it; but very much the contrary—And there were *reaſons to be given why ſhe ſhould not*.

'Well, well, captain, no more of this 'ſubject before the ladies.—*One* feels,' [ſhrugging my ſhoulders, in a baſhful *try-to-bluſh* manner] 'that *one* is *ſo* ridi-'culous—I have been puniſhed enough 'for my tender folly.'

Miſs Rawlins had taken her fan, and would needs hide her face behind it—I ſuppoſe becauſe her bluſh was not quite ready.

Mrs. Moore hemmed, and looked down; and by that, gave hers over.

While the jolly widow, laughing out, praiſed the captain as one of Hudibras's metaphyſicians, repeating—

'He knew what's what, and that's as high
'As metaphyſick wit can fly.'

This made Miſs Rawlins bluſh indeed:—'Fie, fie, Mrs. Bevis!' cried ſhe, unwilling, I ſuppoſe, to be thought abſolutely ignorant.

Upon the whole, I began to think, that I had not made a bad exchange of our profeſſing mother, for the unprofeſſing Mrs. Moore. And indeed the women and I, and my beloved too, all mean the ſame thing: we only differ about the manner of coming at the propoſed end.

LETTER XIII.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

IT was now high time to acquaint my ſpouſe, that Captain Tomlinſon was come. And the rather, as the maid told us, that the lady had aſked her, if ſuch a gen-

a gentleman [deſcribing him] was not in the parlour?

Mrs. Moore went up, and requeſted, in my name, that ſhe would give us audience.

But ſhe returned, reporting my beloved's deſire, that Captain Tomlinſon would excuſe her for the preſent. She was very ill. Her ſpirits were too weak to enter into converſation with him; and ſhe muſt lie down.

I was vexed, and at firſt extremely diſconcerted. The captain was vexed too. And my concern, thou mayeſt believe, was the greater on *his account*.

She had been very much fatigued, I own. Her fits in the morning muſt have diſordered her: and ſhe had carried her reſentment ſo high, that it was the leſs wonder ſhe ſhould find herſelf low, when her raiſed ſpirits had ſubſided. *Very* low, I may ſay; if ſinkings are proportioned to riſings; for ſhe had been lifted up above the ſtandard of a common mortal.

The captain, however, ſent up his own name, that if he could be admitted to drink one diſh of tea with her, he ſhould take it for a favour: and would go to town, and diſpatch ſome neceſſary buſineſs, in order, if poſſible, to leave his morning free to attend her.

But ſhe pleaded a violent head-ache; and Mrs. Moore confirmed the plea to be juſt.

I would have had the captain lodge there that night, as well in compliment to him, as introductory to my intention of entering myſelf upon my new-taken apartment: but his hours were of too much importance to him to ſtay the evening.

It was indeed very inconvenient for him, he ſaid, to return in the morning; but he is willing to do all in his power to heal this breach, and that as well for the ſakes of me and my lady, as for that of his dear friend Mr. John Harlowe; who muſt not know how far this miſunderſtanding had gone. He would therefore only drink one diſh of tea with the ladies and me.

And accordingly, after he had done ſo, and I had had a little private converſation with him, he hurried away.

His fellow had given him, in the interim, a high character to Mrs. Moore's ſervants: and this reported by the widow Bevis, (who, being no proud woman, is *hail fellow, well met*, as the ſaying is, with all her aunt's ſervants) he was a *fine* gentleman, a *diſcreet* gentleman, a man of *ſenſe* and *breeding*, with them all: and it was pity, that, with ſuch great buſineſs upon his hands, he ſhould be obliged to come again.

'My life for yours,' audibly whiſpered the widow Bevis, 'there is *humour* as 'well as *head-ache* in ſomebody's declin-'ing to ſee this worthy gentleman.—Ah, 'Lord! how happy might ſome people 'be if they would!'

'No perfect happineſs in this world,' ſaid I, very gravely, and with a ſigh; for the widow muſt know that I heard her. 'If we have not *real* unhappineſs, 'we can make it, even from the over-'flowings of our good fortune.'

'Very true,' and, 'Very true,' the two widows. 'A charming obſervation!' Mrs. Bevis. Miſs Rawlins ſmiled *her* aſſent to it; and I thought ſhe called me in her heart, 'Charming man!' For ſhe profeſſes to be a great admirer of moral obſervations.

I had hardly taken leave of the captain, and ſat down again with the women, when Will came; and calling me out, 'Sir, Sir!' ſaid he, grinning with a familiarity in his looks as if what he had to ſay entitled him to take liberties; 'I have got the fellow down!—I have 'got old Grimes—Hah, hah, hah, hah! '—He is at the Lower-Flaſk—Almoſt 'in the condition of *David's Sow*, and 'pleaſe your honour.'—[The dog himſelf not much better] 'Here is his letter '—from—from Miſs Howe—ha, ha, ha, 'ha,' laughed the varlet; holding it faſt, as if to make conditions with me, and to excite my praiſes, as well as my impatience.

I could have knocked him down; but he would have his *ſay* out—'Old Grimes 'knows not that I have the letter—I 'muſt get back to him before he miſſes 'it—I only made a pretence to go out 'for a few minutes—but—but'—and then the dog laughed again—'He *muſt* 'ſtay—Old Grimes *muſt* ſtay—till I go 'back to pay the reckoning.'

D—n the prater!—Grinning raſcal! —'The letter!—The letter!'

He gathered in his *wide mouth*, as he calls it, and gave me the letter; but with a *ſtrut*, rather than a *bow*; and then fidled off like one of widow Sorlings's dunghill-cocks, exulting after a great feat performed. And all the time that I was holding up the billet to the light, to try to get at it's contents without breaking the ſeal, [for, diſpatched in a hurry, it had no cover] there ſtood he, laughing, ſhrugging, playing off his legs; now ſtroking his ſhining chin; now turning his hat upon his thumb; then leering

ing

ing in my face, flourishing with his head —'O Chriſt!' now-and-then cried the raſcal.

What joy has this dog in miſchief!—More than I can have in the completion of my moſt favourite purpoſes!—Theſe fellows are happier than their maſters.

I was once thinking to rumple up this billet till I had broken the ſeal. *Young* families [Miſs Howe's is not an ancient one] love oſtentatious ſealings: and it might have been ſuppoſed to have been ſqueezed in pieces, in old Grimes's breeches-pocket. But I was glad to be *ſaved* the guilt as well as ſuſpicion of having a hand in ſo dirty a trick; for thus much of the contents (enough for my purpoſe) I was enabled to ſcratch out in character, without it; the folds depriving me only of a few connecting words; which I have ſupplied between hooks.

My Miſs Harlowe, thou knoweſt, had *before* changed her name to *Miſs* Lætitia Beaumont. Another *alias* now, Jack, to it; for this billet was directed to her by the name of *Mrs.* Harriot Lucas. I have learned her to be half a rogue, thou ſeeſt.

'I CONGRATULATE you, my 'dear, with all my heart and ſoul, upon '[your eſcape] from the villain. [I 'long] for the particulars of all. [My 'mother] is out; but, expecting her re-'turn every minute, I diſpatched [your] 'meſſenger inſtantly. [I will endeavour 'to come at] Mrs. Townſend without 'loſs of time; and will write at large 'in a day or two, if in that time I can 'ſee her. [Mean time I] am exceſſively 'uneaſy for a letter I ſent you yeſterday 'by Collins, [who muſt have left it at] 'Wilſon's after you got away. [It is 'of very] great importance. [I hope 'the] villain has it not. I would not 'for the world [that he ſhould.] Im-'mediately ſend for it, if by ſo doing, the 'place you are at [will not be] diſcover-'ed. If he has it, let me know it by 'ſome way [out of] hand. If not, you 'need not ſend. *Ever, ever yours,*

'JUNE 9. A. H.'

O Jack, what heart's-eaſe does this *interception* give me!—I ſent the raſcal back with the letter to Old Grimes, and charged him to drink no deeper. He owned, that he was *half ſeas over*.

'Dog!' ſaid I, 'are you not to court 'one of Mrs. Moore's maids to-night?'

'Cry your mercy, Sir!—I will be 'ſober.—I had forgot that—But old 'Grimes is plaguy tough—I thought I 'ſhould never have got him down.'

'Away, villain!—Let old Grimes 'come; and on horſeback too, to the 'door.'

'He ſhall, and pleaſe your honour, if 'I can get him on the ſaddle, and if he 'can ſit.'

'And charge him not to have alight-'ed, nor to have ſeen *any*-body.'

'Enough, Sir!' familiarly nodding his head, to ſhew he took me. And away went the villain—Into the parlour, to the women, I.

In a quarter of an hour came old Grimes on horſeback, waving to his ſad-dle-bow, now on this ſide, now on that; his head, at others, joining to that of his more ſober beaſt.

It looked very well to the women, that I made no effort to ſpeak to old Grimes; (though I wiſhed *before them*, that I knew the contents of what he brought) but, on the contrary, deſired that they would inſtantly let my ſpouſe know that her meſſenger was returned.

Down ſhe flew, violently as ſhe had the head-ache!

O how I prayed for an opportunity to be revenged of her for the ungrate-ful trouble ſhe had given to her uncle's friend!

She took the letter from old Grimes with her own hands, and retired to an inner-parlour to read it.

She preſently came out again to the fellow, who had much ado to ſit his horſe —'Here is your money, friend. I thought 'you long. But what ſhall I do to get 'ſomebody to go to town immediately 'for me? I ſee *you* cannot.'

Old Grimes took his money; let fall his hat in d'offing it; had it given him; and rode away; his eyes iſing-glaſs, and ſet in his head, as I ſaw through the win-dow; and in a manner ſpeechleſs; all his language hiccoughs. My dog need-ed not to have gone ſo deep with this *tough* old Grimes. But the raſcal was in his kingdom with him.

The lady applied to Mrs. Moore: ſhe mattered not the price. Could a man and horſe be engaged for her?—Only to go for a letter left for her, at one Mr. Wilſon's in Pall Mall.

A poor neighbour was hired. A horſe procured for him. He had his directions.

In vain did I endeavour to engage my beloved, when ſhe was below. Her head-ache, I ſuppoſe, returned. She, like the reſt of her ſex, can be ill or well when ſhe pleaſes.

'I ſee her drift,' thought I: 'it is to 'have all her lights from Miſs Howe be-'fore ſhe reſolves; and to take her mea-'ſures accordingly.'

Up she went, expreſſing great impatience about the letter ſhe had ſent for; and deſired Mrs. Moore to let her know if I offered to ſend any of my ſervants to town—To get at the letter, I ſuppoſe, was her fear: but ſhe might have been quite eaſy on that head; and yet perhaps would not, had ſhe known, that the worthy Captain Tomlinſon (who will be in town before her meſſenger) will leave there the important letter: which I hope will help to pacify her, and reconcile her to me.

O Jack! Jack! thinkeſt thou that I will take all this roguiſh pains, and be ſo often called a villain, for nothing?

But yet, is it not taking pains to come at the fineſt creature in the world, not for a *tranſitory moment* only, but for one of our lives! The ſtruggle only, Whether I am to have her in *my own way*, or in *hers*?

But now I know thou wilt be frightened out of thy wits for me—'What, 'Lovelace! wouldſt thou let her have 'a letter that will inevitably blow thee 'up; and blow up the mother, and all 'her nymphs!—yet not intend to re'form, nor intend to marry?'

Patience, puppy! Canſt thou not truſt thy matter?

LETTER XIV.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

I Went up to my new-taken apartment, and fell to writing in character, as uſual. I thought I had made good my quarters. But the cruel creature, underſtanding that I intended to take up my lodgings there, declared with ſo much violence againſt it, that I was obliged to ſubmit, and to accept of another lodging, about twelve doors off, which Mrs. Moore recommended. And all the advantage I could obtain was, that Will, unknown to my ſpouſe, and for fear of a freak, ſhould lie in the houſe.

Mrs Moore, indeed, was unwilling to diſoblige *either* of us. But Miſs Rawlins was of opinion, that nothing more ought to be allowed me: and yet Mrs. Moore owned, that the refuſal was a ſtrange piece of tyranny to an huſband, if I *were* an huſband.

I had a good mind to make Miſs Rawlins ſmart for it. Come and ſee Miſs Rawlins, Jack—If thou likeſt her, I'll get her for thee with a *wet finger*, as the ſaying is!

The widow Bevis indeed ſtickled hard for me. [An innocent or injured man will have friends every-where] She ſaid, That to *bear much* with ſome wives, was to be obliged to bear more: and I reflected, with a ſigh, *that tame ſpirits muſt always be impoſed upon*. And then, in my heart, I renewed my vows of revenge upon this haughty and perverſe beauty.

The ſecond fellow came back from town about nine o'clock, with Miſs Howe's letter of Wedneſday laſt, Collins, *it ſeems*, when he left it, had deſired, that it might be ſafely and ſpeedily delivered into Miſs Lætitia Beaumont's own hands. But Wilſon, underſtanding, that neither ſhe nor I were in town, [*He could not know of our difference thou muſt think*] reſolved to take care of it till our return, in order to give it into one of our own hands; and now delivered it to her meſſenger.

This was told *her*. Wilſon, I doubt not, is in her favour upon it.

She took the letter with great eagerneſs; opened it in a hurry, [I am glad ſhe did; yet, I believe, all was right] before Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Bevis; [Miſs Rawlins was gone home] and ſaid, She would not for the world that I ſhould have had that letter, for the ſake of her dear friend the writer; who had written to her very uneaſily about it.

'Her *dear friend!*' repeated Mrs. Bevis, when ſhe told me this:—'ſuch 'miſchief-makers are always deemed '*dear friends* till they are found out!'

The widows ſays, that I am the fineſt gentleman ſhe ever beheld.

I have found a warm kiſs now-and-then very kindly taken.

I might be a very wicked fellow, Jack, if I were to do all the miſchief in my power. But I am ever-more for quitting a too eaſy prey to *reptile rakes*. What but difficulty (though the lady is an angel) engages me to ſo much perſeverance here? And *here, conquer or die!* is now the determination!

I HAVE juſt now parted with this honeſt widow. She called upon me at my new lodgings. I told her, that I ſaw I muſt be farther obliged to her in the courſe of this difficult affair. She muſt allow me to make her a handſome preſent when all was happily over. But I deſired, that ſhe would take no notice of what ſhould paſs between us, *not even to her aunt*; for that ſhe, as I ſaw, was in the power of Miſs Rawlins: and Miſs Rawlins being a maiden gentlewoman, knew not the *right* and the *fit* in matrimonial matters, as ſhe, my dear widow, did.

'Very

'Very true: how *should* she?' ſaid Mrs. Bevis, proud of knowing—nothing! But, for her part, ſhe deſired no preſent. It was enough if ſhe could contribute to reconcile man and wife, and diſappoint miſchief-makers. She doubted not, that ſuch an envious creature as Miſs Howe was glad that Mrs. Lovelace had eloped—Jealouſy and love *was* Old Nick!

See, Belford, how charmingly things work between me and my new acquaintance the widow!—Who knows, but that ſhe may, after a little farther intimacy, (though I am baniſhed the houſe at nights) contrive a midnight viſit for me to my ſpouſe, when all is ſtill and faſt aſleep?

Where can a woman be ſafe, who has once entered the liſts with a contriving and intrepid lover?

'But as to this *letter*,' methinks thou ſayeſt, 'of Miſs Howe?'

I knew thou wouldſt be uneaſy for me: but did not I tell thee that I had provided for every-thing? That I always took care to keep ſeals entire, and to preſerve covers? Was it not eaſy then, thinkeſt thou, to contrive a ſhorter letter out of a longer; and to copy the very words?

I can tell thee, it was ſo well ordered, that, not being ſuſpected to have been in my hands, it was not eaſy to find me out. Had it been my beloved's hand, there would have been no imitating it, for ſuch a length. Her delicate and even mind is ſeen in the very cut of her letters. Miſs Howe's hand is no bad one; but it is not ſo equal and regular. That little devil's natural impatience hurrying on her fingers, gave, I ſuppoſe, from the beginning, her hand-writing, as well as the reſt of her, it's fits and ſtarts, and thoſe peculiarities, which, like ſtrong muſcular lines in a face, neither the pen, nor the pencil, can miſs.

Haſt thou a mind to ſee what it was I *permitted* Miſs Howe to write to her lovely friend? Why then read it here, as extracted from hers of Wedneſday laſt, with a few additions of my own. The additions underſcored.

'MY DEAREST FRIEND,

'YOU will perhaps think, that I have 'been too long ſilent. But I had begun 'two letters at different times ſince my 'laſt, and written a great deal each time; 'and with ſpirit enough, I aſſure you; 'incenſed as I was againſt the abomina'ble wretch you are with, particularly 'on reading yours of the laſt of the paſt 'month.

'The FIRST I intended to keep open 'till I could give you ſome account of 'my proceedings with Townſend. It 'was ſome days before I ſaw her: and 'this intervenient ſpace giving me time 'to re-peruſe what I had written, I 'thought it proper to lay that aſide, and 'to write in a ſtyle a little leſs fer'vent; for you would have blamed me, 'I knew, for the freedom of ſome of my 'expreſſions, [execrations if you pleaſe.] 'And when I had gone a good way in 'the SECOND, the change in your pro'ſpects, on his communicating to you 'Miſs Montague's letter, and his better 'behaviour, occaſioning a change in 'your mind, I laid that aſide alſo: and 'in this uncertainty thought I would 'wait to ſee the iſſue of affairs between 'you before I wrote again; believing 'that all would ſoon be decided one way 'or other.

'*Here I was forced to break off.* I am *too* '*little* my own miſtreſs—My mother *is* 'always up and down; and watching as 'if I were writing to a fellow. What 'need I [ſhe aſks me] lock myſelf in, if I 'am only reading paſt correſpondencies? 'For that is my pretence, when ſhe 'comes poking in with her face ſharp'ened to an edge, as I may ſay, by cu'rioſity that gives her more pain than 'pleaſure—The Lord forgive me; but 'I believe I ſhall huff her next time ſhe 'comes in.

'Do you forgive me too, my dear. 'My mother ought; becauſe ſhe ſays, 'I am my father's girl; and becauſe I 'am ſure I am hers.

'*Upon my life, my dear, I am ſometimes* '*of opinion, that this vile man was capable* '*of meaning you diſhonour. When I look back* '*upon his paſt conduct, I cannot help think*'*ing ſo: what a villain, if ſo!—But now I* '*hope, and verily believe, that he has laid* '*aſide ſuch thoughts. My reaſons for both* '*opinions I will give you.*

'*For the firſt*; *to wit, that he had it once* '*in his head to take you at advantage if he* '*could. I conſider, that* pride, revenge, and 'a delight to tread in unbeaten paths, 'are principal ingredients in the character of this finiſhed libertine. He hates 'all your family, yourſelf excepted— 'Yet is a ſavage in love. His pride, and 'the credit which a few plauſible quali'ties ſprinkled among his odious ones, 'have given him, have ſecured him too 'good a reception from our eye-judg'ing, our undiſtinguiſhing, our ſelf-flat'tering, our too-confiding ſex, to make 'aſſiduity and obſequiouſneſs, and a

'conqueſt of his unruly paſſions, any 'part of his ſtudy.

'He has ſome reaſon for his animoſity 'to all the men, and to one woman, of 'your family. He has always ſhewn 'you, and his whole family too, that he 'prefers his pride to his intereſt. He is 'a declared marriage-hater; a notori-'ous intriguer; full of his inventions, 'and glorying in them. As his vanity 'had made him imagine, that no wo-'man could be proof againſt his love, 'no wonder that he ſtruggled like a lion 'held in toils, againſt a paſſion that he 'thought not returned. Hence, per-'haps, it is not difficult to believe, that 'it became poſſible for ſuch a wretch as 'this to give way to his old prejudices 'againſt marriage; and to that revenge 'which had always been a firſt paſſion 'with him.

'*And hence may we account for* his de-'lays; his teazing ways; his bringing 'you to bear with his lodging in the ſame 'houſe; his making you paſs to the 'people of it as his wife; his bringing 'you into the company of his libertine 'companions; the attempt of impoſing 'upon you that Miſs Partington for a 'bedfellow, *&c.*

'*My reaſons for the contrary opinion; to 'wit, that he is now reſolved to do you all 'the juſtice in his power to do you*; are 'theſe: that he ſees that all his own 'family have warmly engaged them-'ſelves in your cauſe: that the horrid 'wretch loves you; with ſuch a love, '*however*, as Herod loved his Mariamne: 'that, on enquiry, I find it to be true, 'that Counſellor Williams (whom Mr. 'Hickman knows to be a man of emi-'nence in his profeſſion) has actually as 'good as finiſhed the ſettlements: that 'two draughts of them have been made; 'one avowedly to be ſent to *this very* 'Captain Tomlinſon: and I find, that 'a licence has actually been more than 'once endeavoured to be obtained, and 'that difficulties have hitherto been 'made equally to Lovelace's vexation 'and diſappointment. My mother's 'proctor, who is very intimate with the 'proctor applied to by the wretch, has 'come at this information, in confidence; 'and hints, that as Mr. Lovelace is a 'man of high fortunes, theſe difficulties 'will probably be got over.

'*I had once reſolved to make ſtrict en-'quiry about Tomlinſon; and ſtill, if you 'will, your uncle's favourite houſekeeper may 'be ſounded, at diſtance.*

'*I know that the matter is ſo laid*, that 'Mrs. Hodges is ſuppoſed to know no-'thing of the treaty ſet on foot by means 'of Captain Tomlinſon. But your un-'cle is an old man; and old men 'imagine themſelves to be under obli-'gation to their paramours, if younger 'than themſelves, and ſeldom keep any-'thing from their knowledge.—Yet me-'thinks, there can be no need; ſince 'Tomlinſon, as you deſcribe him, is ſo 'good a man, and ſo much of a gentle-'man; the end to be anſwered by his 'being an impoſtor ſo much more than 'neceſſary, if Lovelace has villainy in 'his head.—And thus what he commu-'nicated to you of Mr. Hickman's ap-'plication to your uncle, and of Mrs. 'Norton's to your mother; (ſome of 'which particulars I am ſatisfied his vile 'agent Joſeph Leman could not reveal 'to his viler employer) his puſhing on 'the marriage-day, in the name of your 'uncle; which it could not anſwer any 'wicked purpoſe for him to do; and 'what he writes of your uncle's propoſal, 'to have it thought that you were mar-'ried from the time that you had lived 'in one houſe together; and that to be 'made to agree with the time of Mr. 'Hickman's viſit to your uncle; the in-'ſiſting on a truſty perſon's being pre-'ſent at the ceremony, at that uncle's 'nomination—Theſe things make me '*aſſured that he now at laſt means honoura-'bly.*

'*But if any unexpected delays ſhould hap-'pen on his ſide, acquaint me, my dear, 'with the very ſtreet where Mrs. Sinclair 'lives; and where Mrs. Fretchville's houſe 'is ſituated; (which I cannot find that you 'have ever mentioned in your former letters '—which is a little odd) and I will make 'ſtrict enquiries of them, and of Tomlinſon 'too; and I will (if your heart will let you 'take my advice) ſoon procure you a refuge 'from him with Mrs. Townſend.*

'*But why do I now, when you ſeem to be 'in ſo good a train, puzzle and perplex you 'with my retroſpections? And yet they may 'be of uſe to you, if any delay happen on 'his part.*

'*But that I think cannot well be. What 'you have therefore now to do, is, ſo to be-'have to this proud-ſpirited wretch, as may 'baniſh from his mind all remembrance of* 'paſt diſobligations, and to receive his 'addreſſes, as thoſe of a betrothed lov-'er. You will incur the cenſure of 'prudery and affectation, if you keep 'him at that diſtance which you have 'hitherto *kept him at*. His ſudden (and 'as ſuddenly recovered) illneſs has giv-'en him an opportunity to find out that 'you love him. [Alas! my dear, I

'knew

'knew you loved him!] He has seemed 'to change his nature, and is all love 'and gentleness. *And no more quarrels 'now, I beseech you.*

'*I am very angry with him, nevertheless, for the freedoms which he took with 'your person; and I think some guard is 'necessary, as he is certainly an encroacher. 'But indeed all men are so; and you are 'such a charming creature, and have kept 'him at such a distance!—But no more of 'this subject. Only, my dear, be not over-'nice, now you are so near the state. You 'see what difficulties you laid yourself under,* 'when Tomlinson's letter called you 'again into *the wretch's* company.

'If you meet with no impediments, 'no new causes of doubt, your reputa-'tion in the eye of the world is con-'cerned, that you should be his, *and, 'as your uncle rightly judges, he thought 'to have been his, before now.* And yet, '*let me tell you,* I can *hardly* bear *to think,* 'that these libertines should be reward-'ed for their villainy with the best of the 'sex, when the worst of it are too good 'for them.

'I shall send this long letter by Col-'lins, who changes his day to oblige 'me. As none of our letters by Wil-'son's conveyance have miscarried, when 'you have been in more apparently dis-'agreeable situations than you are in 'at present, *I have no doubt* that this will 'go safe.

'Miss Lardner (whom you have seen 'at her cousin Biddulph's) saw you at 'St. James's church on Sunday was 'fortnight. She kept you in her eye 'during the whole time; but could 'not once obtain the notice of yours, 'though she curtseyed to you twice. 'She thought to pay her compliments 'to you when the service was over; 'for she doubted not but you were mar-'ried—and for an odd reason—Because 'you came to church by yourself.—'Every eye, as usual, wherever you are, 'she said, was upon you: and this seem-'ing to give you hurry, and you being 'nearer the door than she, you slid out 'before she could get to you. But she 'ordered her servant to follow you till 'you were housed. This servant saw 'you step into a chair which waited for 'you; and you ordered the man to carry 'you to the place where they took you 'up. She *describes the house,* as a very 'genteel house, and fit to receive people 'of fashion: *and what makes me mention 'this, is, that perhaps you will have a visit 'from her; or message, at least.*

'*So that you have Mr. Doleman's testi-'mony to the credit of the house and people 'you are with; and he is* a man of for-'tune, and some reputation; formerly 'a rake indeed; but married to a wo-'man of family; and having had a palsy 'blow, one would think, a penitent. 'You have *also Mr. Mennell's at least 'passive testimony; Mr.* Tomlinson's; *and 'now, lastly, Miss Lardner's; so that there 'will be the less need for enquiry: but you 'know my busy and inquisitive temper, as 'well as my affection for you, and my con-'cern for your honour. But all doubt will 'soon be lost in certainty.*

'*Nevertheless I must add, that I would 'have you* command me up, if I can be 'of the least service or pleasure to you. 'I value not fame; I value not cen-'sure; nor even life itself, I verily 'think, as I do your honour and your 'friendship—For is not your honour 'my honour? and is not your friend-'ship the pride of my life?

'May Heaven preserve you, my dearest 'creature, in honour and safety, is the 'prayer, the hourly prayer, of your 'ever-faithful and affectionate

'ANNA HOWE.

'THURSDAY MORN. 5.

'I have written all night. *Excuse 'indifferent writing. My crow-quils 'are worn to the stumps, and I must get 'a new supply.'*

These ladies always write with crow-quils, Jack.

If thou art capable of taking in all my *providences,* in this letter, thou wilt admire my sagacity and contrivance almost as much as I do myself. Thou seest, that Miss Lardner, Mrs. Sinclair, Tomlinson, Mrs. Fretchville, Mennell, are all mentioned it. My first liberties with her person also. [Modesty, modesty, Belford, I doubt, is more confined to time, place, and occasion, even by the most delicate minds, than those minds would have it believed it to be.] And why all these taken notice of by me from the genuine letter, but for fear some future letter from the vixen should escape my hands, in which she might refer to those names? And if none of them were to have been found in this that is to pass for hers, I might be routed *horse and foot,* as Lord M. would phrase it in a like case.

Devilish hard (and yet I may thank myself) to be put to all this plague and trouble:—'And for *what,*' dost thou ask? O Jack, for a triumph of more value to me *beforehand* than an imperial crown!—Don't ask me the value of it

a month hence. But what indeed is an imperial crown itſelf, when a man is uſed to it?

Miſs Howe might well be anxious about the letter ſhe wrote. Her ſweet friend, from what I have let paſs of hers, has reaſon to rejoice in the thought, that it fell not into my hands.

And now muſt all my contrivances be ſet at work, to intercept the expected letter from Miſs Howe; which is, as I ſuppoſe, to direct her to a place of ſafety, and out of my knowledge. Mrs. Townſend is, no doubt, in this caſe, to ſmuggle her off. I hope the *villain*, as I am ſo frequently called between theſe two girls, will be able to manage this point.

'But what, perhaps,' thou aſkeſt, 'if 'the lady ſhould take it into her head, 'by the connivance of Miſs Rawlins, 'to quit this houſe privately in the 'night?'

I have thought of this, Jack. Does not Will lie in the houſe? And is not the widow Bevis my faſt friend?

LETTER XV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SATURDAY, 6 O'CLOCK, JUNE 10.

THE lady gave Will's ſweetheart a letter laſt night to be carried to the poſt-houſe as this morning, directed for Miſs Howe, under cover to Hickman. I dare ſay neither cover nor letter will be ſeen to have been opened. The contents but eight lines—To own —The receipt of her double-dated letter in ſafety; and referring to a longer letter, which ſhe intends to write, when ſhe ſhall have a quieter heart, and leſs trembling fingers. But mentions ſomething to have happened [My detecting her ſhe means] which has given her very great flutters, confuſions and apprehenſions: but which ſhe will wait the iſſue of [Some hopes for me hence, Jack!] before ſhe gives her freſh perturbation or concern on her account.—She tells her how impatient ſhe ſhall be for her next, *&c.*

Now, Belford, I thought it would be but kind in me to ſave Miſs Howe's concern on theſe alarming hints; ſince the curioſity of ſuch a ſpirit muſt have been prodigiouſly excited by them. Having therefore ſo good a copy to imitate, I wrote; and taking out that of my beloved, put under the ſame cover the following ſhort billet; inſcriptive and concluſive parts of it in her own words.

'HAMPSTEAD, TUESDAY EVENING.

'MY EVER-DEAR MISS HOWE,

'A FEW lines only, till calmer ſpi-
'rits and quieter fingers can be grant-
'ed me, and till I can get over the ſhock
'which your intelligence has given me
'—To acquaint you—that your kind
'long letter of Wedneſday, and, as I
'may ſay, of Thurſday morning, is
'come ſafe to my hands. On receipt
'of yours by my meſſenger to you, I
'ſent for it from Wilſon's. There,
'thank Heaven! it lay. May that Hea-
'ven reward you for all your paſt, and
'for all your *intended* goodneſs to *your*
'*for-ever obliged* 'CL. HARLOWE.'

I took great pains in writing this. It cannot, I hope, be ſuſpected. Her hand is ſo *very* delicate. Yet hers is written leſs beautifully than ſhe uſually writes: and I hope Miſs Howe will allow ſomewhat for *hurry of ſpirits*, and *unſteady fingers*.

My conſideration for Miſs Howe's *eaſe of mind* extended ſtill farther than to the inſtance I have mentioned.

That this billet might be with her as ſoon as poſſible, (and before it could have reached Hickman by the poſt) I diſpatched it away by a ſervant of Mowbray's. Miſs Howe, had there been any failure or delay, might, as thou wilt think, have communicated her anxieties to your fugitive friend; and ſhe *to me* perhaps in a way I ſhould not have been pleaſed with.

Once more wilt thou wonderingly queſtion—All this pains for a ſingle girl?

Yes, Jack!—But is not this girl a CLARISSA?—And who knows but kind fortune, as a reward for my perſeverance, may toſs me in her charming friend? Leſs likely things have come to paſs, Belford. And to be ſure I ſhall have her, if I reſolve upon it.

LETTER XVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

EIGHT O'CLOCK, SAT. MORN. JUNE 10

I Am come back from Mrs. Moore's, whither I went in order to attend my charmer's commands. But no admittance—A very bad night.

Doubtleſs ſhe muſt be as much concerned, that ſhe has carried her reſentments ſo very far, as I have reaſon to be, that I made ſuch a poor uſe of the opportunity I had on Wedneſday night.

But now, Jack, for a brief review of my preſent ſituation; and a ſlight hint or two of my precautions.

I have ſeen the women this morning, and

and find them half-right, half-doubting.

Miſs Rawlins's brother tells her, that ſhe *lives* at Mrs. Moore's.

Mrs. Moore can do nothing without Miſs Rawlins.

People who keep lodgings at publick places expect to get by every-one who comes into their purlieus. Though not permitted to lodge there myſelf, I have engaged all the rooms ſhe has to ſpare, to the very garrets; and *that*, as I have told thee before, for a month certain, and at her own price, board included; my ſpouſe's and all: but ſhe muſt not at preſent know it. So I hope I have Mrs. Moore faſt *by the intereſt*.

This, devil-like, is ſuiting temptations to inclinations.

I have always obſerved, and, I believe, I have hinted as much formerly, that all dealers, though but for pins, may be taken in by cuſtomers for pins, ſooner than by a direct bribe of ten times the value; eſpecially if pretenders to conſcience: for the office of a bribe would not only give room for ſuſpicion, but would ſtartle and alarm their ſcrupulouſneſs; while a high price paid for what you buy, is but ſubmitting to be cheated in the method the perſon makes a profeſſion to get by. Have I not ſaid that human nature is a rogue?—And do not I know that it is?

To give a higher inſtance, How many proud ſenators in the year 1720, were induced by preſents or ſubſcriptions of South Sea Stock, to contribute to a ſcheme big with national ruin; who yet would have ſpurned the man who ſhould have preſumed to offer them even twice the ſum certain, that they had a chance to gain by the ſtock?—But to return to my *review*, and to my *precautions*.

Miſs Rawlins fluctuates, as ſhe hears the lady's ſtory, or as ſhe hears mine. Somewhat of an infidel, I doubt, is this Miſs Rawlins. I have not yet conſidered *her* foible. The next time I ſee her, I will take particular notice of all the moles and freckles in her mind; and then *infer* and *apply*.

The widow Bevis, as I have told thee, is all my own.

My man Will lies in the houſe. My other new fellow attends upon *me*; and cannot therefore be quite ſtupid.

Already is Will over head and ears in love with one of Mrs. Moore's maids. He was ſtruck with her the moment he ſet his eyes upon her. A raw country wench too. But all women, from the counteſs to the cookmaid, are put into high good-humour with themſelves when a man is taken with them at firſt ſight. Be they ever ſo *plain*, [No woman can be *ugly*, Jack!] they'll find twenty good reaſons, beſides the great one *(for God's ſake)* by the help of the glaſs without (and perhaps in ſpite of it) and conceit within, to juſtify the honeſt fellow's *caption*.

The rogue has ſaved 150l. in my ſervice—More by fifty than I bid him ſave. No doubt, he thinks he *might* have done ſo; though I believe not worth a groat. The beſt of maſters I—Paſſionate, indeed; but ſoon appeaſed.

The wench is extremely kind to him already. The other maid is alſo very civil to him. He has a huſband for *her* in his eye. She cannot but ſay, that Mr. Andrew, my *other* ſervant [The girl is for fixing the *perſon*] is a very well ſpoken civil young man.

'We common folks have our joys, 'and pleaſe your honour,' ſays honeſt Joſeph Leman, 'like as our betters 'have.' And true ſays honeſt Joſeph.—Did I prefer eaſe to difficulty, I ſhould envy theſe low-born ſinners ſome of their joys.

But if Will had *not* made amorous pretenſions to the wenches, we all know, that ſervants, united in one *common compare-note cauſe*, are intimate the moment they ſee one another—Great genealogiſts too; they know immediately the whole kin and kin's kin of each other, though diſperſed over the three kingdoms, as well as the genealogies and kin's kin of thoſe whom they ſerve.

But my precautions end not here.

O Jack, with ſuch an invention, what occaſion had I to carry my beloved to Mrs. Sinclair's?

My ſpouſe may have *further* occaſion for the meſſengers whom ſhe diſpatched, one to Miſs Howe's, the other to Wilſon's. With one of theſe Will is already well acquainted, as thou haſt heard—To mingle liquor is to mingle ſouls with theſe fellows—With the other meſſenger he will ſoon be acquainted, if he be not already.

The captain's ſervant has *his* uſes and inſtructions aſſigned him. I have hinted at ſome of them already. *He* alſo ſerves a moſt humane and conſiderate maſter. I love to make every-body reſpected to my power.

The poſt, general and penny, will be ſtrictly watched likewiſe.

Miſs Howe's Collins is remembered to be deſcribed. Miſs Howe's and Hickman's liveries alſo.

James Harlowe and Singleton are warned

warned againſt. I am to be acquainted with any enquiry that ſhall happen to be made after my ſpouſe, whether by her married or maiden name, before *ſhe* ſhall be told of it—And this that I may have it in my power to *prevent miſchief*.

I have ordered Mowbray and Tourville (and Belton, if his health permit) to take their quarters at Hampſtead for a week, with their fellows to attend them. I ſpare thee for the preſent, becauſe of thy private concerns. But hold thyſelf in cheerful readineſs however, as a mark of thy *allegiance*.

As to my ſpouſe herſelf, has ſhe not reaſon to be pleaſed with me for having permitted her to receive Miſs Howe's letter from Wilſon's? A plain caſe, either that I am no deep plotter, or that I have no further views than to make my peace with her for an offence ſo ſlight and ſo *accidental*.

Miſs Howe ſays, though prefaced with an *alas!* that her charming friend loves me: ſhe muſt therefore yearn after this reconciliation—Proſpects ſo fair—If ſhe uſed me with leſs rigour and more politeneſs; if ſhe ſhewed me any *compaſſion*; ſeemed inclinable to ſpare me, and to make the moſt favourable conſtructions; I cannot but ſay, that it would be impoſſible not to ſhew *her* ſome. But to be inſulted and defied by a rebel in one's power, what prince can bear that?

But I return to the ſcene of action. I muſt keep the women ſteady. I had no opportunity to talk to my worthy Mrs. Bevis in private.

Tomlinſon, a dog, not come yet!

LETTER XVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FROM MY APARTMENTS AT MRS. MOORE'S.

MISS Rawlins at her brother's; Mrs. Moore engaged in houſehold matters; widow Bevis dreſſing; I have nothing to do but write. This curſed Tomlinſon not yet arrived!—Nothing to be done without him.

I think he ſhall complain in pretty high language of the treatment he met with yeſterday. What are our affairs to him? He can have no view but to ſerve us. Cruel to ſend back to town, *un-audienced*, unſeen, a man of his buſineſs and importance. He never ſtirs a foot, but ſomething of conſequence depends upon his movements. A confounded thing to trifle thus humourſomely with ſuch a gentleman's moments!—Theſe women think, that all the buſineſs of the world muſt ſtand ſtill for their *figaries:* [A good female word, Jack!] The greateſt triflers in the creation, to fancy themſelves the moſt important beings in it—*Marry come up!* as I have heard Goody Sorlings ſay to her ſervants, when ſhe has rated at them, with mingled anger and diſdain.

After all, methinks I want theſe *toſtications* [Thou ſeeſt how women, and women's words, fill my mind] to be over, *happily* over, that I may ſit down quietly, and reflect upon the dangers I have paſſed through, and the troubles I have undergone. I have a *reflecting* mind, as thou knoweſt; but the very word *reflecting* implies *all got over*.

What briars and thorns does the wretch ruſh into (a ſcratched face and tattered garments the unavoidable conſequence) who will needs be for ſtriking out a new path through overgrown underwood; quitting *that* beaten out for him by thoſe who have travelled the ſame road before him!

A VISIT from the widow Bevis, in my own apartment. She tells me, that my ſpouſe had thoughts laſt night, after I was gone to my lodgings, of removing from Mrs. Moore's.

I almoſt wiſh ſhe had attempted to do ſo.

Miſs Rawlins, it ſeems, who was applied to upon it, diſſuaded her from it.

Mrs. Moore alſo, though ſhe did not own that Will lay in the houſe, (or rather ſat up in it, courting) ſet before her the difficulties, which, in her opinion, ſhe would have to get clear of, without my knowledge; aſſuring her that ſhe could be no-where more ſafe than with her, till ſhe had fixed whither to go. And the lady herſelf recollected, that if ſhe went, ſhe might miſs the expected letter from her dear friend Miſs Howe; which, as ſhe owned, was to direct her future ſteps.

She muſt alſo ſurely have ſome curioſity to know what her uncle's friend had to ſay to her from her uncle, contemptuouſly as ſhe yeſterday treated a man of his importance. Nor could ſhe, I ſhould think, be abſolutely determined to put herſelf out of the way of receiving the viſits of two of the principal ladies of my family, and to break entirely with me in the face of them all.—Beſides, whither could ſhe have gone?—Moreover, Miſs Howe's letter coming (after her elopement) ſo ſafely to her hands,

hands, muſt ſurely put her into a more confiding temper with me, and with every-one elſe, though ſhe would not immediately own it.

But theſe good folks have ſo *little* charity!—Are ſuch *ſevere* cenſurers!—Yet who is *abſolutely perfect?*—It were to be wiſhed, however, that *they would* be ſo modeſt as to doubt themſelves ſometimes: then would they allow for others, as others (excellent as they imagine themſelves to be) muſt for them.

SATURDAY, ONE O'CLOCK.

TOMLINSON at laſt is come. Forced to ride five miles about, (though I ſhall impute his delay to great and important buſineſs) to avoid the ſight of two or three impertinent rafcals, who, little thinking whoſe affairs he was employed in, wanted to obtrude themſelves upon him. I think I will make this fellow eaſy, if he behave to my liking in this affair.

I ſent up, the moment he came.

She deſired to be excuſed receiving his viſit till four this afternoon.

Intolerable!—No conſideration!—None at all in this ſex, when their curſed humours are in the way!—Pay-day, pay-*hour*, rather, will come!—O that it were to be the next!

The captain is in a pet. Who can blame him? Even the women think a man of his conſequence, and generouſly coming to ſerve *us*, hardly uſed. Would to Heaven ſhe had attempted to get off laſt night! The women not my enemies, who knows but the huſband's exerted authority might have met with ſuch connivance, as might have concluded either in carrying her back to her former lodgings, or in conſummation at Mrs. Moore's, in ſpite of exclamations, fits, and the reſt of the female obſecrations?

My beloved has not appeared to any-body this day, except to Mrs Moore. Is, it ſeems, extremely low: unfit for the intereſting converſation that is to be held in the afternoon. Longs to hear from her dear friend Miſs Howe—Yet cannot expect a letter for a day or two. Has a bad opinion of all mankind.—No wonder!—Excellent creature as ſhe is! with ſuch a *father*, ſuch *uncles*, ſuch a *brother*, as ſhe has!

How does ſhe look?

Better than could be expected from yeſterday's fatigue, and laſt night's ill reſt.

Theſe tender doves know not, till put to it, what they can bear; eſpecially when engaged in love-affairs; and their attention wholly engroſſed. But the fair love buſy ſcenes. Still-life is their averſion. A woman will *create* a ſtorm, rather than be without one. So that they can preſide in the whirlwind, and direct it, they are happy.—But my beloved's misfortune is, that ſhe muſt live in tumults; yet neither raiſe them herſelf, nor be able to controul them.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SAT. NIGHT, JUNE 10.

WHAT will be the iſſue of all my plots and contrivances, devil take me if I am able to divine. But I will not, as Lord M. would ſay, *foreſtall my own market.*

At four, the appointed hour, I ſent up, to deſire admittance in the captain's name and my own.

She would wait upon the *captain* preſently: [Not upon *me!*] and in the parlour, if it were not engaged.

The dining-room being *mine*, perhaps that was the reaſon of her naming the parlour—Mighty nice again, if ſo!—'No good ſign for me,' thought I, 'this 'ſtiff punctilio.'

In the parlour, with me and the captain, were Mrs. Moore, Miſs Rawlins, and Mrs. Bevis.

The women ſaid, they would withdraw, when the lady came down.

Lovel. 'Not except ſhe chuſes you 'ſhould, ladies.—People who are ſo 'much above-board as I am, need not 'make ſecrets of any of their affairs. 'Beſides, you three ladies are now ac-'quainted with all our concerns.'

Capt. 'I have ſome things to ſay to 'your lady, that perhaps ſhe would not 'herſelf chuſe that any-body ſhould 'hear; not even *you*, Mr. Lovelace, as 'you and her family are not upon ſuch 'a good foot of underſtanding as were 'to be wiſhed.'

Lovel. 'Well, well, captain, I muſt 'ſubmit. Give us a ſign to withdraw; 'and we will withdraw.'

It was better that the excluſion of the women ſhould come from him, than from me.

Capt. 'I will bow, and wave my hand, 'thus—when I wiſh to be alone with 'the lady. Her uncle doats upon her. 'I hope, Mr. Lovelace, you will not 'make a reconciliation more difficult, 'for the earneſtneſs which my dear 'friend ſhews to bring it to bear: but 'indeed I muſt tell you, *as I told you more*

'than

'made plain before, that I am afraid you 'have made lighter of the occasion of 'this misunderstanding to me, than it 'ought to have been made.'

Lovel. 'I hope, Captain Tomlinson, 'you do not question my veracity!'

Capt. 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Love-'lace—But those things which we men 'may think lightly of, may not be light 'to a woman of delicacy.—And then, if 'you have bound yourself by a vow, you 'ought—'

Miss Rawlins bridling, her lips closed, (but her mouth stretched to a smile of approbation, the longer for not buttoning) tacitly shewed herself pleased with the captain for his delicacy.

Mrs. Moore *could* speak—'*Very true*,' however, was all she said, with a motion of her head that expressed the bow-approbatory.

'For my part,' said the jolly widow, staring with eyes as big as eggs, 'I know 'what I know—But man and wife *are* 'man and wife; or they are *not* man and 'wife.—I have no notion of standing 'upon such niceties.'

'But here she comes!' cried one, hearing her chamber-door open—'Here 'she comes!' another, hearing it shut after her—And down dropt the angel among us.

We all stood up, bowing and curtseying; and could not help it. For she entered with such an air as commanded all our reverence. Yet the captain looked plaguy grave.

Cl. 'Pray keep your seats, ladies—'Pray do not go.' [For they made offers to withdraw; yet Miss Rawlins would have burst, had she been suffered to retire.] 'Before this time you have 'heard all my story, I make no doubt—'Pray keep your seats—At least all Mr. 'Lovelace's.'

'A very saucy and whimsical begin-'ning,' thought I.

'Captain Tomlinson, your servant,' addressing herself to him with inimitable dignity. 'I hope you did not take 'amiss my declining your visit yesterday. 'I was really incapable of talking upon 'any subject that required attention.'

Capt. 'I am glad I see you better now, 'Madam. I hope I do.'

Cl. 'Indeed I am not well. I would 'not have excused myself from attend-'ing you some hours ago, but in hopes 'I should have been better. I beg your 'pardon, Sir, for the trouble I have 'given you; and shall the rather expect 'it, as *this day will*, I hope, *conclude it* 'all.'

'Thus set! thus determined!' thought I—'Yet to have *slept* upon it!'—But, as what she said was capable of a good, as well as a bad construction, I would not put an unfavourable one upon it.

Lovel. 'The captain was sorry, my 'dear, he did not offer his attendance 'the moment he arrived yesterday. He 'was afraid that you took it amiss that 'he did not.'

Cl. 'Perhaps I thought that my *un-'cle's* friend might have wished to see me 'as soon as he came.'—[How we stared!]—'But, Sir,' [to me] 'it might be *con-'venient to you* to detain him.'

'The devil!' thought I—'So there 'really was resentment, as well as head-'ache, as my good friend Mrs. Bevis 'observed, in her refusing to see the '*honest* gentleman.'

Capt. 'You *would* detain me, Mr. 'Lovelace—I was for paying my respects 'to the lady the moment I came.'

Cl. 'Well, Sir,' [interrupting him] 'to 'wave this; for I would not be thought 'captious—If you have not suffered in-'convenience, in being obliged to come 'again, I shall be easy.'

Capt. [Half-disconcerted] 'A *little* in-'convenience, I can't say but I have 'suffered. I have, indeed, too many 'affairs upon my hands. But the desire 'I have to serve you and Mr. Lovelace, 'as well as to oblige my dear friend your 'uncle Harlowe, make great inconve-'niences but small ones.'

Cl. 'You are very obliging, Sir.—'Here is a great alteration since you 'parted with us last.'

Capt. 'A great one indeed, Madam! 'I was very much surprized at it, on 'Thursday evening, when Mr. Love-'lace conducted me to your lodgings, 'where we hoped to find you.'

Cl. 'Have you any-thing to say to me, 'Sir, from my uncle himself, that re-'quires my *private* ear?—Don't go, la-'dies,' [for the women stood up, and 'offered to withdraw]—'If Mr. Love-'lace stays, I am sure *you* may.'

I frowned. I bit my lip. I looked 'at the women, and shook my head.

Capt. 'I have nothing to offer, but 'what Mr. Lovelace is a party to, and 'may hear, except one private word 'or two, which may be postponed to the 'last.'

Cl. 'Pray, ladies, keep your seats.—'Things are altered, Sir, since I saw you. 'You can mention nothing that relates 'to *me* now, to which *that gentleman* can 'be a party.'

Capt. 'You surprize me, Madam! I

'am

'am sorry to hear this!—Sorry for your 'uncle's sake!—Sorry for *your* sake!—'Sorry for Mr. *Lovelace's* sake!—And 'yet I am sure he must have given 'greater occasion than he has mentioned 'to me, or——'

Lovel. 'Indeed, captain—Indeed, la-'dies—I have told you great part of my 'story!—And what I told you of my of-'fence was the truth:—What I conceal-'ed of my story was only what I appre-'hended would, if known, cause this 'dear creature to be thought more cen-'sorious than charitable.'

Cl. 'Well, well, Sir, say what you 'please. Make me as black as you 'please. Make yourself as white as you 'can. I am not now in your power: 'that consideration will comfort me for 'all.'

Capt. 'God forbid that I should offer 'to plead in behalf of a crime, that a 'woman of virtue and honour cannot 'forgive! But surely, surely, Madam, 'this is going too far.'

Cl. 'Do not blame me, Captain Tom-'linson. I have a good opinion of you, 'as my *uncle's* friend. But if you are 'Mr. *Lovelace's* friend, that is another 'thing; for my interests and Mr. Love-'lace's must now be for ever separated.'

Capt. 'One word with you, Madam, 'if you please,'—offering to retire.

Cl. 'You may say all that you please 'to say before these gentlewomen. Mr. 'Lovelace may have secrets. I have 'none. You seem to think me faulty: 'I should be glad that all the world 'knew my heart. Let my enemies sit 'in judgment upon my actions; fairly 'scanned I fear not the result. Let 'them even ask me my most secret 'thoughts, and, whether they make for 'me, or against me, I will reveal them.'

Capt. 'Noble lady! who can say as 'you say!'

The women held up their hands and eyes; each as if she had said, 'Not I.'

'No disorder here!' said Miss Rawlins: but (judging by her own heart) a confounded deal of improbability, I believe she thought.

'Finely *said*, to be sure,' said the widow Bevis, shrugging her shoulders.

Mrs. Moore sighed.

'Jack Belford,' thought I, 'knows all 'mine: and in this I am more ingenu-'ous than any of the three, and a fit 'match for this paragon.'

Cl. 'How Mr. Lovelace has found me 'out here, I cannot tell. But such mean 'devices, such artful, such worse than 'Waltham disguises put on, to obtrude 'himself into my company; such bold, 'such shocking untruths—'

Capt. 'The favour of but one word, 'Madam, in private.'

Cl. 'In order to support a right which 'he has not over me!—O Sir! O Cap-'tain Tomlinson!—I think, I have rea-'son to say, that the man (there he 'stands!) is capable of any vileness!'

The women looked upon one another, and upon me, by turns, to see how I bore it. I had such dartings in my head at the instant, that I thought I should have gone distracted. My brain seemed on fire. What would I have given to have had her alone with me!—I traversed the room; my clenched fist to my fore-head. 'O that I had any-body here,' thought I, 'that Hercules-like, when 'flaming in the tortures of Dejanira's 'poisoned shirt, I could tear in pieces!'

Capt. 'Dear lady! see you not how 'the poor gentleman—Lord, how have 'I imposed upon your uncle, at this 'rate! How happy, did I tell him, I saw 'you! How happy I was sure you would 'be in each other!'

Cl. 'Sir! you don't know how many 'premeditated offences I *had forgiven* 'when I saw you last, before I could ap-'pear to you, what I hoped then I might 'for the future be!—But you may tell 'my uncle, if you please, that I cannot 'hope for his mediation. Tell him, 'that my guilt, in giving this man an 'opportunity to spirit me away from *my* '*tried*, my *experienced*, my *natural* friends, '(harshly as they treated me) stares me 'every day more and more in the face; 'and still the more, as my fate seems to 'be drawing to a crisis, according to 'the malediction of my offended father!'

And then she burst into tears, which even affected that dog, who, brought to abet me, was himself all *Belford* over.

The women, so used to cry without grief, as they are to laugh without reason, by mere force of example, [Confound their promptitudes!] must needs pull out their handkerchiefs. The less wonder, however, as I myself, between confusion, surprize, and concern, could hardly stand it.

What's a tender heart good for?—Who can be happy that has a *feeling* heart?—And yet thou'lt say, that he who has it not, must be a tyger, and no man.

Capt. 'Let me beg the favour of one 'word with you, Madam, in private; 'and that on my own account.'

The women hereupon offered to re-

time. She insisted, that if *they* went, *I* should not stay.

Capt. 'Sir,' bowing to me, 'shall I 'beg—'

'I hope,' thought I, 'that I may trust 'this solemn dog, instructed as he is. 'She does not doubt him. I'll stay out 'no longer than to give her time to spend 'her first fire.'

I then passively withdrew, with the women—But with such a bow to my goddess, that it won for me every heart but that I wanted *most* to win; for the haughty maid bent not her knee in return.

The conversation between the captain and the lady, when we were retired, was to the following effect: they both talked loud enough for me to hear them: the lady from anger, the captain with design; and thou mayest be sure there was no listener but myself. What I was imperfect in was supplied afterwards; for I had my vellum-leaved book to note all down. If she had known this, perhaps she would have been more sparing of her invectives—and but *perhaps* neither.

He told her, that as her brother was absolutely resolved to see her; and as he himself, in compliance with her uncle's expedient, had reported her marriage; and as that report had reached the ears of Lord M. Lady Betty, and the rest of my relations; and as he had been obliged, in consequence of his first report, to vouch it; and as her brother might find out where she was, and apply to the women here, for a confirmation or refutation of the marriage; he had thought himself obliged to countenance the report before the women: that this had embarrassed him not a little, as he would not for the world that she should have cause to think him capable of prevarication, contrivance, or double-dealing: and that this made him desirous of a private conversation with her.

It was true, she said, she *had* given her consent to such an expedient, believing it was her *uncle's*; and little thinking, that it would lead to so many errors. Yet she might have known, that one error is frequently the parent of many. Mr. Lovelace had made her sensible of the truth of that observation, on more occasions than one; and it was an observation that he, the captain, had made in some of the letters that was shewn her yesterday.

He hoped, that she had no mistrust of *him*! that she had no doubt of his honour. 'If, Madam, you suspect me—'If you think me capable—What a 'man—The Lord be merciful to me!—'What a man must you think me!'

'I hope, Sir, there cannot be a man 'in the world who could deserve to be 'suspected in such a case as this. I do '*not* suspect you. If it were possible 'there could be *one* such man, I am sure, 'Captain Tomlinson, a father of children, a man in years, of sense, and experience, cannot be that man.'

He told me, that just then, he thought he felt a sudden flash from her eye, an *eye-beam* as he called it, dart through his shivering reins; and he could not help trembling.

The dog's conscience, Jack!—Nothing else!—I have felt half a dozen such flashes, such eye-beams, in as many different conversations with this soul-piercing beauty.

Her uncle, she must own, was not accustomed to think of such expedients: but she had reconciled this to herself, as the case was unhappily uncommon; and by the regard he had for her honour.

This set the puppy's heart at ease, and gave him more courage.

She asked him, if he thought Lady Betty and Miss Montague intended her a visit?

He had no doubt but they did.

'And does he imagine,' said she, 'that 'I could be brought to countenance to 'them the report you have given out?'

[*I had hoped to bring her to this, Jack, or she had not seen their letters.* But I had told the captain, that I believed I must give up this expectation.]

No. He believed, that I had not such a thought. He was pretty sure, that I intended, when I saw *them*, to tell them (as in confidence) the naked truth.

He then told her, that her uncle had already made some steps towards a general reconciliation. 'The moment, 'Madam, that he knows you are really 'married, he will enter into conference 'with your *father* upon it; having actually expressed to your *mother*, his desire to be reconciled to you.'

'And what, Sir, said my mother? 'What said my *dear* mother?'

With great emotion she asked this question; holding out her sweet face, as the captain described her, with the most earnest attention, as if she would shorten the way which his words were to have to her heart.

'Your mother, Madam, burst into 'tears upon it: and your uncle was so 'penetrated by *her* tenderness, that he

'could

'could not proceed with the subject.
'But he intends to enter upon it with
'her in form, as soon as he hears that
'the ceremony is over.'

By the tone of her voice she wept.
'The dear creature,' thought I, 'begins
'to relent!'—And I grudged the dog
his eloquence. I could hardly bear the
thought, that any man breathing should
have the power which I had lost, of
persuading this high-souled woman,
though in my own favour. And, wouldst
thou think it? this reflection gave me
more uneasiness at the moment, than I
felt from her reproaches, violent as they
were; or than I had pleasure in her sup-
posed relenting. For there is beauty in
every-thing she says and does: beauty
in her passion: beauty in her tears!—
Had the captain been a young fellow,
and of rank and fortune, *his* throat
would have been in danger; and I should
have thought very hardly of *her*.

'O Captain Tomlinson,' said she,
'you know not what I have suffered by
'this man's strange ways! He had, as
'I was not ashamed to tell him yesterday,
'a *plain path before him*. He at first be-
'trayed me into his power: but when I
'*was* in it—' There she stopt. Then
resuming—'O Sir, you know not what
'a strange man he has been!—An un-
'polite, a rough-manner'd man!—In
'disgrace of his birth, and education,
'and knowledge, an unpolite man!—
'And so acting, as if his worldly and
'personal advantages set him above
'those graces which distinguish a gen-
'tleman.'

'The first woman that ever said, or
'that ever thought so of me, that's my
'comfort!' thought I.—But this (spoken
to her *uncle's friend* behind my back)
helps to heap up thy already too-full
measure, dearest!—It is down in my
vellum-book.

Cl. 'When I look back on his whole
'behaviour to a poor young creature,
'(for I am but a *very* young creature!)
'I cannot acquit him either of great
'folly, or of deep design.—And, last
'Wednesday—' There she stopt; and I
suppose turned away her face.

I wonder she was not ashamed to hint
at what she thought so shameful; and
that to a *man*, and *alone* with him.

Capt. 'Far be it from me, Madam,
'to offer to enter too closely into so ten-
'der a subject. Mr. Lovelace owns,
'that you have reason to be displeased
'with him. But he so solemnly clears
'himself to me, of *premeditated* offence—'

Cl. 'He cannot clear himself, Cap-
'tain Tomlinson. The people of the
'house must be very vile, as well as he:
'I am convinced, that there was a
'wicked confederacy.—But no more
'upon such a subject.'

Capt. 'Only one word more, Madam!
'—He tells me, that you promised to
'pardon him. He tells me—'

'He knew,' interrupted she, 'that
'he deserved not pardon, or he had not
'extorted that promise from me. Nor
'had I given it to him, but to shield my-
'self from the vilest outrage.'

Capt. 'I could wish, Madam, inex-
'cusable as his behaviour has been, since
'he has *something* to plead in the reli-
'ance he made upon your *promise*; that,
'for the sake of appearances to the world,
'and to avoid the mischiefs that may
'follow if you absolutely break with
'him, you could prevail upon your na-
'turally generous mind to lay an obliga-
'tion upon him by your forgiveness.'

She was silent.

Capt. 'Your father and mother, Ma-
'dam, deplore a daughter lost to them,
'whom your generosity to Mr. Love-
'lace may restore: do not put it to the
'possible chance, that they may have
'cause to deplore a double loss; the los-
'ing of a *son*, as well as a *daughter*, who,
'by his own violence, which your mild
'perhaps prevent, may be for ever lost
'to them, and to the whole family.'

She paused. She wept. She owned,
that she felt the force of this argument.

'I will be the making this fellow,'
thought I.

Capt. 'Permit me, Madam, to tell
'you, that I do not think it would be
'difficult to prevail upon your uncle,
'if you insist upon it, to come up pri-
'vately to town, and to give you with
'his own hand to Mr. Lovelace—Ex-
'cept indeed your present misunder-
'standing were to come to his ears.—
'Besides, Madam, your brother, it is
'likely, may at this very time be in
'town; and he is resolved to find you
'out.'

Cl. 'Why, Sir, should I be so much
'afraid of my *brother*? My brother has
'injured *me*, not I *him*. Will my brother
'offer to me, what Mr. Lovelace has
'offered!—Wicked, ingrateful man!
'to insult a friendless, unprotected crea-
'ture, made friendless by himself!—I
'cannot, cannot think of him in the
'light I once thought of him. What,
'Sir, to put myself into the power of a
'wretch, who has acted by me with so

'much vile [illegible] who shall 'pity, who shall excuse me, if I do, 'were I to suffer ever so much from him? '—No, Sir. Let Mr. Lovelace leave 'me. Let my brother find me. I am 'not such a poor creature, as to be 'afraid to face the brother who has in'jured me.'

Capt. 'Were you and your brother 'to meet only to confer together, to ex'postulate, to clear up difficulties, it 'were another thing. But what, Ma'dam, can you think will be the issue 'of an interview, (Mr. Solmes with him) 'when he finds you *unmarried*, and re'solved never to have Mr. Lovelace; 'supposing Mr. Lovelace were *not* to in'terfere; which cannot be imagined?'

Cl. 'Well, Sir, I can only say I am a 'very unhappy creature!—I must resign 'to the will of Providence, and be pati'ent under evils, which that will not per'mit me to shun. But I have taken my 'measures. Mr. Lovelace can never 'make me happy, nor I *him*. I wait here 'only for a letter from Miss Howe. 'That must determine me—'

'Determine you as to Mr. Lovelace, 'Madam?' interrupted the captain.

Cl. 'I am already determined as to 'him.'

Capt. 'If it be not in his favour, I 'have done. I cannot use stronger ar'guments than I have used, and it would 'be impertinent to repeat them. If you 'cannot forgive his offence, I am sure 'it must have been much greater than 'he has owned to me. If you are abso'lutely determined, be pleased to let me 'know what I shall say to your uncle? 'You were pleased to tell me, *that this 'day would put an end to what you called 'my trouble.* I should not have thought 'it any, could I have been an humble 'means of reconciling persons of worth 'and honour to each other.'

Here I entered with a solemn air.

Lovel. 'Captain Tomlinson, I have 'heard a part of what has passed between 'you and this unforgiving (however 'otherwise excellent) lady. I am cut 'to the heart to find the dear creature 'so determined. I could not have be'lieved it possible, with such prospects, 'that I had so little share in her esteem. 'Nevertheless I must do myself justice 'with regard to the offence I was so un'unhappy as to give, since I find you 'are ready to think it much greater than 'it really was.'

Cl. 'I hear not, Sir, your recapitu'lations. I am, and ought to be, the 'sole judge of insults offered to my per'son. I enter not into discussion with 'you, nor hear you on the shocking 'subject.' And was going.

I put myself between her and the door —'You *may* hear all I have to say, Ma'dam. My *fault* is not of such a nature, 'but that you may. I will be a just ac'cuser of myself; and will not wound 'your ears.'

I then protested that the fire was a real fire. [So it was] I disclaimed [less truly indeed] premeditation. I owned that I was hurried on by the violence of a youthful passion, and by a sudden impulse, which few other persons, in the like situation, would have been able to check: that I withdrew, at her command and entreaty, on the promise of pardon, without having offered the least indecency, or any freedom, that would not have been forgiven by persons of delicacy, surprized in an attitude so charming—Her terror on the alarm of fire, calling for a soothing behaviour, and personal tenderness, she being ready to fall into fits: my hoped-for happy day so near, that I might be presumed to be looked upon as a betrothed lover—And that this excuse might be pleaded *even for the women of the house*, that they, thinking us actually married, might suppose themselves to be the less concerned to interfere on so tender an occasion—There, Jack, was a bold insinuation on behalf of the women!

High indignation filled her disdainful eye, eye-beam after eye-beam flashing at me. Every feature of her sweet face had soul in it. Yet she spoke not. Perhaps, Jack, she had a thought, that this *plea for the women* accounted for my contrivance to have her pass to them as married, when I *first carried her thither*.

Capt. 'Indeed, Sir, I must say that 'you did not well to add to the appre'hensions of a lady so much terrified 'before.'

The dear creature offered to go by me. I set my back against the door, and beseught her to stay a few moments. 'I had not said thus much, my dearest 'creature, but for *your* sake, as well as 'for *my own*, that Captain Tomlinson 'should not think I had been viler than 'I was. Nor will I say one word more 'on the subject, after I have appealed 'to your own heart, whether it was not 'necessary, that I should *say so much*; 'and to the captain, whether otherwise 'he would not have gone away with a 'much worse opinion of me, if he had 'judged of my offence by the violence of 'your resentment.'

Capt.

Capt. 'Indeed I *should*. I own I should. 'And I am very glad, Mr. Lovelace, 'that you are able to defend yourself 'thus far.'

Cl. 'That cause must be well tried, 'where the offender takes his seat upon 'the same bench with the judge.—I sub'mit not mine to men—Not, give me 'leave to say, to you, Captain Tomlin'son, though I am willing to have a 'good opinion of you. Had not the man 'been assured that he had influenced 'you in his favour, he would not have 'brought you up to Hampstead.'

Capt. 'That I am *influenced*, as you 'call it, Madam, is for the sake of your 'uncle, and for your own sake, more '(I will say to Mr. Lovelace's face) than 'for his. What can I have in view, 'but peace and reconciliation? I have, 'from the *first*, blamed, and I now, '*again*, blame Mr. Lovelace, for add'ing distress to distress, and terror to 'terror—the lady, as you acknowledge, 'Sir,' [*looking valiantly*] ready *before* to 'fall into fits.'

Lovel. 'Let me own to you, Captain 'Tomlinson, that I have been a very 'faulty, a very foolish man; and, if this 'dear creature *ever* honoured me with 'her love, an *ingrateful* one. But I have 'had too much reason to doubt it. And 'this is now a flagrant proof that she 'never had the value for me which my 'proud heart wished for; that, with 'such prospects before us; a day so near; 'settlements approved and drawn; her 'uncle meditating a general reconcilia'tion, which, for *her* sake, not *my own*, 'I was desirous to give into; she can, for 'an offence so *really* slight, on an occa'sion so truly accidental, renounce me 'for ever; and, with me, all hopes of 'that reconciliation in the way her uncle 'had put it in, and she had acquiesced 'with; and risque all consequences, *fa'tal ones* as they may too possibly be.—'By my soul, Captain Tomlinson, the 'dear creature must have hated me all 'the time she was intending to honour 'me with her hand. And now she must 'resolve to abandon me, as far as I 'know, with a preference in her heart 'of the most odious of men—in favour 'of *that Solmes*, who, as you tell me, ac'companies her brother: and with what 'hopes, with what view, accompanies 'him!—How can I bear to think of 'this?'

Cl. 'It is fit, Sir, that you should 'judge of my regard for you, by your 'own consciousness of demerit. Yet you 'know, or you would not have dared 'to behave to me as sometimes you did, 'that you had *more of it* than you de'served.'

She walked from us; and then re turning, 'Captain Tomlinson,' said she, 'I will own to you, that I was not 'capable of resolving to give *my hand*, 'and—*nothing but my hand*. Have I not 'given a flagrant proof of this to the 'once most indulgent of parents? which 'has brought me into a distress, which 'this man has heightened, when he 'ought, in gratitude and honour, to 'have endeavoured to render it sup'portable. I had even a *bias*, Sir, in 'his favour, I scruple not to own it. 'Long, (much too long!) bore I with 'his unaccountable ways, attributing 'his errors to *unmeaning gaiety*, and to a 'want of knowing what *true delicacy*, and '*true generosity*, required from a heart 'susceptible of grateful impressions to 'one involved by his means in unhappy 'circumstances. It is now *wickedness* in 'him (a wickedness which discredits all 'his *professions*) to say, that his last cruel 'and ungrateful insult was not a *premeditated* one—But what need I say more 'of this insult, when it was of such a 'nature, that it has changed that bias 'in his favour, and made me chuse to 'forego all the inviting prospects he 'talks of, and to run all hazards, to 'free myself from his power?'

'O my dearest creature! how happy 'for us both, had I been able to *discover 'that bias*, as you condescend to call it, 'through such reserves as man never 'encountered with!'

'He *did* discover it, Captain Tom'linson. He brought me, *more than once*, 'to *own it*; the more needlessly bringing 'me to own it, as I dare say his own 'vanity give him *no cause to doubt it*; and 'as I had apparently no other motive in 'not being *forward* to own it, than my 'too justly-founded apprehensions of 'his *want of generosity*. In a word, Cap'tain Tomlinson, (and now, that I am 'determined upon my measures, I the 'less scruple to say it) I should have de'spised myself, had I found myself ca'pable of affectation or tyranny to the 'man I intended to marry. I have al'ways blamed the dearest friend I have 'in the world for a fault of this nature. 'In a word—'

Lovel. 'And had my angel really and 'indeed the favour for me she is pleased 'to own!—Dearest creature, forgive 'me. Restore me to your good opinion. 'Surely I have not sinned beyond for'giveness. You say, that I extorted

'from

'from you the promiſe you made me. 'But I could not have preſumed to 'make that promiſe the condition of my 'obedience, had I not thought there 'was room to expect forgiveneſs. Permit, 'I beſeech you, the proſpects to take 'place, that were opening ſo agreeably 'before us. I will go to town, and bring 'the licence. All difficulties to the ob'taining of it are ſurmounted. Captain 'Tomlinſon ſhall be witneſs to the deeds. 'He will be preſent at the ceremony on 'the part of your uncle. Indeed he 'gave me hope, that your uncle him'ſelf—'

Capt. 'I *did*, Mr. Lovelace: and I 'will tell you my grounds for the hope 'I gave. I promiſed to my dear friend '—(Your uncle, Madam) that he ſhould 'give out, that he would take a turn 'with me to my little farm-houſe, as I 'call it, near Northampton, for a week 'or ſo.—Poor gentleman! he has of late 'been very little abroad! Too viſibly in'deed declining!—Change of air, it 'might be given out, was good for him. '—But I ſee, Madam, that this is too '*tender* a ſubject.'

The dear creature wept. She knew how to apply as meant the captain's hint to the *occaſion* of her uncle's declining ſtate of health.

Capt. 'We might indeed, I told him, 'ſet out in that road, but turn ſhort to 'town in *my* chariot; and he might ſee 'the ceremony performed with his own 'eyes, and be the deſired father, as well 'as the beloved uncle.'

She turned from us, and wiped her eyes.

Capt. 'And, really, there ſeem now 'to be but two objections to this, as Mr. 'Harlowe diſcouraged not the propoſal '—The one, the unhappy miſunder'ſtanding between you; which I would 'not by any means he ſhould know; 'ſince then he might be apt to give 'weight to Mr. James Harlowe's unjuſt 'ſurmiſes.—The other, that it would 'neceſſarily occaſion ſome delay to the 'ceremony; which certainly may be 'performed in a day or two—If—'

And then he reverently bowed to my goddeſs.—Charming fellow!—But often did I curſe my ſtars, for making me ſo much obliged to his adroitneſs.

She was going to ſpeak; but, not liking the turn of her countenance, (although, as I thought, it's ſeverity and indignation ſeemed a little abated) I ſaid, and had like to have blown myſelf up by it—'One expedient I have juſt 'thought of.'

Cl. 'None of your *expedients*, Mr. 'Lovelace!—I abhor your *expedients*, 'your *inventions*—I have had too many 'of them.'

Lovel. 'See, Captain Tomlinſon!—'See, Sir!—O how we expoſe ourſelves 'to you!—Little did you think, I dare 'ſay, that we have lived in ſuch a con'tinued miſunderſtanding together!—'But you will make the beſt of it all. 'We may yet be happy. O that I could 'have been aſſured, that this dear crea'ture loved *me* with the hundredth part 'of the love I have for *her*!—Our diffi'dences have been mutual. I preſume 'to ſay, that ſhe has too much punctilio. 'I am afraid, that I have too little. 'Hence our difficulties. But I have a 'heart, Captain Tomlinſon, a heart that 'bids me hope for her love, becauſe it 'is reſolved to deſerve it as much as 'man *can* deſerve it.

Capt. 'I am indeed ſurprized at what 'I have ſeen and heard.—I defend not 'Mr. Lovelace, Madam, in the offence 'he has given you—As a father of 'daughters myſelf, I *cannot* defend him; 'though his fault ſeems to be lighter 'than I had apprehended—But in my 'conſcience, Madam, I think you carry 'your reſentment too high.'

Cl. 'Too high, Sir!—Too high, to 'the man that might have been happy 'if he would!—Too high, to the man 'that has held *my ſoul in ſuſpence* an hun'dred times, ſince (by artifice and de'ceit) he obtained a power over me!—'Say, Lovelace, thyſelf ſay, Art thou 'not the *very* Lovelace, who by inſult'ing *me*, haſt wronged thine *own hopes*? '—The wretch that appeared in vile 'diſguiſes, perſonating an old lame 'creature, ſeeking for lodgings for thy 'ſick wife?—Telling the gentlewomen 'here, ſtories all of thine own inven'tion; and aſſerting to them an huſ'band's right over me, which thou haſt 'not?—And is it' [Turning to the cap'tain] 'to be expected, that I ſhould 'give credit to the proteſtations of *ſuch* 'a man?'

Lovel. 'Treat me, deareſt creature, as 'you pleaſe, I will bear it: and yet 'your ſcorn and your violence have fix'ed daggers in my heart—But was it 'poſſible, without thoſe diſguiſes, to 'come at your ſpeech?—And could I 'loſe you, if ſtudy, if invention, would 'put it in my power to arreſt your anger, 'and give me hope to engage you to 'confirm to me the *promiſed pardon*? The 'addreſs I made to you before the wo'men, as if the marriage-ceremony had

'paſſed,

'paſſed, was in conſequence of what 'your uncle *had adviſed*, and what *you* 'had acquieſced with; and the rather made, 'as your brother, and Singleton, and 'Solmes, were reſolved to find out 'whether what was reported of your 'marriage were true or not, that they 'might take their meaſures accordingly; and in hopes to prevent that miſchief, which I have been but *too* ſtudious to prevent, ſince this tameneſs 'has but invited inſolence from your 'brother and his confederates.'

Cl. 'O thou ſtrange wretch, how thou 'talkeſt!—But, Captain Tomlinſon, 'give me leave to ſay, that, were I inclined to enter farther upon this ſubject, I would appeal to Miſs Rawlins's 'judgment. (Whom elſe have I to appeal to?) She ſeems to be a perſon of 'prudence and honour; but not to any 'man's judgment, whether I carry my 'reſentment beyond fit bounds, when I 'reſolve—'

Capt. 'Forgive, Madam, the interruption—But I think there can be no 'reaſon for this. You ought, as you 'ſaid, to be the *ſole judge* of indignities 'offered you. The gentlewomen here 'are ſtrangers to you. You will perhaps ſtay but a little while among 'them. If you lay the ſtate of your caſe 'before any of them, and your brother 'come to enquire of them, your uncle's 'intended mediation will be diſcovered; 'and rendered abortive—*I* ſhall appear 'in a light that I never appeared in, 'in my life—for theſe women may not 'think themſelves obliged to keep the 'ſecret.'

Charming fellow!

Cl. 'O what difficulties has one fatal 'ſtep involved me in!—But there is no 'neceſſity for ſuch an appeal to anybody. I am reſolved on my meaſures.'

Capt. 'Abſolutely reſolved, Madam?'

Cl. 'I am.'

Capt. 'What ſhall I ſay to your uncle 'Harlowe, Madam?—Poor gentleman! 'how will he be ſurprized!—You ſee, 'Mr. Lovelace—You ſee, Sir—' Turning to me, with a flouriſhing hand—'But you may *thank yourſelf*—' And admirably ſtalked he from us.

'*True, by my ſoul,*' thought I. I traverſed the room, and bit my unperſuaſive lips, now upper, now under, for vexation.

He made a profound reverence to her—And went to the window, where lay his hat and whip; and, taking them up, opened the door. 'Child,' ſaid he, to ſomebody he ſaw, 'pray, order 'my ſervant to bring my horſe to the 'door.'

Lovel. 'You won't go, Sir—I hope 'you won't!—I am the unhappieſt man 'in the world!—You won't go—Yet 'alas!—But you won't go, Sir?—There 'may be yet hopes that Lady Betty may 'have ſome weight.'

Capt. 'Dear Mr. Lovelace! and may 'not my worthy friend, an affectionate 'uncle, hope for *ſome* influence upon his 'daughter-niece?—But I beg pardon—'A letter will always find me diſpoſed 'to ſerve the lady, and that as well for 'her ſake, as for the ſake of my dear 'friend.'

She had thrown herſelf into a chair; her eyes caſt down: ſhe was motionleſs, as in a profound ſtudy.

The captain bowed to her again: but met with no return to his bow. 'Mr. 'Lovelace,' ſaid he, (with an air of equality and independence) 'I am your's.'

Still the dear unaccountable ſat as immoveable as a ſtatue; ſtirring neither hand, foot, head, nor eye—I never before ſaw any one in ſo profound a reverie, in ſo waking a dream.

He paſſed by her to go out at the door ſhe ſat near, though the paſſage by the other door was his direct way; and bowed again. She moved not. 'I will 'not diſturb the lady in her meditations, 'Sir.—Adieu, Mr. Lovelace—*No further, I beſeech you.*'

She ſtarted, ſighing—'Are you going, 'Sir?'

Capt. 'I am, Madam. I could have 'been glad to do you ſervice; but I ſee 'it is not in my power.'

She ſtood up, holding out one hand, with inimitable dignity and ſweetneſs '—I am ſorry you are going, Sir!—I 'can't help it—I have no friend to adviſe with—Mr. Lovelace has the art (or 'good fortune, perhaps I ſhould call it) 'to make himſelf many.—Well, Sir—'—if you will go, I can't help it.'

Capt. 'I will *not* go, Madam;' his eyes twinkling. [Again ſeized with a fit of humanity!] 'I will not go, if my 'longer ſtay can do you either ſervice or 'pleaſure.—What, Sir,' [Turning to me] 'what, Mr. Lovelace, was your 'expedient?—Perhaps ſomething may 'be offered, Madam—'

She ſighed, and was ſilent.

'REVENGE,' *invoked I to myſelf*, 'keep 'thy throne in my heart.—If the *power* 'LOVE *once more drive thee from it, thou* 'wilt *never regain poſſeſſion!*'

Lovel. 'What I had thought of, when 'I had intended to propoſe,' [And I ſighed]

lighed] 'was this, That the dear creature, if she will not forgive me, as she promised, will suspend the displeasure she has conceived against me, till Lady Betty arrives.—That lady may be the mediatrix between us. This dear creature may put herself into *her* protection, and accompany her down to her seat in Oxfordshire. It is one of her ladyship's purposes to prevail on her supposed new niece to go down with her. It may pass to every-one but to Lady Betty, and to you, Captain Tomlinson, and to your friend Mr. Harlowe, (as he desires) that we have been some time married: and her being with my relations, will amount to a proof to James Harlowe, that we *are*; and our nuptials may be privately, and at this beloved creature's pleasure, solemnized; and your report, captain, authenticated.'

Capt. 'Upon my honour, Madam,' clapping his hand upon his breast, 'a charming expedient!—This will answer every end.'

She mused—She was greatly perplexed—At last, 'God direct me!' said she: 'I know not what to do—A young unfriended creature. Whom have I to advise with!—Let me retire, if I *can* retire.'

She withdrew with slow and trembling feet, and went up to her chamber.

'For Heaven's sake,' said the penetrated varlet, [his hands lifted up] 'for 'Heaven's sake, take compassion upon this admirable woman!—I cannot proceed—I cannot proceed—she deserves 'all things.'

'Softly!—damn the fellow!—The 'women are coming in.'

He sobbed up his grief—turned about—hemmed up a more *manly* accent—'Wipe thy cursed eyes.'—He did. The sunshine took place on one cheek, and spread slowly to the other, and the fellow had his whole face again.

The women all three came in, led by that ever-curious Miss Rawlins. I told them, that the lady was gone up to consider of every-thing: that we had hopes of her. And such a representation we made of all that had passed, as brought either tacit or declared blame upon the fair-perverse for hardness of heart and over-delicacy.

The widow Bevis, in particular, put out one lip, tossed up her head, wrinkled her forehead, and made such motions with her now lifted-up, now cast-down eyes, as shewed, that she thought there was a great deal of perverseness and affectation in the lady. Now-and-then she changed her censuring looks to looks of pity of me—But, (she said) She loved not to aggravate!—'A poor business, 'God help's!' shrugging up her shoulders, 'to make such a rout about!' And then her eyes laughed heartily—Indulgence was a good thing! Love was a good thing!—But too much was too much!

Miss Rawlins, however, declared, after she had called the widow Bevis, with a prudish simper, a *comical gentlewoman!* that there must be something in our story, which she could not fathom; and went from us into a corner, and sat down, seemingly vexed that she could not.

LETTER XIX.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

THE lady staid longer above than we wished; and I hoping that (ladylike) she only waited for an *invitation* to return to us, desired the widow Bevis, in the captain's name, (who wanted to go to town) to request the favour of her company.

I cared not to send up either Miss Rawlins or Mrs. Moore on the errand, lest my beloved should be in a *communicative disposition*; especially as she had hinted at an appeal to Miss Rawlins; who, besides, has such an unbounded curiosity.

Mrs. Bevis presently returned with an answer, (winking and pinking at me) that the lady would follow her down. Miss Rawlins could not but offer to retire, as the others did. Her eyes, however, intimated that she had rather stay. But they not being answered as she seemed to wish, she went with the rest, but with slower feet; and had hardly left the parlour, when the lady entered it by the other door; a melancholy dignity in her person and air.

She sat down. 'Pray, Mr. Tomlin-'son, be seated.'

He took his chair over-against her. I stood behind hers, that I might give him *agreed-upon* signals, should there be occasion for them.

As thus—A wink of the left-eye was to signify, '*Push that point, captain.*'

A wink of the right, and a nod, was to indicate *approbation* of what he had said.

My fore-finger held up, and biting my lip, '*Get off of that, as fast as pos-'sible.*'

A right-forward nod, and a frown—'*Swear to it, captain.*'

My whole spread hand, '*To take care*

not

not to say too much on that particular subject.

A frowning brow, and a positive nod, was to bid him *rise in temper.*

And these motions I could make, even these with my hand, without holding up my arm, or moving my wrist, had the women been there: as, when the motions were agreed upon, I knew not but they would.

She hemmed—I was going to speak, to spare her supposed confusion: but this lady never wants presence of mind, when presence of mind is necessary either to her honour, or to that conscious dignity which distinguishes her from all the women I ever knew.

'I have been considering,' said she, 'as well as I was able, of every thing 'that has passed; and of all that has 'been said; and of my unhappy situation. I mean no ill—I wish no ill—to 'any creature living, Mr. Tomlinson. 'I have always delighted to draw favourable rather than unfavourable conclusions; sometimes, as it has proved, 'for very bad hearts. Censoriousness, 'whatever faults I have, is not *naturally* 'my fault—But, circumstanced as I am; 'treated as I have been, unworthily 'treated, by a man who is full of contrivances, and glories in them—'

Lovel. 'My dearest life!—But I will 'not interrupt you.'

Cl. 'Thus treated, it becomes me to 'doubt—It concerns my honour to 'doubt, to fear, to apprehend—*Your* intervention, Sir, is so seasonable, so 'kind, for *this man*—My uncle's expedient, the first of the kind he ever, I 'believe, thought of! a plain, honest, 'good-minded man, as he is, not affecting such expedients—Your report 'in conformity to it—The consequences 'of that report—The alarm taken by 'my brother—His rash resolution upon 'it—The alarm taken by Lady Betty, 'and the rest of Mr. Lovelace's relations—The *sudden* letters written to him 'upon it, which, with yours, he shewed me '—All ceremony, among persons *born observers of ceremony*, and entitled to value themselves upon *their distinction*, dispensed with—All these things have 'happened *so quick*, and some of them 'so seasonable—'

Lovel. 'Lady Betty, you see, Madam, in her letter, dispenses with punctilio, avowedly in compliment to you. 'Charlotte, in hers, professes to do the 'same for the same reason. Good Heaven! that the respect intended you by 'my relations, who, in every other case,

'are really punctilious, should be thus 'construed! They were glad, Madam, 'to have an opportunity to compliment 'you at my expence. Every one of my 'family takes delight in rallying me. 'But their joy on the supposed occasion—'

Cl. 'Do I doubt, Sir, that you have 'not something to say, for any-thing you 'think fit to do? I am speaking to Captain 'Tomlinson, Sir. I will you would be 'pleased to withdraw—At least to come 'from behind my chair.'

And she looked at the captain, observing, no doubt, that his eyes seemed to take lessons from mine.

A fair match, by Jupiter!

The captain was disconcerted. The dog had not had such a blush upon his face for ten years before. I bit my lip for vexation: walked about the room; but, nevertheless, took my post again; and blinked with my eyes to the captain, as a caution to him to take more care of *his*: and then scouling with my brows, and giving the nod-positive, I as good as said, '*Resent that, captain.*'

Capt. 'I hope, Madam, you have 'no suspicion, that I am capable—'

Cl. 'Be not displeased with me, Captain Tomlinson. I have told you, that 'I am not of a suspicious temper. Excuse me for the sake of my sincerity. 'There is not, I will be bold to say, a 'sincerer heart in the world, than her's 'before you.'

She took out her handkerchief, and put it to her eyes.

I was going, at that instant, after her example, to vouch for the honesty of *my* heart; but my conscience *Mennelled* upon me; and would not suffer the meditated vow to pass my lips.—'A devilish thing,' thought I, 'for a man to be so little himself, when he has the most occasion for 'himself!'

The villain Tomlinson looked at me with a rueful face, as if he begged leave to cry for company. It might have been as well, if he *had* cried. A feeling heart, or the tokens of it given by a sensible eye, are very reputable things, when kept in countenance by the occasion.

And here let me fairly own to thee, that twenty times in this trying conversation I said to myself, that could I have thought, that I should have had all this trouble, and incurred all this guilt, I would have been honest at first. But, why, Jack, is this dear creature so lovely, yet so invincible?—Ever heard'st thou, before, that the sweets of May blossomed in December?

Capt. 'Be pleased—be pleased, Madam—if you have doubts of my honour—'

A whining varlet! He should have been quite angry—For what gave I him the nod-positive? He should have stalked again to the window, as for his whip and hat.

Cl. 'I am only making such observations as my youth, my inexperience, and my present unhappy circumstances, suggest to me—A worthy heart (such, 'I hope, is Captain Tomlinson's) need 'not fear an examination — need not 'fear being looked into — Whatever 'doubts *that* man, who has been the '*cause of my errors*, and, as my severe 'father imprecated, *the punisher of the* '*errors he has caused*, might have had of 'me, or of my honour, I would have 'forgiven him for them, if he had fairly 'proposed them to me: for some doubts 'perhaps *such a man* might have of the 'future conduct of a creature whom he 'could induce to correspond with him 'against *parental prohibition*, and against 'the *lights which her own judgment threw* '*in upon her*: and if he had propounded 'them to me like a man and a gentleman, 'I would have been glad of the opportunity given me to clear my intentions, 'and to have shewn myself entitled to 'his good opinion—And I hope *you*, 'Sir—'

Capt. 'I am ready to hear all your 'doubts, Madam, and to clear them up.'

Cl. 'I will only put it, Sir, to your 'conscience and honour—'

The dog sat uneasy: he shuffled with his feet: her eye was upon him: he was therefore, after the rebuff he had met with, afraid to look at me for my motions; and now turned his eyes towards me, then from me, as if he would *unlook* his own looks.

Cl. 'That all is true, that you have 'written, and that you have told me?'

I gave him a right-forward nod, and a frown—as much as to say, '*Swear to* '*it, captain.*' But the varlet did not round it off as I would have had him. However, he averred that it was.

He had hoped, he said, that the circumstances with which his commission was attended, and what he had communicated to her, *which he could not know but from his dear friend her uncle*, might have shielded him even from the *shadow* of suspicion—'But I am contented,' said he, stammering, 'to be thought—to be 'thought—what—what you please to 'think me—till—till you are satisfied—'

A whore's-bird!

Cl. 'The circumstances you refer to, 'I must own, *ought* to shield you, Sir, 'from suspicion—But the man before 'you is a man that would make an angel suspected, should that angel plead 'for him.'

I came forward—Traversed the room—Was indeed in a bloody passion—'I 'have no patience, Madam!'—And again I bit my unpersuasive lip.

Cl. 'No man ought to be impatient 'at imputations he is not ashamed to deserve. An innocent man *will not* be 'outrageous upon such imputations. 'A guilty man *ought not*.' [Most excellently would this charming creature cap sentences with Lord M.!] 'But I am 'not now trying you, Sir,' [to me] 'on 'the foot of your *merits*. I am only sorry, that I am constrained to put questions to this *worthier* gentleman,' [*Worthier* gentleman, Jack!] 'which perhaps 'I ought not to put, so far as they regard *himself*.—And I hope, Captain 'Tomlinson, that you, who know not 'Mr. Lovelace so well, as, to my unhappiness, I do, and who have children of your own, will excuse a poor 'young creature, who is deprived of all 'worldly protection, and who has been 'insulted and endangered by the most 'designing man in the world, and perhaps 'by a confederacy of his creatures.'

There she stopt; and stood up, and looked at me; fear, nevertheless, apparently mingled with her anger. And so it ought. I was glad, however, of this poor sign of love—No one fears whom they value not.

'*Women's tongues were licensed*,' I was going to say—But my conscience would not let me call her a *woman*; nor use to her so vulgar a phrase. I could only rave by my motions; lift up my eyes, spread my hands, rub my face, pull my wig, and look like a fool. Indeed, I had a great mind to run mad. Had I been alone with her, I would; and she should have taken consequences.

The captain interposed in my behalf; gently, however, and as a man not quite sure that he was himself acquitted. Some of the pleas we had both insisted on, he again enforced—And, speaking low—'Poor gentleman!' said he, 'who can 'but pity him!—Indeed, Madam, it is 'easy to see, with all his failings, the 'power you have over him!'

Cl. 'I have no pleasure, Sir, in distressing any one—Not even *him*, who 'has so much distressed *me*.—But, Sir, 'when I THINK, and when I see him 'before me, I cannot command my tem-

per!

'per!—Indeed, indeed, Captain Tomlinſon, Mr. Lovelace *has not acted by me* either as a grateful, or a generous 'man; nor even as a *prudent* one!—He 'knows not, as I told him yeſterday, 'the value of the heart he has inſulted!'

There the angel ſtopt; her handkerchief at her eyes.

O Belford, Belford! that ſhe ſhould ſo greatly excel, as to make me, at times, appear as a villain in my own eyes!

I beſought her pardon. I promiſed, that it ſhould be the ſtudy of my whole life to deſerve it. My faults, I ſaid, *whatever* they had been, were rather faults in her *apprehenſion*, than in *fact*. I beſought her to give way to the expedient I had hit upon—I repeated it. The captain enforced it, for her uncle's ſake. I once more, for the ſake of the general reconciliation; for the ſake of all my family; for the ſake of preventing further miſchief.

She wept. She ſeemed ſtaggered in her reſolution—She turned from me. I mentioned the letter of Lord M. I beſought her to reſign to Lady Betty's mediation all our differences if ſhe would not forgive me *before* ſhe ſaw her.

She turned towards me—She was going to ſpeak; but her heart was full—And again ſhe turned away her face—Then, half-turning it to me, her handkerchief at her eyes—'And do you *really* 'and *indeed* expect Lady Betty and Miſs 'Montague?—And do you—' Again ſhe ſtopt.

I anſwered in a ſolemn manner.

She turned from me her whole face, and pauſed, and ſeemed to conſider. But, in a paſſionate accent, again turning towards me, [O how difficult, Jack, for a Harlowe ſpirit to forgive!]—'Let 'her ladyſhip come, if ſhe pleaſes,' ſaid ſhe—'I cannot, cannot wiſh to *ſee* her '—And if I did ſee her, and ſhe were 'to plead for you, I cannot wiſh to *hear* 'her!—The more I *think*, the leſs I can 'forgive an attempt, that I am convinced was intended to *deſtroy* me.' [A plaguy ſtrong word for the occaſion, ſuppoſing ſhe was right!] 'What has my 'conduct been, that an inſult of *ſuch* a 'nature ſhould be offered to me, as it 'would be a *weakneſs* in me to forgive? 'I am ſunk in my own eyes!—And how 'can I receive a viſit that muſt depreſs 'me more?'

The captain urged her in my favour with greater earneſtneſs than before. We both even clamoured, as I may ſay, for mercy and forgiveneſs. [Didſt thou never hear the good folks talk of taking Heaven by ſtorm?]—Contrition repeatedly avowed—A total reformation promiſed—The happy expedient again urged.

Cl. 'I have taken my meaſures. I 'have gone too far to recede, or to wiſh 'to recede. My mind is prepared for 'adverſity. That I have not *deſerved* 'the evils I have met with, is my conſolation.—I have written to Miſs Howe 'what my intentions are. My heart is 'not *with* you—It is *againſt* you, Mr. 'Lovelace. I had not written to you as 'I did in the letter I left behind me, had 'I not reſolved, whatever became of me, 'to renounce you for ever.'

I was full of hope now. Severe as her expreſſions were, I ſaw ſhe was afraid that I ſhould think of what ſhe had written. And, indeed, her letter is violence itſelf. *Angry people, Jack, ſhould never write while their paſſion holds.*

Lovel. 'The ſeverity you have ſhewn 'me, Madam, whether by pen or by 'ſpeech, ſhall never have place in my 'remembrance, but for your *honour*. In 'the light you have taken things, all is 'deſerved, and but the natural reſult 'of virtuous reſentment; and I adore 'you, even for the pangs you have given 'me.'

She was ſilent. She had employment enough with her handkerchief at her eyes.

Lovel. 'You lament ſometimes, that 'you have no friends of your own ſex to 'conſult with. Miſs Rawlins, I muſt 'confeſs, is too inquiſitive to be confided in.' [I liked not, thou mayeſt think, her appeal to Miſs Rawlins.] 'She may 'mean well. But I never in my life knew 'a perſon who was fond of prying into 'the ſecrets of others, that was fit to be 'truſted. The curioſity of ſuch is governed by pride, which is not gratified but by whiſpering about a ſecret 'till it becomes publick, in order to 'ſhew either their conſequence, or their 'ſagacity. It is ſo in every caſe. What 'matter woman, who is *covetous of power*, 'or of *wealth*, is covetous of either, for 'the ſake of making a right uſe of it!—'But in the ladies of my family you *may* 'confide. It is their ambition to think 'of you, as one of themſelves. Renew 'but your conſent to paſs *to the world*, 'for the ſake of your uncle's expedient, 'and for the prevention of miſchief, as 'a lady ſome time married. Lady Betty 'may be acquainted with the naked 'truth; and you may (*as ſhe hopes you 'will*) accompany her to her ſeat; and, 'if it *muſt* be ſo, conſider me as in a ſtate

'...ofpenitence or probation, to be accepted or rejected, as I may appear to 'deſerve.'

The captain again clapt his hands on his breaſt, and delared upon his honour, that this was a propoſal, that were the caſe that of his own daughter, and ſhe were not reſolved upon *immediate* marriage, (which yet he thought by far the more elegible choice) he ſhould be very much concerned, were ſhe to refuſe it.

Cl. 'Were I with Mr. Lovelace's relations, and to paſs as his wife to the 'world, I could not have any choice. 'And how could he be then in a ſtate of 'probation?—O, Mr. Tomlinſon, you 'are too much his *friend* to ſee into his 'drift.'

Capt. 'His friend, Madam, as I ſaid 'before, as I am *yours* and your *uncle's*, 'for the ſake of a general reconciliation, 'which muſt begin with a better under'ſtanding between yourſelves.'

Lovel. 'Only, my deareſt life, reſolve 'to attend the arrival and viſit of Lady 'Betty: and permit her to arbitrate 'between us.'

Capt. 'There can be no harm in *that*, 'Madam. You can ſuffer no inconve'nience from *that*. If Mr. Lovelace's 'offence be ſuch, that a woman of La'dy Betty's character judges it to be 'unpardonable, why then—'

Cl. [Interrupting; and to me] 'If I 'am not invaded by you, Sir—If I am '(as I ought to be) my own miſtreſs, I 'think to ſtay here in this *honeſt houſe*' [And then had I an *eye-beam*, as the captain calls it, flaſhed at me] 'till I 'receive a letter from Miſs Howe. 'That, I hope, will be in a day or two. 'If in that time the ladies come whom 'you expect, and if they are deſirous to 'ſee the creature whom you have made 'unhappy, I ſhall know whether I can 'or cannot receive their viſit.'

She turned ſhort to the door, and retiring went up ſtairs to her chamber.

'O Sir,' ſaid the captain, as ſoon as ſhe was gone, 'what an angel of a wo'man is this! I *have been*, and I *am*, a 'very wicked man. But if any-thing 'ſhould happen amiſs to this admirable 'lady, through *my* means, I ſhall have 'more cauſe for ſelf-reproach, than for 'all the bad actions of my life put toge'ther.'

And his eyes gliſtened.

'Nothing can happen amiſs, thou 'ſorrowful dog!—What *can* happen 'amiſs?—Are we to form our opinion 'of things by the romantick notions of 'a girl, who ſuppoſes *that* to be the 'greateſt which is the ſlighteſt of evils? 'Have I not told thee our whole ſtory? 'Has ſhe not broken her promiſe? Did 'I not generouſly ſpare her, when in 'my power? I was decent, though I 'had her at ſuch advantage. Greater 'liberties have I taken with girls of 'character at a common romping bout, 'and all has been laughed off, and hand'kerchief and headcloths adjuſted, and 'petticoats ſhaken to rights, in my pre'ſence. Never man, in the like cir'cumſtances, and reſolved as I was re'ſolved, goaded on as I was goaded on, 'as well by her own ſex as by the im'pulſes of a violent paſſion, was ever 'ſo decent. Yet what mercy does ſhe 'ſhew me?

Now, Jack, this pitiful dog was ſuch another unfortunate one as thyſelf—His arguments ſerving to confirm me in the very purpoſe he brought them to prevail upon me to give up. Had he left me to myſelf, to the tenderneſs of my own nature, moved as I was when the lady withdrew; and had he ſat down, and made odious faces, and ſaid nothing; it is very poſſible, that I ſhould have taken the chair over-againſt him which ſhe had quitted; and have cried and blubbered with him for half an hour together. But the varlet to *argue* with me!—To pretend to *convince* a man, who knows in his heart that he is doing a wrong thing! He muſt needs think, that this would put me upon trying what I could ſay for myſelf; and when the excited compunction can be carried from the *heart* to the *lips*, it muſt evaporate in words.

Thou perhaps, in this place, wouldſt have urged the ſame plea that he urged. What I anſwered to him therefore may do for thee, and ſpare *thee* the trouble of writing, and *me* of reading, a good deal of nonſenſe.

Capt. 'You were pleaſed to tell me, 'Sir, that you only propoſed *to try her* 'virtue; and that you believed you 'ſhould actually marry her.'

Lovel. 'So I ſhall, and cannot help 'it. I have no doubt but I ſhall. And 'as to *trying* her, is ſhe not now in the 'height of her trial? Have I not reaſon 'to think that ſhe is coming about? Is 'ſhe not now yielding up her reſent'ment for an attempt which ſhe thinks 'ſhe ought *not* to forgive?—And if ſhe 'do, may ſhe not forgive the *laſt at*'*tempt?*—Can ſhe, in a word, reſent '*that* more than ſhe does *this?*—Women 'often, for their own ſakes, will keep 'the *laſt ſecret*; but will oſtentatiouſly

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'din the ears of gods and men with their 'clamours upon a ſucceſsleſs offer. It 'was my folly, my weakneſs, that I gave 'her not more cauſe for this her unſpar-'ing violence!'

Capt. 'O Sir, you will never be able 'to ſubdue this lady without force.'

Lovel. 'Well then, puppy, muſt I not 'endeavour to find a proper time and 'place—'

Capt. 'Forgive me, Sir! But can you 'think of force to ſuch a fine creature?'

Lovel. 'Force, indeed, I abhor the 'thought of; and for what thinkeſt thou, 'have I taken all the pains I have taken, 'and engaged ſo many perſons in my 'cauſe, but to avoid the neceſſity of *vi-'olent* compulſion? But yet, imagineſt 'thou that I expect *direct conſent* from 'ſuch a lover of forms as this lady is 'known to be! Let me tell thee, M'Do-'nald, that thy maſter Belford has urg-'ed on thy ſide of the queſtion all that 'thou canſt urge. Muſt I have every 'ſorry fellow's conſcience to pacify, as 'well as my own?—By my ſoul, Pa-'trick, ſhe has a friend *here*' [clapping my hand on my breaſt] 'that pleads for 'her with greater and more irreſiſtible 'eloquence, than all the men in the 'world can plead for her. And had ſhe '*not eſcaped me?*—And yet how have I 'anſwered the firſt deſign of trying her, 'and in *her* the virtue of the moſt vir-'tuous of the ſex?—Perſeverance, man? 'Perſeverance—What wouldſt thou 'have me decline a trial that may make 'for the honour of a ſex we all ſo dearly 'love?'

'Then, Sir, you have no thoughts—'no thoughts—' [looking ſtill more for-'rowfully] 'of marrying this wonder-'ful lady?'

'Yes, yes, Patrick, but I have. But 'let me, firſt, to gratify *my* pride, bring 'down *hers*. Let me ſee, that ſhe loves 'me well enough to forgive me for my '*own* ſake. Has ſhe not heretofore la-'mented, that ſhe ſtaid not in her fa-'ther's houſe, though the conſequence 'muſt have been, if ſhe *had*, that ſhe 'muſt have been the wife of the odious 'Solmes? If now ſhe be brought to 'conſent to be mine, ſeeſt thou not 'that the *reconciliation* with her *deteſted 'relations* is the *inducement*, as it *always* 'was, and not *love* of *me*?—Neither her 'virtue nor her love can be eſtabliſhed 'but upon full trial; the *laſt* trial—But 'if her reſiſtance and reſentment be 'ſuch as hitherto I have reaſon to ex-'pect they will be, and if I find in that 'reſentment leſs of hatred of *me*, than of the *fact*, then ſhall ſhe be mine in her 'own way. Then, hateful as is the '*life of ſhackles* to me, will I *marry her*.'

'Well, Sir, I can only ſay, that I am 'dough in your hands, to be moulded 'into what ſhape you pleaſe. But if, as 'I ſaid before—'

'None of thy *ſaids before*, Patrick. 'I remember all thou ſaidſt—And I 'know all thou canſt *further* ſay—Thou 'art only, Pontius Pilate like, waſhing 'thine own hands (don't I know thee?) 'that thou mayſt have ſomething to 'ſilence thy conſcience with by loading 'me. But we have gone too far to re-'cede. Are not all our engines in rea-'dineſs?—Dry up thy ſorrowful eyes. 'Let unconcern and heart's eaſe once 'more take poſſeſſion of thy ſolemn 'features. Thou haſt hitherto per-'formed extremely well. Shame not 'thy *paſt* by thy *future* behaviour; and 'a rich reward awaits thee. It thou *art* 'dough, *be* dough;' and I ſlap'd him on the ſhoulder—'Reſume but thy former 'ſhape—And I'll be anſwerable for the 'event.'

He bowed aſſent and compliance: went to the glaſs; and began to untwiſt and unſadden his features: pull'd his wig right, as if that, as well as his head and heart, had been diſcompoſed by his compunction; and once more be-came old Lucifer's and mine.

But didſt thou think, Jack, that there was ſo much—What-ſhall-I-call-it?—In this Tomlinſon? Didſt thou imagine, that ſuch a fellow as that had bowels? That nature ſo long dead and buried in him, as to all human effects, ſhould thus revive and exert itſelf?—Yet why do I aſk this queſtion of thee, who, to my equal ſurprize, haſt ſhewn, on the ſame occaſion, the like compaſſionate ſenſibilities?

As to Tomlinſon, it looks as if po-verty had made him the wicked fellow *he* is; as plenty and wantonneſs have made us what *we* are. *Neceſſity*, after all, is the teſt of principle. But what is there in this dull word, or thing, called HONESTY, that even I, who cannot in my preſent views be ſerved by it, cannot help thinking even the accidental ema-nations of it amiable in Tomlinſon, though demonſtrated in a *female caſe*; and judging *better of him* for being capa-ble of ſuch?

LETTER XX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THIS debate between the captain and me was hardly over, when the three

three women, led by Miss Rawlins, entered, hoping no intrusion—But very desirous, the maiden said, to know if we were likely to accommodate.

'O yes, I hope so. You know ladies, that your sex must in these cases, preserve their forms. They must be courted to comply with their own happiness. A lucky expedient we have hit upon. The uncle has his doubts of our marriage. He cannot believe, nor will any body, that it is possible that a man so much in love—the lady so desirable—'

They all took the hint—It was a very extraordinary case, the two widows allowed. Women, Jack, [as I believe I have observed elsewhere] have a high opinion of what they can do for us.—Miss Rawlins desired me, if I pleased, to let them know the expedient; and looked as if there was no need to proceed in the rest of my speech.

I begged, that they would not let the lady know I had told them what this expedient was; and they should hear it.

They promised.

It was this: that to oblige and satisfy Mr. Harlowe, the ceremony was to be again performed. He was to be *privately present*, and to give his niece to me with his own hands—And she was retired to consider of it.

Thou seest, Jack, that I have provided an excuse, to save my veracity to the women here, in case I should incline to marriage, and she would chuse to have Miss Rawlins's assistance at the ceremony. Nor doubted I to bring my fair-one to save my credit on this occasion, if I could get her to consent to be mine.

'A charming expedient!' cried the widow. They were all three ready to clap their hands for joy upon it. Women love to be married twice at least, Jack; though not indeed to the *same man*. And all blessed the reconciliatory scheme, and the proposer of it; and, supposing it came from the captain, they looked at him with pleasure, while his face shined with the applause implied. He should think himself very happy, if he could bring about a general reconciliation; and he flourished with his head like my man Will, on his victory over old Grimes; bridling by turns, like Miss Rawlins in the height of a prudish fit.

But now it was time for the captain to think of returning to town, having a great deal of business to dispatch before morning: nor was he certain that he should again be able to attend us at Hampstead before he went home.

And yet, as every-thing was drawing towards a crisis, I did not intend that he should leave Hampstead this night.

A message to the above effect was carried up, at my desire, by Mrs. Moore; with the captain's compliments, and to know if she had any commands for him to her uncle?

But I hinted to the women, that it would be proper for them to withdraw, if the lady did come down; lest she should not care to be so free before *them* on a proposal so particular, as she would be to *us*, who had offered it to her consideration.

Mrs. Moore brought down word, that the lady was following her. They all three withdrew; and she entered at one door, as they went out at the other.

The captain accosted her, repeating the contents of the message sent up; and desired she would give him her commands in relation to the report he was to make to her uncle Harlowe.

'I know not what to say, Sir, nor 'what I would have *you* to say, to my 'uncle—Perhaps you may have business 'in town—Perhaps you need not see my 'uncle, till I have heard from Miss 'Howe; till after lady Betty—I don't 'know what to say.'

I implored the return of that value, which she had so generously acknowledged once to have had for me. I presumed, I said, to flatter myself that Lady Betty, in her own person, and in the name of all my family, would be able, on my promised reformation and contrition, to prevail in my favour, especially as our prospects in other respects with regard to the general reconciliation wished for were so happy. 'But let 'me owe to *your own generosity*, my 'dearest creature,' said I, 'rather than 'to the mediation of *any person on earth*, 'the forgiveness I am an humble suitor 'for. How much more agreeable to '*yourself*, O best beloved of my soul, 'must it be, as well as *obliging to me*, that 'your first personal knowledge of my 'relations, and theirs of you, (for they 'will not be denied attending you) 'should not be begun in recriminations, 'in appeals! As Lady Betty will be 'here soon, it will not perhaps be pos-'sible for you to receive her visit with 'a brow absolutely serene. But dearest, 'dearest creature, I beseech you, let 'the misunderstanding pass as a slight 'one—As a misunderstanding cleared 'up. Appeals give pride and superi-

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'ority to the perſons appealed to, and 'are apt to leſſen the appellant, not only 'in their eye, but in her own. Exalt 'not into judges thoſe who are prepar-'ed to take leſſons and inſtructions from 'you. The individuals of my family 'are as proud as I am ſaid to be. But 'they will cheerfully reſign to your ſu-'periority—You will be the firſt woman 'of the family in every-one's eyes.'

This might have done with any other woman in the world but *this*; and yet ſhe is the only woman in the world of whom it may with truth be ſaid. But thus, angrily, did ſhe diſclaim the compliment.

'Yes, indeed!'—[And there ſhe ſtopt a moment, her ſweet boſom heaving with a noble diſdain]—'Cheated out of 'myſelf from the very firſt!—A fugi-'tive from my own family! Renounced 'by my relations! Inſulted by you!—'—Laying humble claim to the pro-'tection of yours!—Is not this the light 'in which I muſt appear not only to 'the ladies of your family, but to all 'the world?—Think you, Sir, that in 'theſe circumſtances, or even had I 'been in the *happieſt*, that I could be af-'fected by this plea of undeſerved ſu-'periority?—You are a ſtranger to the 'mind of Clariſſa Harlowe, if you think 'her capable of ſo poor and ſo *undue* a 'pride!'

She went from us to the further end of the room.

The captain was again affected—'Excellent creature!' I called her; and, reverently approaching her, urged further the plea I had laſt made.

'It is but lately,' ſaid I, 'that the 'opinions of my relations have been 'more than indifferent to me, whether 'good or bad; and it is for *your* ſake, 'more than *my own*, that I now wiſh to 'ſtand well with my whole family. 'The principal motive of Lady Betty's 'coming up, is to purchaſe preſents for 'the whole family to make on the hap-'py occaſion.

'This conſideration,' turning to the captain, 'with ſo noble-minded a dear 'creature, I know, can have no weight; 'only as it will ſhew their value and re-'ſpect. But what a damp would their 'worthy hearts receive, were they to 'find their admired new niece as they 'now think her, not only *not* their niece, 'but capable of renouncing me for ever! 'They love me. They *all* love me. I 'have been guilty of careleſſneſs and le-'vity to them, indeed; but of careleſſ-'neſs and levity only; and *that* owing 'to a pride that has ſet me above mean-'neſs, though it has not done every-'thing for me.

'My whole family will be guarantees 'for my good behaviour to this dear 'creature, their niece, their daughter, 'their couſin, their friend, their choſen 'companion and directreſs, all in one '—Upon my ſoul, captain, we *may*, we '*muſt* be happy.

'But, deareſt, deareſt creature, let 'me on my knees,' [And down I dropt, her face all the time turned half from me, as ſhe ſtood at the window, her handkerchief often at her eyes] 'on my 'knees, let me plead your *promiſed* for-'giveneſs; and let us not appear to 'them, on their viſit, thus unhappy 'with each other. Lady Betty, the next 'hour that ſhe ſees you, will write her 'opinion of you, and of the likelihood 'of our future happineſs, to Lady Sarah 'her ſiſter, a weak-ſpirited woman, 'who now hopes to ſupply to herſelf, 'in my bride, the loſt daughter ſhe ſtill 'mourns for!'

The captain then joined in, and re-urged her uncle's hopes and expectations, and his reſolution effectually to ſet about the general reconciliation; the miſchief that might be prevented; and the certainty that there was, that her uncle might be prevailed upon to give her to me with his own hand, if ſhe made it her choice to wait for his coming up. But, for his own part, he humbly adviſed, and fervently preſſed her to make the very next day, or Monday at fartheſt, my happy day.

'Permit me, deareſt lady,' ſaid he, 'and I could kneel to you myſelf.' [Bending his knee] 'though I have no 'intereſt in my earneſtneſs, but the 'pleaſure I ſhould have to be able to 'ſerve you all; to beſeech you to give 'me an opportunity to aſſure your un-'cle, that I myſelf ſaw with my own 'eyes the happy knot tied!—All miſun-'derſtandings, all doubts, all diffidences, 'will then be at an end.'

'And what, Madam,' rejoined I, ſtill kneeling, 'can there be in your new 'meaſures, be they what they will, that 'can ſo happily, ſo *reputably*, I will pre-'ſume to ſay, for all round, obviate the 'preſent difficulties?'

'Miſs Howe herſelf, if ſhe love you, 'and if ſhe love your fame, Madam,' urged the captain, his knee ſtill bent, 'muſt congratulate you on ſuch a happy 'concluſion.'

Then turning her face, ſhe ſaw the captain half-kneeling—'O, Sir! O,

'Captain

'Captain Tomlinson!—Why this undue condescension?' extending her hand to his elbow, to raise him. 'I cannot bear this!'—Then casting her eye on me, 'Rise, Mr. Lovelace—Kneel not to the poor creature whom you have insulted!—How cruel the occasion for it!—And how mean the submission!'

'Not mean to such an angel!—Nor can I rise, but to be forgiven!'

The captain then re-urged once more the day—He was amazed, he said, if she ever valued me—

'O, Captain Tomlinson,' interrupted she, 'how much are you the friend of this man!—*If I had never valued him, he never would have had it in his power to insult me*; nor could I, if I had never regarded him, have *taken to heart as I do* the insult (execrable as it was) so undeservedly, so ungratefully given—But let him retire—For a moment let him retire.'

I was more than half afraid to trust the captain by himself with her. He gave me a sign that I might depend upon him. And then I took out of my pocket his letter to me, and Lady Betty's, and Miss Montague's, and Lord M.'s letters; (which last she had not then seen) and giving them to him, 'Procure for me, in the first place, Mr. Tomlinson, a re-perusal of these three letters; and of *this* from Lord M.—And I beseech you, my dearest life, give them due consideration: and let me on my return find the happy effects of that consideration.'

I then withdrew; with slow feet, however, and a misgiving heart.

The captain insisted upon this re-perusal previously to what she had to say to him, as he tells me. She complied, but with some difficulty; as if she was *afraid* of being *softened in my favour*.

She lamented her unhappy situation; destitute of friends, and not knowing whither to go, or what to do. She asked questions, *sifting questions*, about her uncle, about her family, and after what he knew of Mr. Hickman's fruitless application in her favour.

He was well prepared in this particular; for I had shewn him the letters and extracts of letters of Miss Howe, which I had so happily come at. Might she be assured, she asked him, that her brother, with Singleton, and Solmes, were actually in quest of her?

He averred that they were.

She asked, If he thought I had hopes of prevailing on her to go back to town?

He was sure I had not.

Was he really of opinion, that Lady Betty would pay her a visit?

He had no doubt of it.

'But, Sir; but, Captain Tomlinson'—[Impatiently turning from him, and again to him] 'I know not what to do—But were I *your* daughter, Sir—Were *you* my own father—Alas! Sir, I have neither father nor mother!'

He turned from her, and wiped his eyes.

'O Sir! you have humanity!' [She wept too.] 'There are some men in the world, thank Heaven, that *can* be moved. O, Sir, I have met with hard-hearted men—in my own family too—or I could not have been so unhappy as I am—But I make everybody unhappy!'

His eyes no doubt ran over.

'Dearest Madam! Heavenly lady!—Who can—who can—' hesitated and blubbered the dog, as he owned. And indeed I heard some part of what passed, though *they both* talked lower than I wished; for, from the nature of *their* conversation, there was no room for altitudes.

THEM, and BOTH, and THEY!—How it goes against me to include this angel of a creature, and any man on earth but myself, in *one* word!

Capt. 'Who can forbear being affected?—But, Madam, you *can* be no other man's.'

Cl. 'Nor would I be. But he is so sunk with me!—To fire the house!—An artifice so vile!—contrived for the worst of purposes!—Would you have a daughter of yours—But what would I say?—Yet you see, that I have nobody in whom I can confide!—Mr. Lovelace is a vindictive man!—He could not love the creature whom he could insult as he has insulted me!'

She paused. And then resuming—'In short, I never, never can forgive *him*, nor he *me*.—Do you think, Sir, I would have gone so far as I have gone, if I had intended ever to draw with him in one yoke?—I left behind me *such* a letter—'

'You know, Madam, he has acknowledged the justice of your resentment.'

'O Sir, he can acknowledge, and he can retract, fifty times a day—But do not think I am trifling with myself and you, and want to be *persuaded* to forgive him, and to be *his*. There is not a creature of my sex, who would have been *more explicit*, and *more frank*, than I would have been, from the moment I *intended* to be his, had I had a heart

like

'like *my own* to deal with. I was always 'above reſerve, Sir, I will preſume to 'ſay, where I had no cauſe of doubt, 'Mr. Lovelace's conduct has made me 'appear, perhaps, *over-nice*, when my 'heart wanted to be *encouraged* and '*aſſured*; and when, if it had been ſo, 'my whole behaviour would have been 'governed by it.'

She ſtopt; her handkerchief at her eyes.

I enquired after the minuteſt part of her behaviour, as well as after her words. I love, thou knoweſt, to trace human nature, and more particularly female nature, through it's moſt ſecret receſſes.

The pitiful fellow was loſt in ſilent admiration of her. And thus the noble creature proceeded.

'It is the fate in unequal unions, that 'tolerable creatures, through them, 'frequently incur cenſure, when more 'happily yoked, they might be entitled 'to praiſe. And ſhall I not ſhun a uni-'on with a man, that might lead into 'errors a creature who flatters herſelf 'that ſhe is bleſt with an inclination to 'be good; and who wiſhes to make 'every-one happy with whom ſhe has 'any connection, even to her very ſer-'vants?'

She pauſed, taking a turn about the room—the fellow, devil fetch him, a mummy all the time: then proceeded.

'Formerly, indeed, I hoped to be an 'humble means of reforming him. But, 'when I have *no ſuch hope*, is it right '[You are a ſerious man, Sir] to make 'a venture that ſhall endanger *my own* '*morals?*'

Still ſilent was the varlet. If my advocate had nothing to ſay for me, what hope of carrying my cauſe?

'And now, Sir, what is the reſult of 'all?—It is this—That you will en-'deavour, if you have that influence 'over him which a man of your ſenſe 'and experience ought to have, to pre-'vail upon him, and that for *his own* 'ſake, as well as for *mine*, to leave me 'free to purſue my own deſtiny. And 'of this you may aſſure him, that I ne-'ver will be any other man's.'

'Impoſſible, Madam! I know that 'Mr. Lovelace would not hear me with 'patience on ſuch a topick. And I do 'aſſure you, that I have *ſome ſpirit*, and 'ſhould not care to take an indignity 'from him, or from any man living.'

She pauſed—Then reſuming—'And 'think you, Sir, that my uncle will refuſe 'to receive a letter from me?' [*How averſe, 'Jack, to concede a tittle in my favour!*]

'I know, Madam, as matters are cir-'cumſtanced, that he would not an-'ſwer it. If you pleaſe, I will carry 'one down from you.'

'And will he not purſue his intra-'tions in *my* favour, nor be himſelf re-'conciled to me, except I am married?'

'From what your brother gives out, 'and affects to believe, on Mr. Love-'lace's living with you in the ſame—'

'No more, Sir—I am an unhappy 'creature!'

He then re-urged, that it would be in her power inſtantly, or on the morrow, to put an end to all her difficulties.

'How can that *be?*' ſaid ſhe: 'the 'licence *ſtill* to be obtained? The ſet-'tlements *ſtill* to be ſigned? Miſs 'Howe's anſwer to my laſt *unreceived?*— 'And ſhall I, Sir, be in ſuch a HURRY, 'as if I thought my *honour in danger if I* 'delayed? Yet *marry* the man from whom 'only it *can* be endangered!—Unhappy, 'thrice unhappy, Clariſſa Harlowe!— 'In how many difficulties has one raſh 'ſtep involved thee!'—And ſhe turned from him, and wept.

The varlet, by way of comfort, wept too: yet her tears, as he might have obſerved, were tears that indicated rather a *yielding* than a *perverſe* temper.

There is a ſort of ſtone, thou knoweſt, ſo ſoft in the quarry, that it may in a manner be cut with a knife; but if the opportunity be not taken, and it is expoſed to the air for any time, it will become as hard as marble, and then with difficulty it yields to the chiſſel. So this lady, not taken at the moment, after a turn or two croſs the room, gained more reſolution; and then ſhe declared, as ſhe had done once before, that ſhe would wait the iſſue of Miſs Howe's anſwer to the letter ſhe had ſent her from hence, and take her meaſures accordingly—leaving it to him, mean time, to make what report he thought fit, to her uncle—the kindeſt that *truth* could bear, ſhe doubted not from Captain Tomlinſon: and ſhe ſhould be glad of a few lines from him, to hear what *that* was.

She wiſhed him a good journey. She complained of her head; and was about to withdraw: but I ſtept round to the door next the ſtairs, as if I had but juſt come in from the garden, (which, as I entered, I called a very pretty one) and took her reluctant hand, as ſhe was going out. 'My deareſt life, you are not 'going?—What hopes, captain?—Have 'you not ſome hopes to give me of 'pardon and reconciliation?'

She ſaid, She would not be detained.

But I would not let her go, till she had promised to return, when the captain had reported to me what her resolution was.

And when he had, I sent up, and claimed her promise; and she came down again, and repeated, (as what she was determined upon) that she would wait for Miss Howe's answer to the letter she had written to her, and take her measures according to it's contents.

I expostulated with her upon it, in the most submissive and earnest manner. She made it necessary for me to repeat many of the pleas I had before urged: the captain seconded me with equal earnestness. At last, each fell down on our knees before her.

She was distressed. I was afraid at one time she would have fainted. Yet neither of us would rise without some concessions. I pleaded my own sake; the captain, his dear friend her uncle's; and *both* repleaded, the prevention of future mischief; and the peace and happiness of the two families.

She owned herself unequal to the conflict. She sighed. She sobbed. She wept. She wrung her hands.

I was perfectly eloquent in my vows and protestations. Her tearful eyes were cast down upon me; a glow upon each charming cheek; a visible anguish in every lovely feature—At last, her trembling knees seeming to fail her, she dropt into the next chair; her charming face, as if seeking for a hiding place, (which a mother's bosom would have best supplied) sinking upon her own shoulder.

I forgot at the instant all my vows of revenge. I threw myself at her feet as she sat; and, snatching her hand, pressed it with my lips. I besought Heaven to forgive my past offences, and prosper my future hopes, as I designed honourably and justly by the charmer of my heart, if once she would restore me to her favour. And I thought I felt drops of scalding water [Could they be tears?] trickle down upon my cheeks; while my cheeks, glowing like fire, seemed to scorch up the unwelcome strangers.

I then arose, not doubting of an *implied* pardon in this silent distress. I raised the captain. I whispered him—'By my soul, man, I am in earnest.—'Now talk of reconciliation, of her uncle, of the licence, of settlement.'—And raising my voice, 'If now at last, 'Captain Tomlinson, my angel will give 'me leave to call so great a blessing mine, 'it will be impossible that you should say 'too much to her uncle in praise of my 'gratitude, my affection, and fidelity to 'his charming niece; and he may begin 'as soon as he pleases, his kind schemes 'for effecting the desirable reconciliation!—Nor shall he prescribe any 'terms to me that I will not comply 'with.'

The captain blessed me with his eyes and hands—'Thank God!' whispered he. We approached the lady together.

Capt. 'What hinders, dearest Madam, what now hinders, but that 'Lady Betty Lawrance, when she comes, 'may be acquainted with the truth of 'every-thing? And that then she may 'assist privately at your nuptials?—I will 'stay till they are celebrated; and then 'shall go down with the happy tidings 'to my dear Mr. Harlowe. And all will '—all must—soon be happy.'

'I must have an answer from Miss 'Howe,' replied the still trembling fair-one. 'I cannot change my new measures, but with her advice. I will forfeit all my hopes of happiness in this 'world, rather than forfeit her good 'opinion, and that she should think me 'giddy, unsteady, or precipitate. All 'I shall further say on the present subject is this, That, when I have her answer to what I *have* written, I will write 'to her the whole state of the matter, as 'I shall then be enabled to do.'

Lovel. 'Then must I despair for ever '—O Captain Tomlinson, Miss Howe 'hates me!—Miss Howe——'

Capt. 'Not so, perhaps—When Miss 'Howe knows your concern for having 'offended, she will never advise, that, 'with such prospects of general reconciliation, the hopes of so many considerable persons in both families should 'be frustrated. Some little time, as this 'excellent lady has foreseen and hinted, 'will necessarily be taken up in actually 'procuring the licence, and in perusing 'and signing the settlements. In that 'time Miss Howe's answer may be received; and Lady Betty may arrive; 'and she, no doubt, will have weight 'to dissipate the lady's doubts, and to 'accelerate the day. It shall be my part, 'mean time, to make Mr. Harlowe easy. 'All I fear from delay is, from Mr. 'James Harlowe's quarter; and therefore all must be conducted with prudence and privacy—as your uncle, 'Madam, has proposed.'

She was silent—I rejoiced in her silence. 'The dear creature,' thought I, 'has actually forgiven me in her heart! '—But why will she not lay me under 'obligation to her, by the generosity of

'an

'an explicit declaration?—And yet, as 'that would not accelerate any-thing, 'while the licence is not in my hands, 'she is the leſs to be blamed (if I do 'her juſtice) for taking more time to '*deſcend*.'

I propoſed, as on the morrow night, to go to town; and doubted not to bring the licence up with me on Monday morning. Would ſhe be pleaſed to aſſure me, that ſhe would not depart from Mrs. Moore's?

She ſhould ſtay at Mrs. Moore's till ſhe had an anſwer from Miſs Howe.

I told her, that I hoped I might have her *tacit* conſent at leaſt to the obtaining of the licence.

I ſaw by the turn of her countenance that I ſhould not have aſked this queſtion. She was ſo far from *tacitly* conſenting, that ſhe declared to the contrary.

As I never intended, I ſaid, to aſk her to enter again into a houſe, with the people of which ſhe was ſo much offended, would ſhe be pleaſed to give orders for her cloaths to be brought up hither? Or ſhould Dorcas attend her for any of her commands on that head?

She deſired not ever more to ſee anybody belonging to that houſe. She might perhaps get Mrs. Moore or Mrs. Bevis to go thither for her, and take her keys with them.

I doubted not, I ſaid, that Lady Betty would arrive by that time. I hoped ſhe had no objection to my bringing that lady and my couſin Montague up with me?

She was ſilent.

'To be ſure, Mr. Lovelace,' ſaid the captain, 'the lady can have no objecti-'on to this.'

She was ſtill ſilent. So ſilence in this caſe was aſſent.

Would ſhe be pleaſed to write to Miſs Howe?

'Sir! Sir!' peeviſhly interrupting—'No more queſtions—No preſcribing to 'me—You will do as you think fit. So 'will I, as I pleaſe. I own no obligation to you.—Captain Tomlinſon, 'your ſervant. Recommend me to my 'uncle Harlowe's favour.' And was going.

I took her reluctant hand, and beſought her only to promiſe to meet me early in the morning.

'To what purpoſe meet you? Have 'you more to ſay, than has been ſaid? '—I have had enough of vows and proteſtations, Mr. Lovelace. To what 'purpoſe ſhould I meet you to-morrow 'morning?'

I repeated my requeſt, and that in the moſt fervent manner, naming ſix in the morning.

'You know, that I am always ſtir-'ring before that hour, at this ſeaſon 'of the year,' was the half-expreſſed conſent.

She then again recommended herſelf to her uncle's favour; and withdrew.

And thus, Belford, has ſhe *mended her markets*, as Lord M. would ſay, and I worſted mine. Miſs Howe's next letter is now the hinge on which the fate of both muſt turn. I ſhall be abſolutely ruined and undone, if I cannot intercept it.

LETTER XXI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SAT. MIDNIGHT.

'NO *reſt*,' ſays a text that I once heard preached upon, '*to the wicked*.'—And I cannot cloſe my eyes, (yet only wanted to compound for half an hour in an elbow-chair)—So muſt ſcribble on.

I parted with the captain, after another ſtrong debate with him in relation to what is to be the fate of this lady. As the fellow has an excellent head, and would have made an eminent figure in any ſtation of life, had not his early days been tainted with a deep crime, and he detected in it; and as he had the right ſide of the argument; I had a good deal of difficulty with him; and at laſt brought myſelf to promiſe, that if I could prevail upon her generouſly to forgive me, and to reinſtate me in her favour, I would make it my whole endeavour to get off of my contrivances, as happily as I could, (only that Lady Betty and Charlotte *muſt come*;) and then, ſubſtituting him for her uncle's proxy, take ſhame to myſelf, and marry.

But, if I ſhould, Jack, (with the ſtrongeſt antipathy to the ſtate that ever man had) what a figure ſhall I make in rakiſh annals? And can I have taken all this pains for nothing? Or for a wife only, that, however excellent, [and *any* woman, do I think, I could make good, becauſe I could make any woman *fear* as well as *love* me] might have been obtained without the plague I have been at, and much more reputably than with it? And haſt thou not ſeen, that this haughty woman [Forgive me that I call her *haughty!* and a *woman!* Yet is ſhe not haughty?] knows not how to forgive with graciouſneſs? Indeed has not at all forgiven me? But holds my ſoul in a

ſuſpence which has been ſo grievous to her evil.

At this ſilent moment, I think, that if I were to purſue my former ſcheme, and reſolve to try whether I cannot make a greater fault ſerve as a ſponge to wipe out the leſs; and then be forgiven for that; I can juſtify myſelf to *myſelf*; and that, as the fair invincible would ſay, is all in all.

As it is my intention, in all my reflections, to avoid repeating, at leaſt dwelling upon, what I have before written to thee, though the ſtate of the caſe may not have varied; ſo I would have thee to re-conſider the *old* reaſonings, (particularly thoſe contained in my anſwer to thy laſt expoſtulatory nonſenſe;) and add the *new* as they fall from my pen; and then I ſhall think myſelf invincible;—at leaſt, as arguing rake to rake.

I take the gaining of this lady to be eſſential to my happineſs: and is it not natural for *all* men to aim at obtaining whatever they think will make them happy, be the object more or leſs conſiderable in the eyes of others?

As to the manner of endeavouring to obtain her, by falſification of oaths, vows, and the like—Do not the poets of two thouſand years and upwards tell us, that Jupiter laughs at the perjuries of lovers? And let me add to what I have heretofore mentioned on that head, a queſtion or two.

Do not the mothers, the aunts, the grandmothers, the governeſſes of the pretty innocents, always, from their very cradles to riper years, preach to them the deceitfulneſs of men?—That they are not to regard their oaths, vows, promiſes?—What a parcel of fibbers would all theſe reverend matrons be, if there were not now-and-then a pretty credulous rogue taken in for a juſtification of their preachments, and to ſerve as a beacon lighted up for the benefit of the reſt?

Do we not then ſee, that an honeſt prowling fellow is a neceſſary evil on many accounts? Do we not ſee that it is highly requiſite that a ſweet girl ſhould be now-and then drawn aſide by him?—And the more eminent the girl, in the graces of perſon mind, and fortune, is not the example likely to be the more efficacious?

If theſe *poſtulata* be granted me, who, I pray, can equal my charmer in all theſe? Who therefore ſo fit for an example to the reſt of the ſex?—At worſt, I am entirely within my worthy friend Mandeville's aſſertion, *That private vice are publick benefits.*

Well, then, if this ſweet creature muſt *fall*, as it is called, for the benefit of all the pretty fools of the ſex, ſhe *muſt*; and there's an end of the matter. And what would there have been in it of uncommon or rare, had I not been ſo long about it?—And ſo I diſmiſs all further argumentation and debate upon the queſtion: and I impoſe upon thee, when thou writeſt to me, an eternal ſilence on this head.

Wafered on, as an after-written introduction to the paragraphs which follow, marked with turned commas [*thus,* ']

LORD, Jack, what ſhall I do now!—How one evil brings on another!—Dreadful news to tell thee!—While I was meditating a ſimple robbery, here have I (in my own defence indeed) been guilty of murder!—A bloody murder!—So I believe it will prove.—At her laſt gaſp!—Poor impertinent oppoſer! Eternally reſiſting!—Eternally contradicting! There ſhe lies, weltering in her blood! her death's wound have I given her!—But ſhe was a thief, an impoſtor, as well as a tormentor. She had ſtolen my pen.—While I was ſullenly meditating, doubting, as to my future meaſures, ſhe ſtole it; and thus ſhe wrote with it, in a hand exactly like my own; and would have faced me down, that it was really my own hand-writing.

'But let me reflect, before it be too 'late. On the manifold perfections of 'this ever-admirable creature let me 'reflect. The hand yet is only held up. 'The blow is not ſtruck. Miſs Howe's 'next letter may blow thee up. In po'licy thou ſhouldeſt be now at leaſt honeſt. 'Thou canſt not live without her. Thou 'wouldeſt rather marry her than loſe her 'abſolutely.' Thou mayeſt undoubtedly 'prevail upon her, inflexible as ſhe 'ſeems to be, for marriage. But if now 'ſhe find thee a villain, thou mayeſt 'never more engage her attention, and 'ſhe perhaps will refuſe and abhor thee.

'Yet already have I not gone too far? 'Like a repentant thief, afraid of his 'gang, and obliged to go on, in fear of 'hanging till he comes to be hanged, I 'am afraid of the gang of my curſed con'trivances.

'As I hope to live, I am ſorry (at 'the preſent writing) that I have been 'ſuch a fooliſh plotter, as to put it, as I 'fear I have done, out of my *own power* 'to be honeſt. I hate compulſion in all 'forms; and cannot bear, even to be

'*compelled*

'*compelled* to be the wretch my choice
'has made me!—So now, Belford, as
'thou haſt ſaid, I am a machine at laſt,
'and no free agent.

'Upon my ſoul, Jack, it is a very
'fooliſh thing for a man of ſpirit to have
'brought himſelf to ſuch a height of
'iniquity, that he muſt proceed, and
'cannot help himſelf; and yet to be
'next to certain, that this very victory
'will undo him.

'Why was ſuch a woman as this
'thrown into my way, whoſe very fall
'will be her glory, and perhaps not only
'my ſhame, but my deſtruction?

'What a happineſs muſt that man
'know, who moves regularly to ſome
'laudable end, and has nothing to re-
'proach himſelf with in his progreſs to
'it! When, by honeſt means, he at-
'tains this end, how great and unmixed
'muſt be his enjoyments! What a hap-
'py man, in this particular caſe, had I
'been, had it been given me to *be* only
'what I wiſhed to *appear* to be!'

Thus far had my *conſcience* written with my pen; and ſee what a recreant ſhe had made of me!—I ſeized her by the throat—'*There!*—*There!*' ſaid I, 'thou vile impertinent!—Take *that*, 'and *that!*—How often have I given 'thee warning!—And now, I hope, 'thou intruding varleteſs, have I done 'thy buſineſs!

'Puleing, and low-voiced, rearing
'up thy deteſted head, in vain implore
'thou *my* mercy, who, in *thy* day haſt
'ſhewed me ſo little!—Take *that*, for
'a riſing blow!—And now will *thy* pain,
'and *my* pain from *thee*, ſoon be over.—
'Lie there!—Welter on!—Had I not
'given thee thy death's wound, thou
'wouldeſt have robbed me of all my
'joys. Thou couldeſt not have mended
'me, 'tis plain. Thou couldeſt only
'have thrown me into deſpair. Didſt
'thou not ſee, that I had gone too far
'to recede?—Welter on, once more I
'bid thee!—Gaſp on!—*That* thy laſt
'gaſp ſurely!—How hard dieſt thou!'

'ADIEU!—Unhappy man!—A-
'DIEU!'

''Tis kind in thee, however, to bid
'me *adieu!*'

'Adieu, adieu, adieu, to thee, O
'thou inflexible, and, till now, uncon-
'querable boſom-intruder!—Adieu to
'thee for ever!'

LETTER XXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO J. BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY MORN. (JUNE 11.) 4 O'CLOCK.

A Few words to the verbal information thou ſenteſt me laſt night concerning thy poor old man; and then I riſe from my ſeat, ſhake myſelf, refreſh, new-dreſs, and ſo to my charmer, whom, notwithſtanding her reſerves, I hope to prevail upon to walk out with me on the Heath, this warm and fine morning.

The birds muſt have awakened her before now. They are in full ſong. She always gloried in accuſtoming herſelf to behold the ſun-riſe; one of God's natural wonders, as once ſhe called it.

Her window ſalutes the eaſt. The valleys muſt be gilded by his rays, by the time I am with her; for already have they made the up-lands ſmile, and the face of nature cheerful.

How unſuitable wilt thou find this gay preface to a ſubject ſo gloomy, as that I am now turning to!

I am glad to hear thy tedious expectations are at laſt anſwered.

Thy ſervant tells me, that thou art plaguily grieved at the old fellow's departure.

I can't ſay, but thou mayeſt *look* as if thou wert; harraſſed as thou haſt been for a number of days and nights with a cloſe attendance upon a dying man, beholding his drawing-on hour—Pretending, for decency's ſake, to whine over his excruciating pangs—To be in the way to anſwer a thouſand impertinent enquiries after the health of a man thou wiſhedſt to die—To pray by him—for ſo once thou wroteſt to me!—To read by him—To be forced to join in conſultation with a crew of ſolemn and parading doctors, and their officious zanies the apothecaries, joined with the butcherly tribe of ſcarificators; all combined to carry on the phyſical farce, and to cut out thongs both from his fleſh and his eſtate—To have the ſuper-added apprehenſion of dividing thy intereſt in what he ſhall leave with a crew of eager-hoping, never-to-be-ſatisfied relations, legatees, and the devil knows who, of private gratifiers of paſſions laudable and illaudable—In theſe circumſtances I wonder not that thou lookeſt before ſervants (as little grieved at heart as thyſelf, and who are gaping after legacies, as thou after *heirſhip*) as if thou indeed wert grieved; and as if the moſt wry-fac'd woe had befallen thee.

Then, as I have often thought, the reflection that muſt naturally ariſe from ſuch mortifying objects, as the death of one with whom we have been familiar, muſt afford, when we are obliged to attend it in it's ſlow approaches, and in it's face-twiſting pangs, that it will one day be our own caſe, goes a great way to credit the appearance of grief.

And

'And this it is that, ſeriouſly reflected upon, may temporarily give a fine air of ſincerity to the wailings of lively widows, heart-exulting heirs, and reſiduary legatees of all denominations; ſince, by keeping down the inward joy, thoſe intereſting reflections muſt ſadden the aſpect, and add an appearance of real concern to the aſſumed fables.

'Well, but, now thou art come to the reward of all thy watchings, anxieties, and cloſe attendances, tell me what it is; tell me if it compenſate thy trouble, and anſwer thy hope?

'As to myſelf, thou ſeeſt, by the gravity of my ſtyle, how the ſubject has helped to mortify me. But the neceſſity I am under of committing either ſpeedy matrimony, or a rape, has ſaddened over my gayer proſpects, and, more than the caſe itſelf, contributed to make me ſympathize with thy preſent joyful-ſorrow.

Adieu, Jack. I muſt be ſoon out of my pain; and my Clariſſa ſhall be ſoon out of hers—For ſo does the arduouſneſs of the caſe require.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY MORNING.

I Have had the honour of my charmer's company for two complete hours. We met before ſix in Mrs. Moore's garden. A walk on the Heath refuſed me.

The ſedateneſs of her aſpect, and her kind compliance in this meeting, gave me hopes. And all that either the captain or I had urged yeſterday to obtain a full and free pardon, that re-urged I; and I told her, beſides, that Captain Tomlinſon was gone down with hopes to prevail upon her uncle Harlowe to come up in perſon, in order to preſent to me the greateſt bleſſing that man ever received.

But the utmoſt I could obtain was, that ſhe would take no reſolution in my favour till ſhe received Miſs Howe's next letter.

'I will not repeat the arguments I uſed: but I will give thee the ſubſtance of what ſhe ſaid in anſwer to them.

She had conſidered of every thing, ſhe told me. My whole conduct was before her. The houſe I carried her to muſt be a vile houſe. The people early ſhewed what they were capable of, in the earneſt attempt made to faſten Miſs Partington upon her; as ſhe doubted not, with my approbation—['Surely,' thought I, 'ſhe has not received a duplicate of Miſs Howe's letter of detection!'] They heard her cries. My inſult was undoubtedly premeditated. By my whole recollected behaviour to her, previous to it, it muſt be ſo. I had the vileſt of views, no queſtion. And my treatment of her put it out of all doubt.

Soul all over, Belford! ſhe ſeems ſenſible of liberties that my paſſion made me inſenſible of having taken, or ſhe could not ſo deeply reſent.

She beſought me to give over all thoughts of her. Sometimes, ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought herſelf cruelly treated by her neareſt and deareſt relations: at *ſuch* times, a ſpirit of repining and even of reſentment took place; and the reconciliation, at other times ſo deſirable, was not then ſo much the favourite wiſh of her heart, as was the ſcheme ſhe had formerly planned—of taking her good Norton for her directreſs and guide, and living upon her own eſtate in the manner her grandfather had intended ſhe ſhould live.

This ſcheme ſhe doubted not that her couſin Morden, who was one of her truſtees for that eſtate, would enable her (and that, as ſhe hoped, without litigation) to purſue. 'And if he can, and 'does, what Sir, let me aſk you,' ſaid ſhe, 'have I ſeen in your conduct, that 'ſhould make me prefer to it an union of 'intereſts, where there is ſuch a diſunion in minds?'

So thou ſeeſt, Jack, there is *reaſon*, as well as *reſentment*, in the preference ſhe makes againſt me!—Thou ſeeſt, that ſhe preſumes to think that ſhe can be happy *without* me; and that ſhe muſt be unhappy *with* me!

I had beſought her, in the concluſion of my re-urged arguments, to write to Miſs Howe before Miſs Howe's anſwer could come, in order to lay before her the preſent ſtate of things; and if ſhe *would* pay a deference to her judgment, to let her have an opportunity to give it on the full knowledge of the caſe—

'So I would, Mr. Lovelace,' was the anſwer, 'if I were in doubt myſelf, 'which I would prefer; marriage, or 'the ſcheme I have mentioned. You 'cannot think, Sir, but the latter muſt 'be my choice. I wiſh to part with you 'with temper—Don't put me upon re-'peating—'

'*Part with me*, Madam!' interrupted I—'I cannot bear thoſe words!—But 'let me beſeech you, however, to write 'to Miſs Howe. I hope, if Miſs Howe 'is not my enemy—'

'She is not the enemy to your *perſon*, 'Sir;—

'Sir;—as you would be convinced, if 'you *saw her laſt letter to me*. But were 'ſhe not an enemy to your *actions*, ſhe 'would not be *my* friend, nor the friend 'of *virtue*. Why will you provoke from 'me, Mr. Lovelace, the harſhneſs of 'expreſſion, which, however deſerved 'by you, I am unwilling juſt now to 'uſe; having ſuffered enough in the 'two paſt days from my own vehe-'mence?'

I bit my lip for vexation. I was ſilent.

'Miſs Howe,' proceeded ſhe, 'knows 'the full ſtate of matters already, Sir. 'The anſwer I expect from her reſpects '*myſelf*, not *you*. Her heart is too warm 'in the cauſe of friendſhip, to leave me 'in ſuſpence one moment longer than is 'neceſſary, as to what I want to know. 'Nor does her anſwer abſolutely de-'pend upon herſelf. She muſt ſee a per-'ſon firſt; and that perſon perhaps ſee 'others.'

The curſed ſmuggler-woman, Jack! —Miſs Howe's Townſend, I doubt not! —Plot, contrivance, intrigue, ſtratagem!—Underground moles theſe wo-men—'But let the earth cover me! let 'me be a mole too,' thought I, 'if they 'carry their point!—And if this lady 'eſcape me now!'

She frankly owned, that ſhe had once thought of embarking *out of all our ways* for ſome one of our American colonies: but now that ſhe had been *compelled* to ſee me, (which had been her greateſt dread, and which ſhe would have given her life to avoid) ſhe thought ſhe might be happieſt in the reſumption of her for-mer favourite ſcheme, if Miſs Howe could find her a reputable and private aſylum, till her couſin Morden could come. But if he came not ſoon, and if ſhe had a difficulty to get a place of re-fuge; whether from her brother or from *any-body-elſe*, [meaning me, I ſuppoſe] ſhe might yet perhaps go abroad: for, to ſay the truth, ſhe could not think of returning to her father's houſe; ſince her brother's rage, her ſiſter's upbraid-ings, her father's anger, her mother's ſtill more-affecting ſorrowings, and her own conſciouſneſs under them all, would be inſupportable to her.

O Jack! I am ſick to death, I pine, I die, for Miſs Howe's next letter! I would bind, gag, ſtrip, rob, and do any-thing but murder, to intercept it.

But, determined as ſhe ſeems to be, it was evident to me, nevertheleſs, that ſhe had ſtill ſome tenderneſs for me.

She often wept as ſhe talked, and much oftener ſighed. She looked at me twice with an eye of *undoubted* gentleneſs, and three times with an eye *tending* to com-paſſion and ſoftneſs: but it's benign rays were as often *ſnatched* back, as I may ſay, and her face averted as if her ſweet eyes were not to be truſted, and could not ſtand againſt my eager eyes; ſeeking, as they did, for a loſt heart in hers, and endeavouring to penetrate to her very ſoul.

More than once I took her hand. She ſtruggled not *much* againſt the freedom. I preſſed it once with my lips. She was not *very* angry. A frown indeed; but a frown that had more diſtreſs in it than indignation.

How came the dear ſoul (cloathed as it is with ſuch a ſilken veſture) by all it's ſteadineſs?—Was it neceſſary, that the active gloom of ſuch a tyrant of a *father*, ſhould commix with ſuch a paſſive ſweetneſs of a will-leſs *mother*, to pro-duce a conſtancy, an equanimity, a ſtead-neſs, in the *daughter*, which never wo-man before could boaſt of?—If ſo, ſhe is more obliged to that deſpotick father than I could have imagined a creature to be, who gave diſtinction to every-one related to her beyond what the crown itſelf can confer.

I hoped, I ſaid, that ſhe would ad-mit of the intended viſit, which I had ſo often mentioned, of the two ladies.

She was *here*. She had ſeen *me*. She could not help herſelf at preſent. She ever had the higheſt regard for the la-dies of my family, becauſe of their worthy characters. There ſhe turned away her ſweet face, and vanquiſhed an half-riſen ſigh.

I kneeled to her then. It was upon a verdant cuſhion; for we were upon the graſs-walk. I caught her hand. I beſought her with an earneſtneſs that called up, as I could feel, my heart to my eyes, to make me, by her forgive-neſs and example, more worthy of them, and of her own kind and generous wiſhes. 'By my ſoul, Madam,' ſaid I, 'you ſtab me with your goodneſs, your 'undeſerved goodneſs! and I cannot 'bear it!'

'Why, why,' thought I, as I did ſeveral times in this converſation, 'will 'ſhe not *generouſly* forgive me? Why 'will ſhe make it neceſſary for me to 'bring Lady Betty and my couſin to my 'aſſiſtance? Can the fortreſs expect the 'ſame advantageous capitulation, which 'yields not to the ſummons of a reſiſt-

'leſs

'lish conqueror, as if it gave not the 'trouble of bringing up, and raising 'it's heavy artillery againſt it?'

'What *ſenſibilities*,' ſaid the divine creature, withdrawing her hand, 'muſt 'thou have ſuppreſſed!—What a dread-'ful, what a judicial hardneſs of heart 'muſt thine be; who canſt be capable 'of ſuch emotions as ſometimes have 'flowed from thy lips; yet canſt have 'ſo far overcome them all, as to be 'able to act as thou haſt acted, and that 'from ſettled purpoſe and premeditati-'on; and this, as it is *ſaid*, through-'out the whole of thy life, from infancy 'to this time!'

I told her, that I had hoped, from the generous concern ſhe had expreſſed for me, when I was ſo ſuddenly and dangerouſly taken ill—[The ipecacuanha experiment, Jack!]

She interrupted me—'Well have you 'rewarded me for the concern you ſpeak 'of!—However, I will frankly own, 'now that I am determined to think no 'more of you, that you might (unſatis-'fied as I nevertheleſs was with you) 'have made an intereſt—'

She pauſed. I beſought her to proceed.

'Do you ſuppoſe, Sir,' and turned away her ſweet face as we walked, 'do 'you ſuppoſe, that I had not thought 'of laying down a plan to govern my-'ſelf by, when I found myſelf ſo un-'happily over-reached and cheated, as 'I may ſay, out of myſelf?—When I 'found, that I could not *be*, and *do*, 'what I wiſhed *to be*, and *to do*, do you 'imagine, that I had not caſt about, 'what was the *next* proper courſe to take? '—And do you believe, that this *next* 'courſe has not coſt me ſome pain, to be 'obliged to—'

There again ſhe ſtopt.

'But let us break off diſcourſe,' reſumed ſhe. 'The ſubject grows too—' She ſighed—'Let us break off diſcourſe 'I will go in—I will prepare for 'church—' ['The devil!' thought I.] 'Well as I *can* appear in theſe every-'day worn cloaths'—looking upon herſelf—'I will go to church.'

She then turned from me to go into the houſe.

'Bleſs me, my beloved creature, bleſs 'me with the continuance of this affect-'ing converſation—Remorſe has ſeized 'my heart!—I have been exceſſively 'wrong—Give me further cauſe to curſe 'my heedleſs folly, by the continuance 'of this calm, but ſoul-penetrating 'converſation.'

'No, no, Mr. Lovelace. I have ſaid 'too much. Impatience begins to break 'in upon me. If you can excuſe me to 'the ladies, it will be better for my 'mind's ſake, and for your credit's ſake, 'that I do not ſee them. Call me to 'them over-nice, petulant, prudiſh; what 'you pleaſe call me to them. Nobody 'but Miſs Howe, to whom, next to the 'Almighty, and my own mother, I wiſh 'to ſtand acquitted of wilful error, ſhall 'know the whole of what has paſſed. 'Be happy, as you may!—*Deſerve* to be 'happy, and happy you will be, in your 'own reflection at leaſt, were you to be 'ever ſo unhappy in other reſpects. For 'myſelf, if I ſhall be enabled, on due 'reflection, to look back upon my own 'conduct, without the great reproach 'of having wilfully, and againſt the light 'of my own judgment, erred, I ſhall be 'more happy, than if I had all that the 'world accounts deſirable.'

The noble creature proceeded; for I could not ſpeak.

'This ſelf-acquittal, when ſpirits are 'lent me to diſpel the darkneſs which at 'preſent too often over-clouds my mind, 'will, I hope, make me ſuperior to all 'the calamities that can befal me.'

Her whole perſon was informed by her ſentiments. She ſeemed to be taller than before. How the god within her exalted her, not only above me, but above herſelf!

'Divine creature!' (as I *thought* her) I *called* her. I acknowledged the ſuperiority of her mind; and was proceeding —But ſhe interrupted me—'All human 'excellence,' ſaid ſhe, 'is comparative 'only. My mind, I believe, is indeed 'ſuperior to yours, debaſed as yours is 'by evil habits: but I had not known it 'to be ſo, if you had not *taken* pains 'to convince me of the inferiority of 'yours.'

How great, how ſublimely great, this creature!—By my ſoul, I cannot forgive her for her virtues! There is no bearing the conſciouſneſs of the infinite inferiority ſhe charged me with.—But why will ſhe break from me, when good reſolutions are taking place?—The red-hot iron ſhe refuſes to ſtrike—O why will ſhe ſuffer the yielding wax to harden?

We had gone but a few paces towards the houſe, when we were met by the impertinent women, with notice, that breakfaſt was ready. I could only, with uplifted hands, beſeech her to give me hope of a renewed converſation after breakfaſt.

No;

No; she would go to church.

And into the house she went, and up stairs directly. Nor would she oblige me with her company at the tea-table.

I offered by Mrs. Moore to quit both the table and the parlour, rather than she should exclude herself, or deprive the two widows of the favour of her company.

That was not all the matter, she told Mrs. Moore. She had been struggling to keep down her temper. It had cost her some pains to do it. She was desirous to compose herself, in hopes to receive benefit by the divine worship she was going to join in.

Mrs. Moore hoped for her presence at dinner.

She had rather be excused. Yet, if she could obtain the frame of mind she hoped for, she might not be averse to shew, that she had got above those sensibilities, which gave consideration to a man who deserved not to be to her what he had been.

This said, no doubt, to let Mrs. Moore know, that the garden-conversation had not been a reconciling one.

Mrs. Moore seemed to wonder, that we were not upon a better foot of understanding, after so long a conference; and the more, as she believed, that the lady had given in to the proposal for the repetition of the ceremony, which I had told them was insisted upon by her uncle Harlowe. But I accounted for this, by telling both widows, that she was resolved to keep on the reserve, till she heard from Captain Tomlinson, whether her uncle would be present in person at the solemnity, or would name that worthy gentleman for his proxy.

Again I enjoined strict secrecy, as to this particular; which was promised by the widows, as well for themselves, as for Miss Rawlins; of whose taciturnity they gave me such an account, as shewed me, that she was *secret-keeper-general* to all the women of fashion at Hampstead.

The Lord, Jack! What a world of mischief, at this rate must Miss Rawlins know?—What a Pandora's box must her bosom be?—Yet, had I nothing that was more worthy of my attention to regard, I would engage to open it, and make my uses of the discovery.

And now, Belford, thou perceivest, that all my reliance is upon the mediation of Lady Betty and Miss Montague, and upon the hope of intercepting Miss Howe's next letter.

No. 53.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THE fair inexorable is actually gone to church with Mrs Moore and Mrs Bevis. But Will closely attends her motions; and I am in the way to receive any occasional intelligence from him.

She did not *chuse* [A mighty word with the sex! as if they were always to have their own wills!] that I should wait upon her. I did not much press it, that she might not apprehend, that I thought I had reason to doubt her voluntary return.

I once had it in my head to have found the widow Bevis other employment. And I believe she would have been as well pleased with my company as to go to church; for she seemed irresolute when I told her, that two out of a family were enough to go to church for one day. But having her things on, (as the women call every-thing) and her aunt Moore expecting her company, she thought it best to go—'*Lest it should look oddly, you 'know*,' whispered she, to one who was above regarding how it looked.

So here am I in my dining-room; and have nothing to do but to write, till they return.

And what will be my subject, thinkest thou!—Why, the old beaten one, to be sure; self-debate—through temporary remorse: for the blow being not struck, her guardian-angel is redoubling his efforts to save her.

If it be not *that*, [And yet what power should *her* guardian-angel have over *me?*] I don't know what it is, that gives a check to my revenge, whenever I meditate treason against so sovereign a virtue. Conscience is dead and gone, as I told thee; so it cannot be that. A young conscience growing up, like the phœnix, from the ashes of the old one, it cannot be surely. But if it were, it would be hard, if I could not over-lay a young conscience.

Well, then, it must be LOVE, I fancy. LOVE itself, inspiring love of an object so adorable—Some little attention possibly paid likewise to thy whining arguments in her favour.

Let LOVE then be allowed to be the moving principle; and the rather, as LOVE naturally makes the lover loth to disoblige the object of it's flame; and knowing, that an offence of the *meditated* kind will be a mortal offence to

her, cannot bear that I ſhould think of giving it.

Let LOVE and me talk together a little on this ſubject—Be it a *young conſcience*, or *love*, or *thyſelf*, Jack, thou ſeeſt that I am for giving every whiffler audience. But *this* muſt be the laſt debate on this ſubject; for is not her fate in a manner at it's criſis? And muſt not my next ſtep be an irretrievable one, tend it which way it will?

AND now the debate is over.

A thouſand charming things (for LOVE is gentler than CONSCIENCE) has this little urchin ſuggeſted in her favour.

He pretended to know both our hearts: and he would have it, that though my love was a prodigious ſtrong and potent love; and though it has the merit of many months faithful ſervice to plead, and has had infinite difficulties to ſtruggle with; yet that it is not THE RIGHT SORT OF LOVE.

Right ſort of love!—A puppy!—'But, 'with due regard to your deityſhip,' ſaid I, 'what merits has ſhe with YOU, 'that *you* ſhould be of her party! Is *hers*, 'I pray you, a *right ſort of love?* Is it 'love at all? She don't *pretend* that it is. 'She owns not your ſovereignty. What 'a d—l moves *you*, to plead thus earneſtly for a rebel, who deſpiſes your 'power?'

And then he came, with his *if's* and *and's*—And it would *have been*, and *ſtill*, as he believed, would be, love, and a love of the exalted kind, if I would encourage it by the *right ſort of love* he talked of: and, in juſtification of his opinion, pleaded her own confeſſions, as well thoſe of yeſterday, as of this morning: and even went ſo far back as to my ipecacuanha-illneſs.

I never talked ſo familiarly with his godſhip before: thou mayeſt think therefore that this dialect ſounded oddly in my ears. And then he told me, how often I had thrown cold water upon the moſt charming flame that ever warmed a lady's boſom, while but young and riſing.

I required a definition of this *right ſort* of love. He tried at it: but made a ſorry hand of it. Nor could I, for the ſoul of me, be convinced, that what he meant to extol, was LOVE.

Upon the whole, we had a notable controverſy upon this ſubject, in which he inſiſted upon the *unprecedented merit* of the lady. Nevertheleſs I got the better of him; for he was ſtruck abſolutely dumb, when (waving her preſent perverſeneſs, which yet was a ſufficient anſwer to all his pleas) I aſſerted, and offered to prove it, by a thouſand inſtances *impromptu*, that love was not governed by *merit*, nor could be under the dominion of *prudence*, or any other *reaſoning power*: and if the lady were capable of love, it was of ſuch a ſort of love, *as he had nothing to do with*, and which never before reigned in a female heart.

I aſked him, What he thought of her flight from me, at a time when I was more than half overcome by the *right ſort of love* he talked of?—And then I ſhewed him the letter ſhe wrote, and left behind her for me, with an intention, no doubt, abſolutely to break my heart, or to provoke me to hang, drown, or ſhoot myſelf; to ſay nothing of a multitude of declarations from her, defying his power, and imputing all that looked like love in her behaviour to me, to the perſecution and rejection of her friends; which made her think of me but as a laſt reſort.

LOVE then gave her up. The letter, he ſaid, deſerved neither pardon nor excuſe. He did not think he had been pleading for ſuch a *declared* rebel. And as to the reſt, he ſhould be a betrayer of the rights of his own ſovereignty, if what I had alledged were true, and he were ſtill to plead for her.

I ſwore to the truth of all. And *truly* I ſwore: which perhaps I do not always do.

And now what thinkeſt thou muſt become of the lady, whom LOVE itſelf gives up, and CONSCIENCE cannot plead for?

LETTER XXV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

O Belford! what a hair's-breadth eſcape have I had!—Such a one, that I tremble between terror and joy, at the thoughts of what *might* have happened, and did not.

What a perverſe girl is this, to contend with her fate; yet has reaſon to think, that her very ſtars fight againſt her! I am the luckieſt of men!—But my breath almoſt fails me, when I reflect upon what a ſlender thread my deſtiny hung.

But not to keep thee in ſuſpence; I have, within this half-hour, obtained poſſeſſion of the expected letter from Miſs Howe—And by *ſuch* an accident!

But

But here, with the former, I diſpatch this; thy meſſenger waiting.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

THUS it was—My charmer accompanied Mrs. Moore again to church this afternoon. I had been very earneſt, in the *firſt* place, to obtain her company at dinner: but in vain. According to what ſhe had ſaid to Mrs. Moore, I was *too conſiderable* to her, to be allowed that favour. In the *next* place, I beſought her to favour me, after dinner, with another garden-walk. But ſhe *would* again go to church. And what reaſon have I to rejoice that ſhe did!

My worthy friend Mrs. Bevis thought one ſermon a day, *well* obſerved, enough; ſo ſtaid at home to bear me company.

The lady and Mrs. Moore had not been gone a quarter of an hour, when a young country-fellow on horſeback came to the door, and enquired for Mrs. *Harriot Lucas*. The widow and I (undetermined how we were to entertain each other) were in the parlour next the door; and hearing the fellow's enquiry, 'O 'my dear Mrs. Bevis,' ſaid I, 'I am 'undone—undone for ever—if you do 'not help me out!—Since here, in all 'probability, is a meſſenger from that 'implacable Miſs Howe with a letter; 'which, if delivered to Mrs. Lovelace, 'may undo all we have been doing.'

'What,' ſaid ſhe, 'would you have 'me do?'

'Call the maid in this moment, that I 'may give her her leſſon; and, if it be 'as I imagined, I'll tell you what you 'ſhall do.'

Wid. 'Margaret!—Margaret!—'come in this minute.'

Lovel. 'What anſwer, Mrs. Marga'ret, did you give the man, upon his 'aſking for Mrs. *Harriot Lucas?*

Peggy. 'I only aſked, What was his 'buſineſs, and who he came from?—'(For, Sir, your honour's ſervant had 'told me how things ſtood:)—And I 'came at your call, Madam, before he 'anſwered me.'

Lovel. 'Well, child, if ever you wiſh 'to be happy in wedlock yourſelf, and 'would have people diſappointed, who 'want to make miſchief between you 'and your huſband, get out of him his 'meſſage, or letter if he has one, and 'bring it to me, and ſay nothing to Mrs. 'Lovelace, when ſhe comes in; and here 'is a guinea for you.'

Peggy. 'I will do all I can to ſerve 'your honour's worſhip for nothing.' [Nevertheleſs, with a ready hand, taking the guinea:] 'for Mr. William tells 'me what a good gentleman you be.'

Away went Peggy to the fellow at the door.

Peggy. 'What is your buſineſs, friend, 'with Mrs. *Harry Lucas?*'

Fellow. 'I muſt ſpeak to her her own 'ſelf.'

Lovel. 'My *deareſt* widow, do you 'perſonate Mrs. Lovelace—For Hea'ven's ſake do you perſonate Mrs. Love'lace!'

Wid. 'I perſonate Mrs. Lovelace, 'Sir! how can I do that?—She is fair '—I am brown. She is ſlender—I am 'plump.'

Lovel. 'No matter, no matter—The 'fellow may be a new-come ſervant: he 'is not in livery, I ſee. He may not 'know her perſon. You can but be 'bloated and in a dropſy.'

Wid. 'Dropſical people look not ſo 'freſh and ruddy as I do.'

Lovel. 'True—But the clown may 'not know that. 'Tis but for a preſent 'deception.'

'Peggy, Peggy,' called I, in a female tone, ſoftly at the door. 'Madam,' anſwered Peggy; and came up to me to the parlour-door.

Lovel. 'Tell him the lady is ill; and 'has lain down upon the couch. And 'get his buſineſs from him, whatever 'you do.'

Away went Peggy.

Lovel. 'Now, my dear widow, lie 'along on the ſettee, and put your hand'kerchief over your face, that, if he *will* 'ſpeak to you himſelf, he may not ſee 'your eyes and your hair.—So—That's 'right—I'll ſtep into the cloſet by you.'

I did ſo.

Peggy. [returning.] 'He won't de'liver his buſineſs to me. He will ſpeak 'to Mrs. Harriot Lucas her own ſelf.'

Lovel. [holding the door in my hand.] 'Tell him, that this is Mrs. Harriot 'Lucas; and let him come in. Whiſ'per him, (if he doubts) that ſhe is 'bloated, dropſical, and not the woman 'ſhe was.'

Away went Margery.

Lovel. 'And now, my dear widow, 'let me ſee what a charming Mrs. 'Lovelace you'll make!—Aſk, if he 'comes from Miſs Howe.—Aſk, if he 'lives with her.—Aſk how ſhe does.—'Call her at every word, your dear Miſs 'Howe.—Offer him money.—Take this 'half-guinea for him—Complain of 'your head, to have a pretence to hold

'it down; and cover your forehead and 'eyes with your hand, where your hand-'kerchief hides not your face.—That's 'right—And diſmiſs the raſcal—[Here 'he comes]—as ſoon as you can.'

In came the fellow, bowing and ſcraping, his hat poked out before him with both his hands.

Fellow. 'I am ſorry, Madam, an't 'pleaſe you, to find you be'nt well.'

Widow. 'What is your buſineſs with 'me, friend?'

Fellow. 'You are Mrs. Harriot Lucas, 'I ſuppoſe, Madam?'

Widow. 'Yes. Do you come from 'Miſs Howe?'

Fellow. 'I do, Madam.'

Widow. 'Doſt thou know my right 'name, friend?'

Fellow. 'I can give a ſhrewd gueſs. 'But that's none of my buſineſs.'

Widow. 'What is thy buſineſs? I 'hope Miſs Howe is well?'

Fellow. 'Yes, Madam; pure well, I 'thank God. I wiſh you were ſo too.'

Widow. 'I am too full of grief to be 'well.'

Fellow. 'So belike I have *hard* ſay.'

Widow. 'My head aches ſo dread-'fully, I cannot hold it up. I muſt beg 'of you to let me know your bu neſs.'

Fellow. 'Nay, and that be all, my bu-'ſineſs is ſoon known. It is but to give 'this letter to your own *partiklar* hands '—Here it is.'

Widow. [*taking it.*] 'From my dear 'friend Miſs Howe?—Ah, my head!'

Fellow. 'Yes, Madam: but I am ſorry 'you are ſo bad.'

Widow. 'Do you live with Miſs 'Howe?'

Fellow. 'No, Madam: I am one of 'her tenant's ſons. Her lady-mother 'muſt not know as how I came of this 'errand. But the letter, I ſuppoſe, will 'tell you all.'

Widow. 'How ſhall I ſatisfy you for 'this kind trouble?'

Fellow. 'Na how at all. What I do 'is for love of Miſs Howe. She will 'ſatisfy me more than enough. But, 'may hap, you can ſend no anſwer, you 'are ſo ill.'

Widow. 'Was you ordered to wait for 'an anſwer?'

Fellow. 'No—I cannot ſay that I was. 'But I was bidden to obſerve how you 'looked, and how you was; and if you 'did write a line or ſo, to take care of it, 'and give it only to our young landlady, 'in ſecret.'

Widow. 'You ſee I look ſtrangely. 'Not ſo well as I uſed to do.'

Fellow. 'Nay, I don't know that I 'ever ſaw you but once before; and 'that was at a ſtyle where I met you and 'my young landlady; but knew better 'than to ſtare a gentlewoman in the face; 'eſpecially at a ſtyle.'

Widow. 'Will you eat, or drink, 'friend?'

Fellow. 'A cup of ſmall ale, I don't 'care if I do.'

Widow. 'Margaret, take the young 'man down, and treat him with what 'the houſe affords.'

Fellow. 'Your ſervant, Madam. But 'I ſtaid to eat as I come along, juſt up-'on the heath yonder; or elſe to ſay 'the truth, I had been here ſoo er.—['*Thank my ſtars,*' *thought I*, '*thou didſt.*'] —'A piece of powdered beef was upon 'the table, at the ſign of the Caſtle, 'where I ſtopt to enquire for this houſe: 'and ſo, thoff I only intended to wet 'my whiſtle, I could not help eating. 'So ſhall only taſte of your ale; for the 'beef was wounderly corned.'

'Prating dog!—Pox on thee!'—thought I.

He withdrew, bowing and ſcraping.

'Margaret,' whiſpered I, in a female voice, [whipping out of the cloſet, and holding the parlour-door in my hand] 'get him out of the houſe as faſt as you 'can, leſt they come from church, and 'catch him here.'

Peggy. 'Never fear, Sir.'

The fellow went down, and, it ſeems, drank a large draught of ale; and Margaret finding him very talkative, told him, She begged his pardon; but ſhe had a ſweetheart juſt come from ſea, whom ſhe was forced to hide in the pantry; ſo was ſure he would excuſe her from ſtaying with him.

Aye, aye, to be ſure, the clown ſaid: *for if he could not make ſport, he would ſpoil none.* But he whiſpered her, that one Squire Lovelace was a *damnation rogue*, if the truth might be told.

'For what?' ſaid Margaret. And could have given him, ſhe told the widow, (who related to me all this) a good dowſe of the chaps.

'For kiſſing all the women he came 'near.'

At the ſame time the dog wrapped himſelf round Margery, and gave her a ſmack, that, ſhe told Mrs. Bevis afterwards, ſhe might have heard into the parlour.

Such, Jack, is human nature: thus does it operate in all degrees; and ſo does the clown, as well as his betters, practiſe what he cenſures; and cenſure what

what he practiſes! Yet this ſly dog knew not but the wench had a ſweetheart locked up in the pantry: If the truth were known, ſome of the ruddy-face dairy wenches might perhaps call him a *damnation rogue*, as juſtly as their betters of the ſame ſex might Squire Lovelace.

The fellow told the maid, that, by what he diſcovered of the young lady's face, it looked very *roſy* to what he took it to be; and he thought her a good deal fatter, as ſhe lay, and not ſo tall.

All women are born to intrigue, Jack; and practiſe it more or leſs, as fathers, guardians, governeſſes, from dear experience can tell; and in love-affairs are naturally expert, and quicker in their wits by half than men. This ready, though raw wench, gave an inſtance of this, and improved on the dropſical hint I had given her. The lady's ſeeming plumpneſs was owing to dropſical diſorder, and to the round poſture ſhe lay in—'*Very likely, truly.*' Her appearing to him to be ſhorter, he might have obſerved was owing to her drawing her feet up from pain, and becauſe the couch was too ſhort, ſhe ſuppoſed—*Adſo, he did not think of that.* Her roſy colour was owing to grief and head-ache—'*Aye, that might very well be.*'— But he was highly pleaſed that he had given the letter into Mrs. Harriot's own hand, as he ſhould tell Miſs Howe.

He deſired once more to ſee the lady at his going away, and would not be denied. The widow therefore ſat up, with her handkerchief over her face, leaning her hand againſt the wainſcot.

He aſked, if ſhe had any *partiklar* meſſage?

No: ſhe was ſo ill ſhe could not write; which was a great grief to her.

Should he call next day? For he was going to London, now he was ſo near; and ſhould ſtay at a couſin's that night, who lived in a ſtreet called Fetter Lane.

No: ſhe would write as ſoon as able, and ſend by the poſt.

Well, then, if ſhe had nothing to ſend by him, may-hap he might ſtay in town a day or two; for he had never ſeen the Lions in the Tower, nor Bedlam, nor the Tombs; and he would make a holiday or two, as he had leave to do, if ſhe had no buſineſs or meſſage that required his poſting down next day.

She had not.

She offered him the half-guinea I had given her for him; but he refuſed it, with great profeſſions of diſintereſtedneſs, and love, as he called it, to Miſs Howe; to ſerve whom, he would ride to the world's-end, or *even* to Jericho.

And ſo the ſhocking raſcal went away: and glad at my heart was I when he was gone: for I feared nothing ſo much, as that he would have ſtaid till they came from church.

Thus, Jack, got I my *heart's-eaſe*, the letter of Miſs Howe, and through ſuch a train of accidents, as makes me ſay, that the lady's ſtars fight againſt her. But yet I muſt attribute a good deal to my own precaution, in having taken right meaſures: for had I not ſecured the widow by my ſtories, and the maid by my ſervant, all would have ſignified nothing. And ſo heartily were they ſecured, the one by a ſingle guinea, the other by half a dozen warm kiſſes, and the averſion they both had to ſuch wicked creatures as delighted in making miſchief between man and wife, that they promiſed, that neither Mrs. Moore, Miſs Rawlins, Mrs. Lovelace, nor anybody living, till a week at leaſt were paſt, and till I gave leave, ſhould know any-thing of the matter.

The widow rejoiced that I had got the miſchief-maker's letter. I excuſed myſelf to her, and inſtantly withdrew with it; and after I had read it, fell to my ſhort-hand, to acquaint thee with my good luck: and they not returning ſo ſoon as church was done, (ſtepping, as it proved, in to Miſs Rawlins's, and tarrying there a-while, to bring that buſy girl with them to drink tea) I wrote thus far to thee, that thou mighteſt, when thou cameſt to this place, rejoice with me upon the occaſion.

They are all three juſt come in.

I haſten to them.

LETTER XXVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Have begun another letter to thee, in continuation of my narrative: but I believe I ſhall ſend thee this before I ſhall finiſh that. By the incloſed thou wilt ſee, that neither of the correſpondents deſerve mercy from me: and I am reſolved to make the ending with one, the beginning with the other.

If thou ſayeſt, That the provocations I have given to *one* of them, will juſtify *her* freedoms; I anſwer, 'So they *will*, 'to any other perſon but myſelf.' But he that is capable of giving theſe provocations, and has the power to puniſh thoſe who abuſe him *for* giving them, *will* ſhew his reſentment; and the more remorſe-

resentfully, perhaps, as he has *deserved* the freedoms.

If thou sayest, 'It is, however, wrong 'to do so;' I reply, that it is, nevertheless, human nature.—And wouldst thou not have me to be a man, Jack?

Here read the letter, if thou wilt. But thou art not my friend, if thou offerest to plead for either of the saucy creatures, after thou *hast* read it.

'TO MISS HARRIOT LUCAS, AT MRS. 'MOORE'S AT HAMPSTEAD.

'AFTER the discoveries I had made 'of the villainous machinations of the '*most abandoned of men*, particularized 'in the long letter of Wednesday last, 'you will believe, my dearest friend, 'that my surprize upon perusing yours 'of Thursday evening from Hampstead 'was not so great as my indignation. 'Had the *villain* attempted to fire a city 'instead of an house, I should not have 'wondered at it. All that I am amazed at, is, that he (whose boast, as I 'am told, it is, *that no woman shall keep 'him out of her bedchamber, when he has 'made a resolution to be in it*) did not discover *his foot* before. And it is as 'strange to me, that having got you at 'such a shocking advantage, and in such 'a horrid house, you could at the time, '*escape dishonour*, and afterwards get 'from such a set of *infernals*.

'I gave you, in my long letter of 'Wednesday and Thursday last, reasons 'why you ought to mistrust that specious Tomlinson. The man, my dear, 'must be a solemn villain. *May lightning from Heaven blast the wretch who has 'set him and the rest of his* REMORSELESS 'GANG, *at work, to endeavour to destroy 'the most consummate virtue!*—Heaven be praised! you have escaped from all 'their snares, and *now are out of danger*. '—So I will not trouble you at present 'with the particulars that I have further collected relating to this abominable imposture.

'For the same reason, I forbear to 'communicate to you some *new stories* of 'the *abhorred wretch himself* which have 'come to my ears. One in particular, 'of so *shocking* a nature!—Indeed, my 'dear, the man's a devil.

'The whole story of Mrs. Fretchville, 'and her house, I have no doubt to pronounce, likewise, an absolute fiction. '—*Fellow!—How my soul spurns the villain!*

'Your thoughts of going abroad, 'and your reasons for so doing, most 'sensibly affect me. But be comforted, 'my dear! I hope you will not be under 'a necessity of quitting your native 'country. Were I sure that that must 'be the cruel case, I would abandon all 'my own better prospects, and soon be 'with you. And I would accompany 'you whithersoever you went, and share 'fortunes with you: for it is impossible 'that I should be happy, if I knew that 'you were exposed not only to the 'perils of the sea, but to the attempts 'of other vile men; your personal 'graces attracting every eye, and exposing you to those hourly dangers, 'which others, less distinguished by the 'gifts of nature, might avoid.—All 'that I know, that beauty (so greatly 'coveted, and so greatly admired) is 'good for.

'O, my dear, were I ever to marry, 'and to be the mother of a CLARISSA, '[*Clarissa* must be the name, if promisingly lovely] how often would my 'heart ache for the dear creature, as 'she grew up, when I reflected, that 'a prudence and discretion unexampled 'in woman, had not, in *you*, been a sufficient protection to that beauty, which 'had drawn after it as many admirers 'as beholders!—How little should I 'regret the attacks of that *cruel* distemper, as it is called, which frequently 'makes the greatest ravages in the finest 'faces!

SAT. AFTERNOON.

'I HAVE just parted with Mrs. Townsend. I thought you had once seen 'her with me: but she says, she never 'had the honour to be personally known 'to you. She has a *manlike spirit*. She 'knows the world. And her two brothers being in town, she is sure she 'can engage *them* in so good a cause, and '(if there should be occasion) *both their 'ships crews*, in your service.

'Give your consent, my dear; and 'the *horrid villain* shall be repaid with '*broken bones, at least*, for all his vileness!

'The misfortune is, Mrs. Townsend 'cannot be with you till *Thursday next*, 'or *Wednesday at soonest*: are you sure 'you can be safe where you are, till 'then? I think you are too near 'London; and perhaps you had better 'be *in it*. If you remove, let me, the 'very moment, know *whither*.

'How my heart is torn, to think of 'the necessity so dear a creature is 'driven to, of hiding herself? *Devilish 'fellow!* He must have been sportive

'and

'and wanton in his inventions—Yet that 'cruel, that ſavage ſportiveneſs has ſaved 'you from the ſudden violence to which 'he has had recourſe in the violation of 'others, of names and families not con-'temptible. For ſuch the *villain* always 'gloried to ſpread his ſnares.

'The *vileneſs* of this *ſpecious monſter* 'has done more, than any other conſi-'deration could do, to bring Mr. Hick-'man into credit with me. Mr. Hick-'man alone knows (for me) of your 'flight, and the reaſon of it. Had I 'not given him the reaſon, he might 'have thought *ſtill worſe* of the vile at-'tempt. I communicated it to him by 'ſhewing him your letter from Hamp-'ſtead. When he had read it, [*And 'he trembled and reddened*, as he read] he 'threw himſelf at my feet, and beſought 'me to permit him to attend you, and 'to give you the protection of his houſe. 'The good-natured man had tears in 'his eyes, and was repeatedly earneſt 'on this ſubject; propoſing to take his 'chariot-and-four, or a ſet, and in per-'ſon, in the face of all the world, give 'himſelf the glory of protecting ſuch an 'oppreſſed innocent.

'I could not but be pleaſed with him. 'And I let him know that I was. I 'hardly expected ſo much ſpirit from 'him. But a man's paſſiveneſs to a be-'loved object of our ſex may not, per-'haps, argue want of courage on pro-'per occaſions.

'I thought I ought, in return, to 'have ſome conſideration for his ſafety, 'as ſuch an open ſtep would draw upon 'him the vengeance of the moſt *villain-'ous enterprizer* in the world, who has 'always a *gang of fellows*, ſuch as him-'ſelf, at his call, ready to ſupport one 'another in the vileſt outrages. But 'yet, as Mr. Hickman might have 'ſtrengthened his hands by legal re-'courſes, I ſhould not have ſtood upon 'it, had I not known your delicacy, '[ſince ſuch a ſtep muſt have made a 'great noiſe, and given occaſion for 'ſcandal, as if ſome advantage had 'been gained over you] and were there 'not the greateſt probability, that all 'might be more ſilently, and more ef-'fectually, managed by Mrs. Town-'ſend's means.

'Mrs. Townſend will in perſon at-'tend you—She *hopes*, on Wedneſday '—Her brothers and ſome of their peo-'ple will ſcatteringly, and as if they 'knew nothing of you, [ſo we have con-'trived] ſee you ſafe not only to Lon-'don, but to her houſe at Deptford.

'She has a kinſwoman, who will obey 'your commands there, if ſhe herſelf 'be obliged to leave you. And there 'you may ſtay till the wretch's fury on 'loſing you, and his ſearch, are over.

'He will very ſoon, 'tis likely, enter 'upon ſome *new villainy*, which may en-'groſs him: and it may be given out, 'that you are gone to lay claim to the 'protection of your couſin Morden at 'Florence.

'Poſſibly, if he can be made to be-'lieve it, he will go over, in hopes to 'find you there.

'After a while, I can procure you a 'lodging in one of our neighbouring 'villages; where I may have the hap-'pineſs to be your daily viſitor. And 'if this Hickman be not filly and apiſh, 'and if my mother do not do unaccount-'able things, I may the ſooner think of 'marrying, that I may, without con-'troul, receive and entertain the dar-'ling of my heart.

'Many, very many, happy days do I 'hope we ſhall yet ſee together: and as 'this is *my* hope, I expect that it will be '*your* conſolation.

'As to your eſtate, ſince you are re-'ſolved not to litigate for it, we will be 'patient, either till Colonel Morden 'arrives, or till ſhame compels ſome 'people to be juſt.

'Upon the whole, I cannot but think 'your proſpects *now* much happier, than 'they could have been, had you been 'actually married to ſuch a man as this. 'I muſt therefore congratulate you up-'on your eſcape, not only from an *hor-'rid libertine*, but from *ſo vile a huſband*, 'as he *muſt* have made to any woman; 'but more eſpecially to a perſon of 'your virtue and delicacy.

'You hate him, heartily hate him, I 'hope, my dear—I am *ſure* you do. It 'would be ſtrange, if ſo much purity of 'life and manners were not to abhor 'what is ſo repugnant to itſelf.

'In your letter before me, you men-'tion one written to me for a *ſecond*. I 'have not received any ſuch. De-'pend upon it therefore, that he muſt 'have it. And if he has, it is a won-'der, that he did not likewiſe get my 'long one of the 7th. Heaven be praiſ-'ed that he did not; *and that it came 'ſafe to your hands!*

'I ſend this by a young fellow, whoſe 'father is one of our tenants, with com-'mand to deliver it to no other hands but 'yours. He is to return directly, if you 'give him any letter. If not, he will 'proceed to London upon his own plea-

'[illegible] is a ſimple fellow; but very [illegible]. So you may ſay any-thing to [illegible]. If you write not by him. I deſire a line or two, as ſoon as poſſible.

'My mother knows nothing of *his* going to you: nor yet of your abandoning the *latter*. Forgive me! But he is not entitled to good-manners.

'I ſhall long to hear how you and Mrs. Townſend order matters. I wiſh ſhe cou'd have been with you ſooner. But I have loſt no time in engaging her, as you will ſuppoſe. I refer to *her*, what I have further to ſay and adviſe. So ſhall conclude with my prayers, that Heaven will direct and protect my deareſt creature, and make your future days happy! ANNA HOWE.'

And now, Jack, I will ſuppoſe, that thou haſt read this curſed letter. Allow me to make a few obſervations upon ſome of it's contents.

It is ſtrange to Miſs Howe, that having got her friend at ſuch a ſhocking advantage, &c.] And it is ſtrange to me, too. If ever I have ſuch another opportunity given to me, the cauſe of both our wonder, I believe, will ceaſe.

So thou ſeeſt Tomlinſon is further detected. No ſuch perſon as Mrs. Fretchville. *May lightning from Heaven*—O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!—What an horrid vixen is this!—My *gang*, my *remorſeleſs gang*, too, is brought in—And thou wilt plead for theſe girls again; wilt thou?—*Heaven be praiſed*, ſhe ſays, that her friend is out of danger—Miſs Howe ſhould be ſure of *that*: and that ſhe herſelf is ſafe.—But for this termagant, (as I often ſaid) I muſt ſurely have made a better hand of it.

New ſtories of me, Jack!—What can they be?—I have not found, that my generoſity to my Roſebud ever did me *due* credit with this pair of friends. Very hard, Belford, that credits cannot be ſet againſt debits, and a balance ſtruck in a rake's favour, as well as in that of every *common* man!—But he, from whom no good is expected, is not allowed the merit of the good he does.

I ought to have been a little more attentive to *character*, than I have been. For, notwithſtanding that the meaſures of right and wrong are ſaid to be ſo manifeſt, let me tell thee, that *character* baffles and runs away with all mankind. Let a man or woman once eſtabliſh themſelves in the world's opinion, and all that either of them do will be ſanctified. Nay, in the very courts of juſtice, does not *character* acquit or condemn as often as facts, and ſometimes even in ſpite of facts?—Yet, [impolitick that I have been, and am!] to be ſo careleſs of mine!—And now, I doubt, it is irretrievable.—But to leave moralizing.

Thou, Jack, knoweſt almoſt all my enterprizes worth remembering. Can this particular ſtory, which this girl hints at, be that of Lucy Villars?—Or can ſhe have heard of my intrigue with the pretty gypſey, who met me in Norwood, and of the trap I caught her cruel huſband in, [A fellow, as gloomy and tyrannical as old Harlowe] when he purſued a wife, who would not have deſerved ill of *him*, if he had deſerved well of *her*?—But he was not quite drowned. The man is alive at this day: and Miſs Howe mentions the ſtory as a *very* ſhocking one. Beſides, both theſe are a twelvemonth old, or more.

But evil fame and ſcandal are always *new*. When the offender has forgot a vile fact, it is often told to one and to another, who, having never heard of it before, trumpet it about as a novelty to others. But well ſaid the honeſt corregidor at Madrid, [A ſaying with which I enriched Lord M.'s collection]—'*Good actions are remembered but for a day, bad ones for many years after the life of the guilty.*'—Such is the reliſh that the world has for ſcandal. In other words, ſuch is the deſire which every-one has to exculpate himſelf by blackening his neighbour. You and I, Belford, have been very kind to the world, in furniſhing it with opportunities to gratify it's devil.

Miſs Howe will abandon her own better proſpects, and ſhare fortunes with her, were ſhe to go abroad.]—Charming romancer!—I muſt ſet about this girl, Jack. I have always had hopes of a woman whoſe paſſions carry her into ſuch altitudes!—Had I attacked Miſs Howe firſt, her paſſions (inflamed and guided, as I could have managed them) would have brought her to my lure in a fortnight.

But thinkeſt thou [and yet I think thou doſt] that there is any-thing in theſe high flights among the ſex? Verily, Jack, theſe vehement friendſhips are nothing but chaff and ſtubble, liable to be blown away by the very wind that raiſes them. Apes! mere apes of *us!* they think the word *friendſhip* has a pretty ſound with it; and it is much talked of; a faſhionable word: and ſo, truly, a ſingle woman, who thinks ſhe has a ſoul, and knows that ſhe wants ſomething would be thought to have found a fellow-ſoul for it in her own ſex. But I repeat, that the

the word is a *mere* word, the thing a *mere* name with them; a cork-bottomed ſhuttle-cock, which they are fond of ſtriking to and fro, to make one another glow in the froſty weather of a ſingle ſtate; but which, when a *man* comes in between the pretended *inſeparables*, is given up, like their muſick, and other maidenly amuſements; which, nevertheleſs, may be neceſſary to keep the pretty rogues out of active miſchief. They then, in ſhort, having caught the *fiſh*, lay aſide the *net*.

Thou haſt a mind, perhaps, to make an exception for theſe two ladies. With all my heart. My Clariſſa has, if *woman* has, a ſoul capable of friendſhip. Her flame is bright and ſteady. But Miſs Howe's, were it not kept up by her mother's oppoſition, is too vehement to endure. How often have I known oppoſition not only cement friendſhip, but create love? I doubt not but poor Hickman would fare the better with this vixen, if her mother were as heartily againſt him, as ſhe is for him.

Thus much indeed, as to theſe two ladies, I will grant thee; that the active ſpirit of the one, and the meek diſpoſition of the other, may make their friendſhip more durable than it would otherwiſe be; for this is certain, that in every friendſhip, whether male or female, there muſt be a man and a woman ſpirit (that is to ſay, one of them, a *forbearing* one) to make it permanent.

But this I pronounce, as a truth, which all experience confirms; that friendſhip between women never holds to the ſacrifice of capital gratifications, or to the endangering of life, limb, or eſtate, as it often does in our nobler ſex.

Well, but next comes an indictment againſt poor *Beauty*!—What has beauty done, that *Miſs Howe* ſhould be offended at it?—Miſs Howe, Jack, is a charming girl. *She* has no reaſon to quarrel with beauty!—Didſt ever ſee her?—Too much fire and ſpirit in her eye indeed, for a girl!—But that's no fault with a man, that can lower that fire and ſpirit at pleaſure; and I know I am the man that can.

A ſweet auburn beauty is Miſs Howe. A firſt beauty among beauties when her ſweeter friend [with ſuch an aſſemblage of ſerene gracefulneſs, of natural elegance, of native ſweetneſs, yet conſcious, though not arrogant, dignity, every feature glowing with intelligence] is not in company.

The difference between the two, when together, I have ſometimes delighted to *read*, in the addreſſes of a ſtranger entering into the preſence of both, while ſtanding ſide by ſide. There never was an inſtance on ſuch an occaſion where the ſtranger paid not his firſt devoirs to my Clariſſa.

A reſpectful ſolemn awe ſat upon every feature of the addreſſer's face. His eyes ſeemed to aſk leave to approach her; and lower than common, whether man or woman, was the bow or curtſey. And although this awe was immediately diminiſhed by her condeſcending ſweetneſs, yet went it not ſo entirely off, but that you might ſee the reverence remain, as if the perſon ſaw more of the goddeſs than of the woman in her.

But the moment the ſame ſtranger turns to Miſs Howe, (though proud and ſaucy, and erect and bridling, ſhe) you will obſerve by the turn of his countenance, and the air of his addreſs, a kind of equality aſſumed. He appears to have diſcovered the woman in her, charming as that woman is. He ſmiles. He ſeems to expect repartee and ſmartneſs, and is never diſappointed. But then viſibly he prepares himſelf to *give* as well as *take*. He dares, after he has been a while in her company, to diſpute a point with her—Every point yielded up to the other, though no aſſuming or dogmatical air compels it.

In ſhort, with Miſs Howe, a bold man ſees (No doubt but Sir George Colmar did) that he and ſhe may either very ſoon be familiar together, [I mean with innocence] or he may ſo far incur her diſpleaſure, as to be forbid her preſence for ever.

For my own part, when I was firſt introduced to this lady, which was by my goddeſs when ſhe herſelf was a viſitor at Mrs. Howe's; I had not been half an hour with her, but I even hungered and thirſted after a romping-bout with the lively rogue; and in the ſecond or third viſit, was more deterred by the delicacy of her friend, than by what I apprehended from her own. 'This 'charming creature's preſence,' thought I, 'awes us both.' And I wiſhed her abſence, though any other woman were preſent, that I might try the difference in Miſs Howe's behaviour before her friend's face, or behind her back.

Delicate women *make* delicate women, as well as decent men. With all Miſs Howe's fire and ſpirit, it was eaſy to ſee, by her very eye, that ſhe watched for leſſons, and feared reproof, from the penetrating eye of her milder diſpoſitioned friend: and yet it was as eaſy to obſerve,

the sprightliness and sweet manners of the other, that the sex which Miss Howe found in of hers, was more owing to her own generous apprehension that she fell short of her excellences, than to Miss Harlowe's consciousness of excellence over her. I have often, since I came at Miss Howe's letters, revolved this just and fine praise contained in one of them.

'Every one saw, that the preference 'they gave you to *themselves*, exalted you 'not into any visible triumph over them; 'for you had always something to say, 'on every point you carried, that raised 'the yielding heart, and left every one 'pleased and satisfied with themselves, 'though they carried not off the palm.'

As I propose, in a more advanced life, to endeavour to atone for my youthful freedoms with individuals of the sex, by giving cautions and instructions to the whole, I have made a memorandum to enlarge upon this doctrine;—to wit, That it is full as necessary to direct daughters in the choice of their female companions, as it is to guard them against the designs of men.

I say not this, however, to the disparagement of Miss Howe. She has from *pride*, what her friend has from *principle*. [The Lord help the sex, if they had not pride!]—But yet I am confident, that Miss Howe is indebted to the conversation and correspondence of Miss Harlowe for her highest improvements. But, both these ladies out of the question, I make no scruple to aver, [And I, Jack, should know something of the matter] that there have been more girls ruined, at least *prepared* for ruin, by their own sex, (taking in servants, as well as companions) than *directly* by the attempts and delusions of men.

But it is time enough, when I am old and joyless, to enlarge upon this topick.

As to the comparison between the two ladies, I will expatiate more on that subject (for I like it) when I have *had them both*. Which this letter of the vixen girl's, I hope thou wilt allow, warrants me to try for.

I return to the consideration of a few more of it's contents, to justify my vengeances so nearly now in view.

As to Mrs. Townsend; her manlike spirit; her two brothers; and their ships crews—I say nothing but this to the insolent threatening—Let 'em come!—But as to her fordid menace—To *repay the horrid villain*, as she calls me, *for all my vileness*, by BROKEN BONES! —Broken bones, Belford!—Who can bear this portterly threatening!—Broken bones, Jack!—Damn the little vulgar—Give me a name for her—But I banish all *furious* resentment. If I get these two girls into my power, Heaven forbid that I should be a second Phalaris, who turned his bull upon the artist! No bones of theirs will I break—They shall come off with me upon much lighter terms!

But these fellows are smugglers, it seems. And am not I a smuggler too? —I am; and have not the least doubt, but I shall have secured my goods before Thursday, or Wednesday either.

But did I want a plot, what a charming new one does this letter of Miss Howe strike me out? I am almost sorry, that I have fixed upon one.—For here, how easy would it be for me, to assemble a crew of swabbers, and to create a Mrs. Townsend (whose person, thou seest, my beloved knows not) to come on Tuesday, at Miss Howe's repeated solicitations, in order to carry my beloved to a warehouse of my own providing?

This, however, is my triumphant hope, that at the very time, that these ragamuffins will be at Hampstead, (looking for us) my dear Miss Harlowe and I, [So the fates, I imagine, have ordained] shall be fast asleep in each other's arms in town.—Lie still, villain, till the time comes.—My heart, Jack! my heart!—It is always thumping away on the remotest prospects of this nature.

But it seems, that *the vileness of this specious monster* [meaning me, Jack!] has brought Hickman into credit with her. So I have done *some* good! But to whom, I cannot tell: for this poor fellow, should I permit him to have this termagant, will be punished, as many times we all are, by the enjoyment of his own wishes—Nor can she be happy, as I take it, with him, were he to govern himself by her will, and have none of his own; since never was there a directing wife, who knew where to stop: power makes such a one wanton—She despises the man she can govern. Like Alexander, who wept, that he had no more worlds to conquer, she will be looking out for new exercises for her power, till she grow uneasy to herself, a discredit to her husband, and a plague to all about her.

But this honest fellow, it seems, *with tears in his eyes*, and with *humble prostration*, besought the vixen to *permit* him to set out in his *chariot-and four*, in order to *give himself the glory of protecting such an oppressed innocent, in the face of the whole world*. Nay, he *reddened*, it seems; and *trembled* too! as he read the fair complainant's letter.—How *valiant* is all this!

—Women

—Women love *brave* men; and no wonder, that his *tears*, his *trembling*, and his *proſtration*, gave him high reputation with the meek Miſs Howe.

But doſt think, Jack, that I in the like caſe, (and equally affected with the diſtreſs) ſhould have acted thus?—Doſt think, that I ſhould not firſt have reſcued the lady, and then, if needful, have aſked excuſe for it, the lady in my hand?—Wouldſt not *thou* have done thus, as well as I?

But 'tis beſt as it is. Honeſt Hickman may now ſleep in a whole ſkin. And yet that is more perhaps than he would have done, (the lady's deliverance *unattempted*) had I come at this *requeſted permiſſion* of his any other way, than by a letter, that it muſt not be known I have intercepted.

Miſs Howe thinks I may be diverted from purſuing my charmer, by ſome new-ſtarted *villainy*. *Villainy* is a word that ſhe is extremely fond of. But I can tell her, that it is impoſſible I ſhould, till the end of this *villainy* be obtained. Difficulty is a *ſtimulus* with ſuch a ſpirit as mine. I thought Miſs Howe knew me better. Were ſhe to offer herſelf, perſon for perſon, in the romancing zeal of her friendſhip, to ſave her friend, it ſhould not do, while the dear creature is on this ſide the moon.

She thanks Heaven, that her friend has received her letter of the 7th. We are all glad of it. She ought to thank me too. But I will not at preſent claim her thanks.

But when ſhe rejoices, that the letter went ſafe, does ſhe not, in effect, call out for vengeance, and *expect* it!—All in good time, Miſs Howe.

I will cloſe at this time with deſiring thee to make a *liſt* of the virulent terms with which the incloſed letter abounds: and then, if thou ſuppoſeſt, that I have made ſuch another, and have added to it all the flowers of the ſame blow, in the former letters of the ſame ſaucy creature, and thoſe in that of Miſs Harlowe which ſhe left for me on her elopement, thou wilt certainly think, that I have provocations ſufficient to juſtify me in all I ſhall do to either.

Return the incloſed the moment thou haſt peruſed it.

LETTER XXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY NIGHT—MONDAY MORNING.

I Went down with revenge in my *heart*, the contents of Miſs Howe's letter almoſt engroſſing me, the interview that Miſs Harlowe and Mrs. Moore (accompanied by Miſs Rawlins) gave me but in my countenance all the gentle, the placid, the ſerene, that the glaſs could teach; and in my behaviour all the polite, that ſuch an *unpolite* creature, as ſhe has often told me I am, could put on.

Miſs Rawlins was ſent for home almoſt as ſoon as ſhe came in, to entertain an unexpected viſitor; to her great regret, as well as to the diſappointment of my fair-one, as I could perceive from the looks of both: for they had agreed, it ſeems, if I went to town, as I ſaid I intended to do, to take a walk upon the Heath, at leaſt in Mrs. Moore's garden; and who knows, what might have been the iſſue, had the ſpirit of curioſity in the one met with the ſpirit of communication in the other?

Miſs Rawlins promiſed to return, if poſſible: but ſent to excuſe herſelf: her viſitor intending to ſtay with her all night.

I rejoiced in my heart, at her meſſage; and, after much ſupplication, obtained the favour of my beloved's company for another walk in the garden, having, as I told her, abundance of things to ſay, to propoſe, and to be informed of, in order ultimately to govern myſelf in my future ſteps.

She had vouchſafed, I ſhould have told thee, with eyes turned from me, and in an *half-aſide* attitude, to ſip two diſhes of tea in my company.—Dear ſoul! —How angry muſt ſhe the moſt polite! for I never ſaw Miſs Harlowe behave ſo awkwardly. I imagined ſhe knew not how to be awkward.

When we were in the garden, I poured my whole ſoul into her attentive ear; and beſought her returning favour.

She told me, that ſhe had formed her ſcheme for her future life: that, vile as the treatment was which ſhe had received from me, that was not all the reaſon ſhe had for rejecting my ſuit: but that, on the matureſt deliberation, ſhe was convinced, that ſhe could neither be happy with me, nor make me happy; and ſhe enjoined me, for both our ſakes, to think no more of her.

The captain, I told her, was rid down poſt in a manner, to forward my wiſhes with her uncle.—Lady Betty and Miſs Montague were undoubtedly arrived in town by this time. I would ſet out early in the morning to attend them. They adored her. They longed to ſee her. They *would* ſee her.—They would not be denied her company into Oxford-

sister. Whither could she better go, to be free from her brother's insults?—Whither to be absolutely made unapprehensive of any body else?—Might I have any hopes of her returning favour, if Miss Howe could be prevailed upon to intercede for me?

If Miss Howe prevailed upon to intercede for me? repeated she, with a scornful smile, but a very pretty one. And there she stopt.

I repeated the concern it would be to me to be under a necessity of mentioning the misunderstanding to Lady Betty and my cousin, as a misunderstanding still to be made up; and as if I were of very *little* consequence to a dear creature who was of so *much* to me; urging, that these circumstances would extremely lower me not only in my own opinion, but in that of my relations.

But still she referred to Miss Howe's next letter; and all the concession I could bring her to in this whole conference, was, that she would wait the arrival and visit of the two ladies, if they came in a day or two, or before she received the expected letter from Miss Howe.

'Thank Heaven for this!' thought I. 'And now may I go to town with hopes 'of my return to find thee, dearest, 'where I shall leave thee.'

But yet, as she may find reasons to change her mind in my absence, I shall not entirely trust to this. My fellow, therefore, who is in the house, and who, by Mrs. Bevis's kind intelligence, will know every step she can take, shall have Andrew and a horse ready, to give me immediate notice of her motions; and moreover, go whither she will, he shall be one of her retinue, though unknown to herself, if possible.

This was all I could make of the fair inexorable. Should I be glad of it, or sorry for it?

Glad, I believe: and yet my pride is confoundedly abated to think, that I had so little hold in the affections of this daughter of the Harlowes.

Don't tell me, that virtue and principle are her guides on this occasion?—'Tis *pride*, a greater pride than my own, that governs her. Love, she has none, thou seest; nor ever had; at least not in a superior degree. Love that deserves the name, never was under the dominion of *Prudence*, or of any *reasoning* power. She cannot bear to be thought a *woman*, I warrant! And if, in the last attempt, I find her *not* one, what will she be the worse for the trial?—No one is to blame for suffering an evil he cannot shun or avoid.

Were a general to be overpowered, and robbed by a highwayman, would he be less fit for the command of an army on that account?—If indeed the general, pretending great valour, and having boasted, that he never would be robbed, were to make but faint resistance when he was brought to the test, and to yield his purse when he was master of his own sword, then indeed will the highwayman who robs him be thought the braver man.

But from these last conferences am I furnished with one argument in defence of my favourite purpose, which I never yet pleaded.

O Jack! what a difficulty must a man be allowed to have, to conquer a predominant passion, be it what it will, when the gratifying of it is in his *power*, however wrong he knows it to be to resolve to gratify it! Reflect upon this; and then wilt thou be able to account for, if not to excuse, a projected crime, which has *habit* to plead for it, in a breast as stormy as uncontroulable!

This that follows is my new argument——

Should she fail in the trial; should I succeed; and should she refuse to go on with me; and even resolve not to marry me, (of which I can have no notion;) and should she disdain to be obliged to me for the handsome provision I should be proud to make for her, even to the *half of my estate*; yet cannot she be altogether unhappy—Is she not entitled to an independent fortune? Will not Colonel Morden, as her trustee, put her in possession of it? And did she not in our former conference point out the *way of life*, that she always preferred to the *married life*—to wit, To take her good Norton for her directress and guide, and to live upon her own estate in the manner her grandfather desired she should live?

It is moreover to be considered that she cannot, according to her own notions, recover above *one-half* of her fame, were we now to intermarry; so much does she think she has suffered by her going off with me. And will she not be always repining and mourning for the loss of the *other half*?—And if she must live a life of such uneasiness and regret for *half*, may she not as well repine and mourn for the *whole*?

Nor, let me tell thee, will her own scheme of penitence, in this case, be half so perfect, if she do *not* fall, as if she *does*; for what a foolish penitent will she make,

make, who has nothing to repent of!—She piques herſelf, thou knoweſt, and makes it matter of reproach to me, that ſhe went not off with me by her own conſent; but was tricked out of herſelf.

Nor upbraid thou me upon the meditated breach of vows ſo repeatedly made. She will not, thou ſeeſt, *permit* me to fulfil them. And if ſhe *would*, this I have to ſay, that at the time I made the moſt ſolemn of them, I was fully determined to keep them. But what prince thinks himſelf obliged any longer to obſerve the articles of treaties the moſt ſacredly ſworn-to, than ſuits with his intereſt or inclination; although the conſequence of the infraction muſt be, as he knows, the deſtruction of thouſands?

Is not this then the reſult of all, that Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, if it be not her own fault, may be as virtuous *after* ſhe has loſt her honour, as it is called, as ſhe was *before*? She may be a more eminent example to her ſex; and if ſhe yield (a *little* yield) in the trial, may be a *completer penitent*. Nor can ſhe, but by her own wilfulneſs, be reduced to *low fortunes*.

And thus may her *old* nurſe and ſhe; an *old* coachman; and a pair of *old* coach-horſes; and two or three *old* maid-ſervants, and perhaps a *very old* footman or two, (for every-thing will be old and penitential about her) live very comfortably together; reading *old* ſermons, and *old* prayer books; and relieving *old* men, and *old* women; and giving *old* leſſons, and *old* warnings, upon new ſubjects, as well as *old* ones, to the young ladies of her neighbourhood; and ſo paſs on to a good *old* age, doing a great deal of good both by precept and example in her generation.

And is a woman who can live thus prettily without *controul*; who ever did prefer, and who *ſtill* prefers, the *ſingle* to the *married life*; and who will be enabled to do every-thing, that the plan ſhe had formed will direct her to do; to be ſaid to be ruined, undone, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff?—I have no patience with the pretty fools, who uſe thoſe ſtrong words, to deſcribe a tranſitory evil; an evil which a mere church-form makes none?

At this rate of romancing, how many *flouriſhing ruins* doſt thou, as well as I, know? Let us but look about us, and we ſhall ſee ſome of the haughtieſt and moſt *cenſorious* ſpirits among our acquaintance of that ſex, now paſſing for chaſte wives, of whom ſtrange ſtories might be told; and others, whoſe huſbands hearts have been made to ache for their gaieties both before and after marriage, and yet know not half ſo much of them, as ſome of us honeſt fellows could tell them.

But, having thus ſatisfied myſelf in relation to the worſt that can happen to this *charming creature*; and that it will be her own fault, if ſhe be unhappy; I have not at all reflected upon what is likely to be *my own lot*.

This has always been my notion, though Miſs Howe grudges us rakes the beſt of the ſex, and ſays, that the worſt is too good for us; that the wife of a libertine ought to be pure, ſpotleſs, uncontaminated. To what purpoſe has ſuch a one lived a free life, but to know the world, and to make his advantages of it?—And, to be *very* ſerious, it would be a misfortune to the publick for two perſons, heads of a family, to be both bad; ſince, between two ſuch, a race of varlets might be propagated, (Lovelaces and Belfords, if thou wilt) who might do great miſchief in the world.

Thou ſeeſt at bottom, that I am not an abandoned fellow; and that there is a mixture of gravity in me. This, as I grow older, may increaſe; and when my active capacity begins to abate, I may ſit down with the Preacher, and reſolve all my paſt life into vanity and veſation of ſpirit.

This is certain, that I ſhall never find a woman ſo well ſuited to my taſte, as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe. I only wiſh that I may have ſuch a lady as her to comfort and adorn my ſetting-ſun. I have often thought it very unhappy for us both, that ſo excellent a creature ſprang up a little too late for my *ſetting out*, and a little too early in my *progreſs*, before I can think of *returning*. And yet, as I have picked up the ſweet traveller in my way, I cannot help wiſhing, that ſhe would bear me company in the reſt of my journey, although ſhe were to ſtep out of her own path to oblige me. And then, perhaps, we could put up in the *evening* at the ſame *inn*; and be very happy in each other's converſation; recounting the difficulties and dangers we had paſſed in our way to it.

I imagine, that thou wilt be apt to ſuſpect, that ſome paſſages in this letter were written in town. Why, Jack, I cannot but ſay, that the Weſtminſter air is a little groſſer than that at Hampſtead; and the converſation of Mrs. Sinclair, and the nymphs, leſs innocent than Mrs. Moore's and Miſs Rawlins's. And I think in my heart, that I can ſay

and write those things at one place, which I cannot at the other; nor indeed any-where else.

I came to town about seven this morning.—All necessary directions and precautions remembered to be given.

I besought the favour of an audience before I set out. I was desirous to see which of her lovely faces she was pleased to put on, after another night had passed. But she was resolved, I found, to leave our quarrel open. She would not give me an opportunity so much as to entreat her again to close it, before the arrival of Lady Betty and my cousin.

I had notice from my proctor, by a few lines brought by a man and horse, just before I set out, that all difficulties had been for two days past surmounted; and that I might have the licence for fetching.

I sent up the letter to my beloved, by Mrs. Bevis, with a repeated request for admittance to her presence upon it: but neither did this stand me in stead. I supposed she thought it would be allowing of the consequences that were naturally to be expected to follow the obtaining of this instrument, if she had consented to see me on the contents of this letter, having refused me that honour before I sent it up to her.—No surprising her.—No advantage to be taken of her inattention to the nicest circumstances.

And now, Belford, I set out upon business.

LETTER XXIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY, JUNE 12.

DIDST ever see a licence, Jack? 'Edmund, by divine permission, 'Lord Bishop of London, To our well-beloved in Christ, Robert Lovelace.' [Your servant, my good lord! What have I done to merit so much goodness, who never saw your lordship in my life?] 'of 'the parish of St. Martin's, in the Fields, 'bachelor, and Clarissa Harlowe, of the 'same parish, spinster, sendeth greeting.—'WHEREAS ye are, as is alledged, deter'mined to enter into the holy state of matri'mony,' [This is only alledged, thou observest] 'by and with the consent of, &c. 'Sc. &c. and are very desirous of obtain'ing your marriage to be solemnized in the 'face of the church: We are willing that 'such your honest desires' [Honest desires, Jack!] 'may more speedily have their due 'effect: and therefore, that ye may be able 'to procure such marriage to be freely and 'lawfully solemnized in the parish-church of 'St. Martin in the Fields, or St. Giles's in 'the Fields in the county of Middlesex, by 'the rector, vicar, or curate thereof, at any 'time of the year,' [At ANY time of the year, Jack!] 'without publication of bans: 'provided, that by reason of any precontract,' [I verily think that I have had three or four precontracts in my time; but the good girls have not claimed upon them of a long while] 'consanguinity, affinity, 'or any other lawful cause whatsoever, there 'be no lawful impediments in this behalf; and 'that there be not at this time any action, 'suit, plaint, quarrel, or demand, moved or 'depending before any judge ecclesiastical or 'temporal, for or concerning any marriage 'contracted by or with either of you; and 'that the said marriage be openly solemnized 'in the church above-mentioned, between 'the hours of eight and twelve in the fore'noon; and without prejudice to the mini'ster of the place where the said woman is a 'parishioner: We do hereby, for good causes,' [It cost me—Let me see, Jack—What did it cost me?] 'give and grant our li'cence, or faculty, as well to you the parties 'contracting, as to the rector, vicar, or 'curate of the said church, where the said 'marriage is intended to be solemnized, to 'solemnize the same, in manner and form 'above-specified, according to the rites and 'ceremonies prescribed in the book of Common'Prayer in that behalf published by autho'rity of parliament. Provided always, that 'if hereafter any fraud shall appear to have 'been committed, at the time of granting this 'licence, either by false suggestions, or con'cealment of the truth,' [Now this, Belford, is a little hard upon us: for I cannot say, that every-one of our suggestions is literally true—So, in good conscience, I ought not to marry under this licence] 'the licence shall be void to all in'tents and purposes, as if the same had not 'been granted. And in that case, we do in'hibit all ministers whatsoever, if any-thing 'of the premises shall come to their knowledge, 'from proceeding to the celebration of the 'said marriage, without first consulting us, 'or our vicar-general. Given, &c.'

Then follow the register's name, and a large pendent seal, with these words round it—'SEAL OF THE VICAR-GENE'RAL AND OFFICIAL PRINCIPAL OF 'THE DIOCESE OF LONDON.'

A good whimsical instrument, take it all together!—But what, thinkest thou, are the arms to this matrimonial harbinger?—Why, in the first place, *Two crossed Swords*; to shew that marriage is a state of offence as well as defence; *Three Lions*, to denote that those who enter

enter into the state, ought to have a triple proportion of courage. And [Couldst thou have imagined that these priestly fellows, in so solemn a case, would cut their jokes upon poor souls who came to have their *honest desires* put in a way to be gratified;] there are *three crooked horns*, smartly top-knotted with ribbands; which being the ladies wear, seem to indicate that they may very probably adorn, as well as bestow, the Bull's feather.

To describe it according to Heraldry art, if I am not mistaken—Gules, two Swords, saltire-wise, Or; second coat, a chevron sable between three bugle-horns, OR, [*So it ought to be:*] on a chief of the second, three Lions rampant of the first.—But the devil take them for their hieroglyphicks, should I say, if I were determined in good earnest to marry!

And determined to marry I would be, were it not for this consideration: That once married, and I am married for life.

That's the plague of it!—Could a man do as the birds do, change every Valentine's Day, [A *natural* appointment! for birds have not the *sense*, forsooth, to fetter themselves, as we wise-acre men take great and solemn pains to do] there would be nothing at all in it. And what a glorious time would the *lawyers* have, on the one hand, with their *Noverint Universi's*, and suits commenceable on restitution of goods and chattles; and the *parsons* on the other, with their indulgences [renewable annually, as *other* licences] to the *honest desires* of their clients!

Then, were a stated mulct, according to rank or fortune, to be paid on every change, towards the exigences of the state, [But none on *renewals* with the *old loves*, for the sake of encouraging constancy, especially among the *minores*] the change would be made sufficiently difficult, and the whole publick would be the better for it; while those children, which the parents could not agree about maintaining, might be considered as the *children of the publick*, and provided for like the children of the ancient Spartans; who were (as ours would in this case be) a nation of heroes. How, Jack, could I have improved upon Lycurgus's institutions, had I been a lawgiver!

Did I never shew thee a scheme, which I drew up on such a notion as this?—In which I demonstrated the *conveniences*, and obviated the *inconveniences*, of changing the present mode to this—I believe I never did.

I remember I proved, to a demonstration, that such a change would be a means of annihilating, absolutely annihilating, four or five very atrocious and capital sins.—*Rapes*, vulgarly so called; adultery, and fornication; nor would *polygamy* be panted after. Frequently would it prevent *murders* and *duellings*: hardly any such thing as *jealousy* (the cause of shocking violences) would be heard of: and hypocrisy between man and wife be banished the bosoms of each. Nor, probably, would the reproach of *barrenness* rest, as now it too often does, where it is least deserved.—Nor would there possibly be such a person as a bargen woman.

Moreover, what a multitude of domestick quarrels would be avoided, were such a scheme carried into execution? Since both sexes would bear with each other, in the view that they could help themselves in a few months.

And then what a charming subject for conversation would be the gallant and generous last partings between man and wife! Each, perhaps a new mate in eye, and rejoicing secretly in the manumission, could afford to be complaisantly sorrowful in appearance. 'He presented *her* with this jewel,' it will be said by the reporter, for *example-sake*—'She '*him* with that.—How *he* wept!—How '*she* sobbed!—How they looked after 'one another!'—Yet, that's the jest of it, neither of them wishing to stand another twelvemonth's trial.

And if giddy fellows, or giddy girls, misbehave in a first marriage, whether from *novice-ship*, having expected to find more in the matter than can be found; or from *perverseness* on *her* part, or *positiveness* on *his*, each being mistaken in the other, [A mighty difference, Jack, in the same person, an *innocent*, or a *visitor*;] what a fine opportunity will each have, by this scheme, of recovering a lost character, and of setting all right in the next adventure!

And, O Jack! with what joy, with what rapture, would the *changelings* (or *changeables*, if thou like that word better) number the weeks, the days, the hours, as the annual obligation approached to it's desirable period!

As for the spleen or vapours, no such malady would be known or heard of. The physical tribe would, indeed, be the sufferers, and the only sufferers; since fresh health and fresh spirits, the consequences of sweet blood and sweet humours,

[illegible] (the mind and body continually pleasing each other) would perpetuate love in; and the joys of *expectation* (the highest of all our joys, would be quickened and keep all alive.

[illegible] that the old body of man might suffer, the [illegible], I thought, might turn *gallant*, as there would be a great demand for *pattens*. Besides, as they would be partakers in the general benefit, they must be sorry fellows indeed, if they preferred themselves to the publick.

Every-one would be married a dozen times, at least. Both men and women would be careful of their characters, and polite in their behaviour, as well as delicate in their *persons*, and elegant in their *dress*. [A great matter each of these, let me tell them, to keep passion alive] either to induce a *renewal* with the *old love*, or to recommend themselves to a *new*. While the news-papers would be crouded with paragraphs; all the world their readers; as all the word would be concerned in *his and hers together*.

'Yesterday,' for instance, 'entered 'into the holy state of matrimony,' [We should all speak reverently of matrimony then] 'the Right Honourable Robert 'Earl Lovelace,' [I shall be an earl by that time] 'with her Grace the Dutchess 'Dowager of Fifty-manors; his lord-'ship's one-and-thirtieth wife.'—I shall then be commented, perhaps, to take up, as it is called, with a widow. But she must not have had more than one husband neither. Thou knowest, that I am nice in these particulars.

I know, Jack, that thou, for thy part, will approve of my scheme.

As Lord M. and I, between us, have three or four boroughs at command, I think I will get into parliament, in order to bring in a bill for this good purpose.

Neither will the houses of parliament, nor the houses of convocation, have reason to object to it. And all the courts, whether *spiritual* or *sensual*, *civil* or *uncivil*, will find their account in it, when passed into a law.

By my soul, Jack, I should be apprehensive of a general insurrection, and that incited by the women, were such a bill to be thrown out.—For here is the excellency of the scheme: the women will have equal reason with the men to be pleased with it.

Don't think, that *old prerogative Harlowe*, for example, must not, if such a law were in being, have pulled in his horns!—So excellent a wife as he has, would never else have *renewed* with such a gloomy tyrant: who, as well as all other married tyrants, must have been upon good behaviour from year to year.

A tyrannical wife, if such a law were to pass, would be a phœnix.

The *churches* would be the only *market-places* for the fair-sex; and a *domestick* excellence the capital recommendation.

Nor would there be an *old maid* in Great Britain, and all it's territories. For what an odd soul must she be, who could not have her *twelvemonth's trial*?

In short, a total alteration for the better, in the *morals* and *way of life* in both sexes, must, in a very few years, be the consequence of such a salutary law.

Who would have expected such a one from me! I wish the devil owe me not a spite for it.

Then would not the distinction be very pretty, Jack, as in flowers?—Such a gentleman, or such a Lady, is an ANNUAL—Such a one a PERENNIAL.

One difficulty, however, as I remember, occured to me, upon the probability that a wife might be *enceinte*, as the lawyers call it. But thus I obviated it.

That no man should be allowed to marry another woman without his *then* wife's consent, till she were brought-to-bed, and he had defrayed all incident charges; and till it was agreed upon between them, whether the child should be *his*, *hers*, or the *publick's*. The women, in this case, to have what I call the *coercive option*: for I would not have it in the man's power to be a dog, neither.

And, indeed, I gave the turn of the scale in every part of my scheme in the womens favour: for dearly do I love the sweet rogues.

How infinitely more preferable this my scheme to the polygamy one of the old Patriarchs, who had wives and concubines without number!—I believe David and Solomon had their hundreds *at a time*. Had they not, Jack?

Let me add, that *annual parliaments*, and *annual marriages*, are the projects next my heart. How could I expatiate upon the benefits that would arise from both!

LETTER XXX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WELL, but now my plots thicken; and my employment of writing to thee on this subject will soon come to a conclu-

a conclusion. For now, having got the licence; and Mrs. Townsend with her cars being to come to Hampstead next Wednesday or Thursday; and another letter possibly or message from Miss Howe, to enquire how Miss Harlowe does, upon the rustick's report of her ill health, and to express her wonder that she has not heard from her in answer to her's on her escape—I must soon blow up the lady, or be blown up myself. And so I am preparing, with Lady Betty and my cousin Montague, to wait upon my beloved with a coach-and-four, or a sett; for Lady Betty will not stir out with a pair, for the world; though but for two or three miles. And this is a well-known part of her character.

'But as to the arms and crest upon 'the coach and trappings?'

Dost thou not know, that a Blunt's must supply her, while her own is new-lining and repairing? An opportunity she is willing to take now she is in town. Nothing of this kind can be done to her mind in the country. Liveries nearly Lady Betty's.

Thou hast seen Lady Betty Lawrance several times—Hast thou not, Belford?

'No, never in my life.'

But thou hast; and lain with her too; or fame does thee more credit than thou deservest—Why, Jack, knowest thou not Lady Betty's other name?

'*Other* name!—Has she two?'

She has. And what thinkest thou of Lady Bab Wallis?

'O the devil!'

Now thou hast it. Lady Barbara, thou knowest, lifted up in circumstances, and by pride, never appears or produces herself, but on occasions special—To pass to men of quality or price, for a dutchess, or countess, at least. She has always been admired for a grandeur in her air, that few women of quality can come up to: and never was supposed to be other than what she passed for; though often and often a paramour for lords.

And who, thinkest thou, is my cousin Montague?

'Nay, how should I know?'

How, indeed! Why, my little Johanetta Golding; a lively, yet modest-looking girl, is my cousin Montague.

There, Belford, is an aunt!—There's a cousin!—Both have wit at will. Both are accustomed to ape quality. Both are genteely descended. Mistresses of themselves; and well educated—Yet past pity.—True *Spartan* dames; ashamed of nothing but *detection*.—Always, therefore, upon their guard against discovery in their own conceit, when assuming top parts, the very quality they ape.

And how dost think I dress them out?—I'll tell thee.

Lady Betty in a rich gold tissue, adorned with jewels of high price.

My cousin Montague in a pale pink, standing on end with silver flowers of her own working. Charlotte, as well as my beloved, is admirable at her needle. Not quite so richly jewelled-out as Lady Betty; but ear-rings and solitaire very valuable, and infinitely becoming.

Johanetta, thou knowest, has a good complexion, a fine neck, and ears remarkably fine—so has Charlotte. She is nearly of Charlotte's stature too.

Laces both, the richest that could be procured.

Thou canst not imagine what a sum the loan of the jewels cost me; though but for three days.

This sweet girl will half ruin me. But seest thou not by this time, that her reign is short?—It must be so. And Mrs. Sinclair has already prepared everything for her reception once more.

HERE come the ladies—attended by Susan Morrison, a tenant-farmer's daughter, as Lady Betty's woman; with her hands before her, and thoroughly instructed.

How dress advantages women!—especially those, who have naturally a genteel air and turn, and have had education.

Hadst thou seen how they paraded it—'Cousin,' and 'Cousin,' and 'Nephew,' at every word; Lady Betty bridling and looking *haughtily-condescending:* Charlotte gallanting her fan, and swimming over the floor without touching it.

'How I long to see my niece-elect! cries one—For they are told, that we are not married; and are pleased, that I have not put the slight upon them, that they had apprehended from me.

'How I long to see my dear cousin, 'that is to be!' the other.

'Your la'ship,' and 'Your la'ship,' and an awkward curtsey at every address, prim Susan Morrison.

'Top your parts, ye villains!—You 'know how nicely I distinguish. There 'will be no passion in *this case* to blind 'the judgment, and to help on medi-'tated delusion, as when you engage 'with titled sinners. My charmer is as 'cool and as distinguishing, though not 'quite

'quite so learned in her own sex, as I 'am. Your commonly-assumed dignity won't do for me now. Airs of superiority, as if *born* to rank.—But no over-do!—Doubting nothing. Let not your faces arraign your hearts.

'Easy and unaffected!—Your very dresses will give you pride enough.

'A little *graver*, Lady Betty.—More significance, less bridling in your dignity.

'That's the air!—Charmingly hit—Again—You have it.

'Devil take you!—Less arrogance. You are got into airs of *young quality*. Be less sensible of your new condition. People born to dignity command respect without needing to require it.

'Now for *your* part, cousin Charlotte!

'Pretty well. But a little too frolicky that air—Yet have I prepared my beloved to expect in you both, great vivacity and quality-freedom.

'Curse those eyes!—Those glancings will never do. A down-cast bashful turn, if you can command it—Look upon me. Suppose me now to be my beloved.

'Devil take that leer. Too *significantly* arch!—Once I knew you the girl I would now have you to be.

'Sprightly, but not confident, cousin Charlotte!—Be sure forget not to look down, or aside, when looked at. When eyes meet eyes, be yours the retreating ones. Your face will bear examination.

'O Lord! O Lord! that so young a creature can so soon forget the innocent appearance she first charmed by; and which I thought born with you all!—Five years to ruin what twenty had been building up! How natural the latter lesson! How difficult to regain the former!

'A stranger, as I hope to be saved, to the principal arts of your sex!—Once more, what a-devil has your heart to do in your eyes?

'Have I not told you, that my beloved is a great observer of the eyes? She once quoted upon me a text, which shewed me how she came by her knowledge—Dorcas's were found guilty of treason the first moment she saw her.

'Once more, suppose *me* to be my charmer.—Now you are to encounter my *examining* eye, and my *doubting* heart.

'That's my dear!

'Study that air in the pier-glass!

'Charming!—Perfectly right!

'Your honours, now, devils!

'Pretty well, cousin Charlotte, for a 'young country lady!—Till form yields 'to familiarity, you *may* curtsey low. You 'must not be supposed to have forgot 'your boarding-school airs.

'But too low, too low, Lady Betty, 'for your years and your quality. The 'common fault of your sex will be your 'danger: aiming to be young too long! '—The devil's in you all, when you 'judge of yourselves by your wishes, 'and by your vanity!—Fifty, in that 'case, is never more than fifteen.

'Graceful ease, conscious dignity, 'like that of my charmer, O how hard 'to hit!

'Both together now.

'Charming!—That's the air, Lady 'Betty!—That's the cue, cousin Charlotte, suited to the character of each! '—But, once more, be sure to have a 'guard upon your eyes.'

'Never fear, nephew!'

'Never fear, cousin.'

A dram of Barbadoes each.

And now we are gone.

LETTER XXXI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

AT MRS. SINCLAIR'S, MONDAY AFTERNOON.

ALL is right, as heart can wish!—In spite of all objection—In spite of a reluctance next to fainting—In spite of all foresight, vigilance, suspicion—once more is the charmer of my soul in her old lodgings!

Now throbs away every pulse! Now thump, thump, thumps my bounding heart for something!

But I have not time for the particulars of our management.

My beloved is now directing some of her cloaths to be packed up—Never more to enter this house!—Nor ever more will she, I dare say, when once again out of it!

Yet not so much as a condition of forgiveness!—The Harlowe-spirited fair-one will not *deserve* my mercy!—She will wait for Miss Howe's next letter; and then, if she find a *difficulty in her new schemes*—[Thank her for nothing]—will—Will what?—Why even *then* will take time to consider, whether I am to be forgiven, or for ever rejected. An indifference that revives in my heart the remembrance of a thousand of the like nature.—And yet Lady Betty and Miss Montague [*A man would be tempted to think, Jack, that they wish her to provoke my*

my vengeance] declare, that I ought to be satisfied with such a proud suspension.

They are entirely attached to her. Whatever she says, *is*, *must be*, gospel! They are guarantees for her return to Hampstead this night. They are to go back with her. A supper bespoken by Lady Betty at Mrs. Moore's. All the vacant apartments there, by my permission, (for I had engaged them for a month certain) to be filled with them and their attendants, for a week at least, or till they can prevail upon the dear perverse, as they hope they shall, to restore me to her favour, and to accompany Lady Betty to Oxfordshire.

The dear creature has thus far condescended—That she will write to Miss Howe, and acquaint her with the present situation of things.

If she write, I shall see what she writes. But I believe she will have other employment soon.

Lady Betty is sure, she tells her, that she shall prevail upon her to forgive me; though she dares say, that I deserve not forgiveness. Lady Betty is too delicate to enquire strictly into the nature of my offence. But it must be an offence against *herself*, against *Miss Montague*, against the *virtuous of the whole sex*, or it could not be so highly resented. Yet she will not leave her till she forgive me, and till she see our nuptials privately celebrated. Mean time, as she approves of her *uncle's expedient*, she will address her as *already my wife before strangers*.

Stedman her solicitor may attend her for orders, in relation to her Chancery-affair, at Hampstead. Not one hour they *can* be favoured with, will they lose from the company and conversation of so dear, so charming a new relation.

Hard then if she had not obliged them with her company, in their coach-and-four, to and from their cousin Leeson's, who longed (as they themselves had done) to see a lady so justly celebrated.

How will Lord M. be raptured when he sees her, and can salute her as his niece!

How will Lady Sarah bless herself! —She will now think her loss of the dear daughter she mourns for, happily supplied!

Miss Montague dwells upon every word that falls from her lips. She perfectly adores her new cousin: for her cousin she *must* be. And her cousin will she call her! She answers for equal admiration in her sister Patty.

'Aye,' cry I, (whispering loud enough for her to hear) 'how will my cousin 'Patty's dove's eyes glisten and run over, 'on the very first interview?—So gra-'cious, so noble, so unaffected a dear 'creature!'

'What a happy family,' chorus we all, 'will ours be!'

These and such like congratulatory admirations every hour repeated: her modesty hurt by the extatick praises:—her graces are too natural to herself for her to be proud of them:—but she must be content to be punished for excellences that cast a shade upon the *most* excellent!

In short, we are here, as at Hampstead, all joy and rapture: all of us except my beloved; in whose sweet face [her almost fainting reluctance to re-enter these doors not overcome] reigns a kind of anxious serenity!—But how will even that be changed in a few hours!

Methinks I begin to pity the half-apprehensive beauty!—But, avaunt, thou unseasonably intruding pity! Thou hast more than once already well-nigh undone me!—And, adieu, Reflection! Be gone, Consideration! and Commiseration! I dismis ye all, for at least a week to come!—Be remembered her beaten word! Her flight, when my fond soul was meditating mercy to her! Be remembered her treatment of me in her letter on her escape to Hampstead!—Her Hampstead virulence!—What is it she ought not to expect from an unchained Beelzebub, and a plotting villain?

Be her preference of the single life to *me* also remembered!—That she despises me!—That she even refuses to be my WIFE!—A proud Lovelace to be denied a *wife!*—To be more proudly rejected by a daughter of the *Harlowes!* The ladies of my own family [She *thinks* them the ladies of my family] supplicating in vain for her returning favour to their despised kinsman, and taking laws from her still prouder punctilio!

Be the execrations of her vixen friend likewise remembered, poured out upon me from *her* representations, and thereby made her *own* execrations!

Be remembered still more particularly, the Townsend plot, set on foot between them, and now, in a day or two, ready to break out! and the *forbidding threatnings* thrown out against me by that little fury!

Is not *this* the crisis for which I have

been long waiting? Shall Tomlinſon, ſhall theſe women be engaged; ſhall ſo many engines be ſet at work, at an immenſe expence, with infinite contrivance; and all to no purpoſe?

Is not *this* the hour of her trial—And in *her*, of the trial of the virtue of her whole ſex, ſo long premeditated, ſo long threatened?—Whether her froſt be froſt indeed?—Whether her virtue be principle?—Whether, if *once ſubdued, ſhe will not be always ſubdued?* And will ſhe not want the very crown of her glory, the proof of her till now all ſurpaſſing excellence, if I ſtop ſhort of the ultimate trial?

Now is the end of purpoſes long overawed, often ſuſpended, at hand. And need I to throw the ſins of her curſed family into the too weighty ſcale?

Abhorred be force!—Be the thoughts of force! There is no triumph over the will in force! This I know I have ſaid. But would I not have avoided it, if I could?—Have I not tried every other method? And have I any other reſource left me? Can ſhe reſent the *laſt outrage* more than ſhe has reſented a *fainter effort?*—And if her reſentments run ever ſo high, cannot I repair by matrimony?—She will not refuſe me, I know, Jack; the haughty beauty will not refuſe me, when her pride of being corporally inviolate is brought down; when ſhe can tell no tales, but when (be her reſiſtance what it will) even her own ſex will ſuſpect a yielding in reſiſtance; and when that modeſty, which may fill her boſom with reſentment, will lock up her ſpeech.

But how know I, that I have not made my own difficulties?—Is ſhe not a woman?—What redreſs lies for a perpetrated evil?—Muſt ſhe not *live?*—Her piety will ſecure her life.—And will not *time* be my friend?—What, in a word, will be her behaviour afterwards?—She cannot fly me!—She muſt forgive me—And, as I have often ſaid, *once forgiven, will be for ever forgiven.*

Why then ſhould this enervating pity unſteel my fooliſh heart?

It ſhall not. All theſe things will I remember; and think of nothing elſe, in order to keep up a reſolution, which the women about me will have it I ſhall be ſtill unable to hold.

I'll teach the dear charming creature to emulate me in contrivance;—I'll teach her to weave webs and plots againſt her conqueror!—I'll ſhew her, that in her ſmuggling ſchemes ſhe is but a ſpider compared to me, and that ſhe has all this time been ſpinning only a cobweb!

WHAT ſhall we do now! We are immerſed in the depth of grief and apprehenſion! How ill do women bear diſappointment!—Set upon going to Hampſtead, and upon quitting for ever a houſe ſhe re-entered with infinite reluctance; what things ſhe intended to take with her, ready packed up; herſelf on tiptoe to be gone: and I prepared to attend her thither; ſhe begins to be afraid that ſhe ſhall not go this night; and in grief and deſpair has flung herſelf into her old apartment; locked herſelf in; and through the key-hole Dorcas ſees her on her knees—praying I ſuppoſe for a ſafe deliverance.

And from what?—And wherefore theſe agonizing apprehenſions?

Why, here, this unkind Lady Betty, *with* the dear creature's knowledge, though to her concern, and this mad-headed couſin Montague *without* it, while ſhe was employed in directing her package, have hurried away in the coach to their own lodgings; [Only, indeed, to put up ſome night-cloaths, and ſo-forth, in order to attend their ſweet couſin to Hampſtead] and, no leſs to my ſurprize than hers, are not yet returned.

I have ſent to know the meaning of it.

In a great hurry of ſpirits, ſhe would have had me to go myſelf. Hardly any pacifying her! The girl, God bleſs her! is wild with her own idle apprehenſions!—What is ſhe afraid of?

I curſe them both for their delay—My tardy villain, how he ſtays!—'Devil fetch them! Let them ſend their 'coach, and we'll go without them.' In her hearing I bid the fellow tell them ſo.—Perhaps he ſtays to bring the coach, if any-thing happens to hinder the ladies from attending my beloved this night.

DEVIL take them, again ſay I!—They *promiſed* too they would not ſtay, becauſe it was but two nights ago, that a chariot was robbed at the foot of Hampſtead Hill; which alarmed my fair-one when told of it!

Oh! here's Lady Betty's ſervant, with a billet.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY NIGHT.

'EXCUSE us, dear nephew, I be-'ſeech you, to my deareſt kinſwoman. 'One night cannot break ſquares. For 'here Miſs Montague has been taken 'violently ill with three fainting fits, 'one after another. The hurry of her

'joy

'joy, I believe, to find your dear lady 'so much ſurpaſs all expectation, [Ne-'ver did family-love, you know, reign ſo 'ſtrong as among us] and the too eager 'deſire ſhe had to attend her, have occa-'ſioned it! For ſhe has weak ſpirits, 'poor girl! well as ſhe looks.

'If ſhe be better, we will certainly go 'with you to-morrow morning, after 'we have breakfaſted with *her*, at your 'lodgings. But, whether ſhe be, or 'not, I will do myſelf the pleaſure to 'attend your lady to Hampſtead; and 'will be with you for that purpoſe about 'nine in the morning. With due com-'pliments to your moſt worthy beloved, 'I am *yours affectionately*,

'ELIZAB. LAWRANCE.'

Faith and troth, Jack, I know not what to do with myſelf: for here, juſt now having ſent in the above note by Dorcas, out came my beloved with it in her hand: in a fit of phrenzy!—True, by my ſoul!

She had indeed complained of *her head* all the evening!

Dorcas ran to me, out of breath, to tell me, that her lady was coming in ſome ſtrange way: but ſhe followed her ſo quick, that the frighted wench had had not time to ſay in what way.

It ſeems, when ſhe read the billet—'Now, indeed,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am a loſt 'creature! O the poor Clariſſa Har-'lowe!'

She tore off her head-cloaths: enquired where I was: and in ſhe came, her ſhining treſſes flowing about her neck; her ruffles torn, and hanging in tatters, about her ſnowy hands; with her arms ſpread out; her eyes wildly turned, as if ſtarting from their orbits—Down ſunk ſhe at my feet, as ſoon as ſhe approached me; her charming boſom heaving to her uplifted face; and claſping her arms about my knees, 'Dear Lovelace,' ſaid ſhe, 'if ever—if 'ever—if ever—' And, unable to ſpeak another word, quitting her claſping hold, down proſtrate on the floor ſunk ſhe, neither in a fit nor out of one.

I was quite aſtoniſhed—All my purpoſes ſuſpended for a few moments, I knew neither what to ſay, nor what to do. But recollecting myſelf, 'Am I 'again,' thought I, 'in a way to be 'overcome, and made a fool of!—If I 'now recede, I am gone for ever.'

I raiſed her, but down ſhe ſunk, as if quite diſjointed; her limbs failing her—yet not in a fit neither. I never heard of or ſaw ſuch a dear unaccountable: almoſt lifeleſs, and ſpeechleſs too for a few moments—What muſt her apprehenſions be at that moment? And for what?—An high-notioned dear fool!—'Pretty ignorance!' thought I.

Never having met with ſo ſincere, ſo unqueſtionable a repugnance, I was ſtaggered—I was confounded—Yet how ſhould I know that it would be ſo till I tried?—And how, having proceeded thus far, could I ſtop, were I *not* to have had the women to goad me on, and to make light of circumſtances, which they pretended to be better judges of than I?

I lifted her, however, into a chair; and in words of diſordered paſſion, told her, All her fears were needleſs: wondered at them: begged of her to be pacified: beſought her reliance on my faith and honour: and revowed all my old vows, and poured forth new ones.

At laſt, with an heart-breaking ſob, 'I ſee, I ſee, Mr. Lovelace,' in broken ſentences ſhe ſpoke—'I ſee, I ſee—that 'at laſt—at laſt—I am ruined!—Ruined, 'if *your* pity—Let me implore your 'pity!'—And down on her boſom, like a half-broken-ſtalked lily top-heavy with the overcharging dews of the morning, ſunk her head, with a ſigh that went to my heart.

All I could think of to re-aſſure her, when a little recovered, I ſaid.

Why did I not ſend for their coach, as I had intimated? It might return in the morning for the ladies.

'I had actually done ſo,' I told her, on ſeeing her ſtrange uneaſineſs. 'But 'it was then going to fetch a doctor for 'Miſs Montague, leſt his chariot ſhould 'not be ſo ready.'

'Ah! Lovelace!' ſaid ſhe, with a doubting face; anguiſh in her imploring eye.

Lady Betty would think it very ſtrange, I told her, if ſhe were to know it was ſo diſagreeable to her to ſtay one night for *her* company in the houſe where ſhe had paſſed *ſo many*.

She called me names upon this—She had called me names before.—I was patient.

Let her go to Lady Betty's lodgings, then; *directly* go; if the perſon I called Lady Betty was really Lady Betty.

'If, my dear! Good Heaven! What 'a villain does that IF ſhew you believe 'me to be.'

'I cannot help it—I beſeech you once 'more, to let me go to Mrs. Leeſon's, 'if *that* IF ought not to be ſaid.'

Then

Then assuming a more resolute spirit —'I will go! I will enquire my way! I will go by myself!'—And would have rushed by me.

I folded my arms about her to detain her; pleading the bad way I heard poor Charlotte was in; and what a farther concern her impatience, if she went, would give to poor Charlotte.

She would believe nothing I said, unless I would instantly order a coach, (since she was not to have Lady Betty's, nor was permitted to go to Mrs. Leeson's) and let her go in it to Hampstead, late as it was, and all alone; so much the better: for in the house of *people* of whom Lady Betty, upon enquiry, had heard a bad character; [*Dropt foolishly this, by my prating new relation, in order to do credit to herself, by depreciating others*] every-thing, and every face, looking with so much meaning vileness, as well as *my own*, ['*Thou art still too sen-*'*sible*,' *thought I*, '*my charmer!*'] she was resolved not to stay another night.

Dreading what might happen as to her intellects, and being very apprehensive, that she might possibly go through a great deal before morning, (though more violent she could not well be with the worst she dreaded) I humoured her, and ordered Will to endeavour to get a coach directly, to carry us to Hampstead; I cared not at what price.

Robbers, with whom I would have terrified her, she feared not—*I* was all her fear, I found; and this house her terror: for I saw plainly, that she now believed, that Lady Betty and Miss Montague were both impostors.

But her mistrust is a little of the latest to do her service!

And, O Jack, the rage of love, the rage of revenge is upon me! By turns they tear me!—The progress already made—The womens instigations—The power I shall have to try her to the utmost, and still to marry her, if she be not to be brought to cohabitation—Let me perish, Belford, if she escape me now!

WILL is not yet come back. Near eleven.

WILL is this moment returned.—No coach is to be got, either *for love or money*.

Once more, she urges—'To Mrs. 'Leeson's let me go, Lovelace! Good 'Lovelace, let me go to Mrs. Leeson's? 'What is Miss Montague's illness to 'my terror?—For the Almighty's sake, 'Mr. Lovelace!'—her hands clasped.

'O, my angel! What a wildness is 'this!—Do you know, do you see, my 'dearest life, what appearance your 'causeless apprehensions have given 'you?—Do you know it is past eleven 'o'clock!'

'Twelve, one, two, three, four—'any hour—I care not—if you mean 'me honourably, let me go out of this 'hated house!'

Thou'lt observe, Belford, that though this was written afterwards, yet (as in other places) I write it as it was spoken and happened, as if I had retired to put down every sentence as spoken. I know thou likest this lively *present tense* manner, as it is one of my peculiars.

Just as she had repeated the last words, '*if you mean me honourably, let me go out* '*of this hated house*,' in came Mrs. Sinclair, in a great ferment—'And what, 'pray, Madam, has *this house* done to 'you?—Mr. Lovelace, you have known 'me some time; and if I have not the 'niceness of this lady, I hope I do not 'deserve to be treated thus?'

She set her huge arms akembo: '*Hoh!*' 'Madam, let me tell you, I am amazed 'at your freedoms with my character! '—And, Mr Lovelace,' [Holding up, and violently shaking her head] 'if 'you are a gentleman, and a man of 'honour—'

Having never before seen any-thing but obsequiousness in this woman, little as she liked her, she was frightened at her masculine air, and fierce look—'God help me!' cried she—'What will 'become of me now!' Then turning her head hither and thither, in a wild kind of amaze, 'Whom have I for a 'protector! What will become of me 'now!'

'*I* will be your protector, my dearest 'love!—But indeed you are uncharitably severe upon poor Mrs. Sinclair! 'Indeed you are!—She is a gentlewo-'man born, and the relict of a man of 'honour; and though left in such cir-'cumstances as to oblige her to let lodg-'ings, yet would she scorn to be guilty 'of a wilful baseness.'

'I hope so—It may be so—I may be 'mistaken—But—But there is no crime, 'I presume, no treason, to say I don't 'like her house.'

The old dragon straddled up to her, with her arms kemboed again—Her eye-brows erect, like the bristles of a hog's back, and scouling over her short-

ened

ened noſe, more than half-hid her ferret eyes. Her mouth was diſtorted. She pouted out her blubber-lips as if to bellows up wind and ſputter into her horſe-noſtrils; and her chin was curdled, and more than uſually prominent with paſſion.

With two *Hoh, Madams*, ſhe accoſted the frighted fair-one; who, terrified, caught hold of my ſleeve.

I feared ſhe would fall into fits; and, with a look of indignation, told Mrs. Sinclair, that theſe apartments were mine; and I could not imagine what ſhe meant, either by liſtening to what paſſed between me and my ſpouſe, or to come in uninvited; and ſtill more I wondered at her giving herſelf theſe ſtrange liberties.

I may be to blame, Jack, for ſuffering this wretch to give herſelf theſe airs; but her coming in was without my orders.

The old beldam throwing herſelf into a chair, fell a blubbering and exclaiming. And the pacifying of her, and endeavouring to reconcile the lady to her, took up till near one o'clock.

And thus, between terror and the late hour, and what followed, ſhe was diverted from the thoughts of getting out of the houſe to Mrs. Leeſon's or anywhere elſe.

LETTER XXXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY MORN. JUNE 13.

AND now, Belford, I can go no farther. The affair is over. Clariſſa lives. And I am *your humble ſervant*, R. LOVELACE.

The whole of this black tranſaction is given by the injured lady to Miſs Howe, to her ſubſequent letters, dated Thurſday, July 6. See Vol. VI. Letters XLIV. XLV. XLVI.

LETTER XXXIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WATFORD. WEDN. JUNE 14.

O Thou ſavage-hearted monſter! What work haſt thou made in *one guilty hour*, for a *whole age* of repentance.

I am inexpreſſibly concerned at the fate of this matchleſs lady! She could not have fallen into the hands of any other man breathing, and ſuffered as ſhe has done with thee.

I had written a great part of another long letter, to try to ſoften thy ſtony heart in her favour; for I thought it but too likely, that thou ſhouldſt ſucceed in getting her back to the accurſed woman's. But I find it would have been too late, had I finiſhed it, and ſent it away. Yet cannot I forbear writing, to urge thee to make the *only* amends thou now canſt make her, by a proper uſe of the licence thou haſt obtained.

Poor, poor lady! It is a pain to me, that I ever ſaw her. Such an adorer of virtue to be ſacrificed to the vileſt of her ſex; and thou their implement in the devil's hands, for a purpoſe ſo baſe, ſo ungenerous, ſo inhumane!—Pride thyſelf, O crueleſt of men! in this reflection; and that thy triumph over a woman, who for thy ſake was abandoned of every friend ſhe had in the world, was effected, not by advantages taken of her weakneſs and credulity; but by the blackeſt artifice; after a long courſe of ſtudied deceits had been tried to no purpoſe.

I can tell thee, it is well either for thee or for me, that I am not the brother of the lady. Had I been her brother, her violation muſt have been followed by the blood of one of us.

Excuſe me, Lovelace; and let not the lady fare the worſe for my concern for her. And yet I have but one *other* motive to aſk thy excuſe; and that is, becauſe I owe to thy own communicative pen the knowledge I have of thy barbarous villainy, ſince thou mighteſt, if thou wouldſt, have paſſed it upon me for a common ſeduction.

CLARISSA LIVES, thou ſayeſt. That ſhe does is my wonder: and theſe words ſhew, that thou thyſelf (though thou couldſt, nevertheleſs, proceed) hardly expectedſt ſhe would have ſurvived the outrage. What muſt have been the poor lady's diſtreſs, (watchful as ſhe had been over her honour) when dreadful certainty took place of cruel apprehenſion!—And yet a man may gueſs what it muſt have been, by that which thou painteſt, when ſhe ſuſpected herſelf tricked, deſerted, and betrayed, by the pretended ladies.

That thou couldſt behold her phrenzy on this occaſion, and her half-ſpeechleſs, half-fainting proſtration at thy feet, and yet retain thy evil purpoſes, will hardly be thought credible, even by thoſe who know *thee*, if they have ſeen *her*.

Poor,

Poor, poor lady! With such noble qualities as would have adorned the most exalted married life, to fall into the hands of the *only* man in the world, who could have treated her as thou hast treated her!—And to let loose the old dragon, as thou properly calleſt her, upon the before-affrighted innocent, what a barbarity was *that!* What a *poor* piece of barbarity! in order to obtain by terror, what thou deſpaireds to gain by love, though ſupported by ſtratagems the moſt inſidious!

O, LOVELACE! LOVELACE! *had I doubted it before, I ſhould now be convinced, that there muſt be a* WORLD AFTER THIS, *to do juſtice to injured merit, and to puniſh barbarous perfidy!* Could the divine SOCRATES, and the divine CLARISSA, otherwiſe have ſuffered?

But let me, if poſſible, for one moment, try to forget this villainous outrage on the moſt excellent of women.

I have buſineſs here, which will hold me yet a few days; and then perhaps I ſhall quit this houſe for ever.

I have had a ſolemn and tedious time of it. I ſhould never have known, that I had half the reſpect I really find I had for the old gentleman, had I not ſo cloſely, at his earneſt deſire, attended him, and been a witneſs of the tortures he underwent.

This melancholy occaſion may poſſibly have contributed to humanize me: but ſurely I never could have been ſo remorſeleſs a caitiff as *thou* haſt been, to a woman of *half* this lady's excellence.

But pr'ythee, dear Lovelace, if thou'rt a man, and not a devil, reſolve, out of hand, to repair thy ſin of ingratitude, by conferring upon thyſelf the higheſt honour thou *canſt* receive, in making her lawfully thine.

But if thou canſt not prevail upon thyſelf to do her this juſtice, I think I ſhould not ſcruple a tilt with thee [An everlaſting rupture *at leaſt* muſt follow] if thou ſacrificeſt her to the accurſed women.

Thou art deſirous to know what advantage I reap by my uncle's demiſe. I do not certainly know; for I have not been ſo greedily ſolicitous on this ſubject, as ſome of the kindred have been, who ought to have ſhewn more decency, as I have told them, and ſuffered the corpſe to have been cold before they had begun their hungry enquiries. But, by what I gathered from the poor man's talk to me, who oftener than I wiſhed touched upon the ſubject, I deem it will be upwards of 5000l. in caſh, and in the funds, after all legacies paid, beſides the real eſtate, which is a clear 1000l. a year.

I wiſh from my heart, thou wert a money-lover! Were the eſtate to be of double the value, thou ſhouldſt have it every ſhilling; only upon one condition —[for my circumſtances before were as eaſy as I wiſh them to be while I am ſingle]—That thou wouldſt permit me the honour of being this fatherleſs lady's *father*, as it is called, at the altar.

Think of this! my dear Lovelace: be honeſt: and let me preſent thee with the brighteſt jewel that man ever poſſeſſed; and then, body and ſoul, wilt thou bind to thee for ever, thy

BELFORD.

LETTER XXXIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15.

'LET me alone, you great dog, you! '—Let me alone!'—have I heard a leſſer boy, his coward arms held over his head and face, ſay to a bigger, who was pommeling him, for having run away with his apple, his orange, or his ginger-bread.

So ſay I to thee, on occaſion of thy ſeverity to thy poor friend, who, as thou owneſt, has furniſhed thee (ungenerous as thou art!) with the weapons thou brandiſheſt ſo fearfully againſt him — And to what purpoſe, when the miſchief is done?—when, of conſequence, the affair is irretrievable?—and when a CLARISSA could not move me?

Well, but, after all, I muſt own, that there is ſomething very ſingular in this lady's caſe: and, at times, I cannot help regretting, that I ever attempted her; ſince not *one power either of body or ſoul* could be moved in my favour; and ſince, to uſe the expreſſion of the philoſopher, on a much graver occaſion, There is no difference to be found between the ſkull of King Philip, and that of another man.

But people's extravagant notions of things alter not facts, Belford: and, when all's done, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe has but run the fate of a thouſand others of her ſex—Only that they did not ſet ſuch a romantick value upon what they call their *honour*; that's all.

And yet I will allow thee this—That if a perſon ſets a high value upon anything, be it ever ſuch a trifle in itſelf, or in the eye of others, the robbing of that perſon of it is *not* a trifle to *him*.

Take

Take the matter in this light, I own I have done wrong, great wrong, to this admirable creature.

But have I not known twenty and twenty of the sex, who have seemed to carry their notions of virtue high; yet, when brought to the test, have abated of their severity? And how should we be convinced that *any* of them are proof, till they are tried?

A thousand times have I said, that I never yet met with such a woman as this. If I *had*, I hardly ever should have attempted Miss Clarissa Harlowe. Hitherto she is an angel: and was not that the point which at setting out I proposed to try? And was not *cohabitation* ever my darling view? And am I not now, at last, in the high-road to it? —It is true, that I have nothing to boast of as to her will. *The very contrary.* But now are we come to the test, whether she cannot be brought to make the best of an irreparable evil—If she exclaim, [She has reason to exclaim, and I will sit down with patience by the hour together to hear her exclamations, till she is tired of them] she will then descend to expostulation perhaps—Expostulation will give me hope—Expostulation will shew, that she hates me not. And if she hate me not, she will forgive me: and if she *now* forgive; then will all be over; and she will be mine upon my own terms: and it shall then be the whole study of my future life to make her happy.

So, Belford, thou seest, that I have journeyed on this stage, [indeed, through infinite mazes, and as infinite remorses] with one determined point in view, from the first.—To thy urgent supplication then, that I will do her grateful justice by marriage, let me answer in Matt Prior's two lines on his hoped-for auditorship; as put into the mouths of his St. John and Harley—

'—Let that be done, which Matt doth say
"Yea," quoth the earl—"but not to-
"day."

Thou seest, Jack, that I make no resolutions, however, against doing her, one time or other, the wished-for justice, even were I to succeed in my principal view, *cohabitation*. And of this I do assure thee, that, if I ever marry, it must, it shall be Miss Clarissa Harlowe. —Nor is her honour at all impaired with *me*, by what she has *so far* suffered: but the contrary. She must only take care, that, if she be at last brought to forgive me, she shew me, that her Lovelace is the only man on earth, whom she could have forgiven on the like occasion.

But, ah, Jack! what, in the mean time, shall I do with this admirable creature? At present—[I am loth to say it—But, at present] she is quite stupified.

I had rather, methinks, she should have retained all her active powers, though I had suffered by her nails and her teeth, than that she should be sunk into such a state of abstraction—insensibility, (shall I call it?) as she has been in ever since Tuesday morning. Yet, as she begins a little to revive, and now-and-then to call names, and to exclaim, I dread almost to engage with the anguish of a spirit that owes it's extraordinary agitations to meekness that has no example either in ancient or modern story. For, after all, what is there in her case, that should *stupify* such a glowing, such a *blooming* charmer!—Excess of grief, excess of terror, has made a person's hair stand on end, and even (as we have read) changed the colour of it. But that it should so stupify, as to make a person, at times, insensible to those imaginary wrongs, which would raise others from stupefaction, is very surprising.

But I will leave this subject, lest it should make me too grave.

I was yesterday at Hampstead, and discharged all obligations there, with no small applause. I told them, that the lady was now as happy as myself: and that is no great untruth; for I am not altogether so, when I allow myself to *think*.

Mrs. Townsend, with her tart, had not been then there. I told them what I would have them to say to her, if she came.

Well, but, after all, [How many *after-all's* have I?] I could be very grave, were I to give way to it.—The devil take me for a fool!—What's the matter with me, I wonder!—I must breathe a fresher air for a few days.

But what shall I do with this admirable creature the while?—Hang me, if I know!—For, if I stir, the venomous spider of this habitation will want to set upon the charming fly, whose silken wings are already so entangled in my enormous web, that she cannot move hand or foot: for so much has grief stupified her, that she is at present so destitute of will, as she always seemed to be of desire. I must not, therefore, think of leaving her yet for two days together.

LETTER XXXV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Have just now had a ſpecimen of what the reſentment of this dear creature will be when quite recovered: an affecting one!—For, entering her apartment after Dorcas; and endeavouring to ſoothe and pacify her diſordered mind; in the midſt of my blandiſhments, ſhe held up to Heaven, in a ſpeechleſs agony, the innocent licence, (which ſhe has in her own power;) as the poor diſtreſſed Catalans held up their Engliſh treaty, on an occaſion that keeps the worſt of my actions in countenance.

She ſeemed about to call down vengeance upon me; when, happily, the leaden god, in pity to her trembling Lovelace, waved over her half-drowned eyes his ſomniferous wand, and laid aſleep the fair exclaimer, before ſhe could go through with her intended imprecation.

Thou wilt gueſs, by what I have written, that ſome *little* art has been made uſe of: but it was with a *generous* deſign, (if thou'lt allow me the word on ſuch an occaſion) in order to leſſen the too quick ſenſe ſhe was likely to have of what ſhe was to ſuffer. A contrivance I never had occaſion for before, and had not thought of now, if Mrs. Sinclair had not propoſed it to me: to whom I left the management of it: and I have done nothing but curſe her ever ſince, leſt the quantity ſhould have for ever damped her charming intellects.

Hence my concern—For I think the poor lady ought not to have been ſo treated. *Poor lady*, did I ſay?—What have I to do with thy creeping ſtile?—But have not I the worſt of it; ſince her inſenſibility has made me but a thief to my own joys?

I did not intend to tell thee of this little *innocent* trick; for ſuch I deſigned it to be; but that I hate diſingenuouſneſs: to thee, eſpecially: and as I cannot help writing in a more ſerious vein than uſual, thou wouldſt, perhaps, had I not hinted the true cauſe, have imagined that I was ſorry for the fact itſelf: and this would have given *thee* a good deal of trouble in ſcribbling dull perſuaſives to repair by matrimony; and *me* in reading thy crude nonſenſe. Beſides, one day or other, thou mighteſt, had I not confeſſed it, have heard of it in an aggravated manner; and I know thou haſt ſuch an high opinion of this lady's virtue, that thou wouldſt be diſappointed, if thou hadſt reaſon to think, that ſhe was ſubdued by *her own* conſent, or any the leaſt yielding in her will. And ſo is ſhe beholden to me in ſome meaſure, that, at the expence of *my* honour, ſhe may ſo juſtly form a plea, which will entirely ſalve *hers*.

And now is the whole ſecret out.

Thou wilt ſay I am a horrid fellow!—As the lady does, that I am the *unchained Beelzebub*, and a *plotting villain*: and as this is what you both ſaid beforehand, and nothing worſe *can* be ſaid, I deſire, if thou wouldſt not have me quite ſerious with thee, and that I ſhould think thou meaneſt more by thy tilting hint, than I am willing to believe thou doſt, that thou wilt forbear thy invectives: for is not the thing done?—Can it be helped?—And muſt I not now try to make the beſt of it?—And the rather do I enjoin thee this, and inviolable ſecrecy; becauſe I begin to think, that my puniſhment will be greater than the fault, were it to be only from my own reflection.

LETTER XXXVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16.

I Am ſorry to hear of thy miſfortune; but hope thou wilt not long lie by it. Thy ſervant tells me, what narrow eſcape thou hadſt with thy neck. I wiſh it may not be ominous: but I think thou ſeemeſt not to be in ſo enterprizing a way as formerly; and yet, merry or ſad, thou ſeeſt a rake's neck is always in danger, if not from the hangman, from his own horſe. But 'tis a vicious toad, it ſeems; and I think thou ſhouldſt never venture upon his back again; for 'tis a plaguy thing for rider and horſe both to be vicious.

The fellow tells me, thou deſireſt me to continue to write to thee in order to *divert* thy chagrin on thy forced confinement: but how can I think it in my *power* to divert, when my ſubject is not pleaſing to myſelf?

Cæſar never knew what it was to be *hipped*, I will call it, till he came to be what Pompey was; that is to ſay, till he arrived at the height of his ambition: nor did thy Lovelace know what it was to be gloomy, till he had completed his wiſhes upon the moſt charming creature in the world.

And yet why ſay I *completed*? when the *will*, the *conſent*, is wanting—And I have ſtill views before me of obtaining that!

Yet I could almoſt join with thee in the wiſh, which thou ſendeſt me up by thy ſervant, unfriendly as it is, that I had had thy misfortune before Monday night laſt: for here the poor lady has run into a contrary extreme to that I told thee of in my laſt: for now is ſhe as much too lively, as before ſhe was too ſtupid; and 'bating that ſhe has pretty frequent lucid intervals, would be deemed raving mad, and I ſhould be obliged to confine her.

I am moſt confoundedly diſturbed about it: for I begin to fear that her intellects are irreparably hurt.

Who the devil could have expected ſuch ſtrange effects from a cauſe ſo common, and ſo ſlight?

But theſe high-ſouled and high-ſenſed girls, who had ſet up for ſhining lights and examples to the reſt of the ſex, are with ſuch difficulty brought down to the common ſtandard, that a wiſe man, who prefers his peace of mind to his glory in ſubduing one of that exalted claſs, would have nothing to ſay to them.

I do all in my power to quiet her ſpirits, when I force myſelf into her preſence.

I go on, begging pardon one minute; and vowing truth and honour another.

I would at firſt have perſuaded her, and offered to call witneſſes to the truth of it, that we were actually married. Though the licence was in her hands, I thought the aſſertion might go down in her diſorder; and charming conſequences I hoped would follow. But this would not do.

I therefore gave up that hope: and now I declare to her, that it is my reſolution to marry her, the moment her uncle Harlowe informs me, that he will grace the ceremony with his preſence.

But ſhe believes nothing I ſay; nor (whether in her ſenſes or not) bears me with patience in her ſight.

I pity her with all my ſoul; and I curſe myſelf, when ſhe is in her wailing fits, and when I apprehend, that intellects, ſo charming, are for ever damped. But more I curſe theſe women, who put me upon ſuch an expedient! Lord! Lord! what a hand have I made of it!—*And all for what?*

Laſt night, for the firſt time ſince Monday laſt, ſhe got to her pen and ink: but ſhe purſues her writing with ſuch eagerneſs and hurry, as ſhew too evidently her diſcompoſure.

I hope, however, that this employment will help to calm her ſpirits.

Just now Dorcas tells me, that what ſhe writes ſhe tears, and throws the paper in fragments under the table, either as not knowing what ſhe does, or diſliking it: then gets up, wrings her hands, weeps, and ſhifts her ſeat all round the room: then returns to her table, ſits down, and writes again.

One odd letter, as I may call it, Dorcas has this moment given me from her—'*Carry this*,' ſaid ſhe, '*to the vileſt of men*.' Dorcas, a toad, brought it, without any farther direction, to *me*. I ſat down, intending (though 'tis pretty long) to give thee a copy of it: but, for my life, I cannot; 'tis ſo extravagant. And the original is too much an original to let it go out of my hands.

But ſome of the ſcraps and fragments, as either torn through, or flung aſide, I will copy for the novelty of the thing, and to ſhew thee how her mind works now ſhe is in this whimſical way. Yet I know I am ſtill furniſhing thee with new weapon againſt myſelf. But ſpare thy comments. My own reflections render them needleſs. Dorcas thinks her lady will aſk for them: ſo wiſhes to have them to lay again under her table.

By the firſt thou'lt gueſs, that I have told her, that Miſs Howe is very ill, and can't write; that ſhe may account the better for not having received the letter deſigned for her.

PAPER I.

(TORN IN TWO PIECES.)

'MY DEAREST MISS HOWE!

'O WHAT dreadful, dreadful things 'have I to tell you! But yet I cannot 'tell you neither. But ſay, are you 'really ill, as a vile, vile creature in'forms me you are?

'But he never yet told me truth, and 'I hope has not in this: and yet, if it 'were not true, ſurely I ſhould have 'heard from you before now!—But 'what have I to do to upbraid?—You 'may well be tired of me!—And if you 'are, I can forgive you; for I am tired 'of myſelf: and all my own relations 'were tired of me long before you were.

'How good you have always been to 'me, mine own dear Anna Howe!—'But how I ramble!

'I ſat down to ſay a great deal—My 'heart was full—I did not know what to 'ſay firſt—And thought, and grief, and 'confuſion, and (O my poor head!) I 'cannot tell what—And thought and 'grief, and confuſion, came crowding

'so thick upon me; one would be first, 'another would be first, all would be 'first! so I can write nothing at all. 'Only that, whatever they have done 'to me, I cannot tell; but I am no longer 'what I was in any one thing—In any 'one thing did I say? Yes, but I am; 'for I am still, and I ever will be, *your* 'true——'

Plague on it! I can write no more of this eloquent nonsense myself; which rather shews a raised, than a quenched imagination: but Dorcas shall transcribe the others in separate papers, as written by the whimsical charmer: and some time hence, when all is over, and I can better bear to read them, I may ask thee for a sight of them. Preserve them therefore; for we often look back with pleasure even upon the heaviest griefs, when the cause of them is removed.

PAPER II.

(SCRATCHED THROUGH, AND THROWN UNDER THE TABLE).

—'AND can you, my dear honoured 'papa, resolve for ever to reprobate 'your poor child?—But I am sure you 'would not, if you knew what she has 'suffered since her unhappy—And will 'nobody plead for your poor suffering 'girl?—No one good body?—Why, 'then, dearest Sir, let it be an act of 'your own innate goodness, which I 'have so much experienced and so 'much abused. I don't presume to 'think you should receive me—No, in-'deed—My name is—I don't know 'what my name is!—I never dare to 'wish to come into your family again!—'But your heavy curse, my papa—Yes, 'I *will* call you papa, and help yourself 'as you can—for you are my own dear 'papa, whether you will or not—And 'though I am an unworthy child—yet 'I *am* your child—'

PAPER III.

'A LADY took a great fancy to a 'young lion, or a bear, I forget which '—But a bear, or a tyger, I believe, it 'was. It was made her a present of, 'when a whelp. She fed it with her 'own hand: she nursed up the wicked 'cub with great tenderness; and would 'play with it without fear or apprehen-'sion of danger: and it was obedient 'to all her commands: and it's tame-'ness, as she used to boast, encreased 'with it's growth; so that, like a lap-'dog, it would follow her all over the 'house. But mind what followed: at 'last, some-how, neglecting to satisfy 'it's hungry maw, or having otherwise 'disobliged it on some occasion, it re-'sumed it's nature; and on a sudden fell 'upon her, and tore her in pieces.—'And who was most to blame, I pray? 'The brute, or the lady? The lady, 'surely!—For what *she* did, was *out* of 'nature, *out* of character, at least: what '*it* did, was *in* it's own nature.'

PAPER IV.

'HOW art thou now humbled in the 'dust, thou proud Clarissa Harlowe! 'Thou that never steppedst out of thy 'father's house but to be admired! Who 'wert won't to turn thine eye, sparkling 'with healthful life, and self-assurance, 'to different objects at once as thou pas-'sedst, as if (for so thy penetrating sister 'used to say) to plume thyself upon the 'expected applauses of all that beheld 'thee! Thou that usedst to go to rest 'satisfied with the adulations paid thee 'in the past day, and couldst put off eve-'ry thing but thy vanity!'

PAPER V.

'REJOICE not now, my Bella, my 'sister, my friend; but pity the hum-'bled creature, whose foolish heart you 'used to say you beheld through the thin 'veil of humility which covered it.

'It must have been so! My fall had 'not else been permitted—

'You penetrated my proud heart with 'the jealousy of an elder sister's search-'ing eye.

'You knew me better than I knew 'myself.

'Hence your upbraidings and your 'chidings when I began to totter.

'But forgive now those vain triumphs 'of my heart.

'I thought, poor proud wretch that 'I was, that what you said was owing 'to your envy.

'I thought I could acquit my inten-'tion of any such vanity.

'I was too secure in the knowledge I 'thought I had of my own heart.

'My supposed advantages became a 'snare to me.

'And what now is the end of all?'

PAPER

PAPER VI.

'WHAT now is become of the proſpects of a happy life, which once I thought opening before me?—Who now ſhall aſſiſt in the ſolemn preparations? Who now ſhall provide the nuptial ornaments, which ſoften and divert the apprehenſions of the fearful virgin? No court now to be paid to my ſmiles! No encouraging compliments to inſpire thee with hope of laying a mind not unworthy of thee under obligation! No elevation now for conſcious merit, and applauded purity, to look down from on a proſtrate adorer, and an admiring world, and up to pleaſed and rejoicing parents and relations!'

PAPER VII.

'THOU pernicious caterpillar that preyeſt upon the fair leaf of virgin fame, and poiſoneſt thoſe leaves which thou canſt not devour!

'Thou fell blight, thou eaſtern blaſt, thou overſpreading mildew that deſtroyeſt the early promiſes of the ſhining year! that mockeſt the laborious toil, and bloſſeſt the joyful hopes of the painful huſbandman!

'Thou fretting moth, that corrupteſt the faireſt garment!

'Thou eating canker-worm, that preyeſt upon the opening bud, and turneſt the damaſk roſe into livid yellowneſs!

'If, as religion teaches us, God will judge us, in a great meaſure, by our benevolent or evil actions to one another—O wretch! bethink thee, in time bethink thee, how great muſt be thy condemnation!'

PAPER VIII.

'AT firſt, I ſaw ſomething in your air and perſon that diſpleaſed me not. Your birth and fortunes were no ſmall advantages to you.—Your acted not ignobly by my paſſionate brother.—Every-body ſaid you were brave: every-body ſaid you were generous: A *brave* man, I thought, could not be a *baſe* man: a *generous* man, could not, I believed, be *ungenerous*, where he acknowledged *obligation*. Thus prepoſſeſſed, all the reſt that my ſoul loved and wiſhed for in your reformation, I hoped!—I knew not, but by report, any flagrant inſtances of your vileneſs: You ſeemed frank, as well as generous: frankneſs and generoſity ever attracted me: whoever kept up thoſe appearances, I judged of their hearts by my own; and whatever qualities *I wiſhed* to find in them, I was *ready* to find; and, *when* found, I believed them to be natives of the ſoil.

'My fortunes, my rank, my character, I thought a further ſecurity. I was in none of thoſe reſpects unworthy of being the niece of Lord M. and of his two noble ſiſters.—Your vows, your imprecations—But, Oh! you have barbarouſly and baſely conſpired againſt that honour, which you ought to have protected: and now you have made me—What is it of vile that you have *not* made me?

'Yet God knows my heart, I had no culpable inclinations!—I honoured virtue!—I hated vice!—But I knew not, that you were vice itſelf!'

PAPER IX.

'HAD the happineſs of any the pooreſt outcaſt in the world, whom I had never ſeen, never known, never before heard of, lain as much in *my* power, as my happineſs did in *yours*, my benevolent heart would have made me fly to the ſuccour of ſuch a poor diſtreſſed —With what pleaſure would I have raiſed the dejected head, and comforted the deſponding heart!—but who now ſhall pity the poor wretch, who has encreaſed, inſtead of diminiſhed, the number of the miſerable!'

PAPER X.

'LEAD me, where my own thoughts themſelves may loſe me;
'Where I may doſe out what I've left of life,
'Forget myſelf, and that day's guilt!
'Cruel remembrance!—how ſhall I appeaſe thee?

'Oh!

'—Oh! you have done an act
'That blots the face and bluſh of modeſty;
'Takes off the roſe
'From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
'And makes a bliſter there!

'Then down I laid my head,
'Down on cold earth, and for a while was dead;
'And my freed ſoul to a ſtrange ſomewhere fled!
"Ah! ſottiſh ſoul!" ſaid I,
'When back to it's cage again I ſaw it fly;
"Fool! to reſume her broken chain;
"And row the galley here again!
"Fool! to that body to return,
"Where it condemn'd and deſtin'd is to *mourn!*"

'O, my Miſs Howe! if thou haſt friendſhip help me,
'And ſpeak the words of peace to my divided ſoul,
'That wars within me,
'And raiſes ev'ry ſenſe to my confuſion.
'I'm totr'ring on the brink
'Of peace; and thou art all the hold I've left!
'Aſſiſt me——in the pangs of my affliction!

'When honour's loſt, 'tis a relief to die:
'Death's but a ſure retreat from infamy.

'Then farewel, youth,
'And all the joys that dwell
'With youth and life!
'And life itſelf, farewel!

'For life can never be ſincerely bleſt.
'Heav'n puniſhes the *bad*, and proves the *beſt*.

"Death only can be dreadful to the bad:
"To innocence 'tis like a bugbear dreſs'd
"To frighten children. Pull but off the maſk,
"And he'll appear a friend."

"I could a tale unfold—
"Would harrow up thy ſoul!"

'By ſwift misfortunes
'How am I purſu'd!
'Which on each other
'Are like waves, renew'd!

After all, Belford, I have juſt ſkimmed over theſe tranſcriptions of Dorcas; and I ſee there are method and good ſenſe in ſome of them, wild as others of them are; and that her memory, which ſerves her ſo well for theſe poetical flights, is far from being impaired. And this gives me hope, that ſhe will ſoon recover her charming intellects—Though I ſhall be the ſufferer by their reſtoration, I make no doubt.

But, in the letter ſhe wrote to me, there are yet greater extravagances; and though I ſaid it was too affecting to give thee a copy of it, yet, after I have let thee ſee the looſe papers incloſed, I think I may throw in a tranſcript of that. Dorcas therefore ſhall here tranſcribe it. I cannot. The reading of it affected me ten times more than the ſevereſt reproaches of a regular mind could do.

'TO MR. LOVELACE.

'I NEVER intended to write another 'line to you. I would not ſee you, if I 'could help it—O that I never had!

'But tell me of a truth, Is Miſs Howe 'really and truly ill?—Very ill?—And 'is not her illneſs poiſon? And don't '*you* know who gave it her?

'What you, or Mrs. Sinclair, or ſome-'body, (I cannot tell who) have done to 'my poor head, you beſt know: but I 'ſhall never be what I was. My head 'is gone. I have wept away all my brain, 'I believe; for I can weep no more. 'Indeed I have had my full ſhare; ſo it 'is no matter.

'But, good now, Lovelace, don't ſet 'Mrs. Sinclair upon me again. I never 'did her any harm. She *ſo* affrights 'me, when I ſee her!—Ever ſince—

'When

'When was it? I cannot tell. *You* can, 'I suppose. She may be a good woman, 'as far as I know. She was the wife 'of a man of honour — Very likely '—Though forced to lett lodgings for 'her livelihood. Poor gentlewoman! 'Let her know I pity her: but don't 'let her come near me again — Pray 'don't!

'Yet she may be a very good wo-'man—

'What would I say!—I forget what I 'was going to say.

'O Lovelace, you are Satan himself; 'or he helps you out in every-thing; 'and that's as bad!

'But have you really and truly sold 'yourself to him? And for how long? 'What duration is your reign to have?

'Poor man! The contract *will* be out; 'and then what will be your fate!

'O Lovelace! if you could be sorry 'for yourself, I would be sorry too— 'But when all my doors are fast, and 'nothing but the key-hole open, and 'the key of late put into that, to be 'where you are, in a manner, without 'opening any of them—O wretched, 'wretched Clarissa Harlowe!

'For I never will be Lovelace—let 'my uncle take it as he pleases.

'Well, but now I remember what I 'was going to say—It is for *your* good— 'not *mine*—For nothing can do me good 'now!—O thou villainous man! thou 'hated Lovelace!

'But Mrs. Sinclair may be a good 'woman—If you love me—But that you 'don't—But don't let her bluster up 'with her worse than mannish airs to 'me again! O she is a frightful woman! 'If she *be* a woman! She needed not to 'put on that *fearful mask* to scare me out 'of my poor wits. But don't tell her 'what I say—I have no hatred to her— 'It is only fright, and foolish fear, that's 'all.—She may not *be* a bad woman— 'But neither are all *men*, any more than 'all *women*, alike--God forbid they should 'be like you!

'Alas! you have killed my head 'among you—I don't say who did it!— 'God forgive you all!—But had it not 'been better to have put me out of all 'your ways at once? You might safely 'have done it! For nobody would re-'quire me at your hands—No, not a soul '—Except, indeed, Miss Howe would 'have said, when she should see you, "What, Lovelace, have you done with "Clarissa Harlowe?"—And then you 'could have given any slight gay an-'swer—"Sent her beyond sea;" or, "She has run away from me, as she did "from her parents." And this would 'have been easily credited; for you 'know, Lovelace, she that could run 'away from *them*, might very well run 'away from *you*.

'But this is nothing to what I wanted 'to say. Now I have it—

'I have lost it again—This foolish 'wench comes teazing me—"For what "purpose should I eat? For what end "should I wish to live?—I tell thee, "Dorcas, I will neither eat nor drink. "I cannot be worse than I am.

"I will do as you'd have me—Good "Dorcas, look not upon me so fiercely "—But thou canst not look so bad as I "have seen somebody look."

'Mr. Lovelace, now that I remember 'what I took pen in hand to say, [illegible] 'hurry off my thoughts, lest I [illegible] 'again—Here I am sensible—An[illegible] 'am hardly sensible neither—But I know 'my head is not as it should be, for all 'that—Therefore let me propose one 'thing to you: it is for *your* good—not '*mine*: and this is it:

'I must needs be both a trouble and 'an expence to you. And here my un-'cle Harlowe, when he knows how I am, 'will never wish any man to have me: 'no, not even *you*, who have been the 'occasion of it—Barbarous and ungrate-'ful!—A less complicated villainy cost 'a Tarquin—But I forget what I would 'say again—

'Then *this* is it—I never shall be my-'self again: I have been a very wicked 'creature—a vain, proud, poor crea-'ture—full of secret pride—which I car-'ried off under an humble guise, and 'deceived every-body—My sister says 'so—And now I am punished—So let 'me be carried out of this house, and 'out of your sight; and let me be put 'into that Bedlam privately, which once 'I saw: but it was a sad sight to me 'then! Little as I thought what I should 'come to *myself!*—That is all I would 'say: this is all I have to wish for—Then 'I shall be out of all your ways; and I 'shall be taken care of; and bread and 'water, without your tormentings, will 'be dainties; and my straw-bed the 'easiest I have lain in—for—I cannot 'tell how long!

'My cloaths will sell for what will 'keep me there, perhaps as long as I 'shall live. But, Lovelace, *dear* Love-'lace I will call you; for you have cost 'me enough, I'm sure!—don't let me 'be made a shew of, for my *family's* sake; 'nay, for your *own sake*, don't do that

—For

—For when I know all I have ſuffered, which yet I do not, and no matter if I never do—I may be apt to rave againſt you, by name, and tell of all your baſeneſs to a poor humbled creature, that once was as proud as any-body—But of what I can't tell—Except of mine own folly and vanity—But let that paſs—ſince I am puniſhed enough for it—

'So, ſuppoſe, inſtead of Bedlam, it were a private mad-houſe, where nobody comes!—That will be better a great deal.

'But another thing, Lovelace: don't let them uſe me cruelly when I am there—*You* have uſed me cruelly enough, you know!—Don't let *them* uſe me cruelly; for I will be very tractable; and do as any-body would have me to do—Except what you would have me do—for that I never will.—Another thing, Lovelace: don't let this *good* woman; I was going to ſay *vile* woman; but don't tell her that—becauſe ſhe won't let you ſend me to this happy refuge perhaps, if ſhe were to know it—

'Another thing, Lovelace: and let me have pen, and ink, and paper, allowed me—It will be all my amuſement—But they need not ſend to any-body I ſhall write to what I write, becauſe it will but trouble them: and ſomebody may do you a miſchief, may-be—I wiſh not that any-body do any-body a miſchief upon my account.

'You tell me, that Lady Betty Lawrance, and your couſin Montague, were here to take leave of me; but that I was aſleep, and could not be waked. So you told me at firſt, I was married, you know; and that you were my huſband—Ah! Lovelace! look to what you ſay.—But let not them, (for they will ſport with my miſery) let not *that* Lady Betty, let not *that* Miſs Montague, whatever the *real* ones may do; nor Mrs. Sinclair neither, nor any of her lodgers, nor her nieces, come to ſee me in my place—*Real* ones, I ſay; for, Lovelace, I ſhall find out all your villainies in time—Indeed I ſhall—So put me there as ſoon as you can—It is for *your* good—Then all will paſs for ravings that I can ſay, as, I doubt not, many poor creatures exclamations do paſs, though there may be too much truth in them for all that—And you know *I began to be mad at Hampſtead*—So you ſaid.—Ah! villainous man! what have you not to anſwer for!

'A LITTLE interval ſeems to be lent me. I had begun to look over what I have written. It is not fit for any one to ſee, ſo far as I have been able to re-peruſe it: but my head will not hold, I doubt, to go through it all. If therefore I have not already mentioned my earneſt deſire, let me tell you, it is *this:* that I be ſent out of this abominable houſe without delay, and lockrd up in ſome private mad-houſe about this town; for ſuch it ſeems there are; never more to be ſeen, or to be produced to any-body, except in your own vindication, if you ſhould be charged with the murder of my perſon; a much lighter crime, than that of my honour, which the greateſt villain on earth has robbed me of. And deny me not this my laſt requeſt, I beſeech you; and one other, and that is never to let me ſee you more! This ſurely may be granted to *the miſerably abuſed*,

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

I WILL not bear thy heavy preachments, Belford, upon this affecting letter. So, not a word of that ſort! The paper, thou'lt ſee, is bliſtered with the tears even of the hardened tranſcriber: which has made her ink run here-and-there.

Mrs. Sinclair is a true heroine, and, I think, ſhames us all. And ſhe is a *woman* too! Thou'lt ſay, 'The beſt 'things corrupted become the worſt.' But this is certain, that whatever the ſex ſet their hearts upon, they make thorough work of it. And hence it is, that a miſchief which would end in ſimple robbery among men-rogues, becomes murder, if a woman be in it.

I know thou wilt blame me for having had recourſe to *art*. But do not phyſicians preſcribe opiates in acute caſes, where the violence of the diſorder would be apt to throw the patient into a fever or delirium? I aver, that my motive for this expedient was *mercy*; nor could it be any-thing elſe. For a rape, thou knoweſt, to us rakes, is far from being an undeſirable thing. Nothing but the law ſtands in our way, upon that account; and the opinion of what a modeſt woman will ſuffer rather than become a *viva voce* accuſer, leſſens much an honeſt fellow's apprehenſions on that ſcore. Then, if theſe *ſomnivolencies* [I hate the word *opiates* on this occaſion] have turned her head, that is an effect they frequently have upon ſome conſtitutions; and

and in this caſe was rather the fault of the doſe than the deſign of the giver.

But is not wine itſelf an opiate in degree?—How many women have been taken advantage of by wine, and other ſtill more intoxicating viands?—Let me tell thee, Jack, that the *experience* of many of the *paſſive* ſex, and the *conſciences* of many more of the *active*, appealed to, will teſtify that thy Lovelace is not the worſt of villains. Nor would I have *thee* put me upon clearing myſelf by compariſons.

If ſhe eſcape a ſettled delirium when my plots unravel, I think it is all I ought to be concerned about. What therefore I deſire of thee, is, that, if two conſtructions may be made of my actions, thou wilt afford me the moſt favourable. For this, not only friendſhip, but my own ingenuouſneſs, which has furniſhed thee with the knowledge of the facts againſt which thou art ſo ready to inveigh, require of thee.

WILL is juſt returned from an errand to Hampſtead; and acquaints me, that Mrs. Townſend was yeſterday at Mrs. Moore's, accompanied by three or four rough fellows; a greater number (as ſuppoſed) at a diſtance. She was ſtrangely ſurprized at the news that my ſpouſe and I are entirely reconciled; and that two fine ladies, my relations, came to viſit her, and went to town with her: where ſhe is very happy with me. *She* was ſure we were not married, ſhe ſaid, unleſs it was while we were at Hampſtead: and *they* were ſure the ceremony was not performed there. But that the lady *is* happy and eaſy, is unqueſtionable: and a fling was thrown out by Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Bevis at *miſchief makers*, as they knew Mrs. Townſend to be acquainted with Miſs Howe.

Now, ſince my fair-one can neither receive, nor ſend away letters, I am pretty eaſy as to this Mrs. Townſend and her employer. And I fancy Miſs Howe will be puzzled to know what to think of the matter, and afraid of ſending by Wilſon's conveyance; and perhaps ſuppoſe that her friend ſlights her; or has changed her mind in my favour, and is aſhamed to own it; as ſhe has not had an anſwer to what ſhe wrote; and will believe that the ruſtick delivered her laſt letter into her own hand.

Mean time I have a little project come into my head, of a *new* kind; juſt for amuſement-ſake, that's all: variety has irreſiſtible charms. I cannot live without intrigue. My charmer has no paſſions; that is to ſay, none of the paſſions that I want her to have. She engages all my reverence. I am at preſent more inclined to regret what I have done, than to proceed to new offences: and ſhall regret it till I ſee how ſhe takes it when recovered.

Shall I tell thee my project? 'Tis not a high one.—'Tis this—To get hither Mrs. Moore, Miſs Rawlins, and my widow Bevis; for they are deſirous to make a viſit to my ſpouſe, now we are ſo happy together. And, if I can order it right, Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and I, will ſhew them a little more of the ways of this wicked town, than they at preſent know. Why ſhould they be *acquainted* with a man of my character, and not be the *better* and *wiſer* for it?—I would have every body rail againſt rakes with *judgment* and *knowledge*, if they *will* rail. Two of theſe women gave me a great deal of trouble: and the third, I am confident, will forgive a merry evening.

Thou wilt be curious to know, what the *perſons* of theſe women are, to whom I intend ſo much diſtinction. I think I have not heretofore mentioned any-thing characteriſtick of their perſons.

Mrs. *Moore* is a widow of about thirty-eight; a little mortified by misfortunes; but thoſe are often the merrieſt folks, when warmed. She has good features ſtill; and is what they call much of a gentlewoman, and very neat in her perſon and dreſs. She has given over, I believe, all thoughts of our ſex: but when the dying embers are raked up about the half-conſumed ſtump, there will be fuel enough left, I dare ſay, to blaze out, and give a comfortable warmth to a half-ſtarved by-ſtander.

Mrs. *Bevis* is comely; that is to ſay, plump; a lover of mirth, and one whom no grief ever dwelt with, I dare ſay, for a week together; about twenty-five years of age: Mowbray will have very little difficulty with her, I believe; for one cannot do every-thing one's ſelf. And yet ſometimes women of this free caſt, when it comes to the point, anſwer not the promiſes their cheerful forwardneſs gives a man who has a view upon them.

Miſs *Rawlins* is an agreeable young lady enough; but not beautiful. She has ſenſe, and would be thought *to know the world*, as it is called; but, for her knowledge, is more indebted to *theory* than *experience*. A mere whip-ſyllabub knowledge this, Jack, that always fails the perſon who truſts to it, when it ſhould

hold to do her service. For such young ladies have so much dependence upon their own understanding and wariness, are so much above the cautions that the less opiniomtive may be benefited by, that their presumption is generally their overthrow, when attempted by a man of experience, who knows how to flatter their vanity, and to magnify their wisdom, in order to take advantage of their folly. But, for Miss Rawlins, if I can add *experience* to her *theory*, what an accomplished person will she be!—And how much will she be obliged to me; and not only *she*, but all those who may be the better for the *precepts* she thinks herself already so well qualified to give! Dearly, Jack, do I love to engage with these *precept-givers*, and *example setters*.

Now, Belford, although there is nothing striking in any of these characters; yet may we, at a pinch, make a good frolicky half-day with them, if, after we have softened their wax at table by encouraging viands, we can set our women and them into dancing: dancing, which all women love, and all men should therefore promote, for *both* their sakes.

And thus, when Tourville sings, Belton fiddles, Mowbray makes rough love, and I smooth; and thou, Jack, wilt be by that time well enough to join in the chorus; the devil's in't, if we don't mould them into what shape we please—our own women, by their laughing freedoms, encouraging them to break through all their customary reserves: for women to women, thou knowest, are great darers and incentives: not one of them loving to be outdone or outdared, when their hearts are thoroughly warmed.

I know, at first, the difficulty will be the *accidental* absence of my dear Mrs. Lovelace, to whom principally they will design their visit: but if we can exhilarate them, they won't then wish to see her; and I can form twenty accidents and excuses, from one hour to another, for her absence, till each shall have a subject to take up all her thoughts.

I am really sick at heart for a frolick, and have no doubt but this will be an agreeable one. These women already think me a wild fellow; *nor do they like me the less for it*, as I can perceive; and I shall take care, that they shall be treated with so much freedom before one another's faces, that in policy they shall keep each other's counsel. And won't this be doing a kind thing by them? since it will knit an indissoluble band of union and friendship between three women who are neighbours, and at present have only *common* obligations to one another: for thou wantest not to be told, that secrets of love, and secrets of this nature, are generally the strongest cement of female friendships.

But, after all, if my beloved should be happily restored to her intellects, we may have scenes arise between us, that will be sufficiently busy to employ all the faculties of thy friend, without looking out for new occasions. Already, as I have often observed, has she been the means of saving scores of her sex, yet without her own knowledge.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

By Dorcas's account of her lady's behaviour, the dear creature seems to be recovering. I shall give the earliest notice of this to the *worthy* Captain Tomlinson, that he may apprize uncle John of it. I must be properly enabled, from that quarter, to pacify her, or at least, to rebate her first violence.

LETTER XXXVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 6 O'CLOCK, (JUNE 18.)

I Went out early this morning, and returned not till just now; when I was informed, that my beloved, in my absence, had taken it into her head to attempt to get away.

She tripped down, with a parcel tied up in a handkerchief, her hood on; and was actually in the entry, when Mrs. Sinclair saw her.

'Pray, Madam,' whipping between her and the street-door, 'be pleased to 'let me know whither you are going?'

'Who has a right to controul me?' was the word.

'I have, Madam, by order of your 'spouse: and,'—kemboing her arms, as she owned—'I desire you will be pleased 'to walk up again.'

She would have spoken; but could not: and, bursting into tears, turned back, and went up to her chamber: and Dorcas was taken to task for suffering her to be in the passage before she was seen.

This shews, as we hoped last night, that she was recovering her charming intellects.

Dorcas says, she was visible to her but once before, the whole day; and then seemed very solemn and sedate.

I will endeavour to see her. It must be in her own chamber, I suppose; for she

she will hardly meet me in the dining-room. What advantage will the confidence of our sex give me over the modesty of hers, if she be recovered!—*I*, the most confident of men: *she*, the most delicate of women. Sweet soul! methinks I have her before me—Her face averted—Speech lost in sighs—Abashed—Conscious—What a triumphant aspect will this give me, when I gaze in her downcast countenance!

THIS moment Dorcas tells me, she believes she is coming to find me out. She asked her after me: and Dorcas left her, drying her red-swoln eyes at her glass; [No design of moving me by tears!] sighing too sensibly for my courage. But to what purpose have I gone thus far, if I pursue not my principal end? Niceness must be a little abated. She knows the worst. That she cannot fly me; that she must see me; and that I can look her into a sweet confusion; are circumstances greatly in my favour. What can she do, but rave and exclaim? I am used to raving and exclaiming—But, if recovered, I shall see how she behaves upon this our first sensible interview after what she has suffered.

Here she comes.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

NEVER blame me for giving way to have art used with this admirable creature. All the princes of the air, or beneath it, joining with me, could never have subdued her while she had her senses.

I will not anticipate—Only to tell thee, that I am too much awakened by her to think of sleep, were I to go to-bed; and so shall have nothing to do, but to write an account of our odd conversation, while it is so strong upon my mind that I can think of nothing else.

She was dressed in a white damask night-gown, with less negligence than for some days past. I was sitting with my pen in my fingers; and stood up when I first saw her, with great complaisance, as if the day were still her own. And so indeed it is.

She entered with such dignity in her manner, as struck me with great awe, and prepared me for the poor figure I made in the subsequent conversation. A poor figure indeed!—But I will do her justice.

She came up with quick steps, pretty close to me; a white handkerchief in her hand; her eyes neither fierce nor wild, but very earnest; and a fixed sedateness in her whole aspect, which seemed to be the effect of deep contemplation: and thus she accosted me, with an air and motion that I never saw equalled.

'You see before you, Sir, the wretch, 'whose preference of you to all your 'sex, you have rewarded—as it indeed 'deserved to be rewarded. My father's 'dreadful curse has already operated 'upon me in the very letter of it, as to 'this life; and it seems to me too evident, that it will not be your fault, 'that it is not entirely compleated in the 'loss of my soul, as well as of my honour '—Which you, villainous man! have 'robbed me of, with a baseness so unnatural—so inhuman—that, it seems, you, 'even *you*, had not the heart to attempt 'it, till my senses were made the previous sacrifice.'

Here I made an hesitating effort to speak, laying down my pen: but she proceeded: —'Hear me out, guilty 'wretch!—abandoned man!—*Man* did 'I say?—Yet what name else can I!—'since the mortal worryings of the fiercest beast would have been more natural, and infinitely more welcome, than 'what you have acted by me; and that 'with a premeditation and contrivance 'worthy only of that single heart, which 'now, *base* as well as ungrateful as thou 'art, seems to quake within thee.—And 'well mayest thou quake—well mayest 'thou tremble and falter, and hesitate, 'as thou dost—when thou reflectest upon 'what I have suffered for thy sake, and 'upon the returns thou hast made me!'

By my soul, Belford, my whole frame was shaken: for not only her looks, and her action, but her voice, so solemn, was inexpressibly affecting: and then my cursed guilt, and her innocence, and merit, and rank, and superiority of talents, all stared me at that instant in the face so formidably, that my present account, to which the unexpectedly called me, seemed, as I then thought, to resemble that general one, to which we are told we shall be summoned, when our conscience shall be our accuser.

But she had had time to collect all the powers of her eloquence. The whole day probably in her intellects. And then I was the more disappointed, as I had thought I could have gazed the dear creature into confusion—But it is plain, that the sense she has of her wrongs sets this matchless woman *above all lesser, all weaker* considerations.

'My dear—My love—I—I—I never—No never—' Lips trembling, limbs quaking, voice inward, hesitating, broken—Never, surely, did miscreant look so *like* a miscreant!—While thus she proceeded, waving her snowy hand, with all the graces of moving oratory.

'I have no pride in the confusion visible in thy whole person. I have been all the day praying for a composure, if I could not escape from this vile house, that should once more enable me to look up to my destroyer with the consciousness of an innocent sufferer. Thou seest me, since my wrongs are beyond the power of *words to express*, thou seest me, *calm enough* to wish, that thou mayest continue harrassed by the workings of thy own conscience, till effectual repentance take hold of thee, that so thou mayest not forfeit all title to *that* mercy which thou hast not shewn to the poor creature now before thee, who had so well deserved to meet with a faithful friend, where she met with the worst of enemies.

'But tell me—(for no doubt thou hast *some* scheme to pursue)—Tell me, since I am a prisoner, as I find, in the vilest of houses, and have not a friend to protect or save me, what thou intendest shall become of the remnant of a life not worth the keeping!—Tell me, if yet there are more evils reserved for me; and whether thou hast entered into a compact with the grand Deceiver, in the person of his horrid agent in this house; and if the ruin of my soul, that my father's curse may be fulfilled, is to complete the triumphs of so vile a confederacy?—Answer me!—Say, if thou hast courage to speak out to her whom thou hast ruined, tell me what *further* I am to suffer from thy barbarity?'

She stopped here; and, sighing, turned her sweet face from me, drying up with her handkerchief those tears which she endeavoured to restrain; and, when she could not, to conceal from my sight.

As I told thee, I had prepared myself for high passions, raving, flying, tearing, execration: these transient violences, the workings of sudden grief, and shame, and vengeance, would have set us upon a par with each other, and quitted scores. These have I been accustomed to; and, as nothing violent is lasting, with these I could have wished to encounter. But such a majestick composure—Seeking me—whom, yet it is plain, by her attempt to get away, she would have avoided seeing—No Lucretia-like vengeance upon herself in her thought—Yet swallowed up, her whole mind swallowed up, as I may say, by a grief so heavy, as, in her own words, to be beyond the power of speech to express—and to be able, discomposed as she was, to the very morning, to put such a home-question to me, as if she had penetrated my future view—How could I avoid looking like a fool, and answering, as before, in broken sentences, and confusion?

'What—What-a—What has been 'done—I—I—I—cannot but say—Must 'own—Must confess—Hem—Hem—Is 'not right—Is not what should have 'been—But a—But—But—I am truly '—truly—sorry for it—Upon my soul I 'am—And—And—will do all—do 'every-thing—Do what—What-ever is 'incumbent upon me—all that you—'that you—that you shall require, to 'make you amends!'

O Belford! Belford! Whose the triumph now!—HERS, or MINE?

'Amends!—O thou truly despicable 'wretch!'—Then lifting up her eyes—'Good Heaven! Who shall pity the 'creature who could fall by so base a 'mind!—Yet'—and then she looked indignantly upon me—'Yet, I hate thee 'not (base and low-souled as thou art!) 'half so much as I hate myself, that I 'saw thee not sooner in thy proper colours!—That I hoped either morality, 'gratitude, or humanity, from a libertine, who, to *be* a libertine, must have 'got over and defied all moral sanctions.'

She then called upon her cousin Morden's name, as if he had warned her against a man of free principles; and walked towards the window; her handkerchief at her eyes: but, turning short towards me, with an air of mingled scorn and majesty—[*What, at the moment, would I have given never to have injured her!*]—'What amends hast *thou* to propose!—What amends can such a one 'as thou make to a person of spirit, or 'common-sense, for the evils thou hast 'so inhumanly made me suffer?'

'As soon, Madam—As soon—as—'As soon as your uncle—or—not waiting—'

'Thou wouldst tell me, I suppose—I 'know what thou wouldst tell me—But 'thinkest thou, that *marriage will satisfy 'for a guilt like thine?*—Destitute as thou 'hast made me both of friends and fortune, I too much despise the wretch, '*who could rob himself of his wife's virtue*, 'to endure the thoughts of thee, in the

'light

'light thou seemest to hope I will ac-
'cept thee in!'

I hesitated an interruption: but my meaning died away upon my trembling lips. I could only pronounce the word *marriage*—And thus she proceeded:

'Let me therefore know, whether I 'am to be controuled in the future dis-
'posal of myself? Whether, in a coun-
'try of liberty, as *this*, where the *sove-*
'reign of it must not be guilty of *your* 'wickedness, and where *you* neither 'durst have attempted it, had I one 'friend or relation to look upon me; 'I am to be kept here a prisoner, to 'sustain fresh injuries? Whether, in a 'word, you intend to hinder me from 'going whither my destiny shall lead 'me?'

After a pause—for I was still silent—

'Can you not answer me this plain 'question?—I quit all claim, all expec-
'tation, upon you—What right have 'you to detain me here?'

I could not speak. What could I say to such a question?

'O wretch!' wringing her uplifted hands, 'had I not been robbed of my 'senses, and that in the *basest* manner—
'You best know how—Had I been able 'to account for myself, and your pro-
'ceedings, or to have known but how 'the days passed; a whole week should 'not have gone over my head, as I find 'it has done, before I had told you, 'what I now tell you—*That the man who 'has been the villain to me you have been, 'shall never make me his wife.*—I will 'write to my uncle, to lay aside his kind 'intentions in my favour—All my 'prospects are shut in—I give myself up 'for a lost creature as to this world—
'Hinder me not from entering upon a 'life of severe penitence, for corres-
'ponding, after prohibition, with a 'wretch who has too well justified all 'their warnings and inveteracy; and 'for throwing myself into the power of 'your vile artifices. Let me try to se-
'cure the only hope I have left. This is 'all the amends I ask of you. I repeat, 'therefore, am I *now* at liberty to dispose 'of myself as I please?'

Now comes the fool, the miscreant, again, hesitating his broken answer—
'My dearest love, I am confounded—
'quite confounded—at the thought of 'what—of what has been done; and at 'the thought of—to whom. I see—I see '—there is no withstanding your elo-
'quence!—Such irresistible proofs of 'the love of virtue *for it's own sake*—did 'I never hear of, nor meet with, in all 'my reading. And if you can forgive a 'repentant villain, who thus on his 'knees implores your forgiveness,'—[Then down I dropt, absolutely in earnest in all I said]—'I vow by all 'that's sacred and just, (and may a thun-
'derbolt strike me dead at your feet, if 'I am not sincere!) that I will by mar-
'riage, before to-morrow noon, with-
'out waiting for your uncle, or any-
'body, do you all the justice I now can 'do you. And you shall ever after con-
'troul and direct me as you please, till 'you have made me more worthy of 'your angelick purity, than now I am: 'nor will I presume so much as to touch 'your garment, till I have the honour 'to call so great a blessing lawfully 'mine.'

'O thou guileful betrayer! There is 'a just God, whom thou invokest—
'Yet the thunder-bolt descends not; 'and thou livest to imprecate and de-
'ceive!'

'My dearest life!'—rising; for I hoped she was relenting.

'Hadst thou not sinned beyond the '*possibility of forgiveness*,' interrupted she; 'and this had been the first time 'that thus thou solemnly promisest and 'invokest the vengeance thou hast as 'often defied; the desperateness of my 'condition might have induced me to 'think of taking a wretched chance with 'a man so profligate. But, *after what 'I have suffered by thee*, it would be *cri-
'minal* in me to wish to bind my soul in 'covenant to a man so nearly allied to 'perdition.'

'Good God!—how uncharitable!—
'I offer not to defend—Would to Hea-
'ven that I could recal—*So nearly allied 'to perdition*, Madam!—So *profligate a 'man*, Madam!'

'O how short is expression of *thy* 'crimes, and of *my* sufferings!—Such 'premeditation in thy baseness!—To 'prostitute the characters of persons of 'honour of thy own family—And all to 'delude a poor creature, whom thou 'oughtest—But why talk I to thee?—Be 'thy crimes upon thy head!—Once more 'I ask thee, Am I, or am I not, at my 'own liberty *now*?'

I offered to speak in defence of the women, declaring that they really were the very persons—

'Presume not,' interrupted she, 'bad 'as thou art, to say one word in thine 'own vindication on this head. I have 'been contemplating their behaviour, 'their conversation, their over-ready 'acquiescences to my declarations in thy

'disfavour,

[illegible] sins, yet affectedly reserved light manners: and now, that the sad event has opened my eyes, and I have compared facts and passages together, in the little interval that has been lent me, I wonder I could not distinguish the behaviour of the unnatural-like jilt whom thou broughtest to betray me, from the worthy lady whom thou hast the honour to call thy cousin: and that I could not detect the superficial creature, whom thou passedst upon me for the the virtuous Miss Montague.'

'Amazing uncharitableness in a lady so good herself!—That the high spirits those ladies were in to see *you*, should subject them to such censures!—I do most solemnly vow, Madam—'

'That they were,' interrupting me, 'verily and *indeed*, Lady Betty Lawrance, and thy cousin Montague!—O wretch! I see by thy solemn averment,'—[*I had not yet averred it*]—what credit ought to be given to all the rest. Had I no other proof—'

Interrupting her, I besought her patient ear. I had found myself, *I told her*, almost *cruelly* despised and hated. I had no hope of gaining her love, or her confidence. The letter she had left behind her, on her removal to Hampstead, sufficiently convinced me, that she was entirely under Miss Howe's influence, and waited but the return of a letter from her to enter upon measures that would deprive me of her for ever: Miss Howe had *ever* been my enemy: more so *then*, no doubt, from the contents of the letter she had written to her on her first coming to Hampstead: that I feared not to stand the event of such a letter; and was glad of an opportunity, by Lady Betty's and my cousin's means, (though they knew not my motive) to get her back to town; for, at the *time*, [illegible] the outrage which my despair, and her want of confidence in me, put me so vilely upon—

I would have proceeded; and particularly would have said something of Captain Tomlinson and her uncle; but she would not hear me further. And indeed it was with visible indignation, and not without several angry interruptions, that she heard me say so much.

Would I dare, she asked me, to offer as a palliation of my baseness? The two women, she was convinced, were [illegible]. She knew not but Captain Tomlinson, and Mr. Mennell, were so too. But, whether *they* were so or not, [illegible]. And she insisted upon being at her own disposal for the remainder of her short life—For indeed she abhorred me in every light; and more particularly in that, in which I offered myself to her acceptance.

And, saying this, she flung from me; leaving me absolutely shocked and confounded at her part of a conversation, which she began with such uncommon, however severe, composure, and concluded with *so* much sincere and unaffected indignation.

And now, Jack, I must address one serious paragraph *particularly* to thee.

I have not yet touched upon cohabitation—Her uncle's mediation she does not absolutely discredit, as I had the pleasure to find by one hint in this conversation—Yet she suspects my future views, and has doubt about Mennell and Tomlinson.

I *do* say, If she come *fairly* at her *lights*, at her *clues*, or what shall I call them? her penetration is *wonderful*.

But if she do *not* come at them fairly, *then* is her incredulity, *then* is her antipathy to me, evidently accounted for.

I will speak out—Thou couldst not, surely, play me booty, Jack?—Surely thou couldst not let thy weak pity for *her* lead thee to an unpardonable breach of trust to thy *friend*, who has been so unreserved in his communications to thee?

I cannot believe thee capable of such a baseness. Satisfy me, however, upon this head. I must make a cursed figure in her eyes, vowing and protesting, as I shall not scruple occasionally to vow and protest, if all the time she has had unquestionable informations of my perfidy. I know thou as little feareſt me, as I do thee, in any point of manhood; and wilt scorn to deny it, if thou *hast* done it, when thus home-pressed.

And here I have a good mind to stop, and write no farther, till I have thy answer.

And so I will.

MONDAY MORN. PAST THREE.

LETTER XXXIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY MORN. 5 O'CLOCK, (JUNE 19).

I *Must* write on. Nothing else can divert me: and I think thou canst not have been a dog to me.

I would fain have closed my eyes: but sleep flies me. Well says *Horace*, as translated by *Cowley*—

'The

'The halcyon *fleet* will never build his nest
'In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough, that he does find
'*Clouds* and *darkness* in the mind:
'*Darkness* but half his work will do.
'Tis not enough; he must find *quiet* too.'

Now indeed I do from my heart wish, that I had never known this lady. But who would have thought there had been such a woman in the world? Of all the sex I have hitherto known, or heard, or read of, it was *once subdued and always subdued*. The *first* struggle was generally the *last*; or at least, the subsequent struggles were so much fainter and fainter, that a man would rather have them, than be without them. But how know I yet—

It is now near six—The sun for two hours past has been illuminating everything about me; for that impartial orb shines upon mother Sinclair's house, as well as upon any other: but nothing within me can it illuminate.

At day-dawn I looked through the key-hole of my beloved's door. She had declared she would not put off her cloaths any more in this house. There I beheld her in a sweet slumber, which I hope will prove refreshing to her disturned senses; sitting in her elbow-chair, her apron over her head; her head supported by one sweet hand, the other hand hanging down upon her side, in a sleepy lifelessness: half of one pretty foot only visible.

'See the difference in our cases!' thought I: 'she, the charming injured,
'can sweetly sleep, while the varlet-in-
'jurer cannot close his eyes; and has
'been trying to no purpose the whole
'night to divert his melancholy, and to
'fly from himself!'

As every vice generally brings on it's own punishment, even in *this* life; if any-thing were to tempt me to doubt of *future* punishment, it would be, that there can hardly be a greater than that which I at this instant experience in my own remorse.

I hope it will go off.—If not, well will the dear creature be avenged; for I shall be the most miserable of men.

SIX O'CLOCK.

Just now Dorcas tells me, that her lady is preparing openly, and without disguise, to be gone. Very probable. The humour she flew away from me in last night, has given me expectation of such an enterprize.

Now, Jack, to be thus hated, and despised!—And by Miss Clarissa Harlowe forgiveness—

But she has sent me a message by Dorcas, that she will meet me in the morning-room; and desires [cold enough!] that the wench might be present at the conversation that will pass between us. This message gives me hope.

SEVEN O'CLOCK.

Confounded art, cunning, villainy!—By my soul, she had like to have slipt through my fingers!—She meant nothing by her message; but to get Dorcas out of her way, and a clear coast. Is a fancied distress sufficient to justify this lady for dispensing with her principles? Does she not shew me, that she can wilfully deceive as well as I?

Had she been in the fore-house, and no passage to go through to get at the street-door, she had certainly been gone. But her haste betrayed her: for Sally Martin happening to be in the fore-parlour, and hearing a swifter motion than usual, and a rustling of silks, as if from somebody in a hurry, looked out, and seeing who it was, stept between her and the door, and set her back against it.

'You must not go, Madam. Indeed
'you must not.'

'By what right?—And how dare you?'—And such-like imperious airs the dear creature gave herself.—While Sally called out for her aunt; and half a dozen voices joined instantly in the cry for me to hasten down—to hasten down—in a moment.

I was gravely instructing Dorcas above-stairs, and wondering what would be the subject of the conversation to which the wench was to be a witness, when these outcries reached my ears. And down I flew.—And there was the charming creature, the sweet dissembler, panting for breath, her back against the partition, a parcel in her hand, [Women make no excursions without their parcels] Sally, Polly, (but Polly obligingly pleaded for her) the mother, Miss Bell, and Peter, (the footman of the house) about her; all, however, keeping their distance; the mother and Sally between her and the door.—In her rage the dear soul repeating, 'I will
'go—Nobody has a right—I will go!—
'If you kill me, women, I won't go up
'again!'

As soon as she saw me, she stept a pace or two towards me! 'Mr. Lovelace, I
'*will* go!' said she—'Do you authorize
'these

'these women—What right have they, 'or *you* either to ſtop me?'

'Is this, my dear, preparative to the 'converſation you led me to expect in 'the dining-room? And do you think 'I can part with you thus?—Do you 'think I will?'

'And am I, Sir, to be thus beſet? 'Surrounded thus?—What have theſe 'women to do with me?'

I deſired them to leave us, all but Dorcas, who was down as ſoon as I. I then thought it right to aſſume an air of reſolution, having found my tameneſs ſo greatly triumphed over. 'And 'now, my dear,' ſaid I, (urging her reluctant feet) 'be pleaſed to walk into 'the fore-parlour. Here, ſince you 'will not go up ſtairs; here we may *hold 'our parley*; and Dorcas *be witneſs to it.* '—And now, Madam,' ſeating her, and ſticking my hands in my ſides, 'your 'pleaſure!'

'Inſolent villain!' ſaid the furious lady. And, riſing, ran to the window and threw up the ſaſh. [She knew not, I ſuppoſe, that there were iron rails before the windows.] And, when ſhe found ſhe could not get out into the ſtreet, claſping her up-lifting hands together, having dropt her parcel—'For 'the love of God, good honeſt man!—'For the love of God, miſtreſs—' [to two paſſers-by] 'a poor, a poor crea-'ture' ſaid ſhe, 'ruined!'

I claſped her in my arms, people beginning to gather about the window: and then ſhe cried out 'Murder! Help! 'help!'—And carried her up to the dining-room, in ſpite of her little plotting heart, (as I may now call it) although ſhe violently ſtruggled, catching hold of the bannifters here and there, as ſhe could. I would have ſeated her there; but ſhe ſunk down half-motionleſs, pale as aſhes. And a violent burſt of tears happily relieved her.

Dorcas wept over her. The wench was actually moved for her!

Violent hyſtericks ſucceeded. I left her to Mabell, Dorcas, and Polly; the latter the moſt ſupportable to her of the ſiſterhood.

This attempt, ſo reſolutely made, alarmed me not a little.

Mrs. Sinclair, and her nymphs, are much more concerned; becauſe of the reputation of their houſe, as they call it, having received ſome inſults, (broken windows threatened) to make them produce the young creature who cried out.

While the mobbiſh inquiſitors were in the height of their office, the women came running up to me, to know what they ſhould do; a conſtable being actually fetched.

'Get the conſtable into the parlour,' ſaid I, 'with three or four of the for-'wardeſt of the mob, and produce one 'of the nymphs, onion-eyed, in a mo-'ment, with diſordered head-dreſs and 'handkerchief, and let her own herſelf 'the perſon: the occaſion, a female ſkir-'miſh; but ſatisfied with the juſtice done 'her. Then give a dram or two to each 'fellow, and all will be well.'

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

ALL done, as I adviſed; and all *is* well.

Mrs. Sinclair wiſhes ſhe never had ſeen the face of ſo ſkittiſh a lady; and ſhe and Sally are extremely preſſing with me, to leave the perverſe beauty to their *breaking*, as they call it, for four or five days. But I curſed them into ſilence; only ordering double precaution for the future.

Polly, though ſhe conſoled the dear perverſe one all ſhe could, when *with her*, inſiſts upon it *to me*, that nothing but terror will procure me tolerable uſage.

Dorcas was challenged by the women upon her tears. She owned them real. Said, ſhe was aſhamed of herſelf; but could not help it. So ſincere, ſo *unyielding* a grief, in ſo *ſweet* a lady!

The women laughed at her: but I bid her make no apologies for her tears, nor mind their laughing. I was glad to ſee them *ſo ready*. Good uſe might be made of ſuch ſtrangers. In ſhort I would have her indulge them often, and try if it were not poſſible to gain her lady's confidence by her concern for her.

She ſaid, that her lady *did* take kind notice of them to her; and was glad to ſee ſuch tokens of humanity in her.

'Well then,' ſaid I, '*your* part, whe-'ther any-thing come of it or not, 'is 'to be *tender-hearted*. It can do no 'harm, if no good. But take care you 'are not *too ſuddenly*, or too *officiouſly* 'compaſſionate.'

So Dorcas will be a humane good ſort of creature, I believe, very quickly with her lady. And as it becomes women to be ſo, and as my beloved is willing to think highly of her own ſex; it will the more readily paſs with her.

I thought to have had one trial (having gone ſo far) for *cohabitation*. But what hope can there be of ſucceeding?—She is invincible!—*Againſt all my notions, againſt all my conceptions*, (thinking of

her as a woman, and in the very bloom of her charms) *she is absolutely invincible*. My whole view at the preſent, is to do her legal juſtice, if I can but once more get her out of her altitudes.

The *conſent* of ſuch a woman muſt make her ever new, ever charming. But aſtoniſhing! Can the want of a church-ceremony make ſuch a difference!

She *owes* me her conſent; for hitherto I have nothing to boaſt of. All, of my ſide, has been *deep remorſe, anguiſh of mind*, and *love encreaſed*, rather *than abated*.

How her proud rejection ſtings me! —And yet I hope ſtill to get her to liſten to my ſtories of the family-reconciliation, and of her uncle and Captain Tomlinſon—And as ſhe has given me a pretence to detain her againſt her will, ſhe *muſt* ſee me whether in temper or not —She cannot help it. And if love will not do, terror, as the women adviſe, muſt be tried.

A nice part, after all, has my beloved to act. If ſhe forgive me eaſily, I reſume perhaps my projects:—if ſhe carry her rejection into violence, that violence may make me deſperate, and occaſion freſh violence. She ought, ſince ſhe thinks ſhe has found the women out, to conſider *where ſhe is*.

I am confoundedly out of conceit with myſelf. If I give up my contrivances, my joy in ſtratagem, and plot, and invention, I ſhall be but a common man: ſuch another dull heavy creature as thyſelf. Yet what does even my ſucceſs in my machinations bring me, but regret, diſgrace, repentance? But I am overmatched, egregiouſly overmatched, by this woman. What to do with her, or without her, I know not.

LETTER XL.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Have this moment intelligence from Simon Parſons, one of Lord M.'s ſtewards, that his lordſhip is very ill. Simon, who is my obſequious ſervant, in virtue of my preſumptive heirſhip, gives me a hint in this letter, that my preſence at M. Hall will not be amiſs. So, I muſt accelerate, whatever be the courſe I ſhall be allowed or compelled to take.

No bad proſpects for this charming creature, if the old peer would be ſo kind as to ſurrender; and many a ſummons has this gout given him. A good 8000*l*. a year, and perhaps the title reverſionary, or a ſtill higher, would help me up with her.

Proudly as this lady pretends to be above all pride, grandeur will have its charms with her; for grandeur always makes a man's face ſhine in a woman's eye. I have a pretty good, becauſe a clear eſtate, as it is: but what a noble variety of miſchief will 8000*l*. a year enable a man to do!

Perhaps thou'lt ſay, I do *already* all that comes into my head: but that's a miſtake—Not one half, I will aſſure thee. And even *good folks*, as I have heard, love to have the *power* of doing miſchief, whether they make *uſe of it* or *not*. The late Queen Anne, who was a very good woman, was always fond of *prerogative*. And her miniſters, in her name, in more inſtances than one, made a *miniſterial* uſe of this foible.

But now, at laſt, I am to be admitted to the preſence of my angry fair-one: after three denials, nevertheleſs; and a *peremptory* from me, by Dorcas, that I muſt ſee her in her chamber, if I cannot ſee her in the dining-room.

Dorcas, however, tells me, that ſhe ſays, if ſhe were at her own liberty, ſhe would never ſee me more; and that ſhe had been aſking after the characters and conditions of the neighbours. I ſuppoſe, now ſhe has found her voice, to call out for help from them, if there were any to hear her.

She will have it now, it ſeems, that I had the wickedneſs from the very beginning, to contrive for her ruin, a houſe ſo convenient for dreadful miſchief.

Dorcas begs of her to be pacified.—Entreats her to ſee me with patience.—Tells her I am one of the moſt determined of men, as ſhe has heard ſay. That gentleneſs may do with me; but that nothing elſe will, ſhe believes. And what, as her ladyſhip (as ſhe always ſtiles her) is *married*, if I *had* broken my oath, or *intended* to break it!

She hinted plain enough to the honeſt wench, that ſhe was *not* married.—But Dorcas would not underſtand her.

This ſhews, that ſhe is reſolved to keep no meaſures. And now is to be a trial of ſkill, whether ſhe ſhall or not.

Dorcas has hinted to her my lord's illneſs, as a piece of intelligence that dropt in converſation from me.

But here I ſtop. My beloved, purſuant to my peremptory meſſage, is juſt gone up into the dining-room.

LETTER XLI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

PITY me, Jack, for pity's sake; since all if thou doſt not, nobody elſe will: and yet never was there a man of my genius and lively temper that wanted it more. We are apt to attribute to the devil every-thing that happens to us, which we would not *have* happen: but here, being (as perhaps thou'lt ſay) the devil myſelf, my plagues ariſe from an angel. I ſuppoſe all mankind is to be plagued by it's *contrary*.

She began with me like a true woman [*She* in the fault, *I* to be blamed] the moment I entered the dining-room: —not the leaſt apology, nor the leaſt excuſe, for the uproar ſhe had made, and the trouble ſhe had given me.

'I come,' ſaid ſhe, 'into thy deteſted 'preſence, becauſe I cannot help it. 'But why am I to be impriſoned here? '—Although to no purpoſe, I cannot 'help—'

'Deareſt Madam,' interrupted I, 'give not way to ſo much violence. 'You muſt know that your detention is 'entirely owing to the deſire I have to 'make you all the amends that is in my 'power to make you. And this, as well 'for *your* ſake as *my own*.—Surely there 'is ſtill *one* way left to repair the wrongs 'you have ſuffered.'

'Canſt thou blot out the paſt week! 'Several weeks paſt, I ſhould ſay; ever 'ſince I have been with thee? Canſt thou 'call back time?—If thou canſt—'

'Surely, Madam,' again interrupting, 'if I may be permitted to call you 'legally mine, I might have but an-'ticip——'

'Wretch that thou art! Say not ano-'ther word upon the ſubject. When 'thou vowedſt, when thou promiſedſt 'at Hampſtead, I had begun to think 'that I muſt be thine. If I had con-'ſented, at the requeſt of thoſe I thought 'thy relations, this would have been a 'principal inducement, that I could 'then have brought thee, what was 'moſt wanted, an unſullied honour in 'dowry, to a wretch deſtitute of all ho-'nour; and could have met the gra-'tulations of a family to which thy life 'has been one continued diſgrace, with 'a ſatisfaction of *deſerving* their gra-'tulations. But thinkeſt thou, that I 'will give a harlot-niece to thy honour-'able uncle, and to thy *real* aunts; and 'a couſin to thy couſins from a brothel? 'For ſuch, in my opinion, is this de-'teſted houſe!'—Then, lifting up her claſped hands, 'Great and good God 'of Heaven,' ſaid ſhe, 'give me pati-'ence to ſupport myſelf under the 'weight of thoſe afflictions, which Thou, 'for wiſe and good ends, though at pre-'ſent impenetrable by me, haſt per-'mitted!'

Then, turning towards me, who knew neither what to ſay *to* her, nor *for* myſelf, 'I renounce thee for ever, Love-'lace!—Abhorred of my ſoul! for 'ever I renounce thee!—Seek thy for-'tunes whereſoever thou wilt!—Only 'now, that thou haſt already ruined 'me—'

'Ruined you, Madam!—The world 'need not—' I knew not what to ſay.

'Ruined me in my *own* eyes; and 'that is the ſame to me, as if *all the* 'world knew it—Hinder me not from 'going whither my myſterious deſtiny 'ſhall lead me.

'Why heſitate you, Sir? What right 'have you to ſtop me, as you lately did; 'and to bring me up by force, my hands 'and arms bruiſed with your violence? 'What right have you to detain me 'here?'

'I am cut to the heart, Madam, with 'invectives ſo violent. I am but too 'ſenſible of the wrong I have done you, 'or I could not *bear* your reproaches. 'The man who perpetrates a villainy, 'and reſolves to go on with it, ſhews 'not the compunction I ſhew. Yet, if 'you think yourſelf in my power, I 'would caution you, Madam, not to 'make me deſperate. For you *ſhall* be 'mine, or my life ſhall be the forfeit! 'Nor is life worth having without you!'

'Be *thine!* I be *thine!*'—ſaid the paſſionate beauty. O how lovely in her violence!

'Yes, Madam, be *mine!*—I repeat, 'you *ſhall* be mine!—My very crime is 'your glory. My love, my admiration 'of you is encreaſed by what has paſſ-'ed: *and ſo it ought.* I am willing, 'Madam, to court your returning fa-'vour: but let me tell you, were the 'houſe beſet by a thouſand armed men, 'reſolved to take you from me, they 'ſhould not effect their purpoſe, while 'I had life.'

'I never, never will be yours,' ſaid ſhe, claſping her hands together, and lifting up her eyes!—'I never will be 'yours!'

'We may yet ſee many happy years, 'Madam. All your friends may be re-'conciled to you. The treaty for that

'purpoſe

'purpose is in greater forwardness than 'you imagine. You know *better* than to 'think the *worse* of yourself for suffering 'what you *could not help*. Enjoin but the 'terms I can make my peace with you 'upon, and I will instantly comply.'

'Never, never,' repeated she, 'will I 'be yours!'

'Only forgive me, my dearest life, 'this *one* time!—A virtue so invincible! 'what further view *can* I have against 'you?—Have I attempted any further 'outrage?—If you will be mine, your 'injuries will be injuries done to myself. 'You have too well guessed at the unnatural arts that have been used.—But 'can a greater testimony be given of 'your virtue?—And now I have only 'to hope, that although I cannot make 'you *complete* amends, yet you will permit me to make you *all* the amends 'that can possibly be made.

'Hear me out, I beseech you, Madam;' for she was going to speak with an aspect unpacifiedly angry, 'the God, 'whom you serve, requires but repentance and amendment. Imitate *Him*, 'my dearest love, and bless me with the '*means* of reforming a course of life, 'that begins to be hateful to me. *That* 'was *once* your favourite point. Resume it, dearest creature: in charity to a 'soul, as well as body, which once, as 'I flattered myself, was *more* than indifferent to you, resume it. And let to-'morrow's sun witness to our espousals.'

'*I* cannot judge thee,' said she; 'but 'the GOD to whom thou so boldly re-'ferrest, can; and assure thyself *He* will. 'But, if compunction has *really* taken 'hold of thee; if *indeed* thou art touched 'for thy ungrateful baseness, and mean-'est any-thing by pleading the holy ex-'ample thou recommendest to my imi-'tation; in this thy pretended repentant 'moment, let me sift thee thoroughly; 'and by thy answer I shall judge of the 'sincerity of thy pretended declara-'tions.

'Tell me then, Is there any reality 'in the treaty thou hast pretended to be 'on foot between my uncle and Captain 'Tomlinson, and thyself?—Say, and 'hesitate not, is there any truth in that 'story?—But, remember, if there be *not*, 'and thou avowest that there *is*, what 'further condemnation attends thy aver-'ment, if it be as solemn as I require it 'to be!'

This was a cursed thrust! What could I say?—'Surely this merciless lady is 'resolved to damn me,' thought I, 'and yet accuses me of a design against 'her soul!'—But was I not obliged to proceed as I had begun?

In short, I solemnly averred, that there was!—How one crime, as the good folks say, brings on another!

I added, That the captain had been in town, and would have waited on her, had she not been indisposed: that he went down much afflicted, as well on her account, as on that of her uncle; though I had not acquainted him either with the nature of her disorder, or the ever-to-be-regretted occasion of it; having told him, that it was a violent fever: that he had twice since, by her uncle's desire, sent up to enquire after her health: and that I had already dispatched a man and horse with a letter, to acquaint him (and her uncle through him) with her recovery; making it my earnest request, that he would renew his application to her uncle for the favour of his presence at the private celebration of our nuptials; and that I expected an answer, if not this night, at to-morrow.

'Let me ask thee next,' said she, '(Thou knowest the opinion I have of 'the women thou brought'st to me at 'Hampstead; and who have seduced me 'hither to my ruin; let me ask thee) if, '*really* and *truly*, they were Lady Betty 'Lawrance and thy cousin Montague? '—What sayest thou—Hesitate not—'What sayest thou to this question?'

'Astonishing, my dear, that you should 'suspect them!—But, knowing your 'strange opinion of them, what can I 'say to be believed?'

'And is *this* the answer thou returnest 'me? Dost thou *thus* evade *my* question? 'But let me know, for I am trying thy 'sincerity now, and shall judge of thy 'new professions by thy answer to this 'question; let me know, I repeat, whether those women be *really* Lady Betty 'Lawrance and thy cousin Montague?'

'Let me, my dearest love, be enabled 'to-morrow to call you lawfully mine, 'and we will set out the next day, if 'you please, to Berkshire, to my Lord 'M.'s, where they both are at this 'time; and you shall convince yourself 'by your own eyes, and by your own 'ears; which you will believe sooner 'than all I can say or swear.'

'Now, Belford, I had really some apprehension of treachery from thee; which made me so miserably evade; for else, I could as safely have sworn to the truth of this, as to that of the former: but she pressing me still for a categorical answer, I ventured plump; and swore

[*Here she sobs, finely!*] that they were really and truly Lady Betty Lawrance and my cousin Montague.

'She lifted up her hands and eyes—'What can I think!—What *can* I think!'

'You *think* me a devil, Madam; a very devil! or you could not, after you have put these questions to me, seem to doubt the truth of answers so solemnly sworn to.'

'And if I do think thee so, have I not cause? Is there another man in the world (I hope for the sake of human nature, there is not) who could act by any poor friendless creature as thou hast acted by *me*, whom thou hast *made* friendless—And who, before I knew thee, had for a friend every-one who knew me?'

'I told you, Madam, *before*, that Lady Betty and my cousin were actually here, in order to take leave of you, before they set out for Berkshire: but the effects of my ungrateful crime (shall, with shame and remorse, I own it to be) were the reason you could not see them. Nor could I be fond, that they should see *you*: since they never would have forgiven me, had they known what had passed — And what reason had I to expect your silence on the subject, had you been recovered?'

'It signifies nothing now, that the cause of their appearance has been answered in my ruin, *who* or *what* they are: but if thou hast averred thus solemnly to two falshoods, what a wretch do I see before me!'

I thought she had now reason to be satisfied; and I begged her to allow me to talk to her of to-morrow, as of the happiest day of my life. 'We have the licence, Madam—And you *must* excuse me, that I cannot let you go hence till I have tried every way I *can* try, to obtain your forgiveness.'

'And am I then' [With a kind of frantick wildness] 'to be detained a prisoner in this horrid house; am I, Sir?—Take care! Take care!' holding up her hand, menacing, 'how you make me desperate! If I fall, though by my own hand, inquisition will be made for my blood: and be not out in thy plot, Lovelace, if it *should* be so —Make *sure* work, I charge thee? dig a hole deep enough to cram in and conceal this unhappy body: for, depend upon it, that some of those, who will not stir to protect me living, will move Heaven and earth to avenge me dead!'

A horrid dear creature!—By my soul, she made me shudder! She had need indeed to talk of *her* unhappiness in falling into the hands of the only *man* in the world, who could have used her, as I have used her—She is the only *woman* in the world, who could have shocked and disturbed me, as she has done.—So we are upon a foot in *that* respect. And I think I have the *worst* of it by much: since very little has been my joy; very much my trouble: and *her* punishment, as she calls it, is *over*. But when *mine* will, or what it *may be*, who can tell?

Here, only recapitulating, (think, then, how I must be affected at the time) I was forced to leave off, and sing a song to myself. I aimed at a lively air; but I croaked rather than sung. And fell into the old dismal Thirtieth of January strain: I hemmed up for a sprightlier note; but it would not do: and at last I ended, like a malefactor, in a dead psalm melody.

Heigh-ho!—I gape like an unfledged kite in it's nest, wanting to swallow a chicken, bobbed at it's mouth by it's marauding dam!

'What a devil ails me!—I can neither think nor write!

'Lie down, pen, for a moment!'

LETTER XLII.

MR LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THERE is certainly a good deal in the observation, *that it costs a man ten times more pains to be wicked, than it would cost him to be good*. What a confounded number of contrivances have I had recourse to, in order to carry my point with this charming creature; and, after all, how have I puzzled myself by it; and yet am near tumbling into the pit which it was the end of all my plots to shun! What a happy man had I been with such an excellence, could I have brought my mind to marry when I first prevailed upon her to quit her father's house! But *then*, as I have often reflected, how had I *known*, that a but blossoming beauty, who could carry on a private correspondence, and run such risques with a notorious wild fellow, was not prompted by inclination, which one day might give such a free liver as myself, as much pain to reflect upon, as, at the time, it gave me pleasure? Thou remembereſt the host's tale in Arioſto. And *thy* experience, as well as *mine*, can furnish out twenty *Fiametta's* in proof of the imbecillity of the sex.

But to proceed with my narrative.

The dear creature resumed the topick her heart was so firmly fixed upon; and insisted upon quitting the *odious house*, and that in very high terms.

I urged her to meet me the next day at the altar in either of the two churches mentioned in the licence. And I besought her, whatever were her resolution, to let me debate this matter calmly with her.

If, she said, I would have her give what I desired the least moment's consideration, I must not hinder her from being her own mistress. To what purpose did I ask her *consent*, if she had not a power over either her own person or actions?

'Will you give me your honour, Madam, if I consent to your quitting a 'house so disagreeable to you?—'

'My honour, Sir!' said the dear creature—'Alas!'—And turned weeping from me with inimitable grace—As if she had said—'Alas!—You have robbed me of my honour!'

I hoped then, that her angry passions were subsiding; but I was mistaken: for, urging her warmly for the day; and that for the sake of our mutual honour, and the honour of both our families; in this high-flown and high-souled strain she answered me.

'And canst thou, Lovelace, be so *mean* '—as to wish to make a wife of the creature thou hast insulted, dishonoured, 'and abused, as thou hast me? Was it 'necessary to humble me down to the 'low level of thy baseness, before I 'could be a wife meet for thee? Thou 'hadst a father, who was a man of honour: a mother, who deserved a better son. Thou hast an uncle, who is 'no dishonour to the peerage of a kingdom, whose peers are more respectable 'than the nobility of any other country. 'Thou hast other relations also, who may 'be *thy* boast, thou canst not be *theirs*— 'And canst thou not imagine, that thou 'hearest them calling upon thee; the 'dead from their monuments; the living from their laudable pride; not to 'dishonour thy ancient and splendid 'house, by entering into wedlock with 'a creature whom thou hast levelled 'with the dirt of the street, and classed 'with the vilest of her sex?'

I extolled her greatness of soul, and her virtue. I execrated myself for my guilt: and told her, how grateful to the *manes* of my ancestors, as well as to the wishes of the living, the honour I supplicated for would be.

But still she insisted upon being a free agent; of seeing herself in other lodgings before she would give what I urged the *least* consideration. Nor would she promise me favour even then, or to permit my visits. How then, as I asked her, could I comply, without resolving to lose her for ever?

She put her hand to her forehead often as she talked; and at last, pleading disorder in her head, retired; neither of us satisfied with the other. But *she* ten times more dissatisfied with me, than I with her.

Dorcas seems to be coming into favour with her.

'What now!—What now!'

MONDAY NIGHT.

How determined is this lady!—Again had she like to have escaped us!—What a fixed resentment!—She only, I find, assumed a little calm, in order to quiet suspicion. She was got down, and actually had unbolted the street-door, before I could get to her; alarmed as I was by Mrs. Sinclair's cook-maid, who was the only one that saw her fly through the passage: yet lightning was not quicker than I.

Again brought I her back to the dining-room, with infinite reluctance on her part. And before her face, ordered a servant to be placed constantly at the bottom of the stairs for the future.

She seemed even choaked with grief and disappointment.

Dorcas was exceedingly assiduous about her; and confidently gave it as her own opinion, that her dear lady should be permitted to go to another lodging, since *this* was so disagreeable to her: were she to be killed for saying so, she would say it. And was *good* Dorcas for this afterwards.

But for some time the dear creature was all passion and violence.

'I see, I see,' said she, when I had brought her up, 'what I am to expect 'from your new professions, O vilest of 'men!'

'Have I offered to you, my beloved 'creature, any thing that can justify 'this impatience after a more hopeful 'calm?'

She wrung her hands. She disordered her head-dress. She tore her ruffles. She was in a perfect phrenzy.

I dreaded her returning malady: but entreaty rather exasperating, I affected an angry air.—I bid her expect the worst she had to fear—And was menacing on, in hopes to intimidate her, when, dropping down at my feet—

''Twill be a mercy,' said she, 'the 'highest

'kindest act of mercy you can do, to 'kill me outright upon this spot—This 'happy spot, as I will, in my last mo'ments, call it!'—Then, baring, with still more frantick violence, part of her enchanting neck—'Here, here,' said the soul-harrowing beauty, 'let thy 'pointed mercy enter! And I will thank 'thee, and forgive thee for all the dread'ful past!—With my latest gasp will I 'forgive and thank thee!—Or help *me* 'to the means, and I will myself put out 'of thy way so miserable a wretch! And 'bless thee for those means!'

'Why all this extravagant passion? 'Why all these exclamations? Have I 'offered any new injury to you, my dear'est life? What a phrenzy is this! Am 'I not ready to make you all the repa'ration that I *can* make you? Had I not 'reason to hope—'

'No, no, no, no—' half a dozen times, as fast as she could speak.

'Had I not reason to hope, that you 'were meditating upon the means of 'making me happy, and yourself not 'miserable, rather than upon a flight 'so causeless and so precipitate?'

'No, no, no, no,' as before, shaking her head with wild impatience, as resolved not to attend to what I said.

'My resolutions are so honourable, 'if you will permit them to take effect, 'that I need not be solicitous whither 'you go, if you will but permit my visits, 'and receive my vows.—And God is 'my witness, that I bring you not back 'from the door, with any view to your 'dishonour; but the contrary: and this 'moment I will send for a minister to 'put an end to all your doubts and fears.'

'Say this, and say a thousand times 'more, and bind every word with a so'lemn appeal to that God whom thou 'art accustomed to invoke to the truth 'of the vilest falsehoods, and all will still 'be short of what thou *hast* vowed and 'promised to me. And, were *not* my 'heart to abhor thee, and to rise against 'thee, for thy *perjuries*, as it *does*, I 'would not, I tell thee once more, I 'would not, bind my soul in covenant 'with such a man, for a thousand 'worlds!'

'Compose yourself, however, Ma'dam; for *your own sake*, compose your'self. Permit me to raise you up; *ab'horred* as I am of your soul!

'Nay, if I must not touch you'— for she wildly slapt my hands; but with such a sweet passionate air, her bosom heaving and throbbing as she looked up to me, that although I was most sincerely enraged, I could with transport have prest'ed her to mine.

'If I must not touch you, I will not. '—But depend upon it,'—[and I assum'ed the sternest air I could assume, to try what *that* would do—'depend upon 'it, Madam, that this is not the way to 'avoid the evils you dread. Let me do 'what I will, I cannot be used worse—'Dorcas, be gone!'

She arose, Dorcas being about to withdraw; and wildly caught hold of her arm:—'O Dorcas! If thou art of mine 'own sex, leave me not, I charge thee!' —Then quitting Dorcas, down she threw herself upon her knees, in the furthermost corner of the room, clasping a chair with her face laid upon the bottom of it!—'O where can I be safe?—'Where—where can I be safe, from this 'man of violence?'

This gave Dorcas an opportunity to confirm herself in her lady's confidence: the wench threw herself at my feet, while I seemed in violent wrath; and, embracing my knees, 'Kill me, Sir—kill 'me, if you please!—I must throw my'self in your way, to save my lady. I 'beg your pardon, Sir—But you must 'be set on!—God forgive the mischief-'makers!—But your own heart, if left 'to itself, would not permit these things! '—Spare, however, Sir!—spare my la'dy, I beseech you!'—bustling on her knees about me, as if I were intending to approach her lady, had I not been restrained by her.

This, humoured by me—'Be gone, 'devil!—Officious devil, be gone!'—startled the dear creature; who, snatching up hastily her head from the chair, and as hastily popping it down again in terror, hit her nose, I suppose, against the edge of the chair; and it gushed out with blood, running in a stream down her bosom; she herself too much affrighted to heed it!

Never was mortal man in such terror and agitation as I; for I instantly concluded, that she had stabbed herself with some concealed instrument.

I ran to her in a wild agony—For Dorcas was frighted out of all her mock interposition.

'What have you done!—O what have 'you done!—Look up to me, my dearest 'life!—Sweet injured innocence, look 'up to me!—What have you done!—'Long will I not survive you!'—And I was upon the point of drawing my sword to dispatch myself, when I discovered—[What an unmanly blockhead does this charming creature make me at her plea-

sure!]

fame!]—that all I apprehended was but a bloody nose, which, as far as I know, (for it could not be stopped in a quarter of an hour) may have saved her head and her intellects.

But I see by this scene, that the sweet creature is but a pretty coward at bottom; and that I can terrify her out of her virulence against me, whenever I put on sternness and anger. But then, as a qualifier to the advantage this gives me over her, I find myself to be a coward too, which I had not before suspected, since I was capable of being so easily terrified by the apprehensions of her offering violence to herself.

LETTER XLIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

BUT with all this dear creature's resentment against me, I cannot, for my heart, think but she will get all over, and consent to enter the pale with me. Were she even to die to-morrow, and to know she should, would not a woman of her sense, of her punctilio, and in her situation, and of so proud a family, rather die married, than otherwise?—No doubt but she would; although she were to hate the man ever so heartily. If so, there is now but one man in the world whom she can have—And that is *me*.

Now I talk [*Familiar writing* is but *talking*, Jack] thus glibly of entering the pale, thou wilt be ready to question me, I know, as to my intentions on this head.

As much of my heart, as I know of it myself, will I tell thee.—When I am *from* her, I cannot still help hesitating about marriage; and I even frequently resolve against it, and determine to press my favourite scheme for cohabitation. But when I am *with* her, I am ready to say, to swear, and to do, whatever I think will be most acceptable to her: and were a parson at hand, I should plunge at once, no doubt of it, into the state.

I have frequently thought, in *common* cases, that it is happy for many giddy fellows, [There are giddy fellows, as well as giddy girls, Jack; and perhaps *those* are as often drawn in, as *those*] that ceremony and parade are necessary to the irrevocable solemnity; and that there is generally time for a man to recollect himself in the space between the heated over-night, and the cooler next morning; or I know not who could escape the sweet gypsies, whose fascinating powers are so much aided by our own raised imaginations.

'*A wife at any time*,' I used to say, I had ever confidence and vanity enough to think, that no woman breathing could deny her hand, when I held out mine. I am confoundedly mortified to find, that this lady is able to hold me at bay, and to refuse all my *honest* vows.

What force [Allow me a serious reflection, Jack: it *will* be put down! What force] have evil habits upon the human mind! when we enter upon a devious course, we think we shall have it in our power when we will to return to the right path. But it is not so, I plainly see: for, who can acknowledge with more justice this dear creature's merits, and his own errors, than I? Whose regret, at times, can be deeper than mine, for the injuries I have done her? Whose resolutions to repair those injuries stronger?—Yet how transitory is my penitence!—How am I hurried away—Canst thou tell by what?—O devil of youth, and devil of intrigue, how do you mislead me!—How often do we end in occasions for the deepest remorse, what we begin in wantonness!

At the present writing, however, the turn of the scale is in behalf of matrimony—For I despair of carrying with her my favourite point.

The lady tells Dorcas, that her heart is broken; and that she shall live but a little while. I think nothing of that, if we marry. In the first place, she knows not what a mind unapprehensive will do for her, in a state to which all the sex look forward with high satisfaction. How often have the whole sacred conclave been thus deceived in their choice of a pope; not considering, that the new dignity is of itself sufficient to give new life! A few months heart's ease will give my charmer a quite different notion of things: and I dare say, as I have heretofore said, 'Once married, 'and I am married for life.'

I will allow, that her pride, in *one* sense, has suffered abasement: but her triumph is the greater in every other. And while I can think that all her trials are but additions to her honour, and that I have laid the foundations of her glory in my own shame, can I be called cruel, if I am *not* affected with her grief as some men would be?

And for what should her heart be broken? Her will is unviolated—At *present*, however, her will is unviolated. The destroying of good habits, and the introducing of bad, to the corrupting of the

all whole heart, is the violation. That her will is not to be corrupted, that her mind is not to be debased, she has hitherto unquestionably proved. And if she give cause for further trials, and hold fast her integrity; what *ideas* will she have to dwell upon, that will be able to corrupt her morals? What *vestigia*, what *remembrances*, but such as will inspire abhorrence of the attempter?

What nonsense then to suppose, that such a mere *notional violation* as she has suffered, should be able to cut asunder the strings of life?

Her religion, married, or not married, will set her above making such a trifling accident, such an *involuntary* suffering, fatal to her.

Such considerations as these, they are, that support me against all apprehension of bugbear consequences: and I would have them have weight with thee; who art such a doughty advocate for her. And yet I allow thee this; that she really makes too much of it: takes it too much to heart. To be sure she ought to have forgot it by this time, except the charming, charming consequence happen, that still I am in hopes will happen, were I to proceed no further. And, if she apprehend this herself, then has the dear ever-nice soul some reason for taking it so much to heart: and yet would not, I think, refuse to legitimate.

O Jack! had I an imperial diadem, I swear to thee, that I would give it up, even to my *enemy*, to have one charming boy by this lady. And should she *escape me*, and no such effect follow, my revenge on her family, and, in *such* a case, on herself, would be incomplete, and I should reproach myself as long as I lived.

Were I to be sure, that this foundation is laid, [And why may I not hope it is?] I should not doubt to have her still (should she withstand her day of grace) on my own conditions: nor should I, if it were so, question that *revived* affection in *her*, which a woman seldom fails to have for the father of her first child, whether born in wedlock, or not.

And pr'ythee, Jack, see in this my ardent hope, a distinction in my favour from other rakes; who, almost to a man, follow their inclinations without troubling themselves about consequences. In imitation, as one would think, of the strutting villain of a bird, which from feathered lady to feathered lady pursues his imperial pleasures, leaving it to his sleek paramours to hatch the genial product in holes and corners of their own finding out.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

LETTER I.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY MORN. JUNE 20.

WELL, Jack, now are we upon another foot together. This dear creature will not *let me be good*. She is now authorizing all my plots by her own example.

Thou muſt be partial in the higheſt degree, if now thou blameſt me for reſuming my former ſchemes, ſince in that caſe I ſhall but follow her clue. No forced conſtruction of her actions do I make on this occaſion, in order to juſtify a bad cauſe or a worſe intention. A ſlight pretence, indeed, ſerved the wolf, when he had a mind to quarrel with the lamb; but this is not now my caſe.

For here, [Wouldſt thou have thought it?] taking advantage of Dorcas's compaſſionate temper, and of ſome warm expreſſions, which the tender-hearted wench let fall againſt the cruelty of men; and wiſhing to have it in her power to ſerve her; has ſhe given her the following note, ſigned by her maiden-name: for ſhe has thought fit, in poſitive and plain words, to own to the pitying Dorcas, that ſhe is not married.

'MONDAY, JUNE 19. ....

I *The underwritten do hereby promiſe, that,*
'*on my coming into poſſeſſion of my own*
'*eſtate, I will provide for Dorcas Martin-*
'*dale in a gentlewoman-like manner, in my*
'*own houſe: or, if I do not ſoon obtain that*
'*poſſeſſion, or ſhould firſt die, I do hereby*
'*bind myſelf, my executors, and adminiſtra-*
'*tors, to pay to her, or her order, during*
'*the term of her natural life, the ſum of five*
'*pounds on each of the four uſual quarterly*
'*days in the year; that is to ſay, twenty*
'*pounds by the year; on condition that ſhe*
'*faithfully aſſiſt me in my eſcape from an ille-*
'*gal confinement, under which I now labour.*
'*The firſt quarterly payment to commence*
'*and be payable at the end of three months*
'*immediately following the day of my deliver-*
'*ance. And I do alſo promiſe to give her,*
'*as a teſtimony of my honour in the caſe, a*
'*diamond-ring, which I have ſhewed her.*
'*Witneſs my hand, this nineteenth day of*
'*June, in the year above-written.*

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

Now, Jack, what terms wouldſt thou have me to keep with ſuch a ſweet corruptreſs?—Seeſt thou not how ſhe hates me?—Seeſt thou not, that ſhe is reſolved never to forgive me?—Seeſt thou not, however, that ſhe muſt diſgrace herſelf in the eye of the world, if ſhe actually ſhould eſcape?—That ſhe muſt be ſubjected to infinite diſtreſs and hazard? For whom has ſhe to receive and protect her? Yet to determine to riſque all theſe evils! And furthermore to ſtoop to artifice, to be guilty of the reigning vice of the times, of bribery and corruption! O Jack, Jack! *ſay* not, *write* not, another word in her favour!

Thou haſt blamed me for bringing her to this houſe: but had I carried her to any other in England, where there would have been one ſervant or inmate capable either of *compaſſion* or *corruption*, what muſt have been the conſequence?

But ſeeſt thou not, however, that, in this flimſy contrivance, the dear implacable, like a drowning man, catches at a ſtraw to ſave herſelf!—A ſtraw

shall be found to be the refuge she has

LETTER II.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD ESQ.

TUESDAY MORN. 10 O'CLOCK.

VERY ill—Exceeding ill—as Dorcas tells me, in order to avoid seeing me.—And yet the dear soul may be so in her *mind*. But is not that equivocation? Some one passion predominating, in every human breast, breaks through principle, and controuls us all. Mine is *love* and *revenge* taking turns. Hers is *hatred*—But this is my consolation, that *hatred appeased, is love begun*; or *love renewed*, I may rather say, if love ever had footing here.

But *reflections* apart, thou seest, Jack, that her plot is beginning to work. To-morrow it is to break out.

I have been abroad, to set on foot a plot of circumvention. All fair now, Belford!

I insisted upon visiting my indisposed fair-one. Dorcas made officious excuses for her. I cursed the wench in her hearing for her impertinence; and stamped, and made a clutter; which was improved into an apprehension to the lady that I would have flung her faithful confidante from the top of the stairs to the bottom.

'He is a violent wretch!—But, Dorcas,' [*Dear* Dorcas, now it is] 'thou 'shalt have a friend in me to the last 'day of my life.'

And what now, Jack, dost think the name of her *good angel* is!—Why *Dorcas Martindale*, Christian and Super, (no more Wykes) as in the promissory note in my former—And the dear creature has bound her to her by the *most solemn* obligations, *besides* the tie of interest.

'Whither, Madam, do you design 'to go when you get out of this house?'

'I will throw myself into the first open 'house I can find; and beg protection 'till I can get a coach, or a lodging in 'some honest family.'

'What will you do for cloaths, Ma'dam? I doubt you'll not be able to take 'any away with you, but what you'll 'have on.'

'O, no matter for cloaths, if I can 'but get out of this house.'

'What will you do for money, Ma'dam? I have heard his honour express 'his concern, that he could not prevail 'upon you to be obliged to him, though 'he apprehended that you must be short 'of money.'

'O, I have rings, and other valu'ables. Indeed I have but four gui'neas, and two of them I found lately 'wrapt up in a bit of lace, designed for 'a charitable use: but now, alas! cha'rity begins at home!—But I have one 'dear friend left, if she be living, as I 'hope in God she is! to whom I can be 'obliged, if I want. O Dorcas! I must 'ere now have heard from her if I had 'had fair play.'

'Well, Madam, yours is a hard lot. 'I pity you at my heart!'

'Thank you, Dorcas!—I am un'happy, that I did not think *before*, that 'I might have confided in thy pity, and 'in thy sex!'

'I pitied you, Madam, often and 'often: but you were always, as I 'thought, diffident of me. And then 'I doubted not but you were married; 'and I thought his honour was unkindly 'used by you. So that I thought it my 'duty to wish well to his honour, rather 'than to what I thought to be your 'humours, Madam. Would to Hea'ven, that I had known before that 'you were not married!—Such a lady! 'Such a fortune! To be so sadly be'trayed!'

'Ah, Dorcas! I was basely drawn 'in! My youth—My ignorance of the 'world—And I have some things to 'reproach myself with, when I look 'back.'

'Lord, Madam, what deceitful crea'tures are these men!—Neither oaths, 'nor vows—I am sure—I am sure!' [and then with her apron she gave her eyes half a dozen hearty rubs] 'I may 'curse the time that I came into this 'house!'

Here was accounting for her bold eyes! And was it not better for Dorcas to give up a house which her lady could not think worse of than she did, in order to gain the reputation of sincerity, than by offering to vindicate it, to make her proffered services suspected?

'Poor Dorcas!—Bless me! how lit'tle do we, who have lived all our time 'in the country, know of this wicked 'town!'

'Had I *been able to write*,' cried the veteran wench, 'I should certainly have 'given some other near relations I have 'in Wales a little *inkling* of matters; 'and they would have saved me from '——from——from——'

Her sobs were enough. The appre-

hensions

hensions of women on such subjects are ever aforehand with speech.

And then, sobbing on, she lifted her apron to her face again. She shewed me how.

'Poor Dorcas!'—Again wiping her own charming eyes.

All love, all compassion, is this dear creature to every-one in affliction, but me.

'And would not an aunt protect her 'kinswoman?—Abominable wretch!'

'I can't—I can't—I can't say, my 'aunt was privy to it. She gave me 'good advice. She knew not for a great 'while that I was—that I was—that I 'was—ugh!—ugh!—ugh!—'

'No more, no more, good Dorcas—'What a world do we live in!—What a 'house am I in!—But come, don't 'weep:' (though she herself could not forbear) 'my being betrayed into it, 'though to my own ruin, may be a 'happy event for thee: and if I live, it 'shall.'

'I thank you, my good lady,' blubbering. 'I am sorry, very sorry, you 'have had so hard a lot. But it may 'be the saving of my soul, if I can get to 'your ladyship's house. Had I but known 'that your ladyship was not married, I 'would have eat my own flesh, before, 'before, before——'

Dorcas sobbed and wept. The lady sighed and wept also.

But now, Jack, for a serious reflection upon the premises.

How will the good folks account for it, that Satan has such faithful instruments, and that the bond of wickedness is a stronger bond than the ties of virtue; as if it were the nature of the human mind to be villainous? For here, had Dorcas been *good*, and been tempted as she was tempted to any-thing *evil*, I make no doubt but she would have yielded to the temptation.

And cannot our fraternity in an hundred instances give proof of the like predominance of vice over virtue? And that we have risqued more to serve and promote the interests of the former, than ever a good man did to serve a good man or a good cause? For have we not been prodigal of life and fortune? Have we not defied the civil magistrate upon occasion? And have we not attempted rescues, and dared all things, only to extricate a pounded profligate?

Whence, Jack, can this be?

O! I have it, I believe. The vicious are as bad as they can be; and do the devil's work without holding; while he is continually spreading nets for the others; and, like a skilful angler, suiting his baits to the fish he angles for.

Nor let even *honest* people, *so called*, blame poor Dorcas for her fidelity in a bad cause. For does not the *general*, who implicitly serves an ambitious prince in his unjust designs upon his neighbours, or upon his own oppressed subjects; and even the *lawyer*, who, for the sake of a paltry fee, undertakes to whiten a black cause, and to defend it against one he knows to be good; do the very same thing as Dorcas? And are they not both every whit as culpable? Yet the one shall be dubbed a hero, the other called an admirable fellow, and be contended for by every client, and his double-tongued abilities shall carry him through all the high preferments of the law with reputation and applause.

Well, but what shall be done, since the lady is so much determined on removing!—Is there no way to oblige her, and yet to make the very act subservient to my own views? I fancy such a way may be found out.

I will study for it—

Suppose I suffer her to make an escape? Her heart is in it. If she effect it, the triumph she will have over me upon it will be a counterbalance for all she has suffered.

I will oblige her if I can.

LETTER III.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TIRED with a succession of fatiguing days, and sleepless nights, and with contemplating the precarious situation I stand in with my beloved, I fell into a profound reverie; which brought on sleep; and that produced a dream; a fortunate dream; which, as I imagine, will afford my working mind the means to effect the obliging double purpose my heart is now once more set upon.

What, as I have often contemplated, is the enjoyment of the finest women in the world, to the contrivance, the bustle, the surprizes, and at last the happy conclusion of a well laid plot!—The charming *roundabouts*, to come the *nearest way home*;—the doubts; the apprehensions; the heart-achings; the meditated triumphs—These are the joys that make the blessing dear. For all the rest, what is it?—What but to find

an angel in imagination dwindled down to a woman in fact! ——But to my dream.

Methought it was about nine on Wednesday morning, that a chariot with a dowager's arms upon the doors, and in it a grave matronly lady [not unlike mother H. in the face; but in her heart, O how unlike!] ſtopped at a grocer's ſhop, about ten doors on the other ſide of the way, in order to buy ſome groceries: and methought Dorcas, having been out to ſee if the coaſt were clear, for her lady's flight, and if a coach were to be got near the place, eſpied this chariot with the dowager's arms, and this matronly lady: and what, methought, did Dorcas, that ſubtle traitreſs, do, but whip up to the old matronly lady, and lifting up her voice, ſay, 'Good, my lady, permit me one 'word with your ladyſhip!'

'What thou haſt to ſay to me, ſay on,' quoth the old lady; the grocer retiring, and ſtanding aloof, to give Dorcas leave to ſpeak; who, methought, in words like theſe, accoſted the lady:

'You ſeem, Madam, to be a very 'good lady; and here in this neighbour-'hood, at a houſe of no high repute, is 'an innocent lady of rank and fortune, 'beautiful as a May morning, and 'youthful as a roſe-bud, and full as 'ſweet and lovely; who has been trick-'ed thither by a wicked gentleman, 'practiſed in the ways of the town; and 'this very night will ſhe be ruined, if 'ſhe get not out of his hands. Now, O 'lady! if you will extend your compaſ-'ſionate goodneſs to this fair young 'lady, in whom, the moment you be-'hold her, you will ſee cauſe to believe 'all I ſay; and let her but have a place 'in your chariot, and remain in your 'protection for one day only, till ſhe 'can ſend a man and horſe to her rich 'and powerful friends; you may ſave 'from ruin a lady, who has no equal 'for virtue as well as beauty.'

Methought the old lady, moved with Dorcas's ſtory, anſwered and ſaid, 'Haſten, O damſel, who in a happy 'moment art come to put it in my power 'to ſerve the innocent and the virtuous, 'which it has always been my delight 'to do: haſten to this young lady, and 'bid her hie hither to me with all ſpeed; 'and tell her that my chariot ſhall be 'her aſylum: and if I find all that thou 'ſayeſt true, my houſe ſhall be her ſanc-'tuary, and I will protect her from all 'her oppreſſors.'

Hereupon, methought, this traitreſs Dorcas hied back to the lady, and made report of what ſhe had done. And methought, the lady highly approved of Dorcas's proceeding, and bleſſed her for her good thought.

And I liſted up mine eyes, and behold the lady iſſued out of the houſe, and without looking back, ran to the chariot with the dowager's coat upon it; and was received by the matronly lady with open arms, and 'Welcome, welcome, 'welcome, fair young lady, who ſo 'well anſwer the deſcription of the faith-'ful damſel: and I will carry you in-'ſtanty to my houſe, where you ſhall 'meet with all the good uſage your 'heart can wiſh for, till you can ap-'prize your rich and powerful friends 'of your paſt dangers, and preſent eſ-'cape.'

'Thank you, thank you, thank you, 'thank you, worthy, thrice worthy lady, 'who afford ſo kindly your protection 'to a moſt unhappy young creature, 'who has been baſely ſeduced and be-'trayed, and brought to the very brink 'of deſtruction.'

Methought then, the matronly lady, who had, by the time the young lady came to her, bought and paid for the goods ſhe wanted, ordered her coach-man to drive home with all ſpeed; who ſtopped not till he had arrived in a cer-tain ſtreet, not far from Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the matronly lady lived in a ſumptuous dwelling, replete with damſels who wrought curiouſly in muſ-lins, cambricks, and fine linen, and in every good work that induſtrious dam-ſels love to be employed about, except the loom and the ſpinning-wheel.

And methought, all the way the young lady and the old lady rode, and after they came in, till dinner was ready, the young lady filled up the time with the diſmal account of her wrongs and her ſufferings, the like of which was never heard by mortal ear; and this in ſo moving a manner, that the good old lady did nothing but weep, and ſigh, and ſob, and inveigh againſt the arts of wicked men, and againſt that abomin-able Squire Lovelace, who was a *plotting villain*, methought ſhe ſaid; and, more than that, an *unchained Beelzebub*.

Methought I was in a dreadful agony, when I found the lady had eſcaped; and in my wrath had like to have ſlain Dor-cas, and our mother, and every one I met. But, by ſome quick tranſition, and ſtrange metamorphoſis, which dreams do not uſually account for, methought, all of a ſudden, this matronly lady was

turned

turned into the famous mother H. herſelf; and, being an old acquaintance of mother Sinclair, was prevailed upon to aſſiſt in my plot upon the young lady.

Then, methought, followed a ſtrange ſcene; for, mother H. longing to hear more of the young lady's ſtory, and night being come, beſought her to accept of a place in her own bed, in order to have all the talk to themſelves. For, methought, two young nieces of hers had broken in upon them in the middle of the diſmal tale.

Accordingly going early to bed, and the ſad ſtory being reſumed, with as great earneſtneſs on one ſide, as attention on the other, before the young lady had gone far in it, mother H. methought was taken with a fit of the colick; and her tortures encreaſing, was obliged to riſe to get a cordial ſhe uſed to find ſpecifie in this diſorder, to which ſhe was unhappily ſubject.

Having thus riſen, and ſtept to her cloſet, methought ſhe let fall the wax taper in her return; and then, [O metamorphoſis ſtill ſtranger than the former! What unaccountable things are dreams!] coming to bed again in the dark, the young lady, to her infinite aſtoniſhment, grief, and ſurprize, found mother H. turned into a young perſon of the other ſex: and although Lovelace was the *abhorred of her ſoul*, yet, fearing it was ſome *other* perſon, it was matter of ſome conſolation to her, when ſhe found it was no other than himſelf, and that ſhe had been ſtill the bedfellow of but *one* and the *ſame* man.

A ſtrange promiſcuous huddle of adventures followed, ſcenes perpetually ſhifting; now nothing heard from the lady, but ſighs, groans, exclamations, faintings, dyings—From the gentleman, but vows, promiſes, proteſtations, *diſclaimers of purpoſes purſued*; and all the gentle and ungentle preſſures of the lover's warfare.

Then, as quick as thought, (for dreams, thou knoweſt, confine not themſelves to the rules of the drama) enſued recoveries, lyings-in, chriſtenings, the ſmiling boy, amply, even in *her own* opinion, rewarding the ſuffering mother.

Then the grandfather's eſtate yielded up, poſſeſſion taken of it: living very happily upon it: her beloved Norton her companion; Miſs Howe her viſitor; and (admirable! thrice admirable!) enabled to *compare notes* with her; a charming girl, by the ſame father, to her friend's charming boy; who, as they grow up, in order to conſolidate their mammas friendſhips, (for neither have dreams regard to *conſanguinity*) were to marry; change names by act of parliament, to enjoy my eſtate—And I know not what of the like incongruous ſtuff.

I awoke, as thou mayeſt believe, in great diſorder, and rejoiced to find my charmer in the next room, and Dorcas honeſt.

Now thou wilt ſay this was a very odd dream. And yet, (for I am a ſtrange dreamer) it is not altogether improbable that ſomething like it may happen; as the pretty ſimpleton has the weakneſs to confide in Dorcas, whom till now ſhe diſliked.

But I forgot to tell thee one part of my dream; and that was, that the next morning, the lady gave way to ſuch tranſports of grief and reſentment, that ſhe was with difficulty diverted from making an attempt upon her own life. But however at laſt was prevailed upon to reſolve to live, and to make the beſt of the matter: a letter, methought, from Captain Tomlinſon helping to pacify her, written to apprize me, that her uncle Harlowe would certainly be at Kentiſh Town on Wedneſday night June 28, the following day, (the 29th) being his birth-day; and be doubly deſirous, on that account, that our nuptials ſhould be then privately ſolemnized in his preſence.

'But *is* Thurſday the 29th her uncle's 'anniverſary?'—methinks thou aſkeſt.—It is; or elſe the day of celebration ſhould have been earlier ſtill. Three weeks ago I heard her ſay it was; and I have down the birth-day of every one of her family, and the wedding-day of her father and mother. The minuteſt circumſtances are often of great ſervice, in matters of the laſt importance.

And what ſayeſt thou now to my dream?

Who ſays, that ſleeping and waking, I have not fine helps from ſome *body*, ſome *ſpirit* rather, as thou'lt be apt to ſay? But no wonder that a Beelzebub has his devilkins to attend his call.

I can have no manner of doubt of ſucceeding in mother H.'s part of the ſcheme; for will the lady (who reſolves to throw herſelf into the *firſt houſe ſhe can enter*, or to beſpeak the protection of the *firſt perſon ſhe meets*; and who thinks there can be no danger *out* of this houſe, equal to what ſhe apprehends from the *in* it) ſcruple to accept of the chariot of a dowager, accidentally offering? And the lady's protection engaged by her faithful

Dorcas, so highly bribed to promote her escape!—And then Mrs. H. has the air and appearance of a venerable matron, and is not such a forbidding devil as Mrs. Sinclair.

The pretty simpleton knows nothing in the world; nor that people who have money, never want assistants in their views, be they what they will. How else could the princes of the earth be so implicitly served as they are, *change they hands ever so often*, and be their purposes *ever so wicked?*

If I can but get her to *go on* with me till Wednesday next week, we shall be settled together pretty quietly by that time. And indeed if she has any gratitude, and has in her the least of her sex's foibles, she must think I deserve her favour, by the pains she has cost me. For dearly do they all love that men should take pains about them and for them.

And here, for the present, I will lay down my pen, and congratulate myself upon my happy invention (since her obstinacy put me once more upon exercising it)—But with this resolution, I think, that, if the present contrivance fail me, I will exert all the faculties of my mind, all my talents, to procure for myself a legal right to her favour, and that in defiance of all my antipathies to the married state; and of the suggestions of the great devil out of the house, and of his secret agents in it—Since, if *now* she is not to be prevailed upon, or drawn in, it will be in vain to attempt her further.

LETTER IV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY NIGHT, JUNE 20.

NO admittance yet to my charmer! She is very ill—in a violent fever, Dorcas thinks. Yet will have no advice.

Dorcas tells her how much I am concerned at it.

But again let me ask, Does this lady do right to make herself ill, when she is *not* ill? For my own part, libertine as people think me, when I had *occasion* to be sick, I took a dose of ipecacuanha, that I might not be guilty of a falsehood; and most heartily sick was I; as she, who then pitied me, full well knew. But here to pretend to be very ill, only to get an opportunity to run away, in order to avoid forgiving a man who has offended her, how unchristian!—If good folks allow themselves in these breaches of a known duty, and in these presumptuous contrivances to deceive, who, Belford, shall blame us?

I have a strange notion, that the matronly lady will be certainly at the grocer's shop at the hour of nine to-morrow morning: for Dorcas heard me tell Mrs. Sinclair, that I should go out at eight precisely; and then she is to try for a coach: and if the dowager's chariot should happen to be there, how lucky will it be for my charmer! How strangely will my dream be made out!

I HAVE just received a letter from Captain Tomlinson. Is it not wonderful? For that was part of my dream.

I shall always have a prodigious regard to dreams henceforward. I know not but I may write a book upon that subject; for my own experience will furnish out a great part of it. *Glanville of witches, Baxter's History of Spirits and Apparitions*, and the Royal Pedant's *Demonology*, will be nothing at all to *Lovelace's Reveries*.

The letter is just what I dreamed it to be. I am only concerned that uncle John's anniversary did not happen three or four days sooner; for should any *new* misfortune befal my charmer, she may not be able to support her spirits so long as till Thursday in the next week. Yet it will give me the more time for new expedients, should my present contrivance fail; which I cannot however suppose.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'MONDAY, JUNE 19.

'DEAR SIR,

'I CAN now return you joy, for the 'joy you have given me, as well as my 'dear friend Mr. Harlowe, in the news 'of his beloved niece's happy recovery; 'for he is determined to comply with '*her* wishes and *yours*, and to give her to 'you with his own hand.

'As the ceremony has been necessarily delayed by reason of her illness, and 'as Mr. Harlowe's birth-day is on 'Thursday the 29th of this instant June, 'when he enters into the seventy-fourth 'year of his age; and as time may be 'wanted to complete the dear lady's 'recovery; he is very desirous that the 'marriage shall be solemnized upon it; 'that he may afterwards have double 'joy on that day to the end of his life.

'For this purpose he intends to set 'out privately, so as to be at Kentish-

'Town

'Town on Wednesday se'nnight in the 'evening.

'All the family used, he says, to meet 'to celebrate it with him; but as they 'are at present in too unhappy a situa'tion for that, he will give out, that, 'not being able to bear the day at home, 'he has resolved to be absent for two or 'three days.

'He will set out on horseback, at'tended only with one trusty servant, for 'the greater privacy. He will be at the 'most creditable-looking publick house 'there, expecting you both next morn'ing, if he hear nothing from me to 'prevent him. And he will go to town 'with you after the ceremony is per'formed, in the coach he supposes you 'will come in.

'He is very desirous, that I should be 'present on the occasion. But *this* I 'have promised him, at his request, that 'I will be up before the day in order to 'see the settlements executed, and every'thing properly prepared.

'He is very glad you have the licence ready.

'He speaks very kindly of you, Mr. 'Lovelace; and says, that, if any of 'the family stand out after he has seen 'the ceremony performed, he will se'parate from them, and unite himself 'to his dear niece and her interests.

'I owned to you, when in town last, 'that I took slight notice to my dear 'friend of the misunderstanding between 'you and his niece; and that I did this, 'for fear the lady should have shewn any 'little discontent in his presence, had I 'been able to prevail upon him to go 'up in person, as then was doubtful. 'But I hope nothing of that discontent 'remains now.

'My absence, when your messenger 'came, must excuse me for not writing 'by him.

'Be pleased to make my most respect'ful compliments acceptable to the ad'mirable lady, and believe me to be 'your most faithful and obedient servant,

'ANTONY TOMLINSON.'

This letter I sealed, and broke open. It was brought, thou mayest suppose, by a particular messenger; the seal such a one as the writer need not be ashamed of. I took care to enquire after the captain's health, in my beloved's hearing; and it is now ready to be produced as a paciher, according as she shall *take on*, or *resent*, if the two metamorphoses happen pursuant to my wonderful dream; as having great faith in dreams, I dare say they will.—I think it will not be amiss, in changing my cloathes, to send this letter of the worthy captain up to my beloved's way.

LETTER V.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WED. NOON, JUNE 21.

WHAT shall I say now?—I, who but a few hours ago had such faith in dreams, and had proposed out of hand to begin my treatise of *Dreams sleeping* and *Dreams waking*, and was pleasing myself with the dialogues between the old matronly lady, and the young lady; and with the two metamorphoses, (absolutely assured that every-thing would happen as my dream chalked it out;) shall never more depend upon those flying follies, those illusions of a fancy depraved, and run mad.

Thus confoundedly have matters happened.

I went out at eight o'clock in high good humour with myself, in order to give the sought-for opportunity to the plotting-mistress and corrupted maid; only ordering Will to keep a good look-out for fear his lady should mistrust my plot, or mistake a hackney-coach for the dowager lady's chariot. But first I sent to know how she did; and received for answer, 'Very ill:—had a very 'bad night:' which latter was but too probable: since this *I* know, that people who have plots in their heads as seldom *have* as *deserve* good ones.

I desired a physician should be called in; but was refused.

I took a walk in St. James's Park, congratulating myself all the way on my rare inventions: then, impatient, I took a coach, with one of the windows *quite up*, the other *almost* up, playing at bopeep at every chariot I saw pass in my way to Lincoln's Inn Fields: and when arrived there, I sent the coachman to desire any one of mother H.'s family to come to me to the coach-side, not doubting but I should have intelligence of my fair fugitive there; it being then half an hour after ten.

A servant came, who gave me to understand, that the matronly lady was just returned by herself in the chariot.

Frighted out of my wits, I alighted, and heard from the mother's own mouth, that Dorcas had engaged her to protect the lady; but came to tell her afterwards, that she had changed her mind, and would not quit the house.

Quite

Miss Howe, thus furnished, not knowing what might have happened, hereupon ordered the coachman to hasten away to our mother's, observing here in an instant, the first word I asked, was, If the lady were safe?

Mrs. Howe gives here a very circumstantial relation of all that passed between the lady and Dorcas. But as he could only learn at last the motives for refusing to go off, before Dorcas told her, that she had engaged for her the protection of the downstairs lady, it is thought proper to omit his relation, and to supply it by some memoranda of the lady's. But it is first necessary to account for the occasion on which these memoranda were made.

The reader may remember, that in the letter written to Miss Howe, on her escape to Hampstead, she promises to give her the particulars of her flight at leisure.

She had indeed thoughts of continuing her account of every thing that had passed between her and Mr. Lovelace, since her last narrative letter. But the uncertainty she was in from that time, with the execrable treatment she met with on her being detected back again; followed by a week's delirium; had hitherto hindered her from effectuating her intention. But, nevertheless, having it still in her view to perform her promise as soon as she had opportunity, she made minutes of every-thing as it passed, in order to help her memory:—which, as she observes in one place, she could less trust to since her late disorders than before.

In these minutes, or book of memoranda, *she observes*, That having apprehensions, that Dorcas might be a traitress, she would have got away while she was gone out to see for a coach; and actually slid down-stairs with that intent. But that, seeing Mrs. Sinclair in the entry, [*whom Dorcas had planted there while she went out*] she speeded up again, unseen.

She then went up to the dining-room, and found the letter of Captain Tomlinson: on which she observes in her memorandum-book as follows:

'How am I puzzled now!—He might 'leave this letter on purpose: none of 'the other papers left with it being of 'any consequence. What is the alternative!—To stay, and be the wife of 'the vilest of men—How my heart re'fits that!—To attempt to get off, and 'fail, ruin inevitable! Dorcas *may* be'tray me!—I doubt she is *still* his imple'ment!—At his going out, he whisper'ed her, as I saw, unobserved—In a 'very familiar manner too—Never 'fear, Sir,' with a curtsey.

'In her agreeing to contrive at my e'cape, she provided not for her own 'safety, if I got away: yet had reason, 'in that case, to expect his vengeance. 'And wants not forethought:—To have 'taken her *with* me, was to be in the 'power of her intelligence, if a faithless 'creature.—Let me, however, though 'I part not with my caution, keep my 'charity!—Can there be any woman 'so vile to a woman!—O yes! Mrs. 'Sinclair: her aunt.—The Lord deli'ver me!—But, alas! I have put my'self out of the course of his protection 'by the *natural* means—And am alrea'dy ruined! A father's curse likewise 'against me! Having made vain all my 'friends cautions and solicitudes, I must 'not hope for miracles in my favour!

'If I do escape, what may become of 'me, a poor, helpless, deserted creature! '—Helpless from sex!—From circum'stances!—Exposed to every danger!—'Lord protect me!

'His vile man not gone with him!—'Lurking hereabouts, no doubt, to 'watch my steps!—I *will* not go away 'by the chariot, however.

'That this chariot should come so 'opportunely! So like his many *oppor'tunelies!*—That Dorcas should have 'the sudden thought!—Should have the 'courage with the thought, to address a 'lady in behalf of an absolute stranger 'to that lady! That the lady should so 'readily consent!—Yet the transaction 'between them to take up so much time, 'their distance in degree considered: for, 'arduous as the case was, and precious 'as the time, Dorcas was gone above 'half an hour!—Yet the chariot was 'said to be ready at a grocer's not many 'doors off!

'Indeed some elderly ladies are talka'tive: and there are, no doubt, *some* 'good people in the world.

'But that it should chance to be a 'widow lady, who could do what she 'pleased!—That Dorcas should know 'her to be so by the Lozenge!—Per'sons in her station not usually so know'ing, I believe, in heraldry.

'Yet some may! for servants are fond 'of deriving *collateral* honours and dis'tinctions, as I may call them, from the 'quality, or people of rank, whom they 'serve. But this sly servant not gone 'with him!—Then this letter of Tom'linson!—

'Although I am resolved never to

'have

'have this wretch, yet, may I not throw 'myself into my uncle's protection at Kentish 'Town or Highgate, if I cannot escape be-'fore; and so get clear of him? May not 'the evil I know, be less than what I 'may fall into, if I can avoid further 'villainy? Further villainy he has not 'yet threatened; freely and justly as I 'have treated him!—I will not go, I 'think. At least, unless I can send this 'fellow out of the way.

'The fellow a villain! The wench, 'I doubt, a vile wench. At last con-'cerned for her own safety. Plays off 'and on about a coach.

'All my hopes of getting off, at pre-'sent, over!—Unhappy creature! to 'what further evils art thou reserved! 'O how my heart rises, at the necessity 'I must still be under to see and converse 'with so very vile a man!'

LETTER VI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

DISAPPOINTED in her meditated escape; obliged, against her will, to meet me in the dining-room; and perhaps apprehensive of being upbraided for her art in feigning herself ill; I *expected* that the dear perverse would *begin* with me with spirit and indignation. But I was in hopes, from the gentleness of her natural disposition—from the consideration which I expected from her on her situation—from the contents of the letter of Captain Tomlinson, which Dorcas told me she had seen—and from the time she had had to cool and reflect since she last admitted me to her presence, that she would not have carried it so strongly through as she did.

As I entered the dining-room, I congratulated her and myself upon her *sudden* recovery. And would have taken her hand, with an air of respectful tenderness: but she was resolved to begin where she left off.

She turned from me, drawing in her hand, with a repulsing and indignant aspect—'I meet you once more,' said she, 'because I cannot help it. What have 'you to say to me? Why am I to be 'thus detained against my will?'

With the utmost solemnity of speech and behaviour, I urged the ceremony. I saw I had nothing else for it. I had a letter in my pocket, I said, [feeling for it, although I had not taken it from the table where I left it in the same room] the contents of which, if [illegible] would make us both happy. [illegible] loth to shew it to her before, [illegible] I hoped to prevail upon her to be mine *sooner* than the day mentioned in it.

I felt for it in all my pockets, watching her eye mean time, which I saw glance towards the table where it lay.

I was uneasy that I could not find it.—At last, directed again by her sly eye, I spied it on the table at the further end of the room.

With joy I fetched it. 'Be pleased 'to read that letter, Madam;' with an air of satisfied-assurance.

She took it, and cast her eye over it, in such a careless way, as made it evident, that she had read it before: and then unthankfully tossed it into the window-seat before her.

I urged her to bless me to-morrow, or Friday morning: at least, that she would not render vain her uncle's journey, and kind endeavours to bring about a reconciliation among us all.

'*Among us all*,' repeated she, with an air equally disdainful and incredulous. 'O Lovelace, thou art surely nearly al-'lied to the grand Deceiver, in thy en-'deavour to suit temptations to incli-'nations!—But what honour, what 'faith, what veracity, were it possible 'that I could enter into parley with 'thee on this subject, (which it is not) 'may I expect from such a man as thou 'hast shewn thyself to be?'

I was touched to the quick. 'A lady 'of your perfect character, Madam, 'who has feigned herself sick, on pur-'pose to avoid seeing the man who adore-'ed her, should not—'

'I know what thou wouldst say,' interrupted she—'Twenty and twenty base 'things, that my soul would have been 'above being guilty of, and which I 'have despised myself for, have I been 'brought into by the infection of thy 'company, and by the necessity thou 'hast laid me under, of appearing mean. 'But I thank God, destitute as I am, 'that I am not, however, sunk so low, 'as to wish to be thine.'

'I, Madam, as the injurer, *ought* to 'have patience. It is for the injured to 'reproach. But your *uncle* is not in a 'plot against you, it is to be hoped. 'There are circumstances in the letter 'you have cast your eyes over—'

Again she interrupted me—'Why, 'once more I ask you, am I detained in 'this house?—Do not I see myself sur-'rounded by wretches, who, though they 'wear the habit of my sex, may yet, as

for as I know, lie in wait for my perdition?'

She would be very loth, I said, that Mrs. Sinclair and her nieces should be called up to vindicate themselves, and their house.

'Would but they kill me, let them come, and welcome. I will bless the hand that will strike the blow!—Indeed I will.'

'Tis idle, very idle, to talk of dying. Mere young-lady talk, when controuled by those they hate. But let me beseech you, dearest creature—

'Beseech me nothing. Let me not be detained thus against my will!—Unhappy creature, that I am!' said she, in a kind of phrenzy, wringing her hands at the same time, and turning from me, her eyes lifted up—'Thy curse, O my cruel father, seems to be now in the height of its operation!—My weakened mind is full of forebodings, that I am in the way of being a lost creature as to both worlds!—Blessed, blessed God,' said she, falling on her knees, 'save me, O save me, from myself, and from this man!'

I sunk down on my knees by her, excessively affected—'O that I could recal yesterday!—Forgive me, my dearest creature, forgive what is past, as it cannot now but by one way be retrieved. Forgive me only on this condition—That my future faith and honour—'

She interrupted me, rising—'If you mean to beg of me never to seek to avenge myself by law, or by an appeal to my relations, to my cousin Morden in particular, when he comes to England—'

'D—n the law,' rising also, [She started] 'and all those to whom you talk of appealing!—I defy both the one and the other—All I beg is YOUR forgiveness; and that you will, on my unfeigned contrition, re-establish me in your favour.'

'O no, no, no!' lifting up her clasped hands, 'I never, never *will*—never, never *can* forgive you!—And it is a punishment worse than death to me, that I am obliged to meet you, or to see you!'

'This is the last time, my dearest life, that you will ever see me in this posture, on this occasion:' and again I kneeled to her. 'Let me hope, that you will be mine next Thursday, your uncle's birth-day, if not before.—Would to Heaven I had never been a villain! Your indignation is not, cannot be greater than my remorse!—And I took hold of her gown, for she was going from me.

'Be remorse thy portion!—For thine own sake, be remorse thy portion!—I never, never will forgive thee!—I never, never will be thine!—Let me retire!—Why kneelest thou to the wretch whom thou hast so vilely humbled?'

'Say but, dearest creature, you will *consider*—Say but you will take time to reflect upon what the honour of both our families requires of you. I will not rise—I will not permit you to withdraw'—[still holding her gown]—'till you tell me you will *consider*.—Take this letter. Weigh well *your* situation, and mine. Say you will withdraw to *consider*; and then I will not presume to withold you.'

'Compulsion shall do nothing with me. Though a slave, a prisoner, in circumstance, I am no slave in my will!—Nothing will I promise thee—Witheld, compelled—Nothing will I promise thee!'

'Noble creature! But not implacable, I hope!—Promise me but to return in an hour!'

'Nothing will I promise thee!'

'Say but you will see me again this evening!'

'O that I could say—that it were in my *power* to say—I never will see thee more!—Would to Heaven I never were to see thee more!'

'Passionate beauty!'—still holding her.

'I speak, though with vehemence, the deliberate wish of my heart.—O that I could avoid *looking down* upon thee, mean groveler, and abject as insulting—Let me withdraw!—My soul is in tumults!—Let me withdraw!'

I quitted my hold to clasp my hands together—'Withdraw, O sovereign of my fate!—Withdraw, if you *will* withdraw!—My destiny is in your power!—It depends upon your breath!—Your scorn but augments my love!—Your resentment is but too well founded!—But, dearest creature, return, return, with a resolution to bless with pardon and peace your faithful adorer!'

She flew from me. The angel, as soon as she found her wings, flew from me. I, the reptile kneeler, the despicable slave, no more the proud victor, arose; and, retiring, tried to comfort myself, that circumstanced as she is, destitute of friends and fortune; her uncle, moreover,

morrower, who is to reconcile all ſo ſoon, (as, I thank my ſtars, ſhe ſtill believes) expected.

O that ſhe would forgive me!—Would ſhe but generouſly forgive me, and receive my vows at the altar, at the *inſtant* of her forgiving me, that I might not have time to relapſe into my old prejudices!—By my ſoul, Belford, this dear girl gives the lie to all our rakiſh maxims. There muſt be ſomething more than a *name* in virtue!—I now ſee that there is!—*Once ſubdued, always ſubdued*—'Tis an egregious faith'ood!—But, oh, Jack! ſhe never *was* ſubdued. What have I obtained, but an increaſe of ſhame and confuſion!—While her glory has been eſtabliſhed by her ſufferings!

This one merit is, however, left me, that I have laid all her ſex under obligation to me, by putting this noble creature to trials, which, ſo glorioufly ſupported, have done honour to them all.

However—But no more will I add—What a force have evil habits—I will take an airing, and try to fly from myſelf—Do not thou upbraid me on my weak fits—On my contradictory purpoſes—On my irreſolution—And all will be well.

LETTER VII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

A Man is juſt now arrived from M. Hall, who tells me, that my lord is in a very dangerous way. The gout in his ſtomach to an extreme degree, occaſioned by drinking a great quantity of lemonade.

A man of 8000l. a year to prefer his appetite to his health!—He deſerves to die!—But we have all of us our inordinate paſſions to gratify: and they generally bring their puniſhment along with them.—So witneſſes the nephew, as well as the uncle.

The fellow was ſent upon other buſineſs; but ſtretched his orders a little, to make his court to a ſucceſſor.

I am glad I was not at M. Hall at the time my lord took the grateful doſe. [It was certainly grateful to *him* at the time.] There are people in the world, who would have had the wickedneſs to ſay, that I had perſuaded him to drink it.

The man ſays, that his lordſhip was ſo bad when he came away, that the family began to talk of ſending for me, in poſt-haſte. As I know the old peer has a good deal of caſh by him, of which he ſeldom keeps account, it behoves me to go down as ſoon as I can. But what ſhall I do with this dear creature the while? To-morrow over, I ſhall, perhaps, be able to anſwer my own queſtion. I am afraid ſhe will make me deſperate.

For here have I ſent to implore her company, and am denied with ſcorn.

I HAVE been ſo happy as to receive, this moment, a third letter from my dear correſpondent Miſs Howe. A little ſevere devil!—It would have broken the heart of my beloved, had it fallen into her hands. I will incloſe a copy of it. Read it here.

'TUESDAY, JUNE 20.

'MY DEAREST MISS HARLOWE,

'AGAIN I venture to write to you, '(almoſt againſt inclination;) and that 'by your former conveyance, little as I 'like it.

'I know not how it is with you. It 'may be bad; and then it would be 'hard to upbraid you, for a ſilence you 'may not be able to help. But if not, 'what ſhall I ſay ſevere enough, that 'you have not anſwered either of my 'laſt letters? The firſt of which [and I 'think it imported you too much to be 'ſilent upon it] you owned the receipt 'of. The other, which was delivered 'into your own hands, was ſo preſſing 'for the favour of a line from you, that 'I am amazed I could not be obliged. '—And ſtill *more*, that I have not heard 'from you ſince.

'The fellow made ſo ſtrange a ſtory 'of the condition he ſaw you in, and of 'your ſpeech to him, that I know not 'what to conclude from it: only, that 'he is a ſimple, blundering, and yet conceited fellow, who, aiming at deſcription, and the ruſtick wonderful, gives 'an air of bumpkinly romance to all he 'tells. That this is his character, you 'will believe, when you are informed, 'that he deſcribed you in grief exceſſive, yet ſo improved in your perſon 'and features, and ſo *roſy*, that was his 'word, in your face, and ſo flush-coloured, and ſo plump in your arms, 'that one would conclude you were labouring under the operation of ſome 'malignant poiſon; and ſo much the 'rather, as he was introduced to you, 'when you were upon a couch, from 'which you offered not to riſe, or ſit up.

'Upon my word, Miſs Harlowe, I am

'greatly diſtreſſed upon your account; 'for I muſt be ſo free as to ſay, that, in 'your ready return with your deceiver, 'you have not at all anſwered my ex-'pectations, nor acted up to your own 'character; for Mrs. Townſend tells 'me, from the women at Hampſtead, 'how cheerfully you put yourſelf into 'his hands again: yet, at the time, it 'was impoſſible you ſhould be married!

'Lord, my dear, what pity it is that 'you took ſo much pains to get from the 'man!—But you know beſt!—Some-'times I think it could not be *you* to 'whom the ruſtick delivered my letter. 'But it muſt too: yet it is ſtrange I 'could not have one line by him—Not 'one!—And yet ſo ſoon well enough to 'go with the wretch back again!

'I am not ſure, that the letter I am 'now writing will come to your hands: 'ſo ſhall not ſay half that I have upon 'my mind to ſay. But if you think it '*worth your while* to write to me, pray 'let me know, what fine ladies, his re-'lations, thoſe were, who viſited you at 'Hampſtead, and carried you back again 'ſo joyfully, to a place that I had ſo 'fully warned you—But I will ſay no 'more: at leaſt till I *know* more: for I 'can do nothing but wonder and ſtand 'amazed.

'Notwithſtanding all the man's baſe-'neſs, 'tis plain there was more than 'a lurking love—Good Heaven!—But 'I have done!—Yet I know not how to 'have done, neither! Yet I muſt—I 'will.

'Only account to me, my dear, for 'what I cannot at all account for: and 'inform me, whether you are really 'married, or not.—And then I ſhall 'know whether there *muſt* or muſt *not*, 'be a period ſhorter that that of one 'of our lives, to a friendſhip which has 'hitherto been the pride and boaſt of

'*your* ANNA HOWE.'

Dorcas tells me, that ſhe has juſt now had a *ſearching* converſation, as ſhe calls it, with her lady. She is willing, ſhe tells the wench, ſtill to place her confi-dence in her. Dorcas hopes ſhe has re-aſſured her; but wiſhes me not to de-pend upon it. Yet Captain Tomlinſon's letter muſt aſſuredly weigh with her. I ſent it juſt now by Dorcas, deſiring her to re-peruſe it. And it was not re-turned me, as I feared it would be. And that's a good ſign, I think.

I ſay, I *think*, and I *think*, for this charming creature, entangled as I am in my own invention, puzzles *me* ten thou-ſand times more than I *her*.

LETTER VIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY NOON, JUNE 22.

LET me periſh, if I know what to make either of myſelf or of this ſur-prizing creature—Now calm, now tem-peſtuous—But I know thou loveſt not anticipation any more than I.

At my repeated requeſts, ſhe met me at ſix this morning. She was ready dreſſed; for ſhe has not had her cloaths off ever ſince ſhe declared, that they never more ſhould be off in this houſe. And charmingly ſhe looked, with all the diſadvantages of a three hours vi-olent head-ache, (for Dorcas told me that ſhe had been really ill) no reſt, and eyes red, and ſwelled with weeping. Strange to me, that thoſe charming foun-tains have not been long ago exhauſted! But ſhe is a woman. And I believe anatomiſts allow, *that women have more watery heads than men.*

'Well, my deareſt creature, I hope 'you have now thoroughly conſidered 'of the contents of Captain Tomlin-'ſon's letter. But as we are thus early 'met, let me beſeech you to make this 'my happy day.'

She looked not favourably upon me. A cloud hung upon her brow at her en-trance: but as ſhe was going to anſwer me, a ſtill greater ſolemnity took poſ-ſeſſion of her charming features.

Your air, and your countenance, my 'beloved creature, are not propitious to 'me. Let me beg of you, before you 'ſpeak, to forbear all further recrimi-'nations: for already I have ſuch a 'ſenſe of my vileneſs to you, that I 'know not how to bear the reproaches 'of my own mind.'

'I have been endeavouring,' ſaid ſhe, '*ſince I am not permitted to avoid you*, to 'obtain a compoſure which I never more 'expected to ſee you in. How long I 'may enjoy it, I cannot tell. But I 'hope I ſhall be enabled to ſpeak to you 'without that vehemence which I ex-'preſſed yeſterday, and could not help 'it.'

'After a pauſe, (for I was all atten-'tion) thus ſhe proceeded:

'It is eaſy for me, Mr. Lovelace, to 'ſee that further violences are intended 'me, if I comply not with your purpoſes, 'whatever they are. I will ſuppoſe

'them

'them to be what you so solemnly pro-
'fess they are. But I have told you as
'solemnly, my mind, that I never *will*,
'that I never *can*, be yours; nor if so,
'any man's upon earth. All venge-
'ance, nevertheless, for the wrongs you
'have done me, I disclaim. I want but
'to slide into some obscure corner, to
'hide myself from you, and from every-
'one, who once loved me. The desire
'lately so near my heart, of a recon-
'ciliation with my friends, is much abat-
'ed. They shall not receive me *now*,
'if they would. Sunk in my own eyes,
'I now think myself unworthy of their
'favour. In the anguish of my soul,
'therefore, I conjure you, Lovelace,'
[tears in her eyes] 'to leave me to my
'fate. In doing so, you will give me
'a pleasure, the highest I now can
'know.'

'Whither, my dearest life——'

'No matter whither. I will leave to
'Providence, when I am out of this
'house, the direction of my future steps.
'I am sensible enough of my destitute
'condition. I know that I have not
'now a friend in the world. Even Miss
'Howe has given me up—or you are—
'But I would fain keep my temper!—
'By your means I have lost them all—
'And you have been a barbarous ene-
'my to to me. You know you have.'

She paused.

I could not speak.

'The evils I have suffered,' proceed-
ed she, [turning from me] 'however
'irreparable, are but *temporary* evils.
'Leave me to my hopes of being enabled
'to obtain the Divine forgiveness, for
'the offence I have been drawn in to
'give to my parents, and to virtue; that
'so I may avoid the evils that are *more*
'*than temporary*. This is now all I have
'to wish for. And what is it that I de-
'mand, that I have not a right to, and
'from which it is an illegal violence to
'withold me?'

It was impossible for me, I told her plainly, to comply. I besought her to give me her hand as this very day. I could not live without her. I communicated to her my lord's illness, as a reason why I wished not to stay for her uncle's anniversary. I besought her to bless me with her consent; and after the ceremony was passed, to accompany me down to Berks. 'And thus, my dearest 'life,' said I, 'will you be freed from a 'house, to which you have conceived so 'great an antipathy.'

This, thou wilt own, was a princely offer. And I was resolved to be as good as my word. I thought I had killed, my conscience, as I told thee, Belford, some time ago. But conscience, I find, though it may be temporarily stifled, cannot die; and when it dare not speak aloud, will whisper. And at this instant, I thought I felt the revived varletess (on but a slight retrograde motion) writhing round my pericardium like a serpent; and in the action of a dying one (collecting all it's force into it's head) fix it's plaguy fangs into my heart.

She hesitated, and looked down as if irresolute. And this set my heart up at my mouth. And believe me, I had instantly popt in upon me, in imagination, an old spectacled parson, with a white suplice thrown over a black habit, [A fit emblem of the halcyon office, which, under a benign appearance, often introduces a life of storms and tempests] whining and snuffling through his nose the irrevocable ceremony.

'I hope, now, my dear life,' said I, snatching her hand, and pressing it to my lips, 'that your silence bodes me 'good. Let me, my beloved creature, 'have but your *tacit* consent; and this 'moment I will step out and engage a 'minister.' And then I promised how much my whole future life should be devoted to her commands, and that I would make her the best and tendrest of husbands.

At last, turning to me, 'I have told 'you my mind, Mr. Lovelace, said she. 'Think you, that I could thus solemn-'ly—' Here she stopt—'I am too much 'in your power,' proceeded she; 'your 'prisoner, rather than a person free to 'chuse for myself, or to say what I will 'do or *be*—But, as a testimony that you 'mean me well, let me instantly quit 'this house; and I will then give you 'such an answer in writing, as best be-'fits my unhappy circumstances.'

'And imaginest thou, fairest,' thought I, 'that this will go down with a Love-'lace? Thou oughtest to have known 'that free-livers, like ministers of state, 'never part with a power put into their 'hands, without an equivalent of twice 'the value.'

I pleaded, that if we joined hands *this morning*, (if not, *to-morrow*; if not, on *Thursday*, her uncle's birth-day, and in his presence) and afterwards, as I had proposed, set out for Berks; we should, of course, quit this house; and, on our return to town, should have in readiness the house I was in treaty for.

She answered me not, but with tears and sighs; *fond of believing what I hoped*, I imputed

I imputed her silence to the modesty of her sex. 'The dear creature,' (thought I) 'solemnly as she began with me, is 'ruminating, in a sweet suspence, how 'to put into fit words the gentle pur-'poses of her condescending heart.' But, looking in her averted face with a soothing gentleness, I plainly perceived, that it was resentment, and not bashfulness, that was struggling in her bosom.

At last, she broke silence—'I have 'no patience,' said she, 'to find myself 'a slave, a prisoner, in a vile house—'Tell me, Sir, in so many words tell 'me, whether it be, or be not, your in-'tention to permit me to quit it?—To 'permit me the freedom which is my 'birthright as an English subject?'

'Will not the consequence of your 'departure hence be that I shall lose you 'for ever, Madam?—And can I bear 'the thoughts of that?'

She flung from me—'My soul dis-'dains to hold parley with thee,' were her violent words—But I threw myself at her feet, and took hold of her reluctant hand, and began to imprecate, to vow, to promise—But thus the passionate beauty, interrupting me, went on—

'I am sick of thee, MAN!—One con-'tinued string of vows, oaths, and pro-'testations, varied only by time and 'place, fills thy mouth!—Why detain-'est thou me? My heart rises against 'thee, O thou *cruel implement of my bro-'ther's causeless vengeance*—All I beg of 'thee, is, that thou wilt remit me the '*future* part of my father's dreadful 'curse! The *temporary* part, base and 'ungrateful as thou art! thou hast com-'pleated!'

I was speechless!—Well I might!—Her *brother's* implement!—*James Har-lowe's* implement!—Zounds, Jack! what words were these!

I let go her struggling hand. She took two or three turns cross the room, her whole haughty soul in her air. Then approaching me, but in silence, turning from me, and again to me, in a milder voice—'I see thy confusion, Lovelace. 'Or is it thy remorse?—I have but one 'request to make thee—The request so 'often repeated—That thou wilt this 'moment permit me to quit this house. 'Adieu, then, let me say, for *ever* adieu! 'And mayest thou enjoy that happiness 'in this world, which thou hast robbed 'me of; as thou hast of every friend I 'have in it!'

And saying this, away she flung, leaving me in a confusion so great, that I knew not what to think, say, or do.

But Dorcas soon rouzed me—'Do 'you know, Sir,' running in hastily, 'that my lady is gone down stairs?'

'No, sure!'—And down I flew, and found her once more at the street-door, contending with Polly Horton to get out.

She rushed by me into the fore-parlour, and flew to the window, and attempted once more to throw up the 'sash—'Good people! Good people!' cried she.

I caught her in my arms, and lifted her from the window. But being afraid of hurting the charming creature, (charming in her very rage) she slid through my arms on the floor.—'Let 'me die here! Let me die here!' were her words; remaining jointless and immoveable, till Sally and Mrs. Sinclair hurried in.

She was visibly terrified at the sight of the old wretch; while I (sincerely affected) appealed, 'Bear witness, Mrs. 'Sinclair!—Bear witness, Miss Mar-'tin!—Miss Horton!—Every-one bear 'witness—that I offer not violence to 'this beloved creature!'

She then found her feet—'O house,' [loking towards the windows, and all round her, 'O house] contrived on pur-'pose for my ruin!' said she—'But let 'not that woman come into my presence '—Nor that Miss Horton neither, who 'would not have dared to controul me, 'had she not been a base one!'

'Hoh, Sir!—Hoh, Madam!' vociferated the old dragon, her arms kemboed, and flourishing with one foot to the extent of her petticoats—'What 'ado's here about nothing!—I never 'knew such work in my life, between a 'chicken of a gentleman, and a tyger of 'a lady!'

She was visibly affrighted: and upstairs she hastened. A bad woman is certainly, Jack, more terrible to her own sex, than even a bad man.

I followed her up. She rushed by her own apartment into the dining-room: no terror can make her forget her punctilio.

To recite what passed there of invective, exclamations, threatenings, even of her own life, on one side; of expostulations, supplications, and sometimes menaces, on the other; would be too affecting; and, after my particularity in like scenes, these things may as well be imagined as expressed.

I will therefore only mention, that, at length, I extorted a concession from her. She had reason to think it would have

have been worſe for her on the ſpot, if ſhe had not made it. It was, *That ſhe would endeavour to make herſelf eaſy, till ſhe ſaw what next Thurſday, her uncle's birth-day, would produce.* But O that it were not a ſin, ſhe paſſionately exclaimed on making this poor conceſſion, to put an end to her own life, rather than yield to give me but *that* aſſurance!

This, however, ſhews me, that ſhe is aware, that the reluctantly-given aſſurance may be fairly conſtrued into a matrimonial expectation on my ſide. And if ſhe will *now*, even *now*, look forward, I think, from my heart, that I will put on her livery, and wear it for life.

What a ſituation am I in, with all my curſed inventions! I am puzzled, confounded, and aſhamed of myſelf, upon the whole. To take ſuch pains to be a villain!—But (for the *fiftieth* time) let me aſk thee, who would have thought, that there had been ſuch a woman in the world?—Nevertheleſs, ſhe had beſt take care, that ſhe carries not her obſtinacy much farther. She knows not what revenge for ſlighted love will make me do.

The buſy ſcenes I have juſt paſſed through, have given emotions to my heart, which will not be quieted one while. My heart, I ſee (on re-peruſing what I have written) has communicated it's tremors to my fingers; and in ſome places the characters are ſo indiſtinct and unformed, that thou'lt hardly be able to make them out. But if one *half* of them only is intelligible, that will be enough to expoſe me to thy contempt, for the wretched hand I have made of my plots and contrivances—But ſurely, Jack, I have gained ſome ground by this promiſe.

And now, one word to the aſſurances thou ſendeſt me, that thou haſt not betrayed my ſecrets in relation to this charming creature. Thou mighteſt have ſpared them, Belford. My ſuſpicions held no longer than while I wrote about them. For well I knew, when I allowed myſelf time to think, that thou hadſt no *principles*, no *virtue*, to be miſled by. A great deal of ſtrong envy, and a little of weak pity, I knew to be thy motives. Thou couldſt not provoke my anger, and my compaſſion thou ever hadſt; and art now more eſpecially entitled to it; becauſe thou art a *pitiful* fellow.

All thy new expoſtulations in my beloved's behalf, I will anſwer when I ſee thee.

LETTER IX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

CONFOUNDEDLY out of humour with this perverſe woman!—Nor wilt thou blame me, if thou art my friend. She regards the conceſſion ſhe made, as a conceſſion extorted from her: and we are but juſt where we were before ſhe made it.

With great difficulty I prevailed upon her to favour me with her company for one half-hour this evening. The neceſſity I was under to go down to M. Hall, was the ſubject I wanted to talk upon.

I told her, that as ſhe had been ſo good as to promiſe, that ſhe would endeavour to make herſelf eaſy till ſhe ſaw the Thurſday in next week over, I hoped that ſhe would not ſcruple to oblige me with her word, that I ſhould find her here at my return from M. Hall.

Indeed ſhe would make me no ſuch promiſe. 'Nothing of *this houſe* was 'mentioned to me,' ſaid ſhe: 'you 'know it was not. And do you think 'that I would have given *my conſent to* '*my impriſonment in it?*'

I was plaguily nettled, and diſappointed too. 'If I go not down to M. 'Hall, Madam, you'll have no ſcruple 'to ſtay here, I ſuppoſe, till Thurſday 'is over?'

'If I cannot help myſelf, I muſt—'But I inſiſt upon being permitted to go 'out of this houſe, whether *you* leave it 'or not.'

'Well, Madam, then I will comply 'with your commands. And I go out 'this very evening in queſt of lodgings 'that you ſhall have no objections to.'

'I will have no lodgings of *your* pro-'viding, Sir—I will go to Mrs. Moore's, 'at Hampſtead.'

'Mrs. Moore's, Madam?—I have no 'objection to Mrs. Moore's—But will 'you give me your promiſe, to admit 'me *there* to your preſence?'

'As I do *here*—When I cannot help 'it.'

'Very well, Madam—Will you be 'ſo good as to let me know, what you 'intend by your promiſe to *make your-'ſelf eaſy?*'

'To *endeavour*, Sir, to make myſelf 'eaſy—were the words——'

'*Till you ſaw what next Thurſday would* '*produce?*'

'Aſk me no queſtions that may en-

'ſnare

'there me. I am too ſincere for the 'company I am in.'

'Let me aſk you, Madam, what 'meant you, when you ſaid, that, were 'it not a ſin, you would die before you 'gave me that aſſurance?'

She was indignantly ſilent.

'You thought, Madam, you had 'given me room to hope your pardon 'by it?'

'When I think I ought to anſwer you 'with patience, I will ſpeak.'

'Do you think yourſelf in my power, 'Madam?'

'If I were not—' And there ſhe ſtopt.

'Deareſt creature, ſpeak out—I be-'ſeech you, deareſt creature, ſpeak 'out.'

She was ſilent; her charming face all in a glow.

'Have you, Madam, any reliance 'upon my honour?'

Still ſilent.

'You hate me, Madam! You deſpiſe 'me more than you do the moſt odious 'of God's creatures!'

'You ought to deſpiſe *me*, if I did 'not.'

'You ſay, Madam, you are in a *bad* 'houſe. You have *no reliance* upon my 'honour—You believe you *cannot avoid* 'me——'

She aroſe. 'I beſeech you, let me 'withdraw.'

I ſnatched her hand, riſing, and preſſ-ed it firſt to my lips, and then to my heart, in wild diſorder. She might have felt the bounding miſchief ready to burſt it's bars—'You *ſhall* go—To your own 'apartment, if you pleaſe—But, by the 'great God of Heaven, I will accom-'pany you thither!'

She trembled—'Pray, pray, Mr. 'Lovelace, don't terrify me ſo!'

'Be ſeated, Madam! I beſeech you, 'be ſeated!'

'I will ſit down.'

'Do then.'—All my ſoul in my eyes, and my heart's blood throbbing at my fingers ends.

'I will—I will—You hurt me—Pray, 'Mr. Lovelace, don't—don't frighten 'me ſo.' And down ſhe ſat, trembling; my hand ſtill graſping her's.

I hung over her throbbing boſom, and putting my other arm round her waiſt—'And you ſay, you hate me, 'Madam—And you ſay you deſpiſe me '—And you ſay, you promiſe me noth-'ing——'

'Yes, yes, I *did* promiſe you—Let 'me not be held down thus—You ſee 'I ſat down when you bid me—Why' [ſtruggling] 'need you hold me down 'thus?—I did promiſe *to endeavour to be* 'eaſy till Thurſday was over! But you 'won't let me!—How can I be eaſy!—'Pray, let me not be thus terrified.'

'And what, Madam, *meant* you by 'your promiſe? Did you mean any-'thing in my favour?—You deſigned 'that I ſhould, at that time, *think* you 'did. Did you mean any-thing in my 'favour, Madam?—Did you intend, 'that I ſhould *think* you did?'

'Let go my hand, Sir—Take away 'your arm from about me'—[ſtruggling, 'yet trembling] '*Why do you gaze upon* 'me ſo?'

'Anſwer me, Madam—Did you mean 'any-thing in my favour by your pro-'miſe?'

'Let me not be thus conſtrained to 'anſwer.'

Then pauſing, and gaining more ſpi-rit, 'Let me go,' ſaid ſhe: 'I am but 'a woman—but a *weak* woman—But 'my life is in my own power, though my 'perſon is not—I will not be thus con-'ſtrained.'

'You ſhall not, Madam,' quitting her hand, bowing; but my heart at my mouth, and hoping farther provocation.

She aroſe, and was hurrying away.

'I purſue you not, Madam—I will 'try your generoſity.—Stop—Return '—This moment ſtop, return, if Ma-'dam, you would not make me deſpe-'rate.'

She ſtopt at the door; burſt into tears—'O Lovelace!—How, how, have I 'deſerved——'

'Be *pleaſed*, deareſt angel, to return.'

She came back—But with declared re-luctance; and imputing her compliance to terror.

Terror, Jack, as I have heretofore found out, though I have ſo little be-nefited by the diſcovery, muſt be my reſort, if ſhe make it neceſſary—No-thing elſe will do with the inflexible charmer.

She ſeated herſelf over-againſt me; extremely diſcompoſed—But indigna-tion had a viſible predominance in her features.

I was going towards her, with a coun-tenance intendedly changed to love and ſoftneſs: 'Sweeteſt, deareſt angel,' were my words, in the tendereſt accent:—but, riſing up, ſhe inſiſted upon my be-ing ſeated at a diſtance from her.

I obeyed—and begged her hand over the table, to my extended hand; to ſee,

as I said, if in any thing she would oblige me—But nothing gentle, soft, or affectionate, would do. She refused me her hand!—Was she wife, Jack, to confirm to me, that nothing but terror would do?

'Let me only know, Madam, if your 'promise to *endeavour* to wait with patience the event of next Thursday, 'meant me favour?'

'Do you expect any voluntary favour 'from one to whom you give not a free 'choice?'

'Do you intend, Madam, to honour 'me with your hand, in your uncle's 'presence, or do you not?'

'My heart and my hand shall never 'be separated. Why, think you, did 'I stand in opposition to the will of my 'best, my natural friends?'

'I know what you mean, Madam—'Am I then as hateful to you as the vile 'Solmes?'

'Ask me not such a question, Mr. 'Lovelace.'

'I *must* be answered. Am I as hateful 'to you as the vile Solmes?'

'Why do you call Mr. Solmes vile?'

'Don't *you* think him so, Madam?'

'Why should I? Did Mr. Solmes 'ever do vilely by me?'

'Dearest creature! don't distract me 'by hateful comparisons! And perhaps 'by a more hateful preference.'

'Don't *you*, Sir, put questions to me, 'that you know I will answer truly, 'though my answer were ever so much 'to enrage you.'

'My heart, Madam, my soul is all 'yours at present. But you *must* give 'me hope, that your promise, in your 'own construction, binds you, no *new* 'cause to the contrary, to be mine on 'Thursday. How else can I leave you?'

'Let me go to Hampstead; and trust 'to my favour.'

'*May* I trust to it?—Say, only, *may* I 'trust to it?'

'How will you trust to it, if you ex-'tort an answer to this question?'

'Say only, dearest creature, say only, '*may* I trust to your favour, if you go to 'Hampstead?'

'How dare you, Sir, if I *must* speak 'out, expect a promise of favour from 'me?—What a mean creature must you 'think me, after the ungrateful base-'ness to me, were I to give you such a 'promise?'

Then standing up, 'Thou hast made 'me, O vilest of men!' [her hands clasped, and a face crimsoned over with indignation] 'an inmate of the vilest of 'houses—Nevertheless, while I am in it, 'I shall have a heart incapable of any-'thing but abhorrence of *that* and of 'thee!'

And round her looked the angel, and upon me, with fear in her sweet aspect of the consequence of her free declaration—But what a devil must I have been, I who love bravery in a man, had I not been more struck with admiration of her fortitude at the instant, than stimulated by revenge?

'Noblest of creatures!—And do you 'think I can leave you, and my interest 'in such an excellence, precarious? 'No promise!—No hope!—If you make 'me not desperate, may lightning blast 'me, if I do you not all the justice 'tis 'in my power to do you!'

'If you have any intention to oblige 'me, leave me at my own liberty, and 'let me not be detained in this abomi-'nable house. To be constrained as I 'have been constrained! To be slept 'by your vile agents! To be brought 'up by force, and be bruised in my 'own defence against such illegal vio-'lence!—I dare to die, Lovelace—And 'she who fears not death, is not to be 'intimidated into a meanness unworthy 'of her heart and principles!'

'Wonderful creature! But why, 'Madam, did you lead me to hope for 'something favourable for next Thurs-'day?—Once more, make me not des-'perate—With all your magnanimity, 'glorious creature!' [I was more than half frantick, Belford] 'You *may*, you '*may*—But do not, do not make me 'brutally threaten you—Do not, do not 'make me desperate!'

My aspect, I believe, threatened still more than my words. I was rising—She arose—'Mr. Lovelace, be pacified—'You are even more dreadful than the 'Lovelace I have long dreaded—Let 'me retire—I ask your *leave* to retire—'You really frighten me—Yet I give 'you no hope—From my heart I 'ab——'

'Say not, Madam, you *abhor* me. 'You must, for your own sake, conceal 'your hatred—At least not avow it.' I seized her hand.

'Let me retire—Let me retire,' said she—in a manner out of breath.'

'I will only say, Madam, that I re-'fer myself to your generosity. My heart 'is not to be trusted at this instant. As 'a mark of my submission to your will, 'you shall, *if you please*, withdraw—But 'I will not go to M. Hall—Live or die 'my Lord M. I will not go to M. Hall '—But

—but will attend the effect of your [illegible]. Remember, Madam, you have promised *to endeavour to make yourself easy, till you see the event of next Thursday*—Next Thursday, remember, your uncle comes up, to see us married —*That's the event*—You think ill of your Lovelace—Do not, Madam, suffer your own morals to be degraded by the *infection*, as you called it, of his example.'

Away flew the charmer with this half-permission—And no doubt thought that she had an escape—nor without reason.

I knew not for half an hour what to do with myself. Vexed at the heart, nevertheless, (now she was from me, and when I reflected upon her hatred of me, and her defiances) that I suffered myself to be so over-awed, checked, restrained——

And now I have written thus far, (and of course recollected the whole of our conversation) I am more and more incensed against myself.

But I will go down to these women—perhaps suffer myself to be laughed at by them.

Devil fetch them, they pretend to know their own sex. Sally was a woman well educated—Polly also—Both have read—Both have sense—Of parentage not mean—Once modest both—Still they say had been modest, but for me—Not entirely indelicate *now*; though too little nice for my *personal* intimacy, loth as they both are to have me to think so—The old one, too, a woman of family, though thus (from bad inclination as well as at first from low circumstances) miserably sunk:—and hence they all pretend to remember what *once* they were; and vouch for the inclinations and hypocrisy of the whole sex, and wish for nothing so ardently, as that I will leave the perverse lady to their management, while I am gone to Berkshire: undertaking absolutely for her humility and passiveness on my return; and continually boasting of the many perverse creatures whom they have obliged to draw in their traces.

I AM just come from these forceresses.

I was forced to take the mother down; for she began with her 'Hoh, Sir!' with me; and to catechize and upbraid me, with as much insolence as if I owed her money.

I made her fly the pit at last. Strange wishes wished we against each other, at her quitting it——'What were they?'—I'll tell thee——She wished me married, and to be jealous of my wife; and my heir-apparent the child of another man. I was even with her with a vengeance. And yet thou wilt think that could not well be.—'*As how?*'—As how, Jack!—Why, I wished her conscience come to life!—And I know by the gripes *mine* gives me every half-hour, that she would then have a cursed time of it.

Sally and Polly gave themselves high airs too. Their first favours were thrown at me: [Women to boast of those favours which they were as willing to impart, first forms all the difficulty with them! as I to receive!] I was upbraided with ingratitude, *dastardice* and all my difficulties with my angel charged upon myself, for want of following my blows; and for leaving the proud lady mistress of her own will, and nothing to *reproach herself with*. And all agreed, that the arts used against her on a certain occasion, had too high an operation for them or me to judge what her will *would have been* in the arduous trial. And then they blamed one another: as I cursed them all.

They concluded, that I should certainly marry, and be a *lost man*. And Sally on this occasion, with an affected and malicious laugh, snapt her fingers at me, and pointing two of each hand forkedly at me, bid me remember the lines I once shewed her, of my favourite *Jack* Dryden, as she always familiarly calls that celebrated poet—

'We women to new joys unseen may move:
'There are no prints left in the paths of love.
'All goods besides by publick marks are
'known:
'But those men most desire to keep, have
'none.'

This infernal implement had the confidence further to hint, that when a wife, some other man would not find half the difficulty with my angel, that I had found. Confidence indeed!—But yet, I must say, that this dear creature is the only woman in the world of whom I should not be jealous. And yet, if a man gives himself up to the company of these devils, they never let him rest, till he either suspects or hate his wife.

But a word or two of other matters, if possible.

Methinks I long to know how causes go at M. Hall. I have another private intimation, that the old peer is in the greatest danger.

I must go down. Yet what to do with this

this lady the mean while!—These curſed women are full of cruelty and enterprize. She will never be eaſy with them in my abſence. They will have provocation and pretence therefore. But woe be to them, if——

Yet what will vengeance do, after an inſult committed? The two nymphs will have jealous rage to goad them on—And what will withold a jealous and already-ruined woman?

To ſet her go elſewhere; that cannot be done. I am ſtill reſolved to be honeſt, if ſhe'll give me hope: if yet ſhe'll *let me* be honeſt.—But I'll ſee how ſhe'll be, after the contention ſhe will certainly have between her reſentment, and the terror ſhe had reaſon for from our laſt converſation—So let this ſubject reſt till the morning. And to the old peer once more.

I ſhall have a good deal of trouble, I reckon, though no ſordid man, to be decent on the expected occaſion. Then how to act (I who am no hypocrite) in the days of condolement! What farces have I to go through; and to be a principal actor in them! I'll try to think of my own latter end; a grey beard, and a graceleſs heir; in order to make me ſerious.

Thou, Belford, knoweſt a good deal of this ſort of grimace; and canſt help a gay heart to a little of the diſmal. But then every feature of thy face is cut out for it. My heart may be touched, perhaps, ſooner than thine; for, believe me or not, I have a very tender one. But then, no man looking in my face, be the occaſion for grief ever ſo great, will believe *that* heart to be deeply diſtreſſed.

All is placid, eaſy, ſerene, in my countenance. Sorrow cannot ſit half an hour together upon it. Nay, I believe, that Lord M.'s recovery, ſhould it happen, would not affect me above a quarter of an hour. Only the new ſcenery, (and the pleaſure of aping an Heraclitus to the family, while I am a Democritus among my private friends) or I want nothing that the old peer can leave me. Wherefore then ſhould grief ſadden and diſtort ſuch blythe, ſuch jocund, features as mine?

But as for thine, were there murder committed in the ſtreet, and thou wert but paſſing by, the murderer even in ſight, the purſuers would quit *him*, and lay hold of *thee*: and thy very looks would hang, as well as apprehend thee.

But one word to buſineſs, Jack. Whom doſt thou with for thy blacks?—Wert thou well uſed?—I ſhall want a new parcel of them. For I intend to make every ſoul of the family mourn—Gratis, if not *in*.

LETTER X.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

JUNE 23. FRIDAY MORNING.

I Went out early this morning, on a deſign that I know not yet whether I ſhall or ſhall not purſue; and on my return found Simon Parſons, my lord's Berkſhire bailiff, (juſt before arrived) waiting for me with a meſſage in form, ſent by all the family, to preſs me to go down, and that at my lord's particular deſire; who wants to ſee me before he dies.

Simon has brought my lord's chariot-and-ſix [Perhaps my own by this time] to carry me down. I have ordered it to be in readineſs by four to-morrow morning. The cattle ſhall ſmoke for the delay; and by the reſt they'll have in the interim, will be better able to bear it.

I am ſtill reſolved upon matrimony, if my fair perverſe will accept of me. But, if ſhe will not—why then I muſt give an uninterrupted hearing, not to my conſcience, but to theſe women below.

Dorcas had acquainted her lady with Simon's arrival and errand. My beloved had deſired to ſee him. But my coming in prevented his attendance on her, juſt as Dorcas was inſtructing him what queſtions he ſhould *not* anſwer to, that might be aſked of him.

I am to be admitted to her preſence immediately, at my repeated requeſt. Surely the acquiſition in view will help me to make up all with her. She is juſt gone up to the dining-room.

NOTHING will do, Jack!—I can procure no favour from her, though ſhe has obtained from me the point which ſhe had ſet her heart upon.

I will give thee a brief account of what paſſed between us.

I firſt propoſed inſtant marriage; and this in the moſt fervent manner: but was denied as fervently.

Would ſhe be pleaſed to aſſure me, that ſhe would ſtay here only till Tueſday morning? I would but juſt go down and ſee how my lord was—To know whether he had any thing particular to ſay, or enjoin me, while yet he was ſenſible, as he was very earneſt to ſee me—

'Perhaps I might be up on Sunday—Shocking to something!—I beſeech you, Madam, ſhew me ſome little conſideration.'

'Why, Mr. Lovelace, muſt I be determined by your motions?—Think you, that I will voluntarily give a ſanction to the impriſonment of my perſon? Of what importance to me ought to be your ſtay or your return?'

'*Give a ſanction to the impriſonment of your perſon!* Do you think, Madam, that I fear the law?'

I might have ſpared this fooliſh queſtion of defiance: but my pride would not let me. I thought ſhe threatened me, Jack.

'I *don't* think you fear the law, Sir. You are too *brave* to have any regard either to moral or divine ſanctions.'

'Tis well, Madam. But aſk me any-thing I can do to oblige *you*; and I *will* oblige you, though in nothing will you oblige *me*.'

'Then I aſk you, then I requeſt of you, to let me go to Hampſtead.'

I pauſed—and at laſt—'By my ſoul you ſhall—This very moment I will wait upon you, and ſee you fixed there, if you'll promiſe me your hand on Thurſday in the preſence of your uncle.'

'I want not *you* to ſee me fixed. I will promiſe nothing.'

'Take care, Madam, that you don't let me ſee, that I can have no reliance upon your future favour.'

'I have been uſed to be threatened by you, Sir—But I will accept of your company to Hampſtead—I will be ready to go in a quarter of an hour—My cloaths may be ſent after me.'

'You know the condition, Madam—Next Thurſday.'

'You dare not truſt——'

'My infinite demerits tell me, that I *ought* not—Nevertheleſs I *will* confide in your generoſity—To-morrow morning, (no *new cauſe* ariſing to give reaſon to the contrary) as early as you pleaſe you may go to Hampſtead.'

This ſeemed to oblige her. But yet ſhe looked with a face of doubt.

I will go down to the women, Belford. And having no better judges at hand, will hear what they ſay upon my critical ſituation with this proud beauty, who has ſo inſolently rejected a Lovelace kneeling at her feet, though making an earneſt tender of himſelf for a huſband, in ſpite of all his prejudices to the love of ſhackles.

LETTER XI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

JUST come from the women.

Have I gone ſo far, and am I afraid to go farther?—Have I not already, as it is evident by her behaviour, ſinned beyond forgiveneſs?—A woman's tears uſed to be to me but as water ſprinkled on a glowing fire, which gives it a fiercer and brighter blaze: what defence has this lady, but her tears and her eloquence? She was before taken at *no weak* advantage. She was *inſenſible* in her moments of trial. *Had* ſhe been ſenſible, ſhe *muſt* have been ſenſible. So they ſay. The methods taken with her have augmented her glory and her pride. She has now a tale to tell, that ſhe *may* tell with honour to herſelf. No accomplice-inclination. She can look me into confuſion, without being conſcious of ſo much as a *thought*, which ſhe need to be aſhamed of.

This, Jack, is the ſubſtance of the women's reaſoning with me.

To which let me add, that the dear creature now ſees the neceſſity I am in to leave her. Detecting me is in her head. My contrivances are of ſuch a nature, that I muſt appear to be the moſt odious of men, if I am detected on this ſide matrimony. And yet I have promiſed, as thou ſeeſt, that ſhe ſhall ſet out to Hampſtead as ſoon as ſhe pleaſes in the morning, and that without condition on her ſide.

Doſt thou aſk, What I meant by this promiſe?

No *new cauſe* ariſing, was the proviſo on my ſide, thou'lt remember. But there *will be* a new cauſe.

Suppoſe Dorcas ſhould drop the promiſſory-note given her by her lady? Servants, eſpecially thoſe who cannot read or write, are the moſt careleſs people in the world of written papers. Suppoſe I take it up?—at a time, too, that I was determined that the dear creature ſhould be her own miſtreſs?—Will not this detection be a *new cauſe?*—A cauſe that will carry with it againſt her the appearance of ingratitude!

That ſhe deſigned it a *ſecret to me*, argues a *fear of detection*, and indirectly a *ſenſe of guilt*. I wanted a pretence. Can I have a better?—If I am in a violent paſſion upon the detection, is not paſſion an univerſally allowed extenuator of violence? Is not every man and woman obliged to excuſe that fault in another, which at times they find attended with ſuch

ſuch ungovernable effects in themſelves?

The mother and ſiſterhood, ſuppoſe, brought to ſit in judgment upon the vile corrupted—The leaſt benefit that muſt accrue from the accidental diſcovery, if not a pretence for *perpetration*, [which, however, may be the caſe] an excuſe for renewing my orders for her detention till my return from M. Hall; [the fault her own] and for keeping a ſtricter watch over her than before; with direction to ſend me any letters that may be written *by* her or *to* her.—And when I return, the devil's in it if I find not a way to make her chuſe lodgings for herſelf (ſince theſe are ſo hateful to her) that ſhall anſwer all my purpoſes; and yet I no more appear to direct her choice, than I did before in theſe.

Thou wilt curſe me, when thou comeſt to this place. I know thou wilt. But thinkeſt thou, that, after ſuch a ſeries of contrivance, I will loſe this inimitable woman for want of a little more? A rake's a rake, Jack!—And what rake is withheld by *principle* from the perpetration of any evil his heart is ſet upon, and in which he thinks he can ſucceed?—Beſides, am I not in earneſt as to marriage?—Will not the generality of the world acquit me, if I *do* marry? And what is that injury which a *church-rite* will not at any time repair? Is not *the cataſtrophe of every ſtory that ends in wedlock, accounted happy*, be the difficulties in the progreſs to it ever ſo great?

But here, how am I engroſſed by this lady, while poor Lord M. as Simon tells me, lies groaning in the moſt dreadful agonies!—What muſt he ſuffer!—Heaven relieve him!—I have a too compaſſionate heart. And ſo would the dear creature have found, could I have thought that the worſt of *her* ſufferings is equal to the lighteſt of *his*. I mean as to fact; for as to that part of hers, which ariſes from extreme ſenſibility, I know nothing of that; and cannot therefore be anſwerable for it.

LETTER XII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

JUST come from my charmer. She will not ſuffer me to ſay half the obliging, the tender things, which my honeſt heart is ready to overflow with. A confounded ſituation that, when a man finds himſelf in humour to be eloquent, and pathetick at the ſame time, yet cannot engage the miſtreſs of his fate to lend an ear to his fine ſpeeches.

I can account now, how it comes about, that lovers, when their miſtreſſes are cruel, run into ſolitude, and diſorder their minds to *ſtocks* and *ſtones*: for am I not forced to make my complaints to *thee*?

She claimed the performance of my promiſe, the moment ſhe ſaw me, of *permitting* her [haughtily ſhe ſpoke the word] to go to Hampſtead, as ſoon as I was gone to Berks.

Moſt cheerfully I renewed it.

She deſired me to give orders in her hearing.

I ſent for Dorcas and Will. They came.—'Do you both take notice—'[But, perhaps, Sir, I may take you 'with me]—that your lady is to be obey-'ed in all her commands. She purpoſes 'to return to Hampſtead as ſoon as I am 'gone—My dear, will you not have a 'ſervant to attend you?'

'I ſhall want no ſervant there.'

'Will you take Dorcas?'

'If I ſhould want Dorcas, I can ſend 'for her.'

Dorcas could not but ſay, She ſhould be very proud—

'Well, well, that may be at my re-'turn, if your lady permit—Shall I, my 'dear, call up Mrs. Sinclair, and give 'her orders, to the ſame effect, in your 'hearing?'

'I deſire not to ſee Mrs. Sinclair; nor 'any that belong to her.'

'As you pleaſe, Madam.'

And then (the ſervants being withdrawn) I urged her again for the allowance, that ſhe would meet me at the altar on Thurſday next. But to no purpoſe—May ſhe not thank herſelf for all that may follow?

One favour, however, I would not be denied—to be admitted to paſs the evening with her.

All ſweetneſs and obſequiouſneſs will I be on this occaſion. My whole ſoul ſhall be poured out to move her to forgive me. If ſhe will not, and if the promiſſory-note ſhould fall in my way, my revenge will doubtleſs take total poſſeſſion of me.

All the houſe in my intereſt, and every-one in it not only engaging to intimidate and aſſiſt, as occaſion ſhall offer, but ſtaking all their experience upon my ſucceſs, if it be not my own fault, what muſt be the conſequence?

This, Jack, however, ſhall be her laſt trial; and if ſhe behave as nobly *in* and *after* this *ſecond* attempt, [*All her friends about her*] as ſhe has done after the *firſt*, ſhe will come out an angel upon full proof, in ſpite of man, woman, and devil:

pil, then shall there be an end of all her machinations. I will then renounce that vanquished devil, and reform. And if any vile machination start up, presuming to mislead me, I will sooner stab it in my heart, as it rises, than give way to it.

A few hours will now decide all. But whatever be the event, I shall be too busy to write again, till I get to M. Hall.

Mean time I am in strange agitations. I must suppress them, if possible, before I venture into her presence—My heart bounces my bosom from the table. I will lay down my pen, and wholly resign to it's impulses.

LETTER XIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY NIGHT, OR RATHER SAT. MORN. 1 O'CLOCK.

I Thought I should not have had either time or inclination to write another line before I got to M. Hall. But have the first—must find the last—since I can neither sleep, nor do any-thing but write, if I can do that. I am most *confoundedly* out of humour. The reason let it follow—if it will follow—No preparation for it, from me.

I tried by gentleness and love to soften—What?—Marble. A heart incapable either of love or gentleness. Her past injuries for ever in her head. Ready to receive a favour; the permission to go to Hampstead; but neither to deserve it, nor return any. So my scheme of the gentle kind was soon given over.

I then wanted to provoke her: like a coward boy, who waits for the first blow before he can persuade himself to fight. I half-challenged her to challenge or defy me: she seemed aware of her danger; and would not directly brave my resentment: but kept such a middle course, that I neither could find a pretence to offend, nor reason to hope: yet she believed my tale that her uncle would come to Kentish Town, and seemed not to apprehend, that Tomlinson was an impostor.

She was very uneasy, upon the whole, in my company; wanted often to break from me; yet so held me to my promise of permitting her to go to Hampstead, that I knew not how to get off it; although it was impossible, in my precarious situation with her, to think of performing it.

In this situation; the women ready to assist; and, if I proceeded not, as ready to ridicule me; what had I left me, but to pursue the concerted scheme, and to seek a pretence to quarrel with her, in order to revoke my promised permission, and to convince her that I would not be upbraided as the most brutal of ravishers for nothing?

I had agreed with the women, that if I could not find a pretence in her presence to begin my operations, the note should lie in my way, and I was to pick it up, soon after her retiring from me. But I began to doubt at near ten o'clock, (so earnest was she to leave me, suspecting my over-warm behaviour to her, and eager grasping of her hand two or three times, with eye-strings, as I felt, on the strain, while her eyes shewed uneasiness and apprehension) that if she actually retired for the night, it might be a chance, whether it would be easy to come at her again. Loth, therefore, to run such a risque, I stept out a little after ten, with intent to alter the preconcerted disposition a little; saying I would attend her again instantly. But as I returned I met her at the door, intending to withdraw for the night. I could not persuade her to go back: nor had I presence of mind (so full of complaisance as I was to her just before) to stay her by force: so she slid through my hands into her own apartment. I had nothing to do, therefore, but to let my former concert take place.

I should have premised (but care not for order of time, connexion, or any-thing else) that, between eight and nine in the evening, another servant of Lord M. on horseback came, to desire me to carry down with me Dr. S. the old peer having been once (*in extremis*, as they judge he is now) relieved and reprieved by him. I sent and engaged the doctor to accompany me down; and am to call upon him by four this morning: or the devil should have both my lord and the doctor, if I'd stir till I got all made up.

Poke thy damned nose forward into the event, if thou wilt—Curse me if thou shalt have it till it's proper time and place. And too soon then.

She had hardly got into her chamber, but I found a little paper, as I was going into mine, which I took up; and opening it, (for it was carefully pinned in another paper) what should it be, but a promissory-note, given as a bribe, with a further promise of a diamond-ring, to induce Dorcas to favour her mistress's escape?

How my temper changed in a moment!—Ring, ring, ring, ring, I, my bell,

bell, with a violence enough to break the string, and as if the house were on fire.

Every devil frighted into active life: the whole house in an uproar: up runs Will.—'Sir—Sir—Sir!'—Eyes goggling, mouth distended—'Bid the damn'd 'toad Dorcas come hither,' (as I stood at the stair-head) in a horrible rage, and out of breath, cried I.

In sight came the trembling devil—but standing aloof, from the report made her by Will of the passion I was in, as well as from what she heard.

Flash came out my sword immediately; for I had it ready on—'Cursed, con-'founded, villainous, bribery and cor-'ruption!'

Up runs she to her lady's door, screaming out for safety and protection.

'Good your honour,' interposed Will, 'for God's sake!—O Lord! O Lord!'—receiving a good cuff.

'Take that, varlet, for saving the 'ungrateful *wretch* from my vengeance!'

'*Wretch!*' I *intended* to say; but if it were some other word of like ending, passion must be my excuse.

Up ran two or three of the sisterhood—'What's the matter!—What's the 'matter!'.

'*The matter!*' (for still my beloved opened not the door; on the contrary, drew another bolt) 'This *abominable* 'Dorcas!—Call her aunt up!—Let her 'see what a traitress she has placed about 'me!—And let her bring the toad to 'answer for herself—has taken a bribe, 'a provision for life, to betray her trust; 'by that means to perpetuate a quarrel 'between a man and his wife, and frus-'trate for ever all hopes of reconciliati-'on between us!'

Let me perish, Belford, if I have patience to proceed with the farce!

If I must resume, I must.

Up came the aunt puffing and blowing—As she hoped for mercy, *she* was not privy to it! She never knew such a plotting perverse lady in her life!—Well might servants be at the pass they were, when such ladies as Mrs. Lovelace made no conscience of corrupting them. For *her* part, she desired no mercy for the wretch: no niece of hers, if she were not faithful to the trust!—But what was the proof?

She was shewn the paper.

'But too evident!—Cursed, cursed 'toad, devil, jade!' passed from each mouth:—And the vileness of the corrupted, and the unworthiness of the *corruptress*, were inveighed against.

Up we all went, pushing the lady's door into the dining-room, to proceed to trial.

Stamp, stamp, stamp up, each on her heel-; rave, rave, rave, every tongue.

'Bring up the creature before us all 'this instant!'

'And would she have got out of the 'house, say you?'

These the noises, and the speeches, as we clattered by the door of the fair briberess.

Up was brought Dorcas (whimpering) between two, both bawling out—'You must go—You shall go—'Tis fit 'you should answer for yourself—You 'are a discredit to all worthy servants,'—as they pulled and pushed her up-stairs.—She whining—'I cannot see his 'honour—I cannot look so good and 'so generous a gentleman in the face—'O how shall I bear my aunt's rav-'ings?'

'Come up, and be d—n'd—Bring 'her forward,' her imperial judge.—'What a plague, it is the *detection*, not 'the *crime*, that confounds you. You 'could be quiet enough for days toge-'ther, as I see by the date, under the 'villainy. Tell me, ungrateful devil, 'tell me, who made the first advances?'

'Aye, disgrace to my family and 'blood,' cried the old one—'Tell his 'honour—Tell the truth!—Who made 'the first advances?'

'Aye, cursed creature,' cried Sally, 'who made the first advances?'

'I have betrayed one trust already! '—O let me not betray another!—My 'lady is a good lady!—O let not *her* 'suffer!'

'Tell all you know—Tell the whole 'truth, Dorcas,' cried Polly Horton—'His honour loves his lady too well, to 'make her suffer *much*; little as she re-'quites his love!'

'Every-body sees that,' cried Sally—'Too well, indeed, *for* his honour, I 'was going to say.'

'Till now, I thought she deserved 'my love—But to bribe a servant thus, 'who she supposed had orders to watch 'her steps, for fear of another elope-'ment! and to impute that precaution 'to me as a crime!—Yet I must love her '—Ladies, forgive my weakness!'

Curse upon my grimaces!—If I have patience to repeat them!—But thou shalt have it all—Thou canst not despise me more than I despise myself!

'But suppose, Sir,' said Sally, 'you 'have my lady and the wench face to 'face!

'fuse! You see she cares not to confess.'

'O my *carelessness!*' cried Dorcas—'Don't let my poor lady suffer!—Indeed, if you all knew what I know, 'you would say her ladyship has been 'cruelly treated.'

'See, see, see, see!'—repeatedly, every one at once—'Only sorry for the *detection*, as your honour said—Not for 'the *fault*.'

'Curfed creature!' and 'Deviliſh 'creature!' from every mouth.

'Your lady *won't*—She *dare* not—'come out to ſave you,' cried Sally; 'though it is more his honour's mercy, 'than your deſert, if he does not cut 'your vile throat this inſtant.'

'Say,' repeated Polly, 'was it your 'lady, that made the firſt advances, or 'was it you, you creature?'

'If the lady had ſo much honour,' bawled the mother, 'excuſe me, *So*—'Excuſe me, Sir,'—[Confound the old wretch! ſhe had like to have ſaid *Son!*]—'If the lady had ſo much honour, as 'we have ſuppoſed, ſhe will appear to 'vindicate a poor ſervant, miſled, as 'ſhe has been, by ſuch large promiſes! '—But I hope, Sir, you will do them 'juſt juſtice: I *hope* you will!—Good 'lack!—Good lack!'—clapping her hands together—'To grant her every-'thing ſhe could aſk—To indulge her 'in her unworthy hatred to my poor 'innocent houſe!—To let her go to 'Hampſtead, though your honour told 'us, you could get no condeſcention 'from her; no, not the leaſt—O Sir—'O Sir—I hope—I hope—If your lady 'will not come out—I hope you will 'find a way to hear this cauſe in her pre-'ſence. I value not my doors on ſuch 'an occaſion as this. Juſtice I ever 'loved. I deſire you will come at the 'bottom of it in *clearance* to me. I'll 'be ſworn I had no privity in this black 'corruption.'

Juſt then, we heard the lady's door unbar, unlock, unbolt.

'Now, Sir!'

'Now, Mr. Lovelace!'

'Now, Sir!' from every encouraging mouth.

But, O Jack! Jack! Jack! I can write no more!

If you muſt have it all, you muſt!

Now, Belford, ſee us all ſitting in judgment, reſolved to puniſh the fair delinquent—I, and the mother, the hitherto *dreaded* mother, the nieces Sally, Polly, the traitreſs Dorcas and Mabell, a guard, as it were, over Dorcas, that ſhe might not run away, and hide herſelf—All pre-determined, and of *neceſſity* pre-determined, from the journey I was going to take, and my precarious ſituation with her—And hear her *unbolt*, *unlock*, *unbar*, the door; then as it proved afterwards, put the key into the lock on the outſide, lock the door, and put it in her pocket—Will I knew, below, who would give me notice, if, while we were all above, ſhe ſhould miſtake her way, and go down-ſtairs, inſtead of coming into the dining-room: the ſtreet-doors alſo doubly ſecured, and every ſhutter to the windows round the houſe faſtened, that no noiſe or ſcreeming ſhould be heard—[Such was the brutal preparation]—And then *hear* her ſtep towards us, and inſtantly *ſee* her enter among us, confiding in her own innocence; and with a majeſty in her perſon and manner, that is *natural* to her; but which then ſhone out in all it's glory!—Every tongue ſilent—every eye awed—every heart quaking—mine, in a particular manner ſunk, throbleſs, and twice below its uſual region, to once at my throat.—A ſhameful recreant!—She ſilent too, looking round her, firſt on me; then on the mother, as no longer fearing her; then on Sally, Polly, and the culprit Dorcas!—Such the glorious power of innocence exerted at that awful moment!

She would have ſpoken, but could not, looking down my guilt into confuſion. A mouſe might have been heard paſſing over the floor: her own light feet and ruſtling ſilks could not have prevented it; for ſhe ſeemed to tread air, and to be all ſoul. She paſſed backwards and forwards, now towards me, now towards the door ſeveral times, before ſpeech could get the better of indignation; and at laſt, after twice or thrice hemming to recover her articulate voice—'O thou contemptible and abandoned 'Lovelace, thinkeſt thou that I ſee not 'through this poor villainous plot of 'thine, and of theſe thy wicked accom-'plices?'

'Thou woman,' [looking at the mother] 'once my terror!—always my diſ-'like!—but now my deteſtation!—'ſhouldſt once more (for thine perhaps 'was the preparation) have provided 'for me intoxicating potions, to rob 'me of my ſenſes.

'And then, thou, wretch,' [*turning to me*] 'mighteſt more ſecurely have de-'pended upon ſuch a low contrivance as 'this!

'And ye, vile women, who perhaps

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Cribb Sculp.

CLARISSA *threatens* LOVELACE, *if he advances one step nearer, to lay her self a* CORPSE *at his feet.*

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Mr. S.

'tance—' O my beloved creature, how 'you terrify me!'—holding out my arms and kneeling on one knee—' Not a ſtep, 'not a ſtep farther except to receive 'my death at that injured hand which 'is thus held up againſt a life far dearer 'to me than my own!—I am a villain! '—the blackeſt of villains!—Say you 'will ſheath your knife in the injurer's, 'not the injured's heart, and then will 'I indeed approach you, but not elſe.'

The mother twanged her damned noſe; and Sally and Polly pulled out their handkerchiefs, and turned from us. They never in their lives, they told me afterwards, beheld ſuch a ſcene.

Innocence ſo triumphant!—Villainy ſo debaſed!—they muſt mean.

Unaware, to myſelf, I had moved onward to my angel—' And doſt thou, 'doſt thou, *ſtill* diſclaiming, *ſtill* advancing—Doſt thou, doſt thou, *ſtill* inſidiouſly move towards me?' [And her hand was extended] ' I dare—I dare—'but raſhly neither—My heart from 'principle abhors the act, which *thou* 'makeſt *neceſſary*!—God, in thy mercy!' [Lifting up her eyes and hands] ' God, 'in thy mercy——!'

I threw myſelf to the further end of the room. An ejaculation, a ſilent ejaculation, employing her thoughts that moment; Polly ſays the whites of her lovely eyes were only viſible: and, in the inſtant that ſhe extended her hand, *aſſuredly* to ſtrike the fatal blow, [How the very recital terrifies me!] ſhe caſt her eye towards me, and ſaw me at the utmoſt diſtance the room would allow, and heard my broken voice—My voice was utterly broken; nor knew I what I ſaid, or whether to the purpoſe or not—And her charming cheeks, that were all in a glow before, turned pale, as if terrified at her own purpoſe; and lifting up her eyes—' Thank God!—Thank God!' ſaid the angel—' Delivered *for the preſent*; for the *preſent* delivered—from 'myſelf!—Keep, Sir, keep that diſ-'tance;' [Looking down towards me, who was proſtrate on the floor, my heart pierced, as with an hundred daggers;] ' that diſtance has ſaved a life; 'to what reſerved, the Almighty only 'knows.'

' To *be* happy, Madam; and to *make* 'happy!—And O let me but hope for 'your favour for to-morrow—I will 'put off my journey till then—And may 'God—'

' Swear not, Sir!'—With an awful and piercing aſpect—' You have too—'too often ſworn!—God's eye is upon 'us!—His more *immediate* eye;' and looked wildly.—But the women looked up to the *cieling*, as if *afraid* of God's eye, and trembled. And well they might; and *I* too, who ſo very lately had each of us the devil in our hearts.

' If not to-morrow, Madam, ſay but 'next Thurſday, your uncle's birth-'day; ſay but next Thurſday!'

' This I ſay, of this you may aſſure 'yourſelf, I never, never *will* be yours. '—And let me hope that I may be en-'titled to the performance of your pro-'miſe, to be permittted to leave this '*innocent* houſe, as one called it, (but 'long have my ears been accuſtomed 'to ſuch inverſions of words) as ſoon as 'the day breaks.'

' Did my perdition depend upon it, 'that you cannot, Madam, but upon 'terms. And I hope you will not ter-'rify me—' ſtill dreading the accurſed knife.

' Nothing leſs than an attempt upon 'my honour ſhall make me deſperate. 'I have no view but to defend my ho-'nour: with ſuch a view only I en-'tered into treaty with your infamous 'agent below. The reſolution you 'have ſeen, I truſt, God will give me 'again, upon the ſame occaſion. But 'for a *leſs*, I wiſh not for it.—Only 'take notice, women, that I am no wife 'of *this man*: baſely as he has uſed me, 'I am not his wife. He has no autho-'rity over me. If he go away by-and-'by, and you act by his authority to 'detain me, look to it.'

Then, taking one of the lights, ſhe turned from us; and away ſhe went, unmoleſted.—Not a ſoul was *able* to moleſt her.

Mabell ſaw her, tremblingly, and in a hurry, take the key of her chamber-door out of her pocket, and unlock it; and as ſoon as ſhe entered, heard her double-lock, bar, and bolt it.

By her taking out her key, when ſhe came out of her chamber to us, ſhe no doubt ſuſpected my deſign: which was, to have carried her in my arms thither, if ſhe made ſuch force neceſſary, after I had intimidated her; and to have been her companion for that night.

She was to have had ſeveral bed-chamber-women to aſſiſt to undreſs her upon occaſion: but from the moment ſhe entered the dining-room with ſo much intrepidity, it was abſolutely impoſſible to think of proſecuting my villainous deſigns againſt her.

THUS, this, Belford, was the hand I made

made of a contrivance from which I expected so much!—And now I am ten times worse off than before.

Thou never sawest people in thy life look so like fools upon one another, as the mother, her partners, and I, did, for a few minutes. And at last, the two devilish nymphs broke out into insulting ridicule upon me; while the old wretch was concerned for her house, the reputation of her house. I cursed them all together: and retiring to my chamber, locked myself in.

And now it is time to set out: all I have gained, detection, disgrace, fresh guilt by repeated perjuries, and to be despised by her I *doat upon*; and what is still worse to a proud heart, by *myself*.

Success, success in projects, is everything. What an admirable contriver did I think myself till now! Even for *this* scheme among the rest! But how pitifully foolish does it now appear to me!—Scratch out, erase, never to be read, every part of my preceding letters, where I have boastingly mentioned it. And never presume to rally me upon the cursed subject: for I cannot bear it.

But for the lady, by my soul, I love her. I admire her more than ever! I *must* have her. I *will* have her still—*With* honour or *without*, as I have often vowed. My cursed fright at her accidental bloody nose, so lately, put her upon improving upon me thus. Had she threatened ME, I should soon have been master of *one* arm, and *in both!* But for so sincere a virtue to threaten *herself*, and not to offer to intimidate *any other*, and with so much presence of mind, as to distinguish, in the very passionate intention, the necessity of the act, in defence of her *honour*, and so *fairly* to disavow *lesser* occasions: shewed such a deliberation, such a choice, such a principle; and then keeping me so watchfully at a distance, that I could not seize her hand, so soon as she could have given the fatal blow; how impossible not to be subdued by so *true* and *so discreet* a magnanimity!

But she is not *gone*. She shall not go. I will press her with letters for the Thursday. She shall yet be mine, legally mine. For as to cohabitation, there is now no such thing to be thought of.

The captain shall give her away, as proxy for her uncle. My lord will die. My fortune will help my *will*, and set me above every-thing and every-body.

But here is the curse—She despises me, Jack!—What man, as I have heretofore said, can bear to be despised—especially by his wife!—O Lord! O Lord! What a hand, what a cursed hand have I made of this plot!—And here ends

The history of the Lady and the Penknife!—The devil take the penknife!—It goes against me to say,

'God bless the lady!'

NEAR 5. SAT. MORN.

LETTER XIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUPERSCRIBED TO MRS. LOVELACE.

M. HALL, SAT. NIGHT, JUNE 24.

MY DEAREST LIFE.

IF you do not impute to love, and to terror raised by love, the poor figure I made before you last night, you will not do me justice. I thought I would try to the very last moment, if, by complying with you in *every-thing*, I could prevail upon you to promise to be mine on Thursday next, since you refused me an earlier day. Could I have been so happy, you had not been hindered going to Hampstead, or wherever else you pleased. But when I could not prevail upon you to give me this assurance, what room had I (my demerit so great) to suppose that your going thither would not be to lose you for ever?

I will own to you, Madam, that yesterday afternoon I picked up the paper dropt by Dorcas; who has confessed that she would have assisted you in getting away, if she had had an opportunity so to do; and undoubtedly dropt it by *accident*. And could I have prevailed upon you as to Thursday next I would have made no use of it; secure as I should then have been in your word given, to be mine. But when I found you inflexible, I was resolved to try, if by resenting Dorcas's treachery, I could not make *your* pardon of *me* the condition of *mine* to *her*: and if not, to make a handle of it to revoke my consent to your going away from Mrs. Sinclair's; since the consequence of that must have been so fatal to me.

So far, indeed, was my proceeding *low* and *artful*: and when I was challenged with it, as such, in so high and noble a manner, I could not avoid taking shame to myself upon it.

But you must permit me, Madam, to hope, that you will not punish me too heavily for so poor a contrivance, since no dishonour was meant you; and since, in the moment of it's execution you had

as great an instance of my incapacity to defend a wrong, a low measure, and, at the same time, in your power over me, as mortal man could give—In a word, since you must have seen, that I was absolutely under the controul both of Conscience and of Love.

I will not offer to defend myself, for *wishing you to remain where you are*, till either you give me your word to meet me at the altar on Thursday; or till I have the honour of attending you, preparative to the solemnity which will make that day the happiest of my life.

I am but too sensible, that this kind of treatment may appear to you with the face of an arbitrary and illegal imposition: but as the consequences, not only to *ourselves*, but to *both our families*, may be fatal, if you cannot be moved in my favour; let me beseech you to forgive this act of compulsion, on the score of the necessity you your dear self have laid me under to be guilty of it; and to permit the solemnity of next Thursday to include an act of oblivion of all past offences.

The orders I have given to the people of the house are: That you shall be obeyed in every particular that is consistent with my expectations of finding you there on my return to town on Wednesday next: that Mrs. Sinclair and her nieces, having incurred your just displeasure, shall not, without your orders, come into your presence: that neither shall Dorcas, till she has fully cleared her conduct to your satisfaction, be permitted to attend you: but Mabell, in her place; of whom you seemed some time ago to express some liking. Will I have left behind me to attend your commands. If he be either negligent or impertinent, *your* dismission shall be a dismission of him from my service for ever. But, as to letters which may be sent you, or any which you may have to send, I must humbly intreat, that none such pass *from* or *to* you, for the few days that I shall be absent. But I do assure you, Madam, that the seals of both sorts shall be sacred: and the letters, if such be sent, shall be given into your hands the moment the ceremony is performed, or before, if you require it.

Mean time I will enquire, and send you word, how Miss Howe does; and to what, if I can be informed, her long silence is owing.

Dr. Perkins I found here, attending my lord, when I arrived with Dr. S. He acquaints me that your father, mother, uncles, and the still *less* worthy persons of your family, are well; and intend to be all at your uncle Harlowe's next week; I presume, with intent to keep his anniversary. This can make no alteration, but a happy one, as to *persons*, on Thursday; because Mr. Tomlinson assured me, that if any-thing fell out to hinder your uncle's coming up in person, (which however, he did not expect) he would be satisfied if his friend the captain were proxy for him. I shall send a man and horse to-morrow to the captain, to be at a greater certainty.

I send this by a special messenger, who will wait your pleasure in relation to the impatiently-wished-for Thursday; which I humbly hope will be signified by a line.

My lord, though hardly sensible, and unmindful of every-thing but of your felicity, desires his most affectionate compliments to you. He has in readiness to present to you a very valuable set of jewels, which he hopes will be acceptable, whether he lives to see you adorn them or not.

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty have also their tokens of respect ready to court your acceptance: but may Heaven incline you to give the opportunity of receiving their personal compliments, and those of my cousins Montague, before the next week be out!

His lordship is exceeding ill. Dr. S. has no hopes of him. The only consolation I can have for the death of a relation who loves me so well, if he *do* die, must arise from the additional power it will put into my hands of shewing how much I am, *my dearest life, your affectionate and faithful* LOVELACE.

LETTER XV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUPERSCRIBED, TO MRS. LOVELACE.

M. HALL, SUNDAY NIGHT, JUNE 25.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

I Cannot find words to express how much I am mortified at the return of my messenger without a line from you.

Thursday is so near, that I will send messenger after messenger every four hours, till I have a favourable answer; the one to meet the other, till it's eve arrives, to know if I may venture to appear in your presence with the hope of having my wishes answered on that day.

Your love, Madam, I neither expect, nor ask for; nor will, till my future

ture behaviour gives you cauſe to think I deſerve it. All I at preſent preſume to wiſh, is, to have it in my power to do you all the juſtice I can now do you: and to your generoſity will I leave it, to reward me, as I ſhall merit, with your affection.

At preſent, revolving my poor behaviour of Friday night before you, I think I ſhould ſooner chuſe to go to my laſt audit, unprepared for it as I am, than to appear in your preſence, unleſs you give me ſome hope, that I ſhall be received as your elected huſband, rather than (however deſerved) as a deteſted criminal.

Let me therefore propoſe an expedient, in order to ſpare my own confuſion; and to ſpare you the neceſſity for that ſoul-harrowing recrimination, which I cannot ſtand, and which muſt be diſagreeable to yourſelf—To name the church, and I will have every-thing in readineſs; ſo that our next interview will be, in a manner, at the very altar; and then you will have the kind huſband to forgive for the faults of the ungrateful lover. If your reſentment be ſtill too high to write more, let it only be in your own dear hand, theſe words, '*St. Martin's church, Thurſday*,'—or theſe, '*St. Giles's church, Thurſday*;' nor will I inſiſt upon any inſcription or ſubſcription, or ſo much as the initials of your name. This ſhall be all the favour I will expect, till the dear hand itſelf is given to mine, in preſence of that Being whom I invoke as a witneſs of the inviolable faith and honour of *your adoring*

LOVELACE.

LETTER XVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUPERSCRIBED, TO MRS. LOVELACE.

M. HALL, MONDAY, JUNE 26.

ONCE more, my deareſt love, do I conjure you to ſend me the four requeſted words. There is no time to be loſt. And I would not have next Thurſday go over, without being entitled to call you mine, for the world; and that as well for your ſake as my own. Hitherto all that has paſſed is between you and me only; but, after Thurſday, if my wiſhes are unanſwered, the whole will be before the world.

My lord is extremely ill, and endures not to have me out of his ſight for one half-hour. But this ſhall not have the leaſt weight with me, if you be pleaſed to hold out the olive-branch to me in the four requeſted words.

I have the following intelligence from Captain Tomlinſon.

All your family are at your uncle Harlowe's. Your uncle finds he cannot go up; and names Captain Tomlinſon for his proxy. He propoſes to keep all your family with him, till the captain aſſures him, that the ceremony is over.

Already he has begun, with hope of ſucceſs, to try to reconcile your mother to you.

My Lord M. but juſt now has told me, how happy he ſhould think himſelf to have an opportunity before he dies, to ſalute you as his niece. I have put him in hopes, that he ſhall ſee you; and have told him, that I will go to town on Wedneſday, in order to prevail upon you to accompany me down on Thurſday or Friday. I have ordered a ſett to be in readineſs to carry me up; and, were not my lord ſo very ill, my couſin Montague tells me, ſhe would offer *her* attendance on you. If you pleaſe, therefore, we can ſet out for this place the moment the ſolemnity is performed.

Do not, deareſt creature, diſſipate all theſe promiſing appearances, and, by refuſing to ſave your own and your family's reputation in the eye of the world, uſe yourſelf worſe than the ungrateful-eſt wretch on earth has uſed you. For if we are married, all the diſgrace you imagine you have ſuffered while a ſingle lady, will be my own; and only known to ourſelves.

Once more then, conſider well the ſituation we are both in; and remember, my deareſt life, that Thurſday will be ſoon here; and that you have no time to loſe.

In a letter ſent by the meſſenger whom I diſpatch with this, I have deſired, that my friend, Mr. Belford, who is your very great admirer, and who knows all the ſecrets of my heart, will wait upon you, to know what I am to depend upon, as to the choſen day.

Surely, my dear, you never could, at any time, ſuffer half ſo much from cruel ſuſpence, as I do.

If I have not an anſwer to this, either from your own goodneſs, or through Mr. Belford's interceſſion, it will be too late for me to ſet out: and Captain Tomlinſon will be diſappointed, who goes to town on purpoſe to attend your pleaſure.

One motive for the gentle reſtraint I have preſumed to lay you under, is, to prevent the miſchiefs that might enſue

(as probably to the *more* innocent, as to the *leſs*) were you to write to any-body while your paſſions were ſo much raiſed and inflamed againſt me. Having apprized you of my direction to the woman in town on this head, I wonder you ſhould have endeavoured to ſend a letter to Miſs Howe, although in a cover directed to that young lady's ſervant; as you muſt think it would be likely to fall into my hands.

The juſt ſenſe of what I have deſerved the contents *ſhould be*, leaves me no room to doubt what they *are*. Nevertheleſs, I return it you incloſed, with the ſeal, as you will ſee, unbroken.

Relieve, I beſeech you, deareſt Madam, by the four requeſted words, or by Mr. Belford, the anxiety of *your ever-affectionate and obliged* LOVELACE.

Remember, there will not, there *cannot* be time for further writing, and for coming up by Thurſday, *your uncle's birth-day*.

LETTER XVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY, JUNE 26.

THOU wilt ſee the ſituation I am in with Miſs Harlowe by the incloſed copies of three letters; to two of which I am ſo much ſcorned as not to have one word given me in anſwer; and of the third (now ſent by the meſſenger who brings thee this) I am afraid as little notice will be taken—And if ſo, her day of grace is abſolutely over.

One would imagine (ſo long uſed to conſtraint too as ſhe has been) that ſhe might have been ſatisfied with the triumph ſhe had over us all on Friday night: a triumph that to this hour has ſunk my pride and my vanity ſo much, that I almoſt hate the words, *plot*, *contrivance*, *ſcheme*; and ſhall miſtruſt myſelf in future, for every one that riſes to my inventive head.

But ſeeſt thou not, that I am under a neceſſity to continue her at Sinclair's, and to prohibit all her correſpondences?

Now, Belford, as I really, in my preſent mood, think of nothing leſs than marrying her, if ſhe let not Thurſday ſlip; I would have thee attend her, in purſuance of the intimation I have given her in my letter of this date; and vow for me, ſwear for me, bind thy ſoul to her for my honour, and uſe what arguments thy friendly heart can ſuggeſt, in order to procure me an anſwer from her; which, as thou wilt ſee, ſhe may give in four words only. And then I purpoſe to leave Lord M. (dangerouſly ill as he is) and meet her at her appointed church, in order to ſolemnize: if ſhe will ſign but *Cl. H.* to *thy* writing the four words, that ſhall do; for I would not come up to be made a fool of in the face of all my family and friends.

If ſhe ſhould let the day go off;—I ſhall be deſperate. I am entangled in my own devices, and cannot bear that ſhe ſhould detect me.

O that I had been honeſt!—What a devil are all my plots come to! What do they end in but one grand plot upon myſelf, and a title to eternal infamy and diſgrace! But, depending on thy friendly offices, I will ſay no more of this.—Let her ſend me but one line!—But *one* line!—To treat me as *unworthy* of her notice; yet be altogether in my power—I cannot—I will not bear that.

My lord, as I ſaid, is extremely ill. The doctors give him over. He gives himſelf over. Thoſe who would not have him die, are afraid he will die. But as to myſelf, I am doubtful: for theſe long and violent ſtruggles between the conſtitution and the diſeaſe (though the latter has three phyſicians and an apothecary to help it forward, and all three, as to their preſcriptions, of different opinions too) indicate a plaguy tough habit, and favour more of recovery than death: and the more ſo, as he has no ſharp or acute mental organs to whet out his bodily ones, and to raiſe his fever above the ſymptomatick helpful one.

Thou wilt ſee in the incloſed what pains I am at to diſpatch meſſengers; who are conſtantly on the road to meet each other, and one of them to link in the chain with a fourth, whoſe ſtation is in London, and five miles onward, or till met. But, in truth, I have ſome other matters for them to perform at the ſame time, with my lord's banker and his lawyer; which will enable me, if his lordſhip is ſo good as to die this bout, to be an overmatch for ſome of my other relations. I don't mean Charlotte and Patty; for they are noble girls; but others, who have been ſcratching and clawing under-ground like ſo many moles in my abſence; and whoſe workings I have diſcovered ſince I have been down, by the little heaps of dirt they have thrown up.

A ſpeedy account of thy commiſſion, dear Jack! The letter travels all night.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

LONDON, JUNE 27. TUESDAY.

YOU muſt excuſe me, Lovelace, from engaging in the office you would have me undertake, till I can be better aſſured you really intend honourably at laſt to this much-injured lady.

I believe you know your friend Belford too well, to think he would be eaſy with you, or with any man alive, who ſhould ſeek to make him promiſe for him what he never intended to perform. And let me tell thee, that I have not much confidence in the honour of a man, who by *imitation of hands* (I will only call it) has ſhewn ſo little regard to the honour of his own relations.

Only that thou haſt ſuch jeſuitical qualifyings, or I ſhould think thee at leaſt touched with remorſe, and brought within view of being aſhamed of thy curſed inventions by the ill ſucceſs of thy laſt: which I heartily congratulate thee upon.

O the divine lady!—But I will not aggravate!

Nevertheleſs, when thou writeſt, that, in thy *preſent mood*, thou thinkeſt of marrying, and yet canſt ſo *eaſily* change thy *mood:* when I know thy heart is againſt the ſtate:—that the four words thou courteſt from the lady are as much to thy purpoſe, as if ſhe wrote forty; ſince it will ſhew ſhe can forgive the higheſt injury that can be offered to woman: and when I recollect how eaſily thou canſt find excuſes to poſtpone, thou muſt be more explicit a good deal, as to thy real intentions, and future honour than thou art: for I cannot truſt to a temporary remorſe; which is brought on by diſappointment too, and not by principle; and the like of which thou haſt ſo often got over.

If thou canſt convince me time enough for the day, that thou meaneſt to do honourably by her, in *her own* ſenſe of the word; or, if not time enough, wilt fix ſome other day, (which thou oughteſt to leave to her option, and not bind her down for the Thurſday; and the rather, as thy pretence for ſo doing is founded on an abſolute fiction) I will then moſt cheerfully undertake thy cauſe; by *perſon*, if ſhe will admit me to her preſence; if ſhe will not, by *pen*. But, in this caſe, thou muſt allow me to be guarantee for thy faith. And, if ſo, as much as I value thee, and reſpect thy ſkill in all the qualifications of a gentleman, thou mayeſt depend upon it, that I will act up to the character of a guarantee, with more honour than the princes of our day uſually do——to their ſhame be it ſpoken.

Mean time, let me tell thee, that my heart bleeds for the wrongs this angelick lady has received: and if thou doſt *not* marry her, if ſhe will *have* thee; and, when married, make her the beſt and tendereſt of huſbands, I would rather be a dog, a monkey, a bear, a viper, or a toad, than thee.

Command me with honour, and thou ſhalt find none readier to oblige thee, than *thy ſincere friend*,

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER XIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, JUNE 27. TUESDAY NIGHT, NEAR 12.

YOURS reached me this moment, by an extraordinary puſh in the meſſengers.

What a man of honour, thou, of a ſudden!

And ſo, in the imaginary ſhape of a guarantee, thou threateneſt me!

Had I *not* been in earneſt as to the lady, I ſhould not have offered to employ thee in the affair. But, let me ſay, that *hadſt* thou undertaken the taſk, and I had afterwards thought fit to change my mind, I ſhould have contented myſelf to tell thee, that that *was* my mind when thou engageddſt for me, and to have given thee the reaſons for the change, and then left thee to thy own direction: for never knew I what fear of man was—nor fear of woman neither, till I became acquainted with Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe; nay, what is *moſt* ſurprizing, till I came to have her in my power.

And ſo thou wilt not wait upon the charmer of my heart, but upon terms and conditions!—Let it alone, and be curs'd; I care not.—But ſo much credit did I give to the value thou expreſſedſt for *her*, that I thought the office would have been acceptable to *thee*, as ſerviceable to me: for what was it, but to endeavour to perſuade her to conſent to the reparation of her own honour? For what have I done but diſgraced myſelf, and been a thief to my own joys?—And if there be an union of hearts, and an intention to ſolemnize, what is there wanting but the fooliſh ceremony?—And that I ſtill offer. But if ſhe will keep back her hand; if ſhe will make

me

[illegible] in vain—How can I [illegible]

[illegible] her one more letter, and if, [illegible] she has received that, she keeps [illegible] she must thank herself for [illegible]

[illegible], dear life, my heart is wholly [illegible] I love her beyond expression; [illegible] help it. I hope therefore [illegible] will receive this last tender as I wish. I hope she intends not, like a true woman, to plague, and vex, and tease me, now she has found her power. If she will take me to mercy now these tempests are upon me, (though I frown to condition with *her* for my sincerity) all her faults, as I have heretofore declared, shall be over; and she shall be as happy as I can make her: for, ruminating upon all that has passed between us, from the first hour of our acquaintance till the present, I must pronounce, that she is virtue itself, and, once more I say, has no equal.

[illegible] to what you hint, of leaving to her [illegible] another day, do you consider, [illegible] will be impossible, that my contrivances and stratagems should be much longer concealed? This makes me press [illegible] though so near; and the more, as I have made so much ado about her [illegible] anniversary. If she send me the [illegible] word, I will spare no fatigue to be [illegible] time, if not for the canonical hour at church, for some other hour of the [illegible] her own apartment, or any other: for money will do every thing: and [illegible] have never spared in this affair. [illegible] these days, that I am not at enmity [illegible] there. I inclose the copies of two [illegible] One to her: it is the *fourth*, [illegible] be the *last* on the subject.—— [illegible] other to Captain Tomlinson; call [illegible] as thou wilt see, for him to [illegible] her.

[illegible] now, Jack, interfere in this case [illegible] and, from knowest the mind of

R. LOVELACE.

LETTER XX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUPERSCRIBED, TO MRS. LOVELACE.

M. HALL, WEDN. MORN. ONE O'CLOCK, JUNE 28.

NOT one line, my dearest life, not one word, in answer to three letters I have written! The time is now so short, that this *must* be the last letter that can reach you on this side of the important hour that might make us legally one.

My friend Mr. Belford is apprehensive, that he cannot wait upon you in time, by reason of some urgent affairs of his own.

I the less regret the disappointment, because I have procured a *more* acceptable person, as I hope, to attend you; Captain Tomlinson I mean: to whom I had applied for this purpose, before I had Mr. Belford's answer.

I was the more solicitous to obtain this favour from him, because of the office he is to take upon him, as I humbly presume to hope, to-morrow. That office obliged him to be in town as this day: and I acquainted him with my unhappy situation with you; and desired, that he would shew me, on this occasion, that I had as much of his favour and friendship, as your uncle had; since the whole treaty must be broken off, if he could not prevail upon you in my behalf.

He will dispatch the messenger directly; whom I propose to meet in person at Slough; either to proceed onward to London with a joyful heart, or to return back to M. Hall, with a broken one.

I ought not (but cannot help it) to anticipate the pleasure Mr. Tomlinson proposes to himself, in acquainting you with the likelihood there is of your mother's seconding your uncle's views. For, it seems, he has privately communicated to *her* his laudable intentions: and *her* resolution depends, as well as *his*, upon what to-morrow will produce.

Disappoint not then, I beseech you, for an hundred persons sakes, as well as for mine, *that* uncle, and *that* mother, whose displeasure I have heard you so often deplore.

You may think it impossible for me to reach London by the canonical hour. If it should, the ceremony may be performed in your own apartment, at any time in the day, or at night: so that Captain Tomlinson may have it to aver to your uncle, that it was performed on his anniversary.

Tell but the captain, that you *forbid me not* to attend you: and that shall be sufficient for bringing to you, on the wings of love, your *ever-grateful and affectionate*

LOVELACE.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

TO MR. PATRICK M'DONALD, AT HIS LODGINGS, AT MR. BROWN'S, PERUKE-MAKER, IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE, WESTMINSTER.

M. HALL, WEDN. MORN. 20 O'CLOCK.

DEAR M'DONALD,

THE bearer of this has a letter to carry to the lady. I have been at the trouble of writing a copy of it; which I incloſe, that you may not miſtake your cue.

You will judge of my reaſons for ante-dating the incloſed ſealed one, directed to you by the name of Tomlinſon; which you are to ſhew the lady, as in confidence. You will open it of courſe.

I doubt not your dexterity and management, dear M'Donald; nor your zeal; eſpecially as the hope of cohabitation muſt now be given up. Impoſſible to be carried is that ſcheme. I might break her heart, but not incline her will. —Am in earneſt, therefore, to marry her, if ſhe let not the day ſlip.

Improve upon the hint of her mother. That muſt touch her. But John Harlowe, *remember*, has *privately* engaged that lady—*Privately*, I ſay; elſe (not to mention the reaſon for her uncle Harlowe's former expedient) you know, ſhe might find means to get a letter away to the one or the other, to know the truth; or to Miſs Howe, to engage *her* to enquire into it: and if ſhe ſhould, the word *privately* will account for the uncle's and mother's denying it.

However, fail not, as from me, to charge our mother and her nymphs to redouble their vigilance both as to her perſon and letters. All's upon a criſis now. But ſhe muſt not be treated ill neither.

Thurſday over, I ſhall know what to reſolve upon.

If neceſſary, you muſt aſſume authority. The devil's in't, if ſuch a girl as this ſhall awe a man of your years and experience. You are not in love with her as I am. Fly out, if ſhe doubt your honour. Spirits *naturally* ſoft may be beat out of their play, and borne down (though ever ſo much raiſed) by higher anger. All women are cowards at bottom! only violent where they *may*. I have often ſtormed a girl out of her miſtruſt, and made her yield (before ſhe knew where ſhe was) to the point indignantly *miſtruſted*; and that to make up with me, though I was the aggreſſor.

If this matter ſucceed as I'd have it, (or if *not*, and do not fail by your fault) I will take you off the neceſſity of purſuing your curſed ſmuggling; which otherwiſe may one day end fatally for you.

We are none of us perfect, M'Donald. This ſweet lady makes me ſerious ſometimes in ſpite of my heart. But as private vices are leſs blameable than publick; and as I think *ſmuggling* (as it is called) a national evil; I have no doubt to pronounce you a much worſe man than myſelf, and as ſuch ſhall take pleaſure in reforming you.

I ſend you incloſed ten guineas, as a ſmall earneſt of further favours. Hitherto you have been a very clever fellow.

As to cloaths for Thurſday, Monmouth Street will afford a ready ſupply. Cloaths quite new would make your condition ſuſpected. But you may defer that care, till you ſee if ſhe can be prevailed upon. Your riding-dreſs will do for the firſt viſit. Nor let your boots be over-clean. I have always told you the conſequence of attending to the *minutiæ*, where art (or *impoſture*, as the ill-mannered would call it) is deſigned —Your linen rumpled and ſoily, when you wait upon her—Eaſy terms theſe—Juſt come to town—Remember (as formerly) to loll, to throw out your legs, to ſtroke and graſp down your ruffles, as if of ſignificance enough to be careleſs. What though the preſence of a fine lady would require a different behaviour, are you not of years to diſpenſe with politeneſs? You can have no deſign upon her, you know. You are a father yourſelf of daughters as old as ſhe. Evermore is *parade* and *obſequiouſneſs* ſuſpectable: it muſt ſhew either a fooliſh head, or a knaviſh heart. Aſſume airs of *conſequence* therefore; and you will be treated as a *man* of conſequence. I have often more than half-ruined myſelf by my complaiſance; and, being afraid of controul, have brought controul upon myſelf.

I think I have no more to ſay at preſent. I intend to be at Slough, or on the way to it, as by mine to the lady. Adieu, honeſt M'Donald. R. L.

LETTER XXII.

TO CAPTAIN ANTONY TOMLINSON.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING; TO BE SHEWN TO THE LADY AS IN CONFIDENCE.]

M. HALL, TUESDAY MORN. JUNE 27.

DEAR CAPTAIN TOMLINSON,

AN unhappy miſunderſtanding having ariſen between the deareſt lady

in the world and me, (the particulars of which he perhaps may give you, but I will not, because I might be thought partial to myself;) and she refusing to answer my most pressing and respectful letters; I am at a most perplexing uncertainty whether she will meet us or not next Thursday, to solemnize.

My lord is so extremely ill, that if I thought she would not oblige me, I would defer going up to town for two or three days. He cares not to have me out of his sight: yet is impatient to salute my beloved as his niece before he dies. This I have promised to give him an opportunity to do; intending, if the dear creature will make me happy, to set out with her for this place directly from church.

With regret I speak it of the charmer of my soul; that irreconcileableness is her family-fault—The less excusable indeed in *her*, as she herself suffers by it in so high a degree from her own relations.

Now, Sir, as you *intended* to be in town some time before Thursday, if it be not too great an inconvenience to you, I could be glad you would go up as soon as possible, for my sake: and this I the more boldly request, as I presume that a man who has so many great affairs of his own in hand as you have, would be glad to be at a certainty himself as to the day.

You, Sir, can so pathetically and justly set before her the unhappy consequences that will follow if the day be postponed, as well with regard to her uncle's disappointment, as to the part *you have assured me* her mother is willing to take in the wished-for reconciliation, that I have great hopes she will suffer herself to be prevailed upon. And a man and horse shall be in waiting to take your dispatches, and bring them to me.

But if you cannot prevail in my favour, you will be pleased to satisfy your friend Mr. John Harlowe, that it is not my fault that he is not obliged. I am, dear Sir, *your extremely obliged and faithful servant*, R. LOVELACE.

LETTER XXIII.

TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDN. JUNE 28, NEAR 12 O'CLOCK.

HONOURED SIR,

I Received yours, as your servant desired me to acquaint you, *by ten this morning*. Horse and man were in a foam.

I instantly equipped myself, as if come off from a journey, and posted away to the lady, intending to plead great affairs that I came not before, in order to favour your *ante-date*; and likewise to be in a *hurry*, to have a pretence to *hurry her ladyship*, and to take no denial for her giving a *satisfactory* return to your messenger: but, upon my entering Mrs. Sinclair's house, I found all in the greatest consternation.

You must not, Sir, be surprized. It is a trouble to me to be the relater of the bad news: but so it is—The lady is gone off. She was missed but half an hour before I came.

Her waiting-maid is run away, or hitherto is not to be found; so that they conclude it is by her connivance.

They had sent, before I came, to my honoured masters Mr. Belton, Mr. Mowbray, and Mr. Belford. Mr. Tourville is out of town.

High words are passing between Madam Sinclair, and Madam Horton, and Madam Martin; as also with Dorcas. And your servant William threatens to hang or drown himself.

They have sent to know if they can hear of Mabell, the waiting-maid, at her mother's, who it seems lives in Chick Lane, West Smithfield; and to an uncle of hers also, who keeps an ale-house at Cow-Cross, hard by, and with whom she lived last.

Your messenger, having just changed his horse, is come back: so I will not detain him longer than to add, that I am, with great concern for this misfortune, and thanks for your seasonable favour and kind intentions towards me, [I am sure this was not my fault] *honoured Sir, your most obliged humble servant*,

PATRICK M'DONALD.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. MOWBRAY, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, 12 O'CLOCK.

DEAR LOVELACE,

I Have plaguy news to acquaint thee with. Miss Harlowe is gone off!—Quite gone, by my soul!—I have not time for particulars, your servant being gone off. But iff I had, we are not yet come to the bottom of the matter. The ladies here are all blubbering like devills, accusing one another most confoundedly: whilst Belton and I damn them all together in thy name.

If thou shouldest hear that thy fellow Will is taken dead out of some horse-pond, and Dorcas cut down from her bed's

bed's teaſter from dangling in her own gatters, be not ſurprized. Here's the devill to pay. Nobody ſerene but Jack Belford, who is taking minutes of examinations, accuſations, and confeſſions, with the ſignificant air of a Middleſex juſtice; and intends to write at large all particulars, I ſuppoſe.

I heartily condole with thee: ſo does Belton. But it may turn out for the beſt: for ſhe is gone away with thy marks, I underſtand. A fooliſh little devill! Where will ſhe mend herſelf? For nobody will look upon her. And they tell me that thou wouldſt certainly have married her, had ſhe ſtaid. But I know thee better.

Dear Bobby, adieu. If Lord M. will die now, to comfort thee for this loſs, what a *ſeaſonable* exit would he make!—Let's have a letter from thee. Pr'ythee do. Thou canſt write devill-like to Belford, who ſhews us nothing at all. *Thine heartily*,

RD. MOWBRAY.

LETTER XXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

THOU haſt heard from M'Donald and Mowbray the news. Bad or good, I know not which thou'it deem it. I only wiſh I could have given thee joy upon the ſame account, before the unhappy lady was ſeduced from Hampſtead: for then of what an ungrateful villainy hadſt thou been ſpared the perpetration, which now thou haſt to anſwer for!

I came to town purely to ſerve thee with her, expecting that thy next would ſatisfy me that I might endeavour it without diſhonour. And at firſt when I found her gone, I half pitied thee; for now wilt thou be inevitably blown up: and in what an execrable light wilt thou appear to all the world!—Poor Lovelace! Caught in thy own ſnares! Thy puniſhment is but beginning!

But to my narrative; for I ſuppoſe thou expecteſt all particulars from me, ſince Mowbray his informed thee that I have been collecting them.

The noble exertion of ſpirit ſhe had made on Friday night, had, it ſeems, greatly diſordered her; inſomuch that ſhe was not viſible till Saturday evening; when Mabell ſaw her; and ſhe ſeemed to be very ill: but on Sunday morning, having dreſſed herſelf, as if deſigning to go to church, ſhe ordered Mabell to get her a coach to the door.

The wench told her, She was to obey her in every-thing but the calling of a coach or chair, or in relation to letters.

She ſent for Will, and gave him the ſame command.

He pleaded his maſter's orders to the contrary, and deſired to be excuſed.

Upon this, down ſhe went herſelf, and would have gone out without obſervation: but finding the ſtreet-door double-locked, and the key not in the lock, ſhe ſtept into the ſtreet-parlour, and would have thrown up the ſaſh to call out to the people paſſing by, as they doubted not: but that, ſince her laſt attempt of the ſame nature, had been faſtened down.

Hereupon ſhe reſolutely ſtept into Mrs. Sinclair's parlour in the back-houſe; where were the old devil and her two partners; and demanded the key of the ſtreet-door, or to have it opened for her.

They were all ſurprized; but deſired to be excuſed, and pleaded your orders.

She aſſerted, that you had no authority over her; and never ſhould have any: that their preſent refuſal was their own act and deed: ſhe ſaw the intent of their back-houſe, and the reaſon of putting her there: ſhe pleaded her condition and fortune; and ſaid, they had no way to avoid utter ruin, but by opening their doors to her, or by murdering her, and burying her in their garden or cellar, too deep for detection: that already what had been done to her was puniſhable by death: and bid them at their peril detain her.

What a noble, what a right ſpirit has this charming creature, in caſes that will juſtify an exertion of ſpirit!

They anſwered that Mr. Lovelace could prove his marriage, and would indemnify them. And they all would have vindicated their behaviour on Friday night, and the reputation of their houſe: but refuſing to hear them on that topick, ſhe flung from them, threatening.

She then went up half a dozen ſtairs in her way to her own apartment: but, as if ſhe had bethought herſelf, down ſhe ſtept again, and proceeded towards the ſtreet-parlour; ſaying, as ſhe paſſed by the infamous Dorcas, 'I'll make 'myſelf protectors, though the windows 'ſuffer:' but that wench, of her own head, on the lady's going out of that parlour to Mrs. Sinclair's, had locked the door, and taken out the key: ſo that

finding herself disappointed, she burst into tears, and went sobbing and menacing up-stairs again.

She made no other attempt till the effectual one. Your letters and messages, they suppose, coming so fast upon one another, (though she would not answer one of them) gave *her* some amusement, and an assurance to *them*, that she would at last forgive you; and that then all would end as you wished.

The women, in pursuance of your orders, offered not to obtrude themselves upon her; and Dorcas also kept out of her sight all the rest of Sunday; also on Monday and Tuesday. But by the lady's condescension (even to familiarity) to Mabell, they imagined, that she must be working in her mind all that time to get away: they therefore redoubled their cautions to the wench; who told them so faithfully all that passed between her lady and her, that they had no doubt of her fidelity to her wicked trust.

'Tis probable she might have been contriving something all the time; but saw no room for perfecting any scheme: the contrivance by which she effected her escape seems to me not to have been fallen upon till the very day; since it depended partly upon the *weather*, as it proved. But it is evident she hoped something from Mabell's simplicity, or gratitude, or compassion, by cultivating all the time her civility to her.

Polly waited on her early on Wednesday morning; and met with a better reception than she had *reason* to expect. She complained, however, with warmth, of her confinement. Polly said, There would be an happy end to it (if it *were* a confinement) next day, she presumed. She absolutely declared to the contrary, in the way Polly meant it; and said, That Mr. Lovelace, on his *return*, [*Which looked as if she intended to wait for it*] should have reason to repent the orders he had given, as *they all should* their observance of them: let him send twenty letters, she would not answer one, be the consequence what it would; nor give him hope of the least favour, while she was in that house. She had given Mrs. Sinclair and themselves fair warning, she said; no orders of another ought to make them detain a free person: but having made an open attempt to *go*, and been detained by them, she was the calmer, she told Polly; let *them* look to the consequence.

But yet she spoke this with temper; and Polly gave it as her opinion, (with apprehension for their own safety) that having so good a handle to punish them all, she would not go away if she might. 'And what,' inferred Polly, 'is the indemnity of a man who has committed 'the vilest of rapes on a person of condition; and must himself, if prosecuted 'for it, either fly, or be hanged?'

Sinclair, [so I will still call her] upon this representation of Polly, foretaw, she said, *the ruin of her poor house* in the issue of this *strange* business; and the infamous Sally and Dorcas bore their parts in the apprehension: and this put them upon thinking it advisable for the future, that the street-door should generally in the day-time be only left upon a bolt-latch, as they called it, which any-body might open on the inside; and that the key should be kept in the door; that their numerous *comers* and *goers*, as they called their guests, should be able to give evidence, *that she might have gone out if she would:* not forgetting, however, to renew their orders to Will, to Dorcas, to Mabell, and the rest, to redouble their vigilance on this occasion, to prevent her escape:—none of them doubting, at the same time, that her love of a man so considerable in *their* eyes, and the prospect of what was to happen as she had reason to believe on Thursday, her uncle's birth-day, would (though perhaps not till the *last hour*, for her *pride sake*, was their word) engage her to change her temper.

They believe, that she discovered the key to be left in the door; for she was down more than once to walk in the little garden, and seemed to cast her eye each time to the street-door.

About eight yesterday morning, an hour after Polly had left her, she told Mabell, She was sure she should not live long; and having a good many suits of apparel, which after her death would be of no use to any-body she valued, she would give her a brown lustring gown, which, with some alterations, to make it more suitable to her degree, would a great while serve her for a Sunday wear; for that she (Mabell) was the only person in that house of whom she could think without terror or antipathy.

Mabell expressing her gratitude upon the occasion, the lady said, She had nothing to employ herself about; and if she could get a workwoman directly, she would look over her things then, and give her what she intended for her.

Her mistress's mantua-maker, the maid replied, lived but a little way off; and she

she doubted not that she could procure *her*, or one of her journey-women, to alter the gown out of hand.

'I will give you also,' said she, 'a 'quilted-coat, which will require but 'little alteration, if any; for you are 'much about my stature: but the gown 'I will give directions about, because 'the sleeves and the robings and facings 'must be altered for your wear, being, 'I believe, above your station: and try,' said she, 'if you can get the work-'woman, and we'll advise about it. If 'she cannot come now, let her come in 'the afternoon; but I had rather now, 'because it will amuse me to give you a 'lift.'

Then stepping to the window, 'It 'rains,' said she: [And so it had done all the morning] 'slip on the hood and 'short cloak I have seen you wear, and 'come to me when you are ready to go 'out, because you shall bring me in 'something that I want.'

Mabell equipped herself accordingly, and received her commands to buy her some trifles, and then left her; but, in her way out, stept into the back-parlour, where Dorcas was with Mrs. Sinclair, telling her where she was going, and on what account, bidding Dorcas look out till she came back. So faithful was the wench to the trust reposed in her, and so little had the lady's generosity wrought upon her.

Mrs. Sinclair commended her; Dorcas envied her, and took her cue: and Mabell soon returned with the mantua-maker's journeywoman; (she was resolved, she said, she would not come without her) and then Dorcas went off guard.

The lady looked out the gown and petticoat, and before the workwoman caused Mabell to try it on; and, that it might fit the better, made the willing wench pull off her upper-petticoat, and put on that she gave her. Then she bid them go into Mr. Lovelace's apartment, and contrive about it before the pier-glass there, and stay till she came to them, to give them her opinion.

Mabell would have taken her own cloaths, and hood, and short cloak with her; but her lady said, 'No matter; 'you may put them on again here, 'when we have considered about the al-'terations: there's no occasion to litter 'the other room.'

They went; and instantly, as it is supposed, she slipt on Mabell's gown and petticoat over her own, which was white damask, and put on the wench's hood, short cloak, and ordinary apron, and down she went.

Hearing somebody tripping along the passage, both Will and Dorcas whipt to the inner-hall door, and saw her; but, taking her for Mabell, 'Are you going 'far, Mabell?' cried Will.

Without turning her face, or answering, she held out her hand, pointing to the stairs; which they construed as a caution for them to look out in her absence; and supposing she would not be long gone, as she had not in form repeated her caution to them, up went Will, tarrying at the stairs-head in expectation of the supposed Mabell's return.

Mabell and the workwoman waited a good while, amusing themselves not disagreeably, the one with contriving in the way of her business, the other delighting herself with her fine gown and coat: but at last, wondering the lady did not come in to them, Mabell tiptoed it to her door, and tapping, and not being answered, stept into the chamber.

Will, at that instant, from his station at the stairs-head, seeing Mabell in her *lady's* cloaths; for he had been told of the present, [Gifts to servants fly from servant to servant in a minute] was very much surprized, having, as he thought, just seen her go out in *her own*; and stepping up, met her at the door. 'How the devil can this be?' said he: 'just now you went out in your own 'dress! How came you here in this? 'And how could you pass me unseen?' But nevertheless, kissing her, said, he would now brag he had kissed his lady, or one in her cloaths.

'I am glad, Mr. William,' cried Mabell, 'to see you here so diligently. But 'know you where my lady is?'

'In my master's apartment,' answered Will. 'Is she not? Was she not talk-'ing with you this moment?'

'No, that's Mrs. Dolins's journey-'woman.'

They both stood aghast, as they said; Will again recollecting he had seen Mabell, as he thought, go out in her own cloaths. And while they were debating and wondering, up comes Dorcas with your fourth letter, just then brought for her lady; and seeing Mabell dressed out, (whom she had likewise beheld a little before, as she supposed, in her common cloaths) she joined in the wonder; till Mabell, re-entering the lady's apartment, missed her own cloaths; and then suspecting what had happened, and letting the others into the ground of the suspicion,

ſuſpicion, they all agreed, that ſhe had perfidiously eſcaped. And then followed ſuch an uproar of mutual accuſation, and '*You ſhould have done this*,' and, '*You ſhould have done that*,' as alarmed the whole houſe; every apartment in both houſes giving up it's devil, to the number of fourteen or fifteen, including the mother and her partners.

Will told them *his* ſtory; and then ran out, as on the like occaſion formerly, to make enquiry whether the lady was ſeen by any of the coachmen, chairmen, or porters, plying in that neighbourhood: while Dorcas cleared herſelf immediately, and that at the poor Mabell's expence, who made a figure as guilty as aukward, having on the ſuſpected price of her treachery; which Dorcas, out of envy, was ready to tear from her back.

Hereupon all the pack opened at the poor wench, while the mother foamed at the mouth, bellowed out her orders for ſeizing the ſuſpected offender; who could neither be heard in her own defence, nor, *had* ſhe been heard, would have been believed.

That ſuch a perfidious wretch ſhould ever diſgrace *her* houſe, was the mother's cry; *good* people *might* be corrupted; but it was a fine thing if ſuch a houſe as *hers* could not be faithfully ſerved by curſed creatures, who were hired knowing the buſineſs they were to be employed in, and who had no pretence to *principle!*—'Damn her!' the wretch proceeded—She had no patience with her! 'Call the cook, and call the ſcullion!'

They were at hand.

'See, that guilty *eyeball* devil,' was her word, ('her lady's gown upon her 'back) but I'll puniſh her for a warning to all betrayers of their truſt. Put 'on the great gridiron this moment:' [An oath or a curſe at every word] 'make up a roaring fire—The cleaver 'bring me this inſtant—I'll cut her into 'quarters with my own hands; and carbonade and broil the traitreſs for a 'feaſt to all the dogs and cats in the 'neighbourhood, and eat the firſt ſlice 'of the toad myſelf, without ſalt or 'pepper.'

The poor Mabell, frighted out of her wits, expected every moment to be torn in pieces, having half a ſcore open-clawed paws upon her all at once. She promiſed to confeſs all. But that all, when ſhe had obtained a hearing, was nothing; for *nothing* had ſhe to confeſs.

Sally hereupon, with a *curſe of mercy*, ordered her to retire; undertaking that ſhe and Polly would examine her themſelves, that they might be able to write all particulars to his *honour*; and then, if ſhe could not clear herſelf, or, if guilty, give ſome account of the lady, (who had been ſo *wicked* as to give them all this trouble) ſo as they might get her again, then the cleaver and gridiron might go to work with all their heart.

The wench, glad of this reprieve, went up ſtairs; and while Sally was laying out the law, and prating away in her uſual dictatorial manner, whipt on another gown, and ſliding down ſtairs, eſcaped to her relations. And this flight, which was certainly more owing to *terror* than *guilt*, was, in the true Old Bailey conſtruction, made a confirmation of the latter.

Theſe are the particulars of Miſs Harlowe's flight. Thou'lt hardily think me too minute.—How I long to triumph over thy impatience and fury on the occaſion!

Let me beſeech thee, my dear Lovelace, in thy next letter, to rave moſt gloriouſly!—I ſhall be grievouſly diſappointed, if thou doſt not.

Where, Lovelace, can the poor lady be gone? And who can deſcribe the diſtreſs ſhe muſt be in?

By thy former letters, it may be ſuppoſed, that ſhe can have very little money: nor, by the ſuddeneſs of her flight, more cloaths than thoſe ſhe has on. And thou knoweſt who once ſaid, 'Her pa'rents will not receive her: her uncles 'will not entertain her: her Norton is 'in their direction, and cannot: Miſs 'Howe dare not: ſhe has not one friend 'or intimate in town; entirely a ſtran'ger to it.' And, let me add, has been deſpoiled of her honour by the man for whom ſhe made all theſe ſacrifices: and who ſtood bound to her by a thouſand oaths and vows, to be her huſband, her protector, and friend!

How ſtrong muſt be her reſentment of the barbarous treatment ſhe has received! How worthy of herſelf, that it has made her *hate* the man ſhe once *loved!* And rather than marry him, chuſe to expoſe her diſgrace to the whole world; to forego the reconciliation with her friends which her heart was ſo ſet upon; and to hazard a thouſand evils to which her youth and her ſex may too probably expoſe an indigent and friendleſs beauty!

Remembereſt thou not that home-puſh upon thee, in one of the papers written in her delirium; of which however it favours not?

I will

I will assure thee, that I have very often since most seriously reflected upon it; and as thy intended second outrage convinces me, that it made no impression upon thee then, and perhaps thou hast never thought of it since, I will transcribe the sentence.

'If, as religion teaches us, God will 'judge us, in a great measure, by our 'benevolent or evil actions to one ano-'ther—O wretch, bethink thee, in time 'bethink thee, how great must be thy 'condemnation!'

And is this amiable doctrine the sum of religion? Upon my faith, I believe it is. For, to indulge a serious thought, since we are not atheists, except in *practice*, Does God, the BEING of beings, want any-thing of us for HIMSELF! And does he not enjoin us works of mercy to one another, as the means to obtain *His* mercy? A sublime principle, and worthy of the SUPREME SUPERINTENDANT and FATHER of all things!—But if we *are* to be judged by this noble principle what, *indeed*, must be *thy* condemnation on the score of this lady only! And what *mine*, and what all our *confraternity's*, on the score of other women: though we are none of us half so bad as thou art, as well for want of inclination, I hope, as of opportunity!

I must add, that, as well for thy *own* sake, as for the *lady's*, I wish ye were yet to be married to each other. It is the only medium that can be hit upon, to salve the honour of both. All that's past may yet be concealed from the world, and from her relations; and thou mayest make amends for all her sufferings, if thou resolvest to be a tender and kind husband to her.

And if this really be thy intention, I will accept, with pleasure, of a commission from thee, that shall tend to promote so good an end, whenever she can be found; that is to say, if she will admit to her presence a man who professes friendship to thee. Nor can I give a greater demonstration, that I am *thy sincere friend*, J. BELFORD.

P. S. Mabell's cloaths were thrown into the passage this morning: nobody knows by whom.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30.

I Am ruined, undone, blown up, destroyed, and worse than annihilated, that's certain!—But was not the news shocking enough, dost thou think, without thy throwing into the too weighty scale reproaches, which thou could'st have had no opportunity to make but for my own voluntary communications? at a time too, when, as it falls out, I have another very sensible disappointment to struggle with?

I imagine, if there be a such a thing as future punishment, it must be none of the smallest mortifications, that a new devil shall be punished by a worse *old one*. And, '*Take that!*' And *Take that!*' to the screaming sufferer, laying on with a cat-o'-nine tails, with a star of burning brass at the end of each: And, '*for* '*what! For what!*'—'Why, if the truth 'might be fairly told, for not being so 'bad a devil as myself!'

Thou art, surely, casuist good enough to know (what I have insisted upon heretofore) that the sin of seducing a credulous and easy girl, is as great as that of bringing to your lure an incredulous and watchful one.

However ungenerous an appearance what I am going to say may have from *my* pen, let me tell thee, that if such a woman as Miss Harlowe chose to enter into the matrimonial state [*I am resolved to disappoint thee in thy meditated triumph over my rage and despair!*] and, according to the old patriarchal system, to go on contributing to get sons and daughters, with no other view, than to bring them up piously, and to be good and useful members of the commonwealth, what a devil had she to do, to let her fancy run a gadding after a rake? One whom she *knew* to be a rake?

Oh but truly she hoped to have the merit of reclaiming him. She had formed pretty notions how charming it would look to have a penitent of her own making dangling at her side to church, through an applauding neighbourhood: and, as their family increased, marching with her thither, at the head of their boys and girls, processionally as it were, boasting of the fruits of their *honest desires*, as my good lord bishop has it in his licence. And then what a comely sight, all kneeling down together in one pew, according to eldership, as we have seen in effigie, a whole family upon some old monument, where the honest chevalier in armour is represented kneeling, with uplift hands, and half a dozen jolter-headed crop-eared boys behind him, ranged *gradatim*, or step-fashion, according to age or size, all in the same posture—Facing his pious dame,

[illegible] with a ruff about her neck, and [illegible] girls all kneeling [illegible] a altar between them, and [illegible] upon it: over their heads [illegible] darting from gilded [illegible] surrounding an atchievement—quite in Cæsar Salus—or Quis—[illegible] if they have happened to live the usual married life of brawl and contradiction.

It is certainly as much my misfortune to have fallen in with Miss Clarissa Harlowe, were I to have valued my reputation or ease, as it is that of Miss Harlowe to have been acquainted with me. And, after all, what have I done more than prosecute the maxims, by which thou and I, and every rake, are governed, and which, before I knew this lady, we have pursued from pretty girl to pretty girl, as fast as we had set one down, taking another up;—just as the fellows do with their flying-coaches and flying-horses at a country fair—— With a *Who rides next! Who rides next!*'

But here, in the present case, to carry on the volant metaphor, (for I must either be merry or mad) here is a pretty little Miss just come out of her hanging sleeve-coat, brought to buy a pretty little fairing; for the world, Jack, is but a great fair, thou knowest; and, to give thee serious reflection for serious, all it's joys but tinselled hobby-horses, gilt gingerbread, squeaking trumpets, painted drums, and so-forth.

Now behold this pretty little Miss skimming from booth to booth, in a very pretty manner. One pretty little fellow called Wyerley, perhaps; another jiggeting rascal called Biron, a third limpering varlet of the name of Symmes, and a more hideous villain than any of the rest, with a long bag under his arm, and parchment settlements tagged to his heels, ycleped Solmes; pursue her from raree-show to raree-show, shouldering upon one another at every turning, stopping when she stops, and set a spinning again when she moves. And thus dangled after, but still in the eye of her watchful guardians, traverses the pretty little Miss through the whole fair, equally delighted and delighting: till at last, taken with the invitation of the *laced-hat* owner, and seeing several pretty little bib-wearers stuck together in the flying-coaches, cutting safely the yielding air, in the one go-up the other go-down-picture-of-the-world vehicle, and all with as little fear as wit, is tempted to ride next.

In then suppose the silly pops, when *none of her friends are near her:* and if, after two or three ups and downs, her pretty little head turns giddy, and she throws herself out of the coach when at it's elevation, and so dashes out her pretty little brains, who can help it?—And would you hang the poor fellow, whose *professed trade* it was, to set the pretty little creatures a flying?

'Tis true, this pretty little Miss, being a *very* pretty little Miss, being a *very much-admired* little Miss, being a very *good* little Miss, who always minded her book, and had passed through her sampler-doctrine with high applause; had even stitched out, in gaudy propriety of colours, an Abraham offering up Isaac, a Samson and the Philistines, and flowers, and knots, and trees, and the sun, and the moon, and the seven stars, all hung up in frames with glasses before them, for the admiration of her future grand children: who likewise was entitled to a very pretty little estate; who was descended from a pretty little family upwards of one hundred years gentility; which lived in a very pretty manner, respected a very little on their own accounts, a great deal on hers:—

For such a pretty little Miss as this to come to so great a misfortune, must be a very sad thing: but, tell me, would not the losing of any ordinary child, of any other less considerable family, of less shining or amiable qualities, have been as great and heavy a loss to that family, as the losing this pretty little Miss could be to hers?

To descend to a very low instance, and that only as to *personality*; hast thou any doubt, that thy strong-muscled bony face was as much admired by thy mother, as if it had been the face of a Lovelace, or any other handsome fellow? And had thy picture been drawn, would she have forgiven the painter, had he not expressed so exactly thy lineaments, as that every-one should have discerned the likeness? The *handsome* likeness is all that is wished for. Ugliness made familiar to us, with the partiality natural to fond parents, will be beauty all the world over.—Do thou apply.

But, alas! Jack, all this is but a copy of my countenance, drawn to evade thy malice!—Though it answer thy unfriendly purpose to own it, I cannot forbear to own it, that I am flung to the very soul with this unhappy—*Accident*, must I call it!—Have I nobody, whose throat,

thrust, either for carelessness or treachery, I ought to cut, in order to pacify my vengeance?

When I reflect upon *my last* iniquitous intention, *the first* outrage so nobly resented, as well as, so far as she was able, so nobly *resisted*, I cannot but conclude that I was under the power of fascination from these accursed Circes; who pretending to know their own sex, would have it, that there is in every woman a yielding, or a weak-resisting moment to be met with: and that *yet*, and *yet*, and *yet*, I had not tried enough: but that, if neither love nor terror should enable me to hit that lucky moment, when, by help of their cursed arts, she was *once overcome*, she would be for *ever overcome*:—appealing to all my experience, to all my knowledge of the sex, for a justification of their assertion.

My appeal to experience, I own was but too favourable to their argument: for dost thou think, I could have held my purpose against such an angel as this, had I ever before met with a woman so much in earnest to defend her honour against the unwearied artifices and perseverance of the man she loved: Why then were there not *more* examples of a virtue so immoveable? Or, why was this singular one to fall to my lot? Except indeed to *double my guilt*; and at the same time to convince all that should hear her story, *that there are angels as well as devils in the flesh?*

So much for confession; and for the sake of humouring my conscience; with a view likewise to disarm thy malice by acknowledgment: since no one shall say worse of me, than I will of myself on this occasion.

One thing I will nevertheless add, to shew the sincerity of my contrition—'Tis this, that if thou canst by any means find her out within these three days, or any time before she has discovered the stories relating to Captain Tomlinson and her uncle to be what they are; and if thou canst prevail upon her to consent, I will actually, in thy presence and his (he to represent her uncle) marry her.

I am still in hopes it may be so—She cannot be long concealed—I have already set all engines to work to find her out! and if I do, what *indifferent* persons [and no one of her *friends*, as thou observest, will look upon her] will care to embroil themselves with a man of my figure, fortune, and resolution?—Shew her this part, then, or any other part, of this letter, at thy own discretion, if thou shalt find her; for otherwise methinks that I would be glad there this affair, which is bad enough in itself, should go off without untoward consequences to any body else; and as it runs in my mind, I dream not only, that sooner or later, it will cost a few drops of blood after it; except that and I can make it up between ourselves. And this may be another reason why she should not carry her resentment too far—Not that such an affair would give me much concern neither, were I to chuse any man or men; for I heartily hate all her family but herself; and ever shall.

Let me add, that the lady's plot to escape appears to me no extraordinary one. There was much more luck than probability that it should do: since, to make it succeed, it was necessary that Dorcas and Will, and Sinclair and her nymphs should be all deceived, or off their guard. It belongs to me, when I see them, to give them my hearty thanks that they were; and that their selfish care to provide for their own future security, should induce them, to leave their outward door upon their holt-latch, and be curs'd to them.

Mabell deserves a pitch-suit and a bonfire, rather than the lustring; and as her cloaths are returned, let the lady's be put to her others, to be sent to her when it can be told whither—But not till I give the word neither; for we must get the dear fugitive back again, if possible.

I suppose that my stupid villain, who knew not such a goddess-shaped lady with a mien so noble, from the ash-pool and bent shouldered Mabell, has been at Hampstead to see after her. And yet I hardly think she would go thither. He ought to go through every street where bills for lodgings are up, to enquire after a new-comer. The houses of such as deal in womens matters, and tea, coffee, and such like, are those to be enquired at for her. If some tidings be not quickly heard of her, I would not have either Dorcas, Will, or Mabell, appear in my sight, whatever their superiors think fit to do.

This, though written in character, is a very long letter, considering it is not a narrative one, or a journal of proceedings, like most of my former; for such will unavoidably and naturally, as I may say, run into length. But I have so used myself to write a great deal of late, that I know not how to help it.

[illegible] to it's length, in order [illegible] to a hint I gave at [illegible] of it; which was, that I [illegible] disappointment, beſides [illegible] Miſs Harlowe's eſcape, to be-[illegible]

[illegible] what doſt think it is? Why, the [illegible] peer, out of his tough conſtitution, [illegible] that malady would have helped him on] has made ſhift by fire and brimſtone, and the devil knows what, to force the gout to quit the counter-ſcarp of his ſtomach, juſt as it had collected all it's ſtrength, in order to ſtorm the citadel of his heart. In ſhort, they have, by the mere force of ſtink-pots, hand-grenades, and pop-guns, driven the low-working pioneer quite out of the trunk into the extremities; and there it lies nibbling and gnawing upon his great toe; when I had hoped a fair end both of the diſtemper and the diſtempered.

But I, who could write to *thee* of laudanum, and the wet cloth, formerly, yet let 5000*l.* a year ſlip through my fingers, when I had entered upon it more than in imagination, [for I had begun to aſk the ſtewards queſtions, and to hear them talk of fines and renewals and ſuch ſort of ſtuff] *deſerve* to be mortified.

Thou canſt not imagine, how differently the ſervants, and even my couſins, look upon me, ſince yeſterday, to what they did before. Neither the one nor the other bow or curtſey half ſo low.—Nor am I a quarter ſo often *his honour*, and *your honour*, as I was within theſe few hours, with the former: and as to the latter—It is '*Couſin Bobby*,' again, with the uſual familiarity, inſtead of '*Sir*,' and '*Sir*,' and, '*If you pleaſe*, '*Mr. Lovelace*.' And now they have the inſolence to congratulate me on the recovery of the *beſt of uncles*; while I am forced to ſeem as much delighted as they, when, would it do me good, I could ſit down and cry my eyes out.

I had beſpoke my mourning in imagination, after the example of a certain foreign miniſter, who, before the death, or even laſt illneſs of Charles II. as honeſt White Kennet tells us, had half exhauſted Blackwell Hall of it's ſables —An indication, as the hiſtorian would inſinuate, that the monarch was to be poiſoned, and the ambaſſador in the ſecret—And yet, fool that I was, I could not take the hint—What the devil does a man read hiſtory for, if he cannot profit by the examples he finds in it?

But thus, Jack, is an obſervation of the old peer's verified, *That one misfortune ſeldom comes alone*: and ſo concludes, *thy doubly mortified*

LOVELACE.

LETTER XXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE.

WEDN. NIGHT, JUNE 28.

O MY DEAREST MISS HOWE!

ONCE more have I eſcaped—But, alas! I, my *beſt ſelf*, have *not* eſcaped!—Oh! your poor Clariſſa Harlowe! *You* alſo will hate me, I fear!—Yet you won't, when you know all!

But no more of myſelf!—My *loſt* ſelf. You that can riſe in a morning to be bleſt, and to bleſs; and go to reſt delighted with your own reflections, and in your unbroken, unſtarting ſlumbers, converſing with ſaints and angels, the former only more pure than yourſelf, as they have ſhaken off the incumbrance of body; you ſhall be my ſubject, as you have long, long, been my only pleaſure. And let me, at awful diſtance, revere my beloved Anna Howe, and in her reflect upon what her Clariſſa Harlowe once was!

FORGIVE, O forgive, my rambling. My peace is deſtroyed. My intellects are touched. And what flighty nonſenſe muſt you read, if you now will vouchſafe to correſpond with me as formerly!

O my beſt, my deareſt, my *only* friend! What a tale have I to unfold!—But ſtill upon *ſelf*, this vile, this hated *ſelf*!—I will ſhake it off, if poſſible; and why ſhould I not, ſince I think, except one wretch, I hate nothing ſo much? Self, then, be baniſhed from *ſelf* one moment, (for I doubt it *will* for no longer) to enquire after a *dearer* object, my beloved Anna Howe!—Whoſe mind, all robed in ſpotleſs white, charms and irradiates—But what would I ſay?—

AND now, my deareſt friend, after this rhapſody, which, on re-peruſal, I would not let go, but to ſhew you what a diſtracted mind dictates to my trembling pen! *How do you!* You have been very ill, it ſeems. That you are *recovered*, my dear, let me hear. That your mother is well, pray let me hear, and hear quickly. This comfort ſurely is owing to me; for if life is no *worſe* than chequer-work, I muſt now have a little white to come, having ſeen nothing but black, all unchequered diſmal black, for a great, great while.

AND

And what is all this wild incoherence for? It is only to beg to know how you have been, and how you now do, by a line directed for Mrs. Rachel Clark, at Mr. Smith's, a glove-ſhop, in King Street, Covent Garden; which (although my abode is ſecret to every-body elſe) will reach the hands of—*your unhappy*—but that's not enough—*your miſerable*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVIII.

MRS. HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

(SUPERSCRIBED, AS DIRECTED IN THE PRECEDING.)

FRIDAY, JUNE 30.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE,

YOU will wonder to receive a letter from me. I am ſorry for the great diſtreſs you ſeem to be in—Such a hopeful young lady as you were!—But ſee what comes of diſobedience to parents!

For my part, although I pity you, yet I much more pity your poor father and mother. Such education as they gave you!—ſuch improvements as you made!—and ſuch delight as they took in you!—And all come to this!

But pray, Miſs, don't make my Nancy guilty of your fault; which is that of diſobedience. I have charged her over and over not to correſpond with one who has made ſuch a giddy ſtep. It is not to her reputation, I am ſure. You *know* that I ſo charged her; yet you go on correſponding together, to my very great vexation! for ſhe has been very perverſe upon it, more than once. *Evil communication*, Miſs—You know the reſt.

Here, people cannot be unhappy by themſelves, but they muſt involve their friends and acquaintance, whoſe diſcretion has kept them clear of their errors, into near as much unhappineſs as if they had run into the like of their own heads! Thus my poor daughter is always in tears and grief. And ſhe has poſtponed her own felicity, truly, becauſe *you* are unhappy.

If people, who ſeek their own ruin, could be the only ſufferers by their headſtrong doings, it were ſomething: but, O Miſs, Miſs! what have *you* to anſwer for, who have made as many grieved hearts as have known you!—The whole ſex is indeed wounded by you: for, who but Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe was propoſed by every father and mother for a pattern for their daughters?

I write a long letter, I ſhould have poſed to ſay but a few words—and have to forbid you writing to my Nancy—and this as well becauſe of the faſe hop you have made, as becauſe it will grieve her poor heart, and do you no good. If you love her, therefore, write not to her—your ſad letter came into my hands, Nancy being abroad: and I ſhall not ſhew it her: for there would be no comfort for her, if ſhe ſaw it, nor for me, whoſe delight ſhe is—As you once was to your parents.

But you ſeem to be ſenſible enough of your errors now.—So are all giddy girls, when it is too late: and what a creſt-fallen figure then do the conſequences of their ſelf-willed obſtinacy and headſtrongedneſs compel them to make!

I may ſay too much: only as I think it proper to bear that teſtimony againſt your raſhneſs which it behoves every careful parent to bear: and none more than *your compaſſionating well-wiſhing*,

ANNABELLA HOWE.

I ſend this by a ſpecial meſſenger, who has buſineſs only ſo far as Barnet, becauſe you ſhall have no need to write again; knowing how you love writing: and knowing likewiſe, *that misfortune makes people plaintive*.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. HOWE.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

PERMIT me, Madam, to trouble you with a few lines, were it only to thank you for your reproofs; which have, nevertheleſs, drawn freſh ſtreams of blood from a bleeding heart.

My ſtory is a diſmal ſtory. It has circumſtances in it that would engage pity, and poſſibly a judgment not altogether unfavourable, were thoſe circumſtances known. But it is my buſineſs, and ſhall be *all* my buſineſs, to repent of my failings, and not endeavour to extenuate them.

Nor will I ſeek to diſtreſs your worthy mind. If *I cannot ſuffer alone*, I will make as few parties as I can in my ſufferings. And, indeed, I took up my pen with this reſolution when I wrote the letter which has fallen into your hands. It was only to know, and that for a very particular reaſon, as well as for affection unbounded, if my dear Miſs Howe from whom I had not heard of a long time, were ill; as I had been told ſhe was; and if ſo, how ſhe now

doing. But my injuries being recent, and my distresses having been exceeding great, you will crowd into my letter. When distressed, the human mind is apt to turn itself to every-one in whom it imagined or wished an interest, for pity and consolation—Or, to express myself better, and more concisely, in your own words; *Misfortune makes people plaintive:* and to whom, if not to a friend, can the afflicted complain?

Miss Howe being abroad when my letter came, I flatter myself that she is recovered. But it would be some satisfaction to me to be informed if she *has been ill*. Another line from *your* hand would be too great a favour: but, if you will be pleased to direct any servant to answer *yes*, or *no*, to that question, I will not be further troublesome.

Nevertheless, I must declare, that my Miss Howe's friendship was all the comfort I had, or expected to have in this world; and a line from her would have been a cordial to my fainting heart. Judge then, dearest Madam, how reluctantly I must obey your prohibition—But yet I will endeavour to obey it; although I should have hoped, as well from the tenor of all that has passed between Miss Howe and me, as from *her* established virtue, that she could not be tainted by *evil communication*, had one or two letters been permitted. This, however, I ask not for, since I think I have nothing to do, but to beg of God (who, I hope, has not yet withdrawn his grace from me, although he is pleased to let loose his justice upon my faults) to give me a truly broken spirit, if it be not already broken enough, and then to take to his mercy *the unhappy*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Two favours, good Madam, I have to beg of you—The first—that you will not let any of my relations know that you have heard from me. The other—that no living creature be apprized where I am to be heard of, or directed to. This is a point that concerns me, more than I can express.—In short, my preservation from further evils may depend upon it.

LETTER XXX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO HANNAH BURTON.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

MY GOOD HANNAH,

STRANGE things have happened to me, since you were dismissed my service, (so sorely against my will) and your pert fellow-servant set over me.—But that must be all forgotten now.

How do you, my Hannah? Are you recovered of your illness? If you are, do you chuse to come and be with me? Or *can* you conveniently?

I am a very unhappy creature, and, being among all strangers, should be glad to have *you* with me, of whose fidelity and love I have had so many acceptable instances.

Living or dying, I will endeavour to make it worth your while, my Hannah.

If you are recovered, as I hope, and if you have a good place, it may be they would bear with your absence, and suffer somebody in your room *for a month or so:* and, by that time, I hope to be provided for, and you may then return to your place.

Don't let any of my friends know of this my desire; whether you can come or not.

I am at Mr. Smith's, a hosier's and glove shop, in King Street, Covent Garden.

You must direct to me by the name of Rachel Clark.

Do, my good Hannah, come if you can to your poor young mistress, who always valued you, and always will, whether you come or not.

I send this to your mother at St. Alban's, not knowing where to direct to you. Return me a line, that I may know what to depend upon: and I shall see you have not forgotten the pretty hand you were taught, in happy days, by *your true friend*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXI.

HANNAH BURTON. IN ANSWER.

MONDAY, JULY 3.

HONORED MADDAM,

I Have not forgot to write, and never will forget any-thing you, my dear young lady, was so good as to larn me. I am very sorrowful for your misfortens, my dearest young lady; so sorrowfull, I do not know what to do. Gladd at harte would I be to be able to come to you. But indeed I have not been able to stir out of my rome here at my mother's, ever since I was forsed to leave my plase with a roomatise, which has made me quite and clene helpless. I will pray for you night and day, my dearest, my kindest, my goodest young lady, who have been so badly used; and I am very sorry I cannot come to do you love and farvice;

ſarvice; which will ever be in the harte of mee to do, if it was in my power: who am *your moſt dutifull ſarvant to command*,

HANNAH BURTON.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

MY DEAR MRS. NORTON,

I Addreſs myſelf to you after a very long ſilence, (which, however, was not owing either to want of love or duty) principally to deſire you to ſatisfy me in two or three points, which it behoves me to know.

My father, and all the family, I am informed, are to be at my uncle Harlowe's this day, as uſual. Pray acquaint me, if they *have* been there? And if they were cheerful on the anniverſary occaſion? And alſo, if you have heard of any journey, or intended journey, of my brother, in company with Captain Singleton and Mr. Solmes?

Strange things have happened to me, my dear, worthy, and maternal friend—Very ſtrange things!—Mr. Lovelace has proved a very barbarous and ungrateful man to me. But, God be praiſed, I have eſcaped from him. Being among abſolute ſtrangers, (though I think worthy folks) I have written to Hannah Burton to come and be with me. If the good creature fall in your way, pray encourage her to come to me. I always intended to have her, ſhe knows: but hoped to be in happier circumſtances.

Say nothing to any of my friends that you have heard from me.

Pray—Do you think my father would be prevailed upon, if I were to ſupplicate him by letter, to take off the heavy curſe he laid upon me at my going from Harlowe Place? I can expect no other favour from him: but that being literally fulfilled as to my proſpects in this life, I hope it will be thought to have operated far enough; and my heart is ſo weak!—It is very weak!—But for my father's own ſake—What *ſhould* I ſay!—Indeed I hardly know how I ought to expreſs myſelf on this ſad ſubject!—But it will give eaſe to my mind to be releaſed from it.

I am afraid *my poor*, as I uſed to call the good creatures to whoſe neceſſities I was wont to adminiſter by your faithful hands, have miſſed me of late. But now, alas! I am poor myſelf. It is not the leaſt aggravation of my fault, nor of my regrets, that with ſuch inclinations as God had given me, I have [illegible] out of my power to do the good I [illegible] pleaſed myſelf to think I was born to [illegible]. It is a ſad thing, my deareſt Mrs. Norton, to render uſeleſs to ourſelves and the world, by our own raſhneſs, the faculties which Providence has entruſted to us, for the ſervice of both.

But theſe reflections are now too late; and perhaps I ought to have kept them to myſelf. Let me, however, hope, that you love me ſtill. Pray let me hope that you do. And then, notwithſtanding my misfortunes, which have made me ſeem ungrateful to the kind and truly-maternal pains you have taken with me from my cradle, I ſhall have the happineſs to think that there is *one* worthy perſon, who hates not *the unfortunate*.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Pray remember me to my ſoſter-brother. I hope he continues dutiful and good to you.

Be pleaſed to direct, 'For Rachel Clark, at Mr. Smith's, in King Street, Covent Garden.' But keep the direction an abſolute ſecret.

LETTER XXXIII.

MRS. NORTON. IN ANSWER.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

YOUR letter, my deareſt young lady, cuts me to the heart! Why will you not let me know all your diſtreſſes?—Yet you have ſaid enough!

My ſon is very good to me. A few hours ago he was taken with a feverish diſorder. But I hope it will go off happily, if his ardour for buſineſs will give him the receſs from it which his good maſter is willing to allow him. He preſents his duty to you, and ſhed tears at hearing your ſad letter read.

You have been miſinformed as to your family's being at your uncle Harlowe's. They did not intend to be there. Nor was the day kept at all. Indeed, they have not ſtirred out, but to church, (and that but three times) ever ſince the day you went away.—Unhappy day for them, and for all who know you!—To me, I am ſure, moſt particularly ſo!—My heart now bleeds more and more for you.

I have not heard a ſyllable of ſuch a journey as you mentioned of your brother, Captain Singleton, and Mr. Solmes. There has been ſome talk indeed of your brother's ſetting out for his northern eſtates: but I have not heard of it lately.

I am

upon afraid no letter will be received from you. It grieves me to tell you so, my dearest young lady. No evil can have happened to you, which they do not expect to hear of; so great is their antipathy to the wicked man, and so bad is his character.

I cannot but think hardly of their unforgiveness: but there is no judging for others by one's self. Nevertheless I will add, that, if you had had as gentle spirits to deal with as your own, or, I will be bold to say, as mine, these evils had never happened either to them, or to you. I knew your virtue, and your hope of virtue, from your very cradle; and I doubted not but *that*, with God's grace, would always be your guard. But you could never be driven; nor was there occasion to drive you—So generous, so noble, so discreet—But how does my love of your amiable qualities encrease my affliction; as these recollections must do yours!

You are escaped, my dearest Miss—Happily, I hope—That is to say, with your honour—Else, how great must be your distress!—Yet from your letter I dread the worst.

I am very seldom at Harlowe Place. The house is not the house it used to be, since you went from it. Then they are *so* relentless! And, as I cannot say harsh things of the beloved child of my *heart*, as well as *bosom*, they do not take it *amiss* that I stay away.

Your Hannah left her place ill some time ago; and, as she is still at her mother's at St. Alban's, I am afraid she continues ill. If so, as you are among strangers, and I cannot encourage you at present to come into *these* parts, I shall think it my duty to attend you (let it be taken as it will) as soon as my Tommy's indisposition will permit; which I hope will be soon.

I have a little money by me. You say *you are poor yourself*.—How grievous are those words from one entitled and accustomed to affluence!—Will you be so good to command it, my beloved young lady?—It is most of it your own bounty to me. And I should take a pride to restore it to it's original owner.

Your poor bless you, and pray for you continually. I have so managed your half benevolence, and they have been so healthy, and have had such constant employ, that it has held out; and will hold out, till the happier times return which I continually pray for.

Let me beg of you, my dearest young lady, to take to yourself all those aids, which good persons, like you, draw from RELIGION, in support of their calamities. Let your sufferings be what they will, I am sure you have been innocent in your intention. So do not despond. None are made to suffer above what they *can*, and therefore *ought* to bear.

We know not the methods of Providence, nor what wise ends it may have to serve in it's seemingly severe dispensations to it's poor creatures.

Few persons have greater reason to say this than myself. And since we are apt in calamities to draw more comfort from example than precept, you will permit me to remind you of my own lot: for who has had greater share of afflictions than myself?

To say nothing of the loss of an excellent mother, at a time of life when motherly care is most wanted; the death of a dear father, who was an ornament to his cloth, (and who had qualified me to be his scribe and amanuensis) just as he came within view of a preferment which would have made his family easy, threw me friendless into the wide world, threw me upon a very careless, and, which was much worse, a very unkind husband. Poor man!—But he was spared long enough, thank God, in a tedious illness, to repent of his neglected opportunities and his light principles; which I have always thought of with pleasure, although I was left the more destitute for his chargeable illness, and ready to be brought to bed, when he died, of my Tommy.

But this very circumstance, which I thought the unhappiest that I could have been left in, (so short-sighted is human prudence!) became the happy means of recommending me to your mother, who, in regard to my character, and in compassion to my very destitute circumstances, permitted me, as I made a conscience of not parting with my poor boy, to nurse both you and him, born within a few days of each other. And I have never since wanted any of the humble blessings which God has made me contented with.

Nor have I known what a very great grief was, from the day of my poor husband's death, till the day that your parents told me how much they were determined that you should have Mr. Solmes; when I was apprized not only of your aversion to him, but how unworthy he was of you: for then I began to dread the consequences of forcing so generous a spirit; and, till then, I never feared Mr. Lovelace, attracting

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ing as was his perſon, and ſpecious his manners and addreſs. For I was ſure you would never have him, if he gave you not good reaſon to be convinced of his reformation: nor till your friends were as well ſatisfied in it as yourſelf. But that unhappy miſunderſtanding between your brother and Mr. Lovelace, and their joining ſo violently to force you upon Mr. Solmes, did all that miſchief, which has coſt you and them ſo dear, and poor me all my peace! O what has not this ungrateful, this double-guilty man to anſwer for!

Nevertheleſs, you know not what God has in ſtore for you yet!—But if you are to be puniſhed all your days here, for example ſake, in a caſe of ſuch importance, for your one falſe ſtep, be pleaſed to conſider, that this life is but a ſtate of probation; and if you have your purification in it, you will be the more happy. Nor doubt I, that you will have the higher reward *hereafter* for ſubmitting to the will of Providence *here* with patience and reſignation.

You ſee, my deareſt Miſs Clary, that I make no ſcruple to call the ſtep you took a falſe one. In *you* it was leſs excuſable than it would have been in any other young lady; not only becauſe of your ſuperior talents, but becauſe of the oppoſition between *your* character and *his*: ſo that if you had been provoked to quit your father's houſe, it needed not to have been with him. Nor needed I, indeed, but as an inſtance of my *impartial* love, to have written this to you.

After this, it will have an unkind, and perhaps at this time an unſeaſonable appearance, to expreſs my concern, that you have not before favoured me with a line. Yet if you can account to yourſelf for your ſilence, I dare ſay, I ought to be ſatisfied; for I am ſure you love me: as I both love and honour you, and ever will, and the more for your misfortunes.

One conſolation, methinks, I have, even when I am ſorrowing for your calamities; and that is, that I know not any young perſon ſo qualified to ſhine the brighter for the trials ſhe may be exerciſed with: and yet it is a conſolation that ends in adding to my regrets for your afflictions, becauſe you are bleſſed with a mind ſo well able to bear proſperity, and to make every-body round you the better for it!—*Woe unto him!*—O this wretched, wretched man!—But I will forbear till I know more.

Ruminating on every-thing your melancholy letter ſuggeſts, I ask apprehending from the gentleneſs of your mind, the amiableneſs of your perſon, and your youth, the further miſfortunes and inconveniences to which you may poſſibly be ſubjected, I cannot conclude without aſking for your leave to attend you, and that in a very earneſt manner.—And I beg of you not to deny me, on any conſideration relating to *myſelf*, or even to the indiſpoſition of my *other* beloved child; if I can be either of uſe or comfort to you. Were it, my deareſt young lady, but for two or three days, permit me to attend you, although my ſon's illneſs ſhould encreaſe, and compel me to come down again at the end of thoſe two or three days.—I repeat my requeſt likewiſe, that you will command from me the little ſum remaining in my hands of your bounty to your poor, as well as that diſpenſed to *your ever-affectionate and faithful ſervant*,

JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XXXIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO LADY BETTY LAWRANCE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

MADAM,

I Hope you'll excuſe the freedom of this addreſs, from one who has not the honour to be perſonally known to you, although you muſt have heard much of Clariſſa Harlowe. It is only to beg the favour of a line from your ladyſhip's hand, (by the next poſt, if convenient) in anſwer to the following queſtions.

1. Whether you wrote a letter, dated, as I have a memorandum, Wedn. June 7, congratulating your nephew Lovelace on his ſuppoſed nuptials, as reported to you by Mr. Spurrier, your ladyſhip's ſteward, as from one Captain Tomlinſon:—and in it reproaching Mr. Lovelace, as guilty of ſlight, &c. in not having acquainted your ladyſhip and the family with his marriage?
2. Whether your ladyſhip wrote to Miſs Montague to meet you at Reading, in order to attend you to your couſin Leeſon's in Albemarle Street; on your being obliged to be in town on your *old Chancery-affair*, I remember are the words? and whether you ſpoke your nephew's attendance there on Sunday night the 11th?
3. Whether your ladyſhip and Miſs Montague *did* come to town at that time; and whether you went to Hamp-

ſtead,

[illegible] on Monday, in a hired coach and four, your own being repairing; and took from thence to town the young creature whom you visited there?

Your ladyship will probably guess, that the questions are not asked for reasons favourable to your nephew Lovelace. But be the answer what it will, it can do *him* no hurt, nor *me* any good: only that I think I owe it to my former hopes, (however deceived in them) and even to charity, that a person, of whom I was once willing to think better, should not prove so egregiously abandoned, as to be wanting, in *every* instance, to that veracity which is indispensable in the character of a gentleman.

Be pleased, Madam, to direct to me, (keeping the direction a secret for the present) 'To be left at the Bell Savage 'on Ludgate Hill, till called for.' I am *your ladyship's most humble servant*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXV.

LADY BETTY LAWRANCE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

DEAR MADAM,

I Find that all is not as it should be between you and my nephew Lovelace. It will very much afflict me, and all his friends, if he has been guilty of any designed baseness to a lady of your character and merit.

We have been long in expectation of an opportunity to congratulate you and ourselves upon an event most earnestly wished for by us all; since all our hopes of *him* are built upon the power *you* have over him: for if ever man adored a woman, he is that man, and you, Madam, are that woman.

Miss Montague, in her last letter to me, in answer to one of mine, enquiring if she knew from him whether he could call you his, or was likely soon to have that honour, has these words: 'I know not what to make of my cousin 'Lovelace, as to the point your ladyship is so earnest about. He sometimes 'says, He is actually married to Miss 'Clarissa Harlowe: at other times, that 'it is her own fault if he be not.—He 'speaks of her, not only with love, but 'with reverence: yet owns, that there 'is a misunderstanding between them; 'but confesses that she is wholly faultless. An angel, and not a woman, he 'says she is: and that no man living 'can be worthy of her.'

This is what my niece Montague writes.

God grant, my dearest young lady, that he may not have so heinously offended you, that you *cannot* forgive him! If you are not already married, and refuse to be his, I shall lose all hopes that he ever will marry, or be the man I wish him to be. So will Lord M. So will Lady Sarah Sadleir.

I will now answer your questions: but indeed I hardly know what to write, for fear of widening still more the unhappy difference between you. But yet such a young lady must command every thing from me. This then is my answer.

I wrote not any letter to him on or about the 7th of June.

Neither I nor my steward know such a man as Captain Tomlinson.

I wrote not to my niece to meet me at Reading, nor to accompany me to my cousin Leeson's in town.

My Chancery-affair, though, like most Chancery-affairs, it be of long standing, is nevertheless now in so good a way, that it cannot give me occasion to go to town.

Nor have I been in town these six months: nor at Hampstead for several years.

Neither shall I have any temptation to go to town, except to pay my congratulatory compliments to Mrs. Lovelace. On which occasion I should go with the greatest pleasure; and should hope for the favour of your accompanying me to Glenham Hall, for a month at least.

Be what will the reason of your enquiry, let me entreat you, my dear young lady, for Lord M.'s sake; for my sake; for this giddy man's sake, soul as well as body; and for all our family's sakes; not to suffer this answer to widen differences so far as to make you refuse him, if he already has not the honour of calling you his; as I am apprehensive he has not, by your signing by your family-name.

And here let me offer to you my mediation to compose the difference between you, be it what it will. Your cause, my dear young lady, cannot be put into the hands of any-body living more devoted to your service, than into those of *your sincere admirer, and humble servant*,

ELIZ. LAWRANCE.

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. HODGES.

ENDFIELD, JUNE 29.

MRS. HODGES,

I Am under a kind of neceſſity to write to you, having no one among my relations to whom I dare write, or hope a line from if I did. It is but to anſwer a queſtion. It is this:

Whether you know ſuch a man as Captain Tomlinſon? And if you do, whether he be very intimate with my uncle Harlowe?

I will deſcribe his perſon, leſt, poſſibly, he ſhould go by another name among you; although I know not why he ſhould.

He is a thin, talliſh man, a little pock-fretten; of a fallowiſh complexion. Fifty years of age or more. Of a good aſpect when he looks up. He ſeems to be a ſerions man, and one who knows the world. He ſtoops a little in the ſhoulders. Is of Berkſhire. His wife of Oxfordſhire; and has ſeveral children. He removed lately into your parts from Northamptonſhire.

I muſt deſire you, Mrs. Hodges, that you will not let my uncle, nor any of my relations, know that I write to you.

You uſed to ſay, that you would be glad to have it in your power to ſerve me. That, indeed, was in my proſperity. But I dare ſay, you will not refuſe me in a particular that will oblige me, without hurting yourſelf.

I underſtand, that my father, mother, and ſiſter, and, I preſume, my brother, and my uncle Antony, are to be at my uncle Harlowe's this day. God preſerve them all, and may they rejoice in many happy birth-days! You will write ſix words to me concerning their healths.

Direct, for a particular reaſon, 'To 'Mrs. Dorothy Salcomb, to be left, till 'called for, at the Four Swans Inn, 'Biſhopſgate Street.'

You know my hand-writing well enough, were not the contents of the letter ſufficient to excuſe my name, or any other ſubſcription, than that of

Your Friend.

LETTER XXXVII.

MRS. HODGES. IN ANSWER.

SAT. JULY 2.

MADDAM,

I Return you an anſer, as you wiſh me to doe. Maſter is acquented with no ſitch man. I am ſhure no ſitch ever came to our hooſe. And maſter ſees very little outs. His has no heart to ſtut out. For why? Your unkyndness makes um not care to ſee one another. Maſter's birth day never was kept ſo before; for not a ſole heere; and nothing but ſkeing and ſorrowin from maſter to think how it uſed to bee.

I axed maſter, if ſoe bee he knowed ſitch a man as one Captain Tomlinſon? But ſayed not whiſtur I axed. He ſed, No, not he.

Shure this is no trix nor forgary being againſt maſter by won Tomlinſon—Won knows not what company you may have been forſed to keep, ſen you went away, you knoe Maddam. Excuſe me, Maddam; but London is a peſtilent plaſe; and that Squire Lovelefs is a devil, (for all he is ſitch a like gentleman to look to) as I hev herd every boddy ſay; and think as how you have found by thiſs.

I truſte, Maddam, you wulde not let maſter cum to harme, if you knowed it, by any body who may pretend to be acquented with him: but for fere, I querid with myſelf if I ſhulde not tell him. But I was willin to ſhow you, that I wulde pleſſure you in advarſity, if advarſity bee youre lott, as well as proſprity: for I am none of thoſe that woulde doe otherwiſs. Soe no more from *your humble ſarvant, to wiſh you well,*

SARAH HODGES.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO LADY BETTY LAWRANCE.

MONDAY, JULY 3.

MADAM,

I Cannot excuſe myſelf from giving your ladyſhip this one trouble more; to thank you, as I moſt heartily do, for your kind letter.

I muſt own to you, Madam, that the honour of being related to ladies as eminent for their virtues as for their deſcent, was at firſt no ſmall inducement with me to lend an ear to Mr. Lovelace's addreſs. And the rather, as I was determined, had it come to effect, to do every-thing in my power to deſerve your favourable opinion.

I had another motive, which I knew would of itſelf give me merit with your whole family; a preſumptuous one (a puniſhably preſumptuous one, as it has proved) in the hope that I might be an humble means in the hand of Providence to reclaim a man, who had, as I thought,

good mind enough at bottom to be re-claimed, or at least gratitude enough to acknowledge the intended obligation, whether the generous hope were to succeed or not.

But I have been most egregiously mistaken in Mr. Lovelace; the only man, I perſuade myſelf, pretending to be a gentleman, in whom I could have been ſo much miſtaken: for while I was endeavouring to ſave a drowning wretch, I have been, not accidentally, but premeditatedly, and of ſet purpoſe, drawn in after him. And he has had the glory to add to the liſt of thoſe he has ruined, a name, that, I will be bold to ſay, would not have diſparaged his own. And this, Madam, by means that would ſhock humanity to be made acquainted with.

My whole end is ſerved by your ladyſhip's anſwer to the queſtions I took the liberty to put to you in writing. Nor have I a wiſh to make the unhappy man more odious to you, than is neceſſary to excuſe myſelf for abſolutely declining your offered mediation.

When your ladyſhip ſhall be informed of the following particulars;

That after he had compulſatorily, as I may ſay, tricked me into the act of going off with him, he could carry me to one of the vileſt houſes, as it has proved, in London:

That he could be guilty of a wicked attempt, in reſentment of which I found means to eſcape from him to Hampſtead:

That, after he had found me out there, (I know not how) he could procure two women, dreſſed out richly, to perſonate your ladyſhip and Miſs Montague; who under pretence of engaging me to make a viſit in town to your couſin Leeſon, (promiſing to return with me that evening to Hampſtead) betrayed me back again to the vile houſe: where, again made a priſoner, I was firſt robbed of my ſenſes; and then of my honour. Why ſhould I ſeek to conceal that diſgrace from others, which I cannot hide from myſelf?

When your ladyſhip ſhall know, That, in the ſhocking progreſs to this ruin, wilful falſhoods, repeated forgeries, (particularly of one letter from your ladyſhip, another from Miſs Montague, and a third from Lord M.) and numberleſs perjuries, were not the leaſt of his crimes: you will judge, that I can have no principles that will make me worthy of an alliance with ladies of yours and your noble ſiſter's character, if I could not from my ſoul declare, that ſuch an alliance can never now take place.

I will not offer to clear myſelf entirely of blame: but, as to *him*, I have no fault to accuſe myſelf of: my crime was, the correſponding with him at firſt, when prohibited ſo to do by thoſe who had a right to my obedience; made ſtill more inexcuſable, by giving him a clandeſtine meeting, which put me into the power of his arts. And for this, I am content to be puniſhed: thankful, that at laſt I have eſcaped from him; and have it in my power to reject ſo wicked a man for my huſband: and glad, if I may be a warning, ſince I cannot be an example: which once (very vain, and very conceited as I was) I propoſed to myſelf to be.

All the ill I wiſh him is, that he may reform; and that I may be the laſt victim to his baſeneſs. Perhaps this deſirable wiſh may be obtained, when he ſhall ſee how his wickedneſs, his unmerited wickedneſs! to a poor creature, made friendleſs by his cruel arts, will end.

I conclude with my humble thanks to your ladyſhip, for your favourable opinion of me; and with the aſſurance, that I will be, while life is lent me, *your ladyſhip's grateful and obliged ſervant*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON.

SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 2.

HOW kindly, my beloved Mrs. Norton, do you ſoothe the anguiſh of a bleeding heart! Surely you are mine own mother; and by ſome unaccountable miſtake, I muſt have been laid to a family, that having newly found out, or at leaſt ſuſpected, the impoſture, caſt me from their hearts, with the indignation that ſuch a diſcovery will warrant.

O that I had been indeed your own child, born to partake of your humble fortunes, an heireſs only to that content in which you are ſo happy! Then ſhould I have had a *truly* gentle ſpirit to have guided my ductile heart, which force and ungenerous uſage ſit ſo ill upon: and nothing of what has happened would have been.

But let me take heed, that I enlarge not, by impatience, the breach already made in my duty by my raſhneſs! ſince, had I not erred, my mother, at leaſt, could

could never have been thought hard-hearted and unforgiving. Am I not then answerable, not only for my own faults, but for the conſequences of them; which tend to depreciate and bring diſgrace upon a maternal character never before called in queſtion?

It is kind however in you, to endeavour to extenuate the fault of one ſo greatly ſenſible of it: and could it be wiped off entirely, it would render me more worthy, of the pains you have taken in my education: for it muſt add to your grief, as it does to my confuſion, that after ſuch promiſing beginnings, I ſhould have ſo behaved, as to be a diſgrace inſtead of a credit to you and my other friends.

But that I may not make you think me more guilty than I am, give me leave briefly to aſſure you, that when my ſtory is known, I ſhall be entitled to more compaſſion than blame, even on the ſcore of going away with Mr. Lovelace.

As to all that happened afterwards, let me only ſay, that although I muſt call myſelf a loſt creature as to this world, yet I have this conſolation left me, that I have not ſuffered either for want of circumſpection, or through credulity or weakneſs. Not one moment was I off my guard, or unmindful of your early precepts. But (having been enabled to baffle many baſe contrivances) I was at laſt ruined by arts the moſt inhuman. But had I not been rejected by every friend, this low-hearted man had not dared, nor would have had opportunity, to treat me as he has treated me.

More I cannot, at this time, nor need I, ſay: and this I deſire you to keep to yourſelf, leſt reſentments ſhould be taken up when I am gone, that may ſpread the evil which I hope will end with me.

I have been miſinformed, you ſay, as to my principal relations being at my uncle Harlowe's. The day, you ſay, was not kept. Nor have my brother and Mr. Solmes—Aſtoniſhing!—What complicated wickedneſs has this wretched man to anſwer for!—Were I to tell you, you would hardly believe there could have been ſuch a heart in man.

But one day you may know the whole ſtory!—At preſent I have neither inclination nor words—O my burſting heart!—Yet a happy, a wiſhed relief!—Were you preſent my tears would ſupply the reſt!

I resume my pen!

And ſo you fear no letter will be received from me. But don't grieve! *tell me ſo!* I expect every thing bad. And ſuch is my diſtreſs, that had you not bid me hope for mercy from the Throne of Mercy, I ſhould have been afraid that my father's dreadful curſe would be compleated with regard to both worlds.

For here, an additional misfortune! In a fit of phrenſical heedleſſneſs, I ſent a letter to my beloved Miſs Howe, without recollecting her private address; and it has fallen into her angry mother's hands: and ſo that dear friend perhaps has a-new incurred diſpleaſure on my account. And here too, your worthy ſon is ill; and my poor Hannah, you think, cannot come to me—O my dear Mrs. Norton, *will* you, *can* you cenſure *thoſe* whoſe reſentments againſt me Heaven ſeems to approve of? And will you acquit *her* whom *that* condemns?

Yet you bid me not deſpond.—I will not, if I can help it. And, indeed, moſt ſeaſonable conſolation has your kind letter afforded me.—Yet to God Almighty do I appeal, to avenge my wrongs, and vindicate my inno——

But huſhed be my ſtormy paſſions!—Have I not but this moment ſaid, that your letter gave me conſolation?—May *thoſe* be forgiven, who hinder my father from forgiving *me!*—And this, as to *them*, ſhall be the harſheſt that ſhall drop from my pen.

But although your ſon ſhould recover, I charge you, my dear Mrs. Norton, that you do not think of coming to me. I don't know ſtill, but your mediation with my mother (although at preſent your interpoſition would be ſo little attended to) may be of uſe to procure me the revocation of that moſt dreadful part of my father's curſe, which only remains to be fulfilled. The voice of nature muſt at laſt be heard in my favour, ſurely. It will only plead at firſt to my friends in the ſtill, conſcious plaintiveneſs of a young and unhardened beggar. But it will grow more clamorous when I have the courage to be ſo, and ſhall demand, perhaps the paternal protection from *further* ruin; and that forgiveneſs, which thoſe will be little entitled to expect, for their own faults, who ſhall interpoſe to have it refuſed to me, for an *accidental*, not a *premeditated* error: and which, but for them, I had never fallen into.

But again, impatiency, founded per-

hap-on ſelf-partiality, that ſtrange miſleader! prevails.

Let me briefly ſay, that it is neceſſary to my preſent and my future hopes, that you keep well with my family. And moreover, ſhould you come, I may be traced out by that means by the moſt abandoned of men. Say not then, that you think you ought to come up to me, *let it be taken as it will*:—for *my ſake* let me repeat (were my foſter-brother recovered, as I hope he is) you muſt *not* come. Nor can I want your advice, while *I* can *write*, and *you* can anſwer me. And write I will, as often as I ſtand in need of your counſel.

Then the people I am now with ſeem to be both honeſt and humane: and there is in the ſame houſe a widow-lodger, of low fortunes, but of great merit:—almoſt ſuch another ſerious and good woman, as the dear one, to whom I am now writing; who has, as ſhe ſays, given over all other thoughts of the world but ſuch as ſhould aſſiſt her to leave it happily.—How ſuitable to my own views!—There ſeems to be a comfortable providence in *this* at leaſt—So that at preſent there is nothing of exigence; nothing that can *require*, or even *excuſe* your coming, when ſo many better ends may be anſwered by your ſtaying where you are. A time *may* come, when I ſhall want your laſt and beſt aſſiſtance: and *then*, my dear Mrs. Norton—And *then*, I will ſpeak it, and embrace it with all my whole heart—And *then*, will it not be denied me by any-body.

You are very obliging in your offer of money. But although I was forced to leave my cloaths behind me, yet I took ſeveral things of value with me, which will keep me from preſent want. You'll ſay, I have made a miſerable hand of it—So indeed I have—and, to look backwards, in a very little while too.

But what ſhall I do, if my father cannot be prevailed upon to recal his malediction? O my dear Mrs. Norton, what a weight muſt a father's curſe have upon a heart ſo apprehenſive as mine!—Did I think I ſhould ever have a *father's curſe* to deprecate? And yet, only that the temporary part of it is ſo terribly fulfilled, or I ſhould be as earneſt for it's recal, for my *father's* ſake, as for my own!

You muſt not be angry with me, that I wrote not to you before. You are very right and very kind, to ſay, you are ſure I love you. Indeed I do. And what a generoſity [ſo like yourſelf!] is there in your praiſe, to attribute to me more than I merit, in order to raiſe an emulation in me to *deſerve* your praiſes!—You tell me what you expect from me in the calamities I am called upon to bear. May I behave anſwerably!

I *can* a little account to *myſelf* for my ſilence to you, my kind, my dear maternal friend! How equally ſweetly and politely do you expreſs yourſelf on this occaſion! I was very deſirous, for your ſake, as well as for my own, that you ſhould have it to ſay, that we did not correſpond: had they thought we did, every word you could have dropt in my favour, would have been rejected; and my mother would have been forbid to ſee you, or pay any regard to what you ſhould ſay.

Then I had ſometimes better and ſometimes worſe proſpects before me. My worſt would only have troubled you to know: my better made me frequently hope, that, by the next poſt, or the next, and ſo on for weeks, I ſhould have the beſt news to impart to you, that *then* could happen: cold as the wretch had made my heart to *that beſt*.—For how could I think to write to you, with a confeſſion, that I was not married, yet lived in the houſe (or could I help it) with ſuch a man?—Who likewiſe had given it out to ſeveral, that we were actually married, although with reſtrictions that depended on the reconciliation with my friends? And to diſguiſe the truth, or be guilty of a falſhood either direct or equivocal, *that* was what you had never taught me.

But I might have written to you for advice, in my precarious ſituation, perhaps you will think. But, indeed, my dear Mrs. Norton, I was not loſt for want of advice. And this will appear clear to you from what I have already hinted, were I to explain myſelf no further:—For what need had the cruel ſpoiler to have recourſe to unprecedented arts—I will ſpeak out plainer ſtill (but you muſt not at preſent report it)—to ſtupefying potions, and to the moſt brutal and outrageous force—had I been wanting in my duty?

A few words more upon this grievous ſubject.

When I reflect upon all that has happened to me, it is apparent, that this generally-ſuppoſed *thoughtleſs* ſeducer has acted by me upon a regular and preconcerted plan of villainy.

In order to ſet all his vile plots in motion,

motion, nothing was wanting, from the first, but to prevail upon me, either by force or fraud, to throw myself into his power: and when this was effected, nothing less than the intervention of the paternal authority (which I had not deserved to be exerted in my behalf) could have saved me from the effect of his deep machinations. Opposition from any other quarter would but too probably have precipitated his barbarous and ungrateful violence: and had *you yourself* been with me, I have reason *now* to think, that some how or other you would have suffered in endeavouring to save me: for never was there, as now I see, a plan of wickedness more steadily and uniformly pursued than *his* has been, against an unhappy creature who merited better of *him:* but the Almighty has thought fit, according to the general course of his Providence, to make the fault bring on it's own punishment: but surely not in consequence of my father's dreadful imprecation, That I might be punished *here*, [O my mamma Norton, pray with me, if so, that *here* it stop!] by the very wretch in whom I had placed my wicked confidence!

I am sorry, for your sake, to leave off so heavily. Yet the rest must be brief.

Let me desire you to be secret in what I have communicated to you; at least till you have my consent to divulge it.

God preserve to you your more faultless child!

I will hope for His mercy, although I should not obtain that of an earthly person.

And I repeat my prohibition:—You must not think of coming up to *your ever-dutiful* CL. HARLOWE.

The obliging person, who left yours for me this day, promised to call to-morrow, to see if I should have any-thing to return. I would not lose so good an opportunity.

LETTER XL.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 3.

O The barbarous villainy of this detestable man!

And is there a man in the world, who could offer violence to so sweet a creature?

And are you sure you are now out of his reach?

You command me to keep secret the particulars of the vile treatment you have met with; or else, upon an unexpected visit which Miss Harlowe favoured me with, soon after I had received your melancholy letter, I should have been tempted to own I had heard from you, and to have communicated to her such parts of your two letters as would have demonstrated your penitence, and your earnestness to obtain the revocation of your father's malediction; as well as his protection from outrages that may still be offered to you. But then your sister would probably have expected a sight of the letters, and even to have been permitted to take them with her to the family.

Yet they *must* one day be acquainted with the sad story—And it is impossible but they must pity you, and forgive you, when they know your early penitence, and your unprecedented sufferings: and that you have fallen by the brutal force of a barbarous ravisher, and not by the vile arts of a seducing lover.

The wicked man gives it out at Lord M.'s, as Miss Harlowe tells me, that he is actually married to you—Yet she believes it not; nor had I the heart to let her know the truth.

She put it close to me, Whether I had not corresponded with you from the time of your going away? I could safely tell her (as I did) that I had not: but I said, that I was well informed, that you took extremely to heart your father's imprecation; and that if she would excuse me, I would say, it would be a kind and sisterly part, if she would use her interest to get you discharged from it.

Among other severe things, she told me, that my partial fondness for you made me very little consider the honour of the rest of the family: but, if I had not heard this from you, she supposed I was set on by Miss Howe.

She expressed herself with a good deal of bitterness against that young lady: who, it seems, every-where, and to every-body, (for you must think, that your story is the subject of all conversations) rails against your family; treating them, as your sister says, with contempt, and even with ridicule.

I am sorry such angry freedoms are taken, for two reasons; first, because such liberties never do any good. I have heard you own, that Miss Howe has a satirical vein; but I should hope, that a young lady of her sense, and right cast of mind, must know that the end of satire is not to exasperate, but amend; and should never be *personal.*

If

If it *be*, as my good father used to say, [illegible] make an impartial person ſuſpect [illegible] the ſatyriſt has a natural ſpleen to [illegible], which may be as great a fault in *him*, as any of thoſe which he pretends to cenſure and expoſe in *others*.

Perhaps a hint of this from you will not be thrown away.

My laſtmoſt reaſon is, That theſe freedoms, from ſo warm a friend to you as Miſs Howe is known to be, are moſt likely to be charged to your account.

My reſentments are ſo ſtrong againſt this villeſt of men, that I dare not touch upon the ſhocking particulars which your mention of his baſeneſs. What defence, indeed, could there be againſt ſo determined a wretch, after you was in his power? I will only repeat my earneſt ſupplication to you, that, black as appearances are, you will not deſpair. Your calamities are exceeding great; but then you have talents proportioned to your trials. This every-body allows.

Suppoſe the worſt, and that your family will not be moved in your favour, your couſin Morden will ſoon arrive, as Miſs Harlowe told me. If he ſhould even be got over to their ſide, he will, however, ſee juſtice done you; and then may you live an exemplary life, making hundreds happy, and teaching young ladies to ſhun the ſnares in which you have been ſo dreadfully entangled.

As to the man you have loſt, is an union with ſuch a perjured heart as his with ſuch an admirable one as yours, to be wiſhed for? A baſe, *low-hearted* wretch, as you juſtly call him, with all his pride of anceſtry; and more an enemy to himſelf with regard to his preſent and future happineſs, than to you, in the barbarous and ungrateful wrongs he has done you: I need not, I am ſure, exhort you to deſpiſe ſuch a man as this; ſince not to be able to do ſo, would be a reflection upon a ſex to which you have always been an honour.

Your moral character is untainted: the very nature of your ſufferings, as you well obſerve, demonſtrates *that*. Cheer up, therefore, your dear heart, and do not deſpair; for is it not GOD who governs the world, and permits ſome things, and directs others, as He pleaſes? And will He not reward *temporary ſufferings*, innocently incurred, and piouſly ſupported, with *eternal felicity*?—And what, my dear, is this poor needle's-point of NOW to a *boundleſs* ETERNITY?

My heart, however, labours under a *double* affliction: for my poor boy is very, *very* bad—A violent fever—Nor can it be brought to intermit—Pray for *him*, my deareſt Miſs—For his recovery, if God ſee fit.—I hope God *will* ſee fit.—If not—(how can I bear to ſuppoſe that!)—pray for *me*, that He will give me that patience and reſignation which I have been wiſhing to you. I am, my deareſt young lady, *your ever-affectionate* JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XLI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

THURSDAY, JULY 6.

I Ought not, eſpecially at this time, to add to your afflictions—But yet I cannot help communicating to you (who now are my *only* ſoothing friend) a new trouble that has befallen me.

I had but one friend in the world, beſides you; and ſhe is utterly diſpleaſed with me: it is grievous, but for one moment, to lie under a beloved perſon's cenſure; and this through imputations that affect one's honour and prudence. There are points ſo delicate, you know, my dear Mrs. Norton, that it is a degree of diſhonour to have a vindication of one's ſelf from them appear to be *neceſſary*. In the preſent caſe, my misfortune is, that I know not how to account, but by gueſs, (ſo ſubtle have been the workings of the dark ſpirit I have been unhappily entangled by) for ſome of the facts that I am called upon to explain.

Miſs Howe, in ſhort, ſuppoſes ſhe has found a flaw in my character. I have juſt now received her ſevere letter—But I ſhall anſwer it, perhaps, in better temper, if I firſt conſider yours: for indeed my patience is almoſt at an end. And yet I ought to conſider, *That faithful are the wounds of a friend.* But ſo *many* things at once!—O my dear Mrs. Norton, how ſhall ſo young a ſcholar in the ſchool of affliction be able to bear ſuch heavy and ſuch various evils!

But to leave this ſubject for a while, and turn to your letter.

I am very ſorry Miſs Howe is ſo lively in her reſentments on my account. I have always blamed her very freely for her liberties of this ſort with my friends. I once had a good deal of influence over her kind heart, and ſhe made all I ſaid a law to her. But people in calamity have little weight in any thing, or with any-body. Proſperity and independence are charming things on this account, that they give force to the counſels of a friendly heart! while it is thought inſo-

lence in the miſerable to adviſe, or ſo much as to remonſtrate.

Yet is Miſs Howe an invaluable perſon: and is it to be expected that ſhe ſhould preſerve the ſame regard for my judgment that ſhe had before I forfeited all title to diſcretion? With what face can I take upon me to reproach a want of prudence in *her*? But if I can be ſo happy as to re-eſtabliſh myſelf in her ever-valued opinion, I ſhall endeavour to enforce upon her your juſt obſervations on this head.

You need not, you ſay, exhort me to deſpiſe ſuch a man as him, by whom I have ſuffered—Indeed you need not: for I would chuſe the cruelleſt death rather than to be his. And yet, my dear Mrs. Norton, I will own to you, *that once I could have loved him.—Ungrateful man!—had he permitted me to love him, I once could have loved him.* Yet he never deſerved my love. And was not this a fault?—But now, if I can but keep out of his hands, and obtain a laſt forgiveneſs, and that as well for the ſake of my dear friends future reflections, as for my own preſent comfort, it is all I wiſh for.

Reconciliation with my friends I do not expect; nor pardon from them; at leaſt, till in extremity, and as a *Viaticum*.

O my beloved Mrs. Norton, you cannot imagine what I have ſuffered!—But indeed my heart is broken!—I am ſure I ſhall not live to take poſſeſſion of that independence, which you think would enable me to atone in ſome meaſure for my paſt conduct.

While this is my opinion, you may believe, I ſhall not be eaſy, till I can obtain a laſt forgiveneſs.

I wiſh to be left to take my own courſe, in endeavouring to procure this grace. Yet know I not, at preſent, what that courſe ſhall be.

I will write. But to *whom* is my doubt. Calamity has not yet given me the aſſurance to addreſs myſelf to my FATHER. My UNCLES (well as they once loved me) are hard-hearted. They never had their maſculine paſſions humanized by the tender name of FATHER. Of my BROTHER I have no hope. I have then but my MOTHER, and my SISTER, to whom I can apply.—'And may I not, 'my deareſt mamma, be permitted to 'lift up my trembling eye to your all-'cheering, and your once *more* than in-'dulgent, your *fond* eye, in hopes of 'ſeaſonable mercy to the poor ſick heart 'that yet beats with life drawn from 'your own dearer heart!—Expreſſion 'when pardon only, and not reſtoration, 'is implored!'

Yet were I able to engage my mother's pity, would it not be a means to make *her* ſtill more unhappy, than I have already made her, by the oppoſition ſhe would meet with, were ſhe to try to give force to that pity?

To my SISTER then, I think, I will apply—Yet how hard-hearted has my ſiſter been!—But I will not aſk for protection; and yet I am in hourly dread, that I ſhall want protection.—All I will aſk for at preſent, (preparative to the laſt forgiveneſs I will implore) ſhall be only to be freed from the heavy curſe that ſeems to have operated as far as it *can* operate, as to *this* life—And ſurely it was paſſion, and not intention, that carried it ſo very far as to the *other*!

But why do I thus add to your diſtreſſes?—Is it not, my dear Mrs. Norton, that I have ſo *much* feeling for my *own* calamity, that I have *none* for yours: ſince yours is indeed an addition to my own. But you have one conſolation, (a very great one) which I have not—That *your* afflictions, whether reſpecting your *more* or your *leſs* deſerving child, riſe not from any fault of your own.

But what can I do for you more than pray?—Aſſure yourſelf, that in every ſupplication I put up for myſelf, I will, with equal fervour, remember both you and your ſon. For I am, and ever will be *your truly ſympathizing and dutiful*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUPERSCRIBED, FOR MRS. RACHEL CLARK, &c.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5.

MY DEAR CLARISSA,

I Have at laſt heard from you from a quarter I little expected.

From my mother.

She had for ſome time ſeen me uneaſy and grieving; and juſtly ſuppoſed it was about you: and this morning dropt a hint, which made me conjecture that ſhe muſt have heard ſomething of you more than I knew. And when ſhe found that this added to my uneaſineſs, ſhe owned ſhe had a letter in her hands of yours, dated the 29th of June, directed for me.

You may gueſs, that this occaſioned a little warmth, that could not be wiſhed for by either.

[It

[It is surprising, my dear, *mighty* surprising! that, knowing the prohibition I lay under of corresponding with you, you could send a letter for me to our own house: since it must be easy to one that it would fall into my mother's hands, as you find it did.]

In short, *she* resented that I should disobey her: I was as much concerned that she should open and withold from me *my* letters: and at last she was pleased to compromise the matter with me, by giving up the letter, and permitting me to write to you *once or twice*; she to see the contents of what I wrote. For, besides the value she has for you, she could not but have a great curiosity to know the occasion of so sad a situation as your melancholy letter shews you to be in.

[But I shall get her to be satisfied with hearing me read what I write; putting in between hooks, thus, [ ] what I intend not to read to her.]

Need I to remind you, Miss Clarissa Harlowe, of *three* letters I wrote to you, to none of which I had any answer; except to the *first*, and that a few lines only, promising a letter at large, though you were well enough, the day after you received my *second*, to go joyfully back again with him to the vile house?—But more of these by-and-by. I must hasten to take notice of your letter of Wednesday last week; which you could *contrive* should fall into my mother's hands.

Let me tell you, that that letter has almost broken my heart. Good God! what have you brought yourself to, Miss Clarissa Harlowe?—Could I have believed, that after you had escaped from the miscreant, (with such mighty pains and earnestness escaped) and after such an attempt as he had made, you would have been prevailed upon not only to forgive him, but (without being married too) to return with him to that horrid house!—A house I had given you such an account of!—Surprizing!—What an intoxicating thing is *this love?*—I *always* feared, that you, even you, were not proof against it's *inconsistent* effects.

You your *best self* have not escaped!—Indeed I see not how you could expect to escape.

What a tale have you to unfold!—You need not unfold it, my dear: I would not have engaged to prognosticate all that has happened, had you but told me that you would once more have put yourself into his power, after you had taken such pains to get out of it.

Your peace is destroyed!—I wonder not at it: since now you must reproach yourself for a credulity so ill placed.

Your intellect is touched!—I am sure my heart bleeds for you: but, excuse me, my dear, I doubt your intellect was touched before you left Hampstead: or you would never have let him find you out there; or, when he did, suffer him to prevail upon you to return to the horrid brothel.

I tell you, I sent you *three letters*: the *first* of which, dated the 7th and 8th of June, (for it was written at twice) came safe to your hands, as you sent me word by a few lines dated the 9th: had it not, I should have doubted my own safety; since in it I gave you such an account of the abominable house, and threw such cautions in your way in relation to that Tomlinson, as the more surprized me that you could think of going back to it again, after you had escaped from it, and from Lovelace—O, my dear—But nothing now will I ever wonder at!

The *second*, dated June 10, was given into your own hand at Hampstead, on Sunday the 11th, as you was lying upon a couch, in a strange way, according to my messenger's account of you, bloated, and flush-coloured; I don't know how.

The *third* was dated the 20th of June. Having not heard one word from you since the promising billet of the 9th, I own I did not spare you in it. I ventured it by the usual conveyance, by that Wilson's, having no other: so cannot be sure you received it. Indeed I rather think you might not; because in yours, which fell into my mother's hands, you make no mention of it: and if you had had it, I believe it would have touched you too much to have been passed by unnoticed.

You have heard, that I have been ill, you say. I had a cold indeed; but it was so slight a one, that it confined me not an hour. But I doubt not, that strange things you have *heard*, and *been told*, to induce you to take the step you took. And, till you did take that step, (the going back with this villain, I mean) I knew not a more pitiable case than yours: since every-body must have excused you before, who knew how you were used at home, and was acquainted with your prudence and vigilance. But, alas! my dear, we see that the *wisest people* are not to be depended upon, when *Love*, like an *ignis fatuus*, holds up it's misleading lights before their eyes.

My mother tells me, she sent you an answer, desiring you not to write to me, because it would grieve me. To be sure

I *am*

I *am* grieved; *exceedingly* grieved; and, *disappointed* too, you must permit me to say. For I had always thought that there never was such a woman, at your years, in the world.

But I remember once an argument you held, on occasion of a censure passed in company upon an excellent preacher, who was not a very excellent liver: *preaching* and *practising*, you said, required quite different talents: which, when united in the same person, made the man a saint; as *wit* and *judgment* going together constituted a genius.

You made it out, I remember, very prettily: but you never made it out, excuse me, my dear, more convincingly, than by that part of your late conduct, which I complain of.

My love for you, and my concern for your honour, may possibly have made me a little of the severest: if you think so, place it to it's proper account; to *that* love, and to *that* concern: which will but do justice to *your afflicted and faithful* A. H.

P. S. My mother would not be satisfied without reading my letter herself; and that before I had fixed all my proposed hooks. She knows, by this means, and has excused, our former correspondence.

She indeed suspected it before: and so she very well might; knowing me, and knowing my love of you.

She has so much real concern for your misfortunes, that, thinking it will be a consolation to *you*, and that it will oblige *me*, she consents that you shall write to me the *particulars at large of your sad story:* but it is on condition that I shew her all that has passed between us, relating to yourself and the vilest of men. I have the more cheerfully complied, as the communication cannot be to your disadvantage.

You may therefore write freely, and direct to our own house.

My mother promises to shew me the copy of her letter to you, and your reply to it; which letter she has but just told me of. She already apologizes for the severity of hers: and thinks the sight of your reply will affect me too much. But having her promise, I will not dispense with it.

I doubt hers is severe enough. So I fear you will think mine: but you have taught me never to spare the *fault* for the *friend's* sake; and that a great error ought rather to be more inexcusable in the person we value, than in one we are indifferent to; because it is a reflection upon our choice of that person, and tends to a breach of the love of mind; and to expose us to the world for our partiality. To the *love of mind*, I repeat; since it is impossible but the errors of the dearest friend must weaken our inward opinion of that friend; and thereby lay a foundation for future distance, and perhaps disgust.

God grant, that you may be able to clear your conduct *after* you had escaped from Hampstead; as all *before* that time was noble, generous, and prudent: the man a devil and you a saint!——Yet I hope you can; and therefore expect it from you.

I send by a particular hand. He will call for your answer at your own appointment.

I am afraid this horrid wretch will trace out, by the post-offices, where you are, if not careful.

To have *money*, and *will*, and *head*, to be a villain, is too much for the rest of the world, when they meet in one man.

LETTER XLIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY, JULY 6.

FEW young persons have been able to give more convincing proofs than myself, how little true happiness lies in the enjoyment of our own wishes.

To produce one instance only of the truth of this observation; what would I have given for weeks past, for the favour of a letter from my dear Miss Howe, in whose friendship I placed all my remaining comfort! Little did I think, that the next letter she would honour me with, should be in such a style, as should make me look more than once at the subscription, that I might be sure (the name not being written at length) that it was not signed by another A. H. 'For surely,' thought I, 'this is 'my sister Arabella's style: surely Miss 'Howe (blame me as she pleases in other 'points) could never repeat so *sharply* 'upon her friend, words written in the 'bitterness of spirit, and in the disorder 'of head; nor remind her, with asperity, and with mingled strokes of wit, 'of an argument held in the gaiety of an 'heart elated with prosperous fortunes, '(as mine then was) and very little ap-

[illegible] of the fame turn that ar-
[illegible] one day take against her-
[illegible] what have I, [alas! in my for-
[illegible] character forfeited; my
[illegible] I know it, I care
[illegible] [while I know it, I care
[illegible] deftitute of friends,
[illegible] even of hope; what have I to do
[illegible] but [illegible] of repining and expoſ-
[illegible] tulation to a dear friend, becauſe ſhe
[illegible] not more kind than a ſiſter!

You have till now, my dear, treated me with great indulgence. If it was with greater than I had *deſerved*, I may be to blame to have built upon it, on the confideration that I *deſerve it* now as well as ever. But I find, by the riſing bitterneſs which will mingle with the gall in my ink, that I am not yet ſubmiſſive enough to my condition—I lay down my pen for one moment.

Pardon me, my Miſs Howe. I have compoſed myſelf: and will endeavour to give a particular anſwer to your letter; although it will take me up too much time to think of ſending it by your meſſenger to-morrow: he can put off his journey, he ſays, till Saturday. I will endeavour to have the whole narrative ready for you by Saturday.

But how to defend myſelf in every-thing that has happened, I cannot tell: ſince in ſome part of the time, in which my conduct appears to have been cenſurable, I was not myſelf; and to this hour know not all the methods taken to deprave and ruin me.

You tell me, that in your firſt letter you gave me ſuch an account of the vile houſe I was in, and ſuch cautions about that Tomlinſon, as made you wonder how I could think of going back.

Alas, my dear! I was tricked, moſt vilely tricked back, as you ſhall hear in it's place.

Without *knowing* the houſe was ſo very vile a houſe from your *intended* information, I diſliked the people too much, ever *voluntarily* to have returned to it. But had you really written ſuch cautions about Tomlinſon, and the houſe, as you ſeem to have *purpoſed* to do, they muſt, had they come in time, have been of infinite ſervice to me. But not one word of either, whatever was your *intention*, did you mention to me, in that *firſt* of the *three* letters you ſo warmly TELL ME you did ſend me. *I will incloſe it to-morrow.*

But your account of your meſſenger's delivering to me your ſecond letter, and the deſcription he gives of me, as *lying upon a couch, in a ſtrange way, bloated, and fluſh-coloured; you don't know how*, ſtrangely puzzled and confounded me.

Lord have mercy upon the poor Clariſſa Harlowe! What can this mean?—*Who* was the meſſenger you ſent? Was *he* one of Lovelace's creatures too?—Could nobody come near me but that man's confederates, either *ſetting out ſo*, or *made ſo*? I know not what to make of any one ſyllable of this! Indeed I don't.

Let me ſee. You ſay, this was *before* I went from Hampſtead? My intellects had not then been touched!—Nor had I ever been ſurprized by wine: [Strange if I had!] how then could I be found in ſuch a *ſtrange way, bloated, and flush-coloured; you don't know how!*—Yet what a vile, what a hateful figure has your meſſenger repreſented me to have made!

But indeed I know nothing of ANY meſſenger from you.

Believing myſelf ſecure at Hampſtead, I ſtaid longer there than I would have done, in hopes of the letter promiſed me in your ſhort one of the 9th, brought me by my own meſſenger, in which you undertake to ſend for and engage Mrs. Townſend in my favour.

I wondered I heard not from you: and was told you were ſick; and, at another time, that your mother and you had had words on my account, and that you had refuſed to admit Mr. Hickman's viſits upon it: ſo that I ſuppoſed at one time, that you were not *able* to write; at another, that your mother's prohibition had it's *due* force with you. But now I have no doubt, that the wicked man muſt have intercepted your letter; and I wiſh he found not *means* to *corrupt your meſſenger* to tell you ſo ſtrange a ſtory.

It was on Sunday June 11, you ſay, that the man gave it me. I was at church twice that day with Mrs. Moore. Mr. Lovelace was at her houſe the while, where he boarded, and wanted to have lodged; but I would not permit that, though I could not help the other. In one of theſe ſpaces *it muſt be* that he had time to work upon the man. You'll eaſily, my dear, find that out, by enquiring the time of his arrival at Mrs. Moore's, and other circumſtances of the *ſtrange way* he pretended to ſee me in, *on a couch*, and the reſt.

Had any-body ſeen me afterwards, when I was betrayed back to the vile houſe, ſtruggling under the operation of wicked potions, and ſobbed ruins of my intellects, (for this, as you ſhall hear,

hope, that my dreadful ends might then, perhaps, have appeared affected, and *fear-inspired*, and I know not how *assisted*. But were you to see your poor Clarissa now, for even to have been her at Hampstead *before* she suffered the vilest of all outrages) you would not think her *fleering*, or *fast-coloured*: indeed you would not.

In a word, it could not be my messenger saw; nor (if any-body) who it was can I divine.

I will now, as *briefly* as the subject will permit, enter into the darker part of my sad story: and yet I must be somewhat circumstantial, that you may not think me capable of *reserve* or *palliation*. The *latter* I am not conscious that I need. I should be utterly inexcusable, were I guilty of the *former* to you. And yet, if you knew how my heart sinks under the thoughts of a recollection so painful, you would pity me.

As I shall not be able, perhaps, to conclude what I have to write in even two or three letters, I will begin a new one with my story; and send the whole of it together, although written at different periods, as I am able.

Allow me a little pause, my dear, at this place, and to subscribe myself *your ever-affectionate and obliged*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

[RETURNED TO THE VOL. V.]

THURSDAY NIGHT.

HE had found me out at Hampstead: strangely found me out; for I am still at a loss to know by what means.

I was loth, in my billet of the 9th, to tell you so, for fear of giving you apprehensions for me; and besides, I hoped then to have a shorter and happier issue to account to you for, through your assistance, than I met with.

She then gives a narrative of all that passed at Hampstead between herself, Mr. Lovelace, Captain Tomlinson, and the women there, to the same effect with that so amply given by Mr. Lovelace.

Mr Lovelace, finding all he could say, and all Captain Tomlinson could urge, ineffectual, to prevail upon me to forgive an outrage so flagrantly premeditated, settled all his hopes on a visit which was to be paid me by Lady Betty Lawrance and Miss Montague.

In my interview with them, my prospects all so dark, I knew not whether I might be obliged to have recourse to the last resort: and as their ladyships had the best of characters, (although I had reason to regret that I had not from the first thrown myself upon their protection, (when I had forfeited that of my own friends) I thought I would not shun an interview with them, unless I was too indifferent to their kindness to seek it, as I doubted not, that one end of their visit would be to reconcile me to him.

On Monday the 26th of June these pretended ladies came to Hampstead; and I was presented to them, and they to me, by their kinsman.

They were richly dressed, and stuck out with jewels; the pretended Lady Betty's were particularly very fine.

They came in a coach and four, hired, as was confessed, while their own was repairing in town: a pretence made, I now perceive, that I should not guess at the imposture by the want of the real lady's arms upon it. Lady Betty was attended by her woman, whom she called Morrison; a modest country-looking person.

I had heard, that Lady Betty was a fine woman, and that Miss Montague was a beautiful young lady, genteel, and graceful, and full of vivacity. Such were these impostors; and having never seen either of them, I had not the least suspicion, that they were not the ladies they personated; and being put a little out of countenance by the richness of their dresses, I could not help (fool that I was!) to apologize for my own.

The pretended Lady Betty then told me, that her nephew had acquainted them with the situation of affairs between us. And although she could not but say, that she was very glad that he had not put such a slight upon his lordship and them, as report had given them cause to apprehend, (the reason for which report, however, she much approved of) yet it had been matter of great concern to her, and to her niece Montague, and would to the whole family, to find so great a misunderstanding subsisting between us, as, if not made up, might distance all their hopes.

She could easily tell who was in fault, she said. And gave him a look full of anger and disdain: asking him, How it was possible for him to give an offence of such a nature to so charming a lady, (so she called me) as should occasion a resentment so strong?

He prevailed to be raised into shame and [illegible]

'My dearest niece,' said she, and took my hand, 'shall you niece, as [illegible] from love, as to humour your uncle [illegible] expedient) permit me to [illegible] not as advocate, but a mediatrix for him; and not for his sake, so much as for my own, my Charlotte's, and all our family's. The indignity he has offered to you, may be of too tender a nature to be enquired into. But as he declares, that it was not a premeditated offence; whether, my dear,' [for I was going to rise upon it in my temper] 'it were or not; and as he declares his sorrow for it; (and never did creature express a deeper sorrow for an offence than he) and as it is a reparable one; let *us*, for this one time, forgive him; and thereby lay an obligation upon this man of errors —Let US, I say, my dear;—for Sir,' [turning to him] 'an offence against such a peerless lady as this, must be an offence against *me*, against your *cousin* here, and against *all the virtuous* of our sex.'

See, my dear, what a creature he had picked out! Could you have thought there was a woman in the world who could thus express herself, and yet be vile? But she had her principal instructions from him, and those written down too, as I have reason to think: for I have recollected since, that I once saw this Lady Betty (who often rose from her seat, and took a turn to the other end of the room with such emotion as if the joy of her heart would not let her sit still) take out a paper from her stays, and look into it, and put it there again. She might oftener, and I not observe it; for I little thought that there could be such impostors in the world.

I could not forbear paying great attention to what she said. I found my tears ready to start; I drew out my handkerchief, and was silent. I had not been so indulgently treated a great while by a person of character and distinction; [such I thought her] and durst not trust to the accent of my voice.

The pretended Miss Montague joined in on this occasion; and drawing her chair close to me, took my other hand, and besought me to forgive her cousin; and consent to rank myself as one of the principals of a family, that had long, very long, coveted the honour of my alliance.

I am ashamed to repeat to you, my dear, how I knew what to think they are, the tender, the obliging, and the respectful things I said to them.

The wretch himself then came forward. He threw himself at my feet. How was I beset!—The women grasping one my right-hand; the other my left; the pretended Miss Montague pressing to her lips more than once the hand she held: the wicked man on his knees, imploring my forgiveness; and setting before me my happy and my unhappy prospects, as I should forgive or not forgive him. All that he thought would affect me in his former pleas, and those of Captain Tomlinson, he repeated. He vowed, he promised, he bespoke the pretended ladies to answer for him; and they engaged their honours in his behalf.

Indeed, my dear, I was distressed, perfectly distressed. I was sorry that I had given way to this visit. For I knew not how, in tenderness to relations (as I thought them) so worthy, to treat so freely as he deserved, a man nearly allied to them: so that my arguments, and my resolutions, were deprived of their greatest force.

I pleaded, however, my application to you. I expected every hour, I told them, an answer from you to a letter I had written, which would decide my future destiny.

They offered to apply to you themselves in person, in *their own behalf*, as they politely termed it. They besought me to write to you to hasten your answer.

I said, I was sure that you would write the moment that the event of an application to be made to a third person enabled you to write. But as to the success of their request in behalf of their kinsman, that depended not upon the expected answer; for *that*, I begged their pardon, was out of the question. I wished him well. I wished him happy. But I was convinced, that I neither could make *him* so, nor he *me*.

Then! how the wretch promised!—How he vowed!—How he entreated!—And how the women pleaded!—And they engaged themselves, and the honour of their whole family, for his just, his kind, his tender behaviour to me.

In short, my dear, I was so hard set, that I was obliged to come to a more favourable compromise with them, than I had intended. I would wait for your answer to my letter, I said: and if that made doubtful or difficult the change of mea-

measures I had resolved upon, and the scheme of life I had formed, I would then consider of the matter; and, if they would permit me, lay all before them, and take their advice upon it, in conjunction with yours, as if the one were my own aunt, and the other were my own cousin.

They shed tears upon this—Of joy they called them:—but since, I believe, to their credit, bad as they are, that they were tears of temporary remorse; for the pretended Miss Montague turned about, and, as I remember, said, There was no standing it.

But Mr. Lovelace was not so easily satisfied. He was fixed upon his villainous measures perhaps; and so might not be sorry to have a pretence against me. He bit his lip—He had been but too much used, he said, to such indifference, such coldness, in the very midst of his happiest prospects—I had on twenty occasions shewn him, to his infinite regret, that any favour I was to confer upon him was to be the result of—There he stopt—And not of my choice.

This had like to have set all back again. I was exceedingly offended. But the pretended ladies interposed. The elder severely took him to task. He ought, she told him, to be satisfied with what I had said. She *desired* no other condition. 'And what, Sir,' said she, with an air of authority, 'would you 'commit errors, and expect to be re-'*warded* for them?'

They then engaged me in a more agreeable conversation—The pretended lady declared, that she, Lord M. and Lady Sarah, would directly, and personally interest themselves to bring about a general reconciliation between the two families, and this either in open or private concert with my uncle Harlowe, as should be thought fit. Animosities on one side had been carried a great way, she said; and too little care had been shewn on the other to mollify or heal. My father should see that they could treat him as a brother and a friend; and my brother and sister should be convinced, that there was no room either for the jealousy or envy they had conceived from motives too unworthy to be avowed.

Could I help, my dear, being pleased with them?

Permit me here to break off. The task grows too heavy, at present, for the heart of *your*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

IN CONTINUATION.

I was very ill, and obliged to lay down my pen. I thought I should have fainted. But am better now.—So will proceed.

The pretended ladies, the more they talked, the fonder they seemed to be of me. And *the* Lady Betty had Mrs. Moore called up; and asked her, If she had accommodations for her niece herself, her woman, and two men-servants for three or four days?

Mr. Lovelace answered for her that she had.

She would not ask her dear niece Lovelace ['*Permit me, my dear,*' whispered she, '*this charming style before* '*strangers!—I will keep your uncle's se-*'*cret.*'] whether she should be welcome or not to be so near her. But for the time she should stay in these parts, she would come up every night—'What say '*you*, niece Charlotte?'

The pretended Charlotte answered, she should like to do so of all things.

The Lady Betty called her an obliging girl. She liked the place, she said. Her cousin Leeson would excuse her. The air, and my company, would do her good. She never chose to lie in the smoaky town, if she could help it. 'In 'short, my dear,' said she to me, 'I 'will stay till I have your consent to go 'with me to Glenham Hall. Not one 'moment will I be out of your company 'when I can have it. Stedman, my so-'licitor, as the distance from town is so 'small, may attend me here for in-'structions.—Niece Charlotte, one word 'with you, child.'

They retired to the further end of the room, and talked about their night-dresses.

The Miss Charlotte said, Morrison might be dispatched for them.

'True,' said the other—'But I have 'some letters in my private box, which 'I must have up. And you know, 'Charlotte, that I trust nobody with 'the keys of that.'

Could not Morrison bring up that box?

No. She thought it safest where it was. She had heard of a robbery committed but two days ago at the foot of Hampstead Hill; and she should be ruined if she lost her box.

Well then, it was but going to town

to

deceiver; except that several unmanly, whose years, and seriousness, joined with a solidity of sense and judgment that seemed uncommon, gave him, one would have thought, advantages in villainy, the other had not those to plead. I have very hard, that I should fall into the knowledge of two such wretches; when two more such I hope are not to be met with in the world!—Both so determined to carry on the most barbarous and perfidious projects against a poor young creature, who never did or wished harm to either.

Take the following slight account of these womens and of this man's behaviour to each other before me.

Mr. Lovelace carried himself to his pretended aunt with high respect, and paid a great deference to all she said. He permitted her to have all the advantage over him in the repartees and retorts that passed between them. I could, indeed, easily see, that it *was* permitted; and that he forbore that vivacity, that quickness, which he never spared shewing to the pretended Miss Montague; and which a man of wit seldom knows how to spare shewing, when an opportunity offers to display his wit.

The pretended Miss Montague was still more respectful in her behaviour to her pretended aunt. While the aunt kept up the dignity of the character she had assumed, rallying both of them with the air of a person who depends upon the superiority which years and fortune give over younger persons, who might have a view to be obliged to her, either in her life, or at her death.

The severity of her raillery, however, was turned upon Mr. Lovelace, on occasion of the character of the people who kept the lodgings, which, she said, I had thought myself so well warranted to leave privately.

This startled me. For having then no suspicion of the vile Tomlinson, I concluded, (and your letter of the 7th favoured my conclusion) that if the house were notorious, either he, or Mr. Mennell, would have given me or him some hints of it—Nor, although I liked not the people, did I observe any-thing in them very culpable, till the Wednesday night before, that they offered not to come to my assistance, although within hearing of my distress, (as I am sure they were) and having as much reason as I to be frighted at the fire, had it been real.

I looked with indignation upon Mr. Lovelace, at this hint.

He

He seemed abashed. I have not patience, but to recollect the specious looks of this vile deceiver. But how was it possible, that even that florid countenance of his should enable him to command a blush at his pleasure? For blush he did, more than once; and the blush, on this occasion, was a deep-dyed crimson, unfeigned-for, and natural, as I thought—But he is so much of the actor, that he seems able to enter into any character; and his muscles and features appear entirely under obedience to his wicked will.

The pretended lady went on, saying, She had taken upon herself to enquire after the people, on hearing that I had left the house in disgust; and though she heard not any-thing *much* amiss, yet she heard enough to make her wonder that he could carry his spouse, a person of so much delicacy, to a house, that, if it had not a *bad* fame, had not a *good* one.

You must think, my dear, that I liked the pretended Lady Betty the better for this. I suppose it was designed I should.

He was surprized, he said, that her ladyship should hear a bad character of the people. It was what he had never before heard that they deserved. It was easy, indeed, to see, that they had not very great delicacy, though they were not indelicate. The nature of their livelihood, letting of lodgings, and taking people to board, (and yet he had understood that they were nice in these particulars) led them to aim at being free and obliging; and it was difficult, he said, for persons of cheerful dispositions, so to behave, as to avoid censure: openness of heart and countenance in the sex, [more was the pity) too often subjected good people, whose fortunes did not set them above the world, to uncharitable censure.

He wished, however, that her ladyship would tell *what* she had heard: although now it signified but little, because he would never ask me to set foot within their doors again: and he begged she would not mince the matter.

Nay, no great matter, she said. But she had been informed, that there were more women-lodgers in the house than men; yet that their visitors were more men than women. And this had been hinted to her (perhaps by ill-willers, she could not answer for that) in such a way, as if somewhat further were meant by it than was spoken.

This, he said, was the true innendo-way of characterizing [illegible] a black and a white side of [illegible] willers and ill-willers may make [illegible] advantage. He had observed, that the front-house was well let, and he believed, more to the use for them to [illegible] other; for he had seen good-[illegible] passing in and out, several genteel, [illegible] dress-looking women; and who, it was very probable, were not so ill-behaved, but they might have visitors and [illegible] tions of both sexes: but they were [illegible] of them any-thing to us, as we to them; we were not once in any of their [illegible] nies: but in the genteelest and most [illegible] tired house of the two, which we had [illegible] a manner to ourselves, with the use of a parlour to the street, to serve us for a servants-hall, or to receive common visitors, or our traders only, whom we admitted not up-stairs.

He always loved to speak as he found. No man in the world had suffered more from calumny than he himself had done.

Women, he owned, ought to be more scrupulous than men needed to be whom they lodged. Nevertheless he wished, that fact, rather than surmise, were to be the foundation of their judgment, especially when they spoke of one another.

He meant no reflection upon her ladyship's informants, or rather *informers*, (as he might call them) be they who they would: nor did he think himself obliged to defend characters impeached, or not thought well of, by women of virtue and honour. Neither were these people of importance enough to have so much said about them.

The pretended Lady Betty said, All who knew her, would clear her of censoriousness: that it gave her some opinion, she must needs say, of the people, that he had continued there so long with me; that I had rather *negative* than *positive* reasons of dislike to them; and that so shrewd a man as he heard Captain Tomlinson was, had not objected to them.

'I think, niece Charlotte,' proceeded she, 'as my nephew has not parted with 'these lodgings, you and I—(for as 'my dear Miss Harlowe dislikes the 'people, I would not ask her for her 'company)—will take a dish of tea with 'my nephew there, before we go out of 'town; and then we shall see what sort 'of people they are. I have heard that 'Mrs. Sinclair is a mighty fashionable 'creature.'

'With all my heart, Madam,' to your

'your delightful company I shall make no 'scruple of appearing whither.'

It was delightful to every word; and on the favourable ground of her title, and of her double tie, I might have guessed that she was not used to either.

'What say you, cousin Lovelace?—'Lady Sarah, though a melancholy woman, is very inquisitive about all your 'affairs. I must acquaint her with every 'particular circumstance when I go 'down.'

With all his heart. He would attend her whenever she pleased. She would see very handsome apartments, and very civil people.

'The deuce is in them,' said *she* Miss Montague, 'if they appear other to us.'

They then fell into family talk; family happiness on my hoped-for accession into it. They mentioned Lord M.'s and Lady Sarah's great desire to see me: how many friends and admirers, with up-lift hands, I should have!—[*O my dear, what a triumph must these creatures, and he, have over the poor divested all the time!*]—What a happy man he would be!—They would not, *she* Lady Betty said, give themselves the mortification but to suppose, that I should not be one of them!

Presents were hinted at. She resolved that I should go with her to Glenham Hall. She would not be refused, although she were to stay a week beyond her time for me.

She longed for the expected letter from you. I must write to hasten it, and to let Miss Howe know how everything stood since I wrote last. That might dispose me absolutely in *her* favour and in her nephew's; and then she hoped there would be no occasion for me to think of entering upon any new measures.

Indeed, my dear, I did at the time intend, if I heard not from you by morning, to dispatch a man and horse to you, with the particulars of *all*, that you might, (if you thought proper) at least, put off Mrs. Townshend's coming up to another day. But I was miserably prevented.

She made me promise, that I would write to you upon this subject, whether I heard from you, or not. One of her servants should ride post with my letter, and wait for Miss Howe's answer.

She then launched out in deserved praises of you, my dear. How fond she should be of the honour of your acquaintance.

The pretended Miss Montague joined in with her, as well for herself as for her sister.

Abominably well instructed were they both!

O my dear! What risques may poor giddy girls run, when they throw themselves out of the protection of their natural friends, and into the wide world!

They then talked again of reconciliation and intimacy with every-one of my friends; with my mother particularly; and gave the dear good lady the praises that every-one gives her, who has the happiness to know her.

Ah, my dear Miss Howe! I had almost forgot my resentments against the pretended nephew!—So many agreeable things said, made me think, that, if you should advise it, and if I could bring my mind to forgive the wretch for an outrage so *premeditatedly* vile, and could forbear despising him for that and his other ungrateful and wicked ways, I might not be unhappy in an alliance with such a family. 'Yet,' thought I at the time, 'with what in-'terminatures does every-thing come to 'me, that has the appearance of good!'—However, as my lucid hopes made me see fewer faults in the behaviour of these pretended ladies, than recollection and abhorrence have helped me since to see, I began to reproach myself, that I had not at first thrown myself into their protection.

'But amidst all these delightful pros-'pects, I must not,' said *she* Lady Betty, 'forget that I am to go to town.'

She then ordered her coach to be got to the door—'We will all go to town 'together,' said she, 'and return to-'gether. Morrison shall stay here, and 'see every thing as I am used to have 'it, in relation to my apartment, and 'my bed; for I am very particular in 'some respects. My cousin Leeson's 'servants can do all I want to be done 'with regard to my night-dresses, and 'the like. And it will be a little airing 'for you, my dear, and a good oppor-'tunity for Mr. Lovelace to order what 'you want of your apparel to be sent 'from your former lodgings to Mrs. 'Leeson's; and we can bring it up with 'us from thence.'

I had no intention to comply. But as I did not imagine that she would insist upon my going to town with them, I made no answer to that part of her speech.

I must here lay down my tired pen!

Recollection! Heart-affecting recollection! How it pains me!

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

IN the midſt of theſe agreeableneſſes, the coach came to the door. The pretended Lady Betty beſought me to give them my company to their couſin Leeſon's. I deſired to be excuſed: yet ſuſpected nothing. She would not be denied. How happy would a viſit ſo condeſcending make her couſin Leeſon!—Her couſin Leeſon was not unworthy of my acquaintance: and would take it for the greateſt favour in the world.

I objected my dreſs. But the objection was not admitted. She beſpoke a ſupper of Mrs. Moore to be ready at nine.

Mr. Lovelace, vile hypocrite, and wicked deceiver! ſeeing, as he ſaid, my diſlike to go, deſired her ladyſhip not to inſiſt upon it,

Fondneſs for my company was pleaded. She begged me to oblige her: made a motion to help me to my fan herſelf: and, in ſhort, was ſo very urgent, that my feet complied againſt my ſpeech, and my mind: and being, in a manner, led to the coach by her, and made to ſtep in firſt, ſhe followed me: and her pretended niece, and the wretch, followed her: and away it drove.

Nothing but the height of affectionate complaiſance paſſed all the way: over and over, What a joy would this unexpected viſit give her couſin *Leeſon*! What a pleaſure muſt it be to ſuch a mind as mine, to be able to give ſo much joy to every-body I came near!

The cruel, the ſavage ſeducer, (as I have ſince recollected) was in rapture all the way; but yet ſuch a ſort of rapture, as he took viſible pains to check.

Hateful villain! How I abhor him!—What miſchief muſt be then in his plotting heart!—What a devoted victim muſt I be in all their eyes!

Though not pleaſed, I was nevertheleſs, juſt then thoughtleſs of danger; they endeavouring thus to lift me up above all apprehenſions of that, and above myſelf too.

But think, my dear, what a dreadful turn all had upon me, when, through ſeveral ſtreets and ways I knew nothing of, the coach ſlackening it's pace, came within ſight of the dreadful houſe of the dreadfulleſt woman in the world; as ſhe proved to me.

'Lord be good unto me!' cried the poor fool, looking out of the coach—'Mr. Lovelace?—Madam!' turning to the pretended Lady Betty.—'Miſs!' turning to the niece, my hands and eyes lifted up—'Lord be good unto 'me!'

'What?—What!—What!—my 'dear——'

He pulled the ſtring—'What need to 'have come this way?' ſaid he.—'But 'ſince we are, I will but aſk a queſ'tion—My deareſt life, *why* this ap'prehenſion.'

The coachman ſtopped: *his* ſervant, who, with one of hers, was behind, alighted—'Aſk,' ſaid he, 'if I have 'any letters?—Who knows, my deareſt 'creature,' turning to me, 'but we 'may already have one from the cap'tain?—We will not go out of the 'coach!—Fear nothing—Why ſo ap'prehenſive?—Oh! theſe fine ſpirits!' cried the execrable inſulter.

Dreadfully did my heart then miſgive me: I was ready to faint. 'Why 'this terror, my life? You ſhall not 'ſtir out of the coach—But one queſ'tion, now the fellow has drove us this 'way.'

'Your lady will faint,' cried the execrable Lady Betty, turning to him.—'My deareſt niece! (Niece I *will* call 'you,' taking my hand) 'we muſt a'light, if you are ſo ill.—Let us alight '—Only for a glaſs of water and hart'horn—Indeed we muſt alight.'

'No, no, no!—I am well—Quite 'well——Won't the man drive on?—I 'am well—quite well—Indeed I am. '—*Man*, drive on.' putting my head out of the coach—'*Man*, drive on!'—though my voice was too low to be heard.

The coach ſtopt at the door. How I trembled!

Dorcas came to the door on it's ſtopping.

'My deareſt creature,' ſaid the vile man, gaſping as it were for breath, you 'ſhall *not* alight—Any letters for me, 'Dorcas?'

'There are two, Sir. And here is a 'gentleman, Mr. Belton, Sir, waits for 'your honour; and has done ſo above 'an hour.'

'I'll juſt ſpeak to him. Open the door '—You ſha'n't ſtep out, my dear—A 'letter perhaps from the captain already! '—You ſha'n't ſtep out, my dear.'

I ſighed, as if my heart would burſt.

'But we *muſt* ſtep out, nephew—'your lady will faint. Maid, a glaſs of 'hartſhorn and water!—My dear, you '*muſt* ſtep out—You will faint, child—

'We

'We must cut your laces.'—[I believe my complexion was all manner of colours by turns]—'Indeed, you must 'step out, my dear.'

He knew, he said, I should be well, the moment the coach drove from the door. I should *not* alight. By his soul, I should not.

'Lord, Lord, nephew!—Lord, Lord, 'cousin,'—both women in a breath—'what do you make about nothing!—'You *perſuade* your lady to be afraid of 'alighting.—See you not, that ſhe is 'juſt fainting?'

'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid the vile ſeducer, 'my deareſt love muſt not be 'moved in this point againſt her will. 'I beg it may not be inſiſted upon.'

'Fiddle-faddle, fooliſh man—What 'a pother is here!—I gueſs how it is: 'you are aſhamed to let us ſee what 'ſort of people you carried your lady 'among—But do you go out, and 'ſpeak to your friend, and take your 'letters.'

He ſtept out; but ſhut the coach-door after him, to oblige me.

'The coach may go on, Madam,' ſaid I.

'The coach *ſhall* go on, my dear 'life,' ſaid he—But he gave not, nor intended to give, orders that it ſhould.

'Let the coach go on!' ſaid I—'Mr. 'Lovelace may come after us.'

'Indeed, my dear, you are ill!—In-'deed you muſt alight—Alight but for 'one quarter of an hour—Alight but 'to give orders yourſelf about your 'things. Whom can you be afraid of 'in my company, and my niece's? Theſe 'people muſt have behaved ſhockingly 'to you! Pleaſe the Lord, I'll enquire 'into it!—I'll ſee what ſort of people 'they are!'

Immediately came the old creature to the door. 'A thouſand pardons, dear 'Madam,' ſtepping to the coach-ſide, 'if 'we have any way offended you—Be 'pleaſed, ladies,' [to the other two] 'to 'alight.'

'Well, my dear,' whiſpered *the* Lady Betty, 'I now find that an hideous de-'ſcription of a perſon we never ſaw, is 'an advantage to them. I thought the 'woman was a monſter—But, really, ſhe 'ſeems tolerable.'

I was afraid I ſhould have fallen into fits: but ſtill refuſed to go out—'Man! Man!—Man!—' cried I, gaſpingly, my head out of the coach and in, by turns, half a dozen times running, 'drive on! '—Let us go!'

My heart miſgave me beyond the power of my own accounting for it; for ſtill I did not ſuſpect theſe women. But the antipathy I had taken to the vile houſe, and to find myſelf ſo near it, when I expected no ſuch matter, with the ſight of the old creature, all together made me behave like a diſtracted perſon.

The hartſhorn and water was brought. The pretended Lady Betty made me drink it. Heaven knows if there were any thing elſe in it!'

'Beſides,' ſaid ſhe, whiſperingly, 'I 'muſt ſee what ſort of creatures the 'nieces are. Want of delicacy cannot 'be hid from me. You could not, 'ſurely, my dear, have this averſion to 're-enter a houſe, for a few minutes, 'in our company, in which you lodged 'and boarded ſeveral weeks, unleſs 'theſe women could be ſo preſumptu-'ouſly vile, as my nephew ought not to 'know.'

Out ſtept the pretended lady; the ſervant, at her command, having opened the door.

'Deareſt Madam,' ſaid the other to me, 'let me follow you.' [For I was next the door] 'Fear nothing: I will 'not ſtir from your preſence.'

'Come, my dear,' ſaid the pretended lady: 'give me your hand;' holding out hers. 'Oblige me this 'once.'

'I will bleſs your footſteps,' ſaid the old creature, 'if once more you honour 'my houſe with your preſence.'

A crowd by this time was gathered about us; but I was too much affected to mind that.

Again the pretended Miſs Montague urged me, ſtanding up as ready to go out if I would give her room. 'Lord, 'my dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'who can bear 'this crowd?—What will people think?'

The pretended lady again preſſed me, with both her hands held out—'Only, 'my dear, to give orders about your 'things.'

And thus preſſed, and gazed at, (for then I looked about me) the women ſo richly dreſſed, people whiſpering; in an evil moment, out ſtepped I, trembling, forced to lean with both my hands (frighted too much for ceremony) on the pretended Lady Betty's arm—O that I had dropped down dead upon the guilty threſhold!

'We ſhall ſtay but a few minutes, 'my dear!—but a few minutes!' ſaid the ſame ſpecious jilt—out of breath with

with her joy, as I have ſince thought, that they had thus triumphed over the unhappy victim!

'Come, Mrs. Sinclair, I think your 'name is, ſhew us the way——' following her, and leading me. 'I am very 'thirſty. You have frighted me, my 'dear, with your ſtrange fears. I muſt 'have tea made, if it can be done in a 'moment.—We have farther to go, 'Mrs. Sinclair, and muſt return to 'Hampſtead this night.'

'It ſhall be ready in a moment,' cried the wretch. 'We have water 'boiling.'

'Haſten, then—Come my dear,' to me, as ſhe led me through the paſſage to the fatal inner-houſe—'Lean upon 'me—how you tremble!—how you fal-'ter in your ſteps!—Deareſt niece Love-'lace,' [The old wretch being in hearing] 'why theſe hurries upon your ſpi-'rits?—We'll be gone in a minute.'

And thus ſhe led the poor ſacrifice into the old wretch's too-well known parlour.

Never was any-body ſo gentle, ſo meek, ſo low-voiced, as the odious woman; drawling out, in a puling accent, all the obliging things ſhe could ſay: awed, I then thought, by the conſcious dignity of a woman of quality, glittering with jewels.

The called-for tea was ready preſently. There was no Mr. Belton, I believe: for the wretch went not to any-body, unleſs it were while we were parleying in the coach. No ſuch perſon, however, appeared at the tea-table.

I was made to drink two diſhes, with milk, complaiſantly urged by the pretended ladies helping me each to one. I was ſtupid to their hands; and, when I took the tea, almoſt choaked with vapours; and could hardly ſwallow.

I thought, *tranſiently* thought, that the tea, the laſt diſh particularly, had an odd taſte. They, on my palating it, obſerved, that the milk was *London-milk*; far ſhort in goodneſs of what they were accuſtomed to from their own dairies.

I have no doubt, that my two diſhes, and perhaps my hartſhorn, were prepared for me; in which caſe it was more proper for their purpoſe, that *they* ſhould help me, than that I ſhould help *myſelf*. Ill before, I found myſelf ſtill more and more diſordered in my head; a heavy torpid pain encreaſing faſt upon me. But I imputed it to my terror.

Nevertheleſs, at the pretended ladies motion, I went up ſtairs, attended by Dorcas; who affected to weep for joy, that ſhe once more ſaw my *bleſſed* face; that was the vile creature's word; and immediately I ſet about taking out ſome of my cloaths, ordering what ſhould be put up, and what ſent after me.

While I was thus employed, up came the pretended Lady Betty, in a hurrying way——'My dear, you won't be long 'before you are ready. My nephew is 'very buſy in writing anſwers to his let-'ters: ſo I'll juſt whip away, and change 'my dreſs, and call upon you in an in-'ſtant.'

'O, Madam!—I *am* ready! I am *now* 'ready!—You muſt not leave me here.' And down I ſunk, affrighted, into a chair.

'This inſtant, this inſtant, I will re-'turn—Before you can be ready—Be-'fore you can have packed up your 'things—We would not be late—The 'robbers we have heard of may be out—'Don't let us be late.'

And away ſhe hurried before I could ſay another word. Her pretended niece went with her, without taking notice to me of her going.

I had no ſuſpicion yet, that theſe women were not indeed the ladies they perſonated; and I blamed myſelf for my weak fears.—'It cannot *be*,' thought I, 'that *ſuch* ladies will abet treachery 'againſt a poor creature they are ſo fond 'of. They muſt undoubtedly *be* the 'perſons they *appear* to be—What folly 'to doubt it! The air, the dreſs, the 'dignity, of women of quality. How 'unworthy of them, and of my charity,' concluded I, 'is this ungenerous ſha-'dow of ſuſpicion!'

So, recovering my ſtupified ſpirits, as well as they could be recovered, (for I was heavier and heavier; and wondered to Dorcas, what ailed me: rubbing my eyes, and taking ſome of her ſnuff, pinch after pinch, to very little purpoſe) I purſued my employment: but when that was over, all packed up that I deſigned to be packed up; and I had nothing to do but to *think*; and found them tarry ſo long; I thought I ſhould have gone diſtracted. I ſhut myſelf into the chamber that had been mine; I kneeled, I prayed; yet knew not what I prayed for: then ran out again: it was almoſt dark night, I ſaid. Where, where was Mr. Lovelace?

He came to me, taking no notice at firſt of my conſternation and wildneſs; [What they had given me made me incoherent and wild] 'All goes well, ſaid he, 'my dear!—A line from Cap-'tain Tomlinſon!'

'All indeed did go well for the villainous project of the moſt cruel and 'moſt villainous of men!'

I *demanded* his aunt!—I *demanded* his couſin!—The evening, I ſaid, was cloſing!—My head was very, *very* bad. I remember, I ſaid—And it grew worſe and worſe.——

Terror, however, as yet kept up my ſpirits; and I inſiſted upon his going himſelf to haſten them.

He called his ſervant. He raved at the *ſex* for *their* delay: 'twas well that buſineſs of conſequence ſeldom depended upon ſuch parading, unpunctual trifflers!

His ſervant came.

He ordered him to fly to his couſin Leeſon's, and to let Lady Betty and his couſin know how uneaſy we both were at their delay: adding, of his own accord, 'Deſire them, if they don't come 'inſtantly, to ſend their coach, and we 'will go without them. Tell them, I 'wonder they'll ſerve me ſo!'

I thought this was conſiderately and fairly put. But now indifferent as my head was, I had a little time to conſider the man and his behaviour. He terrified me with his looks, and with his violent emotions, as he gazed upon me. Evident *joy-ſuppreſſed* emotions, as I have ſince recollected. His ſentences ſhort and pronounced as if his breath were touched. Never ſaw I his abominable eyes look, as then they looked—Triumph in them!—Fierce and wild; and more diſagreeable than the women's at the vile houſe appeared to me when I firſt ſaw them; and at times, ſuch a leering, miſchief-boding caſt!—I would have given the world to have been an hundred miles from him. Yet his behaviour was decent—A decency, however, that I might have ſeen to be ſtruggled for—For he ſnatched my hand two or three times, with a vehemence in his graſp that hurt me; ſpeaking words of tenderneſs through his ſhut teeth, as it ſeemed; and let it go with a beggar-voiced humble accent, like the vile woman's juſt before; half-inward; yet his words and manner carrying the appearance of ſtrong, and almoſt convulſed paſſion! —O my dear! What miſchiefs was he not then meditating!

I complained once or twice of thirſt. My mouth ſeemed parched. At the time, I ſuppoſed, that it was my terror (graſping often as I did for breath) that parched up the roof of my mouth. I called for water: ſome table-beer was brought me: beer, I ſuppoſe, was a better vehicle (if I were not dozed enough before) for their potions. I told the maid, That ſhe knew I ſeldom taſted malt liquor: yet, ſuſpecting nothing of this nature, being extremely thirſty, I drank it, as what came next: and inſtantly, as it were, found myſelf much worſe than before! as if inebriated, I ſhould fancy: I know not how.

His ſervant was gone twice as long as he needed: and juſt before his return, came one of the pretended Lady Betty's, with a letter for Mr. Lovelace.

He ſent it up to me. I read it: and then it was that I thought myſelf a loſt creature; it being to put off her going to Hampſtead that night, on account of violent fits which Miſs Montague was pretended to be ſeized with; for then immediately came into my head his vile attempt upon me in this houſe; the revenge that my flight might too probably inſpire him with on that occaſion, and becauſe of the difficulty I made to forgive him, and to be reconciled to him; his very looks wild and dreadful to me; and the women of the houſe ſuch as I had more reaſon than ever, even from the pretended Lady Betty's hint, to be afraid of. All theſe crouding together in my apprehenſive mind, I fell into a kind of phrenzy.

I have not remembrance how I was, for the time it laſted: but I know, that in my firſt agitations, I pulled off my head-dreſs, and tore my ruffles in twenty tatters, and ran to find him out.

When a little recovered, I inſiſted upon the hint he had given of their coach. But the meſſenger, he ſaid, had told him, that it was ſent to fetch a phyſician, leſt his chariot ſhould be put up, or not ready.

I then inſiſted upon going directly to Lady Betty's lodgings.

Mrs. Leeſon's was now a crouded houſe, he ſaid: and as my earneſtneſs could be owing to nothing but groundleſs apprehenſion, [And O what vows, what proteſtations of his honour, did he then make!] he hoped I would not add to their preſent concern. Charlotte, indeed, was uſed to fits, he ſaid, upon any great ſurprizes, whether of joy or grief; and they would hold her for a week together, if not got off in a few hours.

'You are an *obſerver of eyes*, my 'dear,' ſaid the villain; perhaps in ſe-

cret inſult: 'ſaw you not in Mrs Montague's now-and-then at Hampſtead, 'ſomething wildiſh? I was afraid for 'her then. Silence and quiet only do 'her good: your concern for *her*, and 'her love for *you*, will but augment the 'poor girl's diſorder, if you ſhould go.'

All impatient with grief and apprehenſion, I ſtill declared myſelf reſolved not to ſtay in that houſe till morning. All I had in the world, my rings, my watch, my little money, for a coach; or, if one were not to be got, I would go on foot to Hampſtead that night, though I walked it by myſelf.

A coach was hereupon ſent for, or pretended to be ſent for. Any price, he ſaid, he would give to oblige me, late as it was; and he would attend me with all his ſoul. But no coach was to be got.

Let me cut ſhort the reſt. I grew worſe and worſe in my head; now ſtupid, now raving, now ſenſeleſs. The vileſt of vile women was brought to frighten me. Never was there ſo horrible a creature as ſhe appeared to me.

I remember, I pleaded for mercy. I remember that I ſaid *I would be his—Indeed I would be his*—to obtain his mercy. But no mercy found I! My ſtrength, my intellects, failed me—And then ſuch ſcenes followed—O my dear, ſuch dreadful ſcenes!—Fits upon fits (faintly indeed and imperfectly remembered) procuring me no compaſſion—But death was withheld from me. That would have been too great a mercy!

THUS was I tricked and deluded back by blacker hearts of my own ſex, than I thought there were in the world; who appeared to me to be perſons of honour: and, when in his power, thus barbarouſly was I treated by this villainous man!

I was ſo ſenſeleſs, that I dare not aver, that the horrid creatures of the houſe were perſonally aiding and abetting: but ſome viſionary remembrances I have of female figures, flitting, as I may ſay, before my ſight; the wretched woman's particularly. But as theſe confuſed ideas might be owing to the terror I had conceived of the worſe than maſculine violence ſhe had been permitted to aſſume to me, for expreſſing my abhorrence of her houſe; and as what I ſuffered from his barbarity wants not that aggravation; I will ſay no more on a ſubject ſo ſhocking as this muſt ever be to my remembrance.

I never ſaw the perſonating wretches afterwards. He perſiſted to the laſt (dreadfully invoking Heaven as a witneſs to the truth of his aſſertion) that they were really and truly the ladies they pretended to be; declaring, that they could not take leave of me, when they left the town, becauſe of the ſtate of ſenſeleſſneſs and phrenzy I was in. For their intoxicating, or rather ſtupefying, potions had almoſt deleterious effects upon my intellects, as I have hinted; inſomuch that, for ſeveral days together, I was under a ſtrange delirium; now moping, now dozing, now weeping, now raving, now ſcribbling, tearing what I ſcribbled, as faſt as I wrote it: *moſt* miſerable when now-and-then a ray of reaſon brought confuſedly to my remembrance what I had ſuffered.

LETTER XLVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

IN CONTINUATION.

THE lady next gives an account,
Of her recovery from her delirium and ſleepy diſorder:
Of her attempt to get away in his abſence:
Of the converſations that followed, at his return, between them:
Of the guilty figure he made:
Of her reſolution not to have him:
Of her ſeveral efforts to eſcape:
Of her treaty with Dorcas to aſſiſt her in it:
Of Dorcas's dropping the promiſſory note, undoubtedly, as ſhe ſays, on purpoſe to betray her:
Of her triumph over all the creatures of the houſe, aſſembled to terrify her; and perhaps to commit freſh outrages upon her:
Of his ſetting out for M. Hall:
Of his repeated letters to induce her to meet him at the altar, on her uncle's anniverſary:
Of her determined ſilence to them all:
Of her ſecond eſcape, effected, *as ſhe ſays*, contrary to her own expectation; that attempt being at firſt but the intended prelude to a more promiſing one, which ſhe had formed in her mind:

And of other particulars; which being to be found in Mr. Lovelace's letters preceding, and the letter of his friend Belford, are omitted. She then proceeds:

THE very hour that I found myſelf in

in a place of safety, I took pen to write to you. When I began, I designed only to write six or eight lines, to enquire after your health: for, having heard nothing from you, I feared *indeed*, that you *had been*, and *still were*, too ill to write. But no sooner did my pen begin to blot the paper, but my sad heart hurried it into length. The apprehensions I had lain under, that I should not be able to get away; the fatigue I had in effecting my escape: the difficulty of procuring a lodging for myself; having disliked the people of two houses, and those of a third disliking me; for you must think I made a frighted appearance—These, together with the recollection of what I had suffered from him, and my farther apprehensions of my insecurity, and my desolate circumstances had so disordered me, that I remember I rambled strangely in that letter.

In short, I thought it, on re-perusal, a half-distracted one: but I then despaired (were I to begin again) of writing better: so I let it go; and can have no excuse for directing it as I did, if the cause of the incoherence in it will not furnish me with a very pitiable one.

The letter I received from your mother was a dreadful blow to me. But nevertheless it had the good effect upon me (labouring, as I did just then, under a violent fit of vapourish despondency, and almost yielding to it) which profuse bleeding and blisterings have in paralytical or apoplectical strokes; reviving my attention, and restoring me to spirits to combat the evils I was surrounded by—Sluicing off, and diverting into a new channel (if I may be allowed another metaphor) the overcharging woes which threatened once more to overwhelm my intellects.

But yet I most sincerely lamented (and still lament) in your mother's words, *That I cannot be unhappy by myself:* and was grieved, not only for the trouble I had given you before; but for the new one I had brought upon you by my inattention.

She then gives the substance of the letters she wrote to Mrs. Norton, to Lady Betty Lawrance, and to Mrs. Hodges; as also of their answers; whereby she detected all Mr. Lovelace's impostures. She proceeds as follows:

I cannot, however, forbear to wonder how the vile Tomlinson could come at the knowledge of several of the things he told me of, and which contributed to give me confidence in him.

I doubt not, that the stories of Mrs. Fretchville, and her house, would be found as vile impostures as any of the rest, were I to enquire; and had I not enough, and too much, already against the perjured man.

How have I been led on!—What will be the end of such a false and perjured creature! Heaven not less profaned and defied by him, than myself deceived and abused! This, however, against myself I must say, that if what I have suffered be the natural consequence of my first error, I never can forgive *myself*, although you are so partial in my favour, as to say, that I was not censurable for what passed before my first escape.

And now, honoured Madam, and my dearest Miss Howe, who are to sit in judgment upon my case, permit me to lay down my pen with one request, which, with the greatest earnestness, I make to you both: and that is, that you will neither of you open your lips in relation to the potions and the violences I have hinted at.—Not that I am solicitous, that my disgrace should be hidden from the world, or that it should not be generally known, that the man has proved a villain to me: for this, it seems, every-body but myself expected from his character. But suppose, as his actions by me are really of a *capital nature*, it were insisted upon, that I should appear to prosecute him and his accomplices in a court of justice, how do you think I could bear that?

But since my character, *before* the capital enormity, was lost in the eye of the world; and that from the very hour I left my father's house; and since all my own hopes of worldly happiness are entirely over; let me slide quietly into my grave; and let it not be remembered, except by one friendly tear, and no more, drop from your gentle eye, mine own dear Anna Howe, on the happy day that shall shut up all my sorrows, that there was such a creature as

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SATURDAY, JULY 8.

LETTER XLVIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUNDAY, JULY 9.

MAY Heaven signalize it's vengeance, in the face of all the world

world, upon the moſt abandoned and profligate of men!—And in it's own time, I doubt not but it will.—And we muſt look to a WORLD BEYOND THIS for the reward of your ſufferings!

Another ſhocking detection, my dear!—How have you been deluded!—Very watchful I have thought you; very ſagacious; but, alas! not watchful, not ſagacious enough, for the horrid villain you have had to deal with!

The letter you ſent me incloſed as mine, of the 7th of June, is a villainous forgery. The hand, indeed, is aſtoniſhingly like mine; and the cover, I ſee, is actually my cover: but yet the letter is not ſo exactly imitated, but that (had you had any ſuſpicions about his vileneſs at the time) you, who ſo well know my hand, might have detected it.

In ſhort, this vile forged letter, though a long one, contains but a few extracts from mine. Mine was a *very* long one. He has omitted every thing, I ſee, in it, that could have ſhewn you what a deteſtable houſe the houſe is; and given you ſuſpicions of the vile Tomlinſon.—You will ſee this, and how he has turned Miſs Lardner's information, and my advices to you, [execrable villain!] to his own horrid ends, by the rough draught of the genuine letter, which I ſhall incloſe.

Apprehenſive for *both* our ſafeties from the villainy of ſuch a daring and profligate contriver, I muſt call upon you, my dear, to reſolve upon taking legal vengeance of the infernal wretch. And this not only for our own ſakes, but for the ſake of innocents who otherwiſe may yet be deluded and outraged by him.

She then gives the particulars of the report made by the young fellow whom ſhe ſent to Hampſtead with her letter; and who ſuppoſed he had delivered it into her own hand: and then proceeds:

I am aſtoniſhed, that the vile wretch, who could know nothing of the time my meſſenger (whoſe honeſty I can vouch for) would come, could have a creature ready to perſonate you! Strange, that the man ſhould happen to arrive juſt as you were gone to church, (as I find was the fact, on comparing what he ſays with your hint that you were at church twice that day) when he might have gone to Mrs. Moore's two hours before!—But had you told me, my dear, that the villain had found you out, and was about you!—You ſhould have done that—Yet, I blame you upon a judgment founded upon the *event* only!

I never had any faith in the ſtories that go current among country girls, of ſpectres, familiars, and demons; yet I ſee not any other way to account for this wretch's ſucceſsful villainy, and for his means of working up his ſpecious deluſions, but by ſuppoſing (if he be not the devil himſelf) that he has a familiar conſtantly at his elbow. Sometimes it ſeems to me, that this familiar aſſumes the ſhape of that ſolemn villain Tomlinſon; ſometimes that of the execrable Sinclair, as he calls her: ſometimes it is permitted to take that of Lady Betty Lawrance—But, when it would aſſume the angelick ſhape and mien of my beloved friend, ſee what a bloated figure it made!

'Tis my opinion, my dear, that you will be no longer ſafe where you are, than while the V. is in the country. Words are poor!—or how could I execrate him! I have hardly any doubt, that he has ſold himſelf for a time. O may the time be ſhort!—Or may his infernal prompter no more keep covenant with him, than he does with others!

I incloſe not only the rough draught of my long letter mentioned above; but the heads of that which the young fellow thought he delivered into your own hands at Hampſtead. And when you have peruſed them, I will leave you to judge, how much reaſon I had to be ſurprized, that you wrote me not an anſwer to either of theſe letters; one of which you owned you had received; (though it proved to be his forged one) the other delivered into your own hands, as I was aſſured; and both of them of ſo much concern to your honour; and ſtill how much more ſurprized I muſt be, when I received a letter from Mrs. Townſend, dated June 15, from Hampſtead, importing, That Mr. Lovelace, who had been with you ſeveral days, had, on the Monday before, brought Lady Betty and his couſin, richly dreſſed, and in a coach and four to viſit you: who with your own conſent, had carried you to town with them—to your former lodgings; where you ſtill were: that the Hampſtead women believed you to be married, and reflected upon me as a fomenter of differences between man and wife: that he himſelf was at Hampſtead the day before, viz. Wedneſday the 14th; and boaſted of his happineſs with you; inviting Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Bevis, and Miſs Rawlins,

ſion, to go to Lowe to viſit his ſpouſe; which they promiſed to do: that he departed, that you were entirely reconciled to your former lodgings;—and laſt, finally, the women at Hampſtead and Mrs. Townſhend, that he had very handſomely diſcharged theirs.

I own to you, my dear, that I was ſo much ſurprized and diſguſted at theſe appearances againſt a conduct till then unexceptionable, that I was reſolved to make myſelf as eaſy as I could, and wait till you ſhould think fit to write to me. But I could rein-in my impatience but for a few days; and on the 26th of June I wrote a ſharp letter to you; which I find you did not receive.

What a fatality, my dear, has appeared in your caſe, from the very beginning till this hour! Had my mother permitted—

But can I blame *her*; when you have a *father* and *mother* living, who have ſo much to anſwer for?—So much!—as no father and mother, conſidering the child they have driven, perſecuted, expoſed, renounced—ever had to anſwer for!

But again I muſt execrate the abandoned villain—Yet, as I ſaid before, all words are poor, and beneath the occaſion.

But ſee we not, in the horrid perjuries and treachery of this man, what rakes and libertines will do, when they get a young creature into their power! It is probable, that he might have the intolerable preſumption to hope an eaſier conqueſt: but, when your unexampled vigilance and exalted virtue made potions, and rapes, and the utmoſt violences, neceſſary to the attainment of his deteſtable end, we ſee that he never boggled at them. I have no doubt, that the ſame or equal wickedneſs would be *often* committed by men of his villainous caſt, if the folly and credulity of the poor inconſiderates who throw themſelves into their hands, did not give them an eaſier triumph.

With what comfort muſt thoſe parents reflect upon theſe things, who have happily diſpoſed of their daughters in marriage to a virtuous man! And how happy the young women who find themſelves ſafe in a worthy protection! —If ſuch a perſon as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe could not eſcape, who can be ſecure?—Since, though every rake is not a LOVELACE, neither is every woman a CLARISSA: and his attempts were but proportioned to your reſiſtance and vigilance.

My mother has commanded me to ſay, you know her thoughts upon the whole of your ſad ſtory. I will do it in another letter; and ſend it to you with this, by a ſpecial meſſenger.

But, for the future, if you approve of it, I will ſend my letters by the uſual hand, (Collins's) to be left at the Saracen's Head on Snow Hill: whither you may ſend yours, (as we both uſed to do, to Wilſon's) except ſuch as we ſhall think fit to tranſmit by the poſt: which I am afraid, after my next, muſt be directed to Mr. Hickman, as before: ſince my mother is for fixing a condition to our correſpondence, which, I doubt, you will not comply with, though I wiſh you would. This condition I ſhall acquaint you with by-and-by.

Mean time, begging excuſe for all the harſh things in my laſt, of which your ſweet meekneſs and ſuperior greatneſs of ſoul have now made me moſt heartily aſhamed, I beſeech you, my deareſt creature, to believe me to be, *your truly ſympathizing and unalterable friend*,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLIX.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY, JULY 10.

I Now, my deareſt friend, reſume my pen, to obey my mother, in giving you her opinion upon your unhappy ſtory.

She ſtill harps upon the old ſtring, and will have it, that all your calamities are owing to your firſt fatal ſtep; for ſhe believes (what I cannot) that your relations had intended, after one general trial more, to comply with your averſion, if they had found it as rivetted a one, as, let me ſay, it was a folly to ſuppoſe it would not be found to be, after ſo many *ridiculouſly* repeated experiments.

As to your latter ſufferings from that vileſt of miſcreants, ſhe is unalterably of opinion, that if all be as you have related, (which ſhe doubts not) with regard to the potions, and to the violences you have ſuſtained, you ought, by all means, to ſet on foot a proſecution againſt him, and againſt his deviliſh accomplices.

She aſks, What murderers, what raviſhers, would be brought to juſtice, if *modeſty* were to be a general plea, and allowable, againſt appearing in a court to proſecute?

She

She ſays, that the good of ſociety requires, that ſuch a beaſt of prey ſhould be hunted out of it: and, if you do not proſecute him, ſhe thinks you will be anſwerable for all the miſchiefs he may do in the courſe of his future villainous life.

'Will it be thought, Nancy,' ſaid ſhe, 'that Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe can 'be in earneſt, when ſhe ſays, ſhe is not 'ſolicitous to have her diſgraces conceal'ed from the world, if ſhe be afraid or 'aſhamed to appear in court, to do juſ'tice to herſelf and her ſex againſt him? 'Will it not rather be ſurmized, that 'ſhe may be apprehenſive, that ſome 'weakneſs, or lurking love, will appear 'upon the trial of the ſtrange cauſe? If,' inferred ſhe, 'ſuch complicated villainy 'as this (where perjury, potions, for'gery, ſubornation, are all combined 'to effect the ruin of an innocent crea'ture, and to diſhonour a family of emi'nence, and where thoſe very crimes, 'as may be ſuppoſed, are proofs of 'her innocence) is to go off with impu'nity, what caſe will deſerve to be 'brought into judgment; or what ma'lefactor ought to be hanged?'

Then ſhe thinks, and ſo do I, that the vile creatures, his accomplices, ought, by all means, to be brought to condign puniſhment, as they muſt and will be, upon bringing him to his trial: and this may be a means to blow up and root out a whole neſt of vipers, and ſave many innocent creatures.

She added, That, if Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe could be ſo indifferent about having this publick juſtice done upon ſuch a wretch for her *own* ſake, ſhe ought to overcome her ſcruples out of regard to her family, her acquaintance, and her ſex, which are all highly injured and ſcandalized by his villainy to her.

For her own part, ſhe declares, That, were *ſhe* your mother, ſhe would forgive you upon no other terms: and, upon your compliance with theſe, ſhe herſelf will undertake to reconcile all your family to you.

Theſe, my dear, are my mother's ſentiments upon your ſad ſtory.

I cannot ſay, but there are reaſon and juſtice in them: and it is my opinion, that it would be very right for the law to *oblige* an injured woman to proſecute, and to make ſeduction on the man's part capital, where *his* ſtudied baſeneſs, and no fault in *her will*, appeared.

To this purpoſe the cuſtom in the Iſle of Man is a very good one——

If a ſingle woman there proſecutes a ſingle man for a rape, the ecclieſiaſtical judges impannel a jury; and, if this jury find him guilty, he is returned guilty to the temporal courts: where, if he be convicted, the deemſter, or judge, delivers to the woman a rope, a ſword, and a ring; and ſhe has it in her choice to have him hanged, beheaded, or to marry him.

One of the two former, I think, ſhould always be her option.

I long for the full particulars of your ſtory. You muſt have but too much time upon your hands, for a mind ſo active as yours, if tolerable health and ſpirits be afforded you.

The villainy of the worſt of men, and the virtue of the moſt excellent of women, I expect will be exemplified in it, were it to be written in the ſame connected and particular manner, in which you uſed to write to me.

Try for it, my deareſt friend; and ſince you cannot give the *example* without the *warning*, give *both*, for the ſakes of all thoſe who ſhall hear of your unhappy fate; beginning from yours of June 5, your proſpects then not diſagreeable. I pity you for the taſk; though I cannot willingly exempt you from it.

My mother will have me add, That ſhe muſt *inſiſt* upon your proſecuting the villain. She repeats, that ſhe makes that a condition on which ſhe permits our future correſpondence. Let me therefore know your thoughts upon it. I aſked her, if ſhe would be willing, that I ſhould appear to ſupport you in court, if you complied?— By all means, ſhe ſaid, if that would induce you to begin with him, and with the horrid women. I think I could attend you, *I am ſure* I could, were there but a probability of bringing the monſter to his deſerved end.

Once more your thoughts of it, ſuppoſing it were to meet with the approbation of your relations?

But whatever be your determination on this head, it ſhall be my conſtant prayer, That God will give you patience to bear your heavy afflictions, as a perſon ought to do who has not brought them upon herſelf by a faulty will; that He will ſpeak peace and comfort to your wounded mind; and give you many happy years. I am, and ever will be, *your affectionate and faithful*

ANNA HOWE.

a view to that, I hope no other voucher will be wanted for the sincerity of the writer, but who will the reader.

I am far from thinking myself out of the reach of this man's further violence. But what can I do? Whither can I fly?—Perhaps my bad state of health (which must grow worse, as recollection of the past evils, and reflections upon them, grow heavier and heavier upon me) may be my protection. Once, indeed, I thought of going abroad; and had I the prospect of many years before me, I would go—But, my dear, the blow is given.—Nor have you reason, now, circumstanced as I am, to be concerned that it is. What a heart must I have, if it be not broken—And indeed, my *dear* friend, I do so earnestly wish for the last closing scene, and with so much comfort find myself in a declining way, that I even sometimes ungratefully regret that naturally healthy constitution, which used to double upon me all my enjoyments.

As to the earnestly recommended prosecution, I may possibly touch upon it more largely hereafter, if ever I shall have better spirits; for they are at present extremely sunk and low. But, just now, I will only say, that I would sooner suffer every evil (the repetition of the capital one excepted) than appear publickly in a court to do myself justice. And I am heartily grieved, that your mother prescribes such a measure as the condition of our future correspondence: for the countenance of your friendship, my dear, and the desire I had to correspond with you to my life's end, were all my remaining hopes and consolation. Nevertheless, as that friendship is in the power of the *heart*, not of the *hand* only, I hope I shall not forfeit that.

O, my dear! what would I give to obtain a revocation of my father's malediction! A reconciliation is not to be hoped for. You, who never loved my father, may think my solicitude on this head a weakness; but the *motive* for it, sunk as my spirits *at times* are, is not *always* weak.

I APPROVE of the method you prescribe for the conveyance of our letters; and have already caused the porter of the inn to be engaged to bring to me yours, the moment that Collins arrives with them. And the servant of the house where I am, will be permitted to carry mine to Collins for you.

I have written a letter to Miss Rawlins of Hampstead; the answer to which, just

just now received, has helped her to the knowledge of the vile contrivance, by which this wicked man got your letter of June the 10th. I will give you the contents of both.

To mine to her, I briefly acquainted her with what had befallen me, through the vileneſs of the women who had been paſſed upon me, as the aunt and couſin of the wickedeſt of men; and own, that I never was married to him. I deſire her to make particular enquiry, and to let me know, who it was, at Mrs. Moore's, that, on Sunday afternoon, June 11, while I was at church, received a letter from Miſs Howe, pretending to be me, and lying on a couch:—which letter, had it come to my hands, would have ſaved me from ruin. I excuſe myſelf, (on the ſcore of the delirium, which the horrid uſage I had received threw me into, and from a confinement as barbarous as illegal) that I had not before applied to Mrs. Moore, for an account of what I was indebted to her: which account I now deſired. And, for fear of being tracked by Mr. Lovelace, I directed her to ſuperſcribe her anſwer, 'To Mrs. Mary Atkins; to be left till 'called for, at the Bell Savage Inn, on 'Ludgate Hill.'

In her anſwer, ſhe tells me, That the vile wretch prevailed upon Mrs. Bevis to perſonate me. [A ſudden motion of his, it ſeems, on the appearance of your meſſenger] and perſuaded her to lie along on a couch: a handkerchief over her neck and face; pretending to be ill; the credulous woman drawn in by falſe notions of your ill offices to keep up a variance between a man and his wife—and ſo taking the letter from your meſſenger as me.

Miſs Rawlins takes pains to excuſe Mrs. Bevis's intentions. She expreſſes their aſtoniſhment and concern at what I communicate: but is glad, however, and ſo they are all, that they know in time the vileneſs of the baſe man; the two widows and herſelf having, at his earneſt invitation, deſigned me a viſit at Mrs. Sinclair's; ſuppoſing all to be happy between him and me; as he aſſured them was the caſe. Mr. Lovelace, ſhe informs me, had handſomely ſatisfied Mrs. Moore. And Miſs Rawlins concludes with wiſhing to be favoured with the particulars of ſo extraordinary a ſtory, as theſe particulars may be of uſe, to let her ſee what wicked creatures (women as well as men) there are in the world.

I thank you, my dear, for the [illegible] of your two letters which paſſed [illegible] cepted by this horrid [illegible] great advantage they were of to him, in the proſecution of his villainous deſigns againſt the poor wretch whom he has ſo long made the ſport of his [illegible] ventions.

Let me repeat, that I am quite [illegible] of life, and of my earth, in which [illegible] and ſorrowful ſpirits are ſure to be conſidered as alien; and to be made ſuffe-ferers, by the *genuine ſtate* and *allegiance* of *that earth*.

How unhappy, that thoſe letters [illegible] which could have acquainted me with his horrid views, and armed me againſt them, and againſt the vileneſs of the baſe women, ſhould fall into his hands! Unhappier ſtill, in that my [illegible] eſcape to Hampſtead gave him the opportunity of receiving them!

Nevertheleſs, I cannot but ſtill wonder, how it was poſſible for that Tomlinſon to know what paſſed between Mr. Hickman and my uncle Harlowe: a circumſtance, which gave the vile impoſtor moſt of his credit with me.

How the wicked wretch himſelf could find me out at Hampſtead, muſt alſo remain wholly a myſtery to me. He may glory in his contrivances—He, who has more wickedneſs than wit, may glory in his contrivances!—But, after all, I ſhall, I humbly preſume to hope, be happy, when he, poor wretch, will be—Alas! —who can ſay what!

Adieu, my deareſt friend!—May you be happy!—And then your Clariſſa cannot be wholly miſerable!

LETTER LI.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDN. NIGHT, JULY 12.

I Write, my deareſt creature, I cannot *but* write, to expreſs my concern on your dejection. Let me beſeech you, my charming excellence, let me beſeech you, not to give way to it.

Comfort yourſelf, on the contrary, in the triumphs of a virtue unfollied; a will wholly faultleſs. Who could have withſtood the trials that you have ſurmounted?—Your couſin Morden will ſoon come. He will ſee juſtice done you, I make no doubt, as well with regard to what concerns your perſon as your eſtate. And many happy days may you yet ſee; and much good may you ſtill do, if

you will not brighten unavoidable accidents with gloomy despondency.

But why, my dear, this pining solicitude, continued after a reconciliation with relations as unworthy as implacable; whose wills are governed by an all-grasping brother, who finds his account in keeping the breach open? On this overconsideration, it is now plain to me, that the whole of men built all his schemes. He saw that you thirsted after it, beyond all reason for hope. The view, the hope, I own, extremely desirable, had your family been Christians; or even had they been Pagans who had had bowels.

I shall send this short letter [I am obliged to make it a short one] by *young Rogers*, as we call him; the fellow I sent to you to Hampstead; an innocent, though pragmatical rustick. Admit him, I pray you, into your presence, that he may report to me how you look, and how you are.

Mr. Hickman should attend you; but I apprehend, that all his motions, and mine own too, are watched by the execrable wretch: and indeed his are by an agent of mine; for I own, that I am so apprehensive of his plots and revenge, now I know that he has intercepted my vehement letters against him, that he is the subject of my dreams, as well as of my waking fears.

My mother, at my earnest importunity, has just given me leave to write, and to receive your letters—But fastened this condition upon the concession, that yours must be under cover to Mr. Hickman, [This with a view, I suppose, to give him consideration with me;] and upon this further condition, that she is to see all we write.—'When girls 'are set upon a point,' she told one, who told me again, 'it is better for a 'mother, if possible, to make herself of 'their party, than to oppose them; 'since there will be then hopes that she 'will still hold the reins in her own 'hands.'

Pray let me know what the people are with whom you lodge?—Shall I send Mrs. Townsend to direct you to lodgings either more safe or more convenient for you?

Be pleased to write to me by Rogers; who will wait on you for your answer, at your own time.

Adieu, my dearest creature. Comfort *yourself*, as you would in the like unhappy circumstances comfort *your own*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13.

I Am extremely concerned, my dear Miss Howe, for being primarily the occasion of the apprehensions you have of this wicked man's vindictive attempts. What a wide-spreading error is mine!

If I find that he sets on foot any machination against you, or against Mr. Hickman, I do assure you I will consent to prosecute him, although I were sure I should not survive my first appearance at the bar he should be arraigned at.

I own the justice of your mother's arguments on that subject: but must say, that I think there are circumstances in my particular case, which will excuse me, although on a slighter occasion than that you are apprehensive of I should decline to appear against him. I have said, that I may one day enter more particularly into this argument.

Your messenger has now *indeed* seen me. I talked with him on the cheat put upon him at Hampstead: and am sorry to have reason to say, that had not the poor young man been very *simple*, and very *self-sufficient*, he had not been so grossly deluded. Mrs. Bevis has the same plea to make for herself. A good-natured, thoughtless woman; not used to converse with so vile and so specious a deceiver as him, who made his advantage of both these shallow creatures.

I think I cannot be more private, than where I am. I hope I am safe. All the risque I run, is in going out, and returning from morning prayers; which I have two or three times ventured to do; once at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, at eleven; once at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, at seven in the morning, in a chair both times; and twice at six in the morning, at the neighbouring church in Covent Garden. The wicked wretches I have escaped from, will not, I hope, come to church to look for me; especially at so early prayers; and I have fixed upon the privatest pew in the latter *church* to hide myself in; and perhaps I may lay out a little matter in an ordinary gown, by way of disguise; my face half-hid by my mob.—I am very careless, my dear, of my appearance now. Neat and clean, takes up the whole of my attention.

The man's name at whose house I lodge, is Smith—A glove-*maker*, as well as *seller*. His wife is the shop-keeper. A dealer also in stockings, ribbands, snuff, and perfumes! A matron-like

iron-like woman, plain-hearted, and prudent. The husband an honest, industrious man. And they live in good understanding with each other: a proof with me, that their hearts are right; for where a married couple live together upon ill terms, it is a sign, I think, that each knows something amiss of the other, either with regard to temper or morals, which if the world knew as well as themselves, it would perhaps as little like them, as such people like each other. Happy the marriage, where neither man nor wife has any wilful or premeditated evil in their general conduct to reproach the other with!—For even persons who have bad hearts will have a veneration for those who have good ones.

Two neat rooms, with plain, but clean furniture, on the first floor, are mine; one they call the dining-room.

There is, up another pair of stairs, a very worthy widow-lodger, Mrs. Lovick by name; who, although of low fortunes, is much respected, as Mrs. Smith assures me, by people of condition of her acquaintance, for her piety, prudence, and understanding. With her I propose to be well acquainted.

I thank you, my dear, for your kind, your seasonable advice and consolation. I hope I shall have more grace given me, than to despond, in the *religious* sense of the word: especially, as I can apply to myself the comfort you give me, that neither my will, nor my inconsiderateness, has contributed to my calamity. But, nevertheless, the irreconcileableness of my relations, whom I love with an unabated reverence; my apprehensions of fresh violences; [This wicked man, I doubt, will not yet let me rest] my being destitute of protection; my youth, my sex, my unacquaintedness with the world, subjecting me to insults; my reflections on the scandal I have given, added to the sense of the indignities I have received from a man, of whom I deserved not ill; all together will undoubtedly bring on the effect, that cannot be undesirable to me.—The slower, however, perhaps from my natural good constitution; and, as I presume to imagine, from principles which I hope will, in due time, and by due reflection, let me *above the sense of all worldly disappointments*.

At present, my head is much disordered. I have not indeed enjoyed it with any degree of clearness, since the violence done to that, and to my heart too, by the wicked arts of the abandoned creatures I was cast among.

I must have more conflicts. At times I find myself not subdued enough to my condition. I will welcome those conflicts as they come, as *penitence* owes—But yet my father's malediction—the temporary part so strangely and so literally completed!—I cannot, however, think, when my mind is *pacified*—but what is the story of Isaac, and Jacob, and Esau, and of Rebekah's choosing the latter of the blessing designed for him, (in favour of Jacob) given us for in the 27th chapter of Genesis? My father used, I remember, to enforce the doctrine deducible from it, on his children, by many arguments. At least, therefore, *he* must believe there is great weight in the curse he has announced; and shall I not be solicitous to get it revoked, that he may not hereafter be grieved, for my sake, that he did not revoke it?

All I will at present add, are my thanks to your mother for her indulgence to us. Due compliments to Mr. Hickman; and my request, that you will believe me to be, to my last hour, and beyond it, if possible, my beloved friend, and my *dearer* self, (for what is now my self!) *your obliged and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, JULY 7.

I Have three of thy letters at once before me to answer; in each of which thou complainest of my silence; and in one of them tellest me, that thou canst not live without I scribble to thee every day, or every other day at least.

Why, then, die, Jack, if thou wilt. What heart, thinkest thou, can I have to write, when I have lost the only subject worth writing upon?

Help me again to my angel, to my CLARISSA; and thou shalt have a letter from me, or writing at least, part of a letter, every hour. All that the charmer of my heart shall say, that will I put down: every motion, every air of her beloved person, every look, will I try to describe; and when she is silent, I will endeavour to tell thee her thoughts, either what they are, or what I would have them to be—So that, having *her*, I shall never want a subject. Having lost her, my whole soul is a blank: the whole creation round me, the elements above, beneath, and every-thing I *behold*, (for nothing can I *enjoy*) are a blank without her.

O re-

O Quickly return, thou only charmer of my soul! Return to thy adoring Lovelace! What is the light, what the sky, what the town, what the country, what any thing, without thee? Light and joy, harmony, in my notion, are but parts of thee; and could they be all expressed in one word, that word would be CLARISSA.

O my beloved CLARISSA! Return to these them; once more return to bless thy LOVELACE, who now, by the loss of thee, knows the value of the jewel he has slighted; and rises every morning but to curse the sun, that shines upon every-body but him!'

WELL, but, Jack, 'tis a surprizing thing to me, that the dear fugitive cannot be met with; cannot be heard of. She is so poor a plotter, (for plotting is not her talent) that I am confident, had I been at liberty, I should have found her out before now, although the different emissaries I have employed about town, round the adjacent villages, and in Miss Howe's vicinage, have hitherto failed of success. But my lord continues so weak and low-spirited, that there is no getting from him. I would not disoblige a man whom I think in danger still: for would his gout, now it has got him down, but give him, like a fair boxer, the rising-blow, all would be over with him. And here [Pox of his fondness for me! it happens at a very bad time] he makes me sit hours together entertaining him with my roguelies: [a pretty amusement for a sick man!] and yet, whenever he has the gout, he prays night and morning with his chaplain. But what must *his* notions of religion be, who, after he has mused and mumbled over his responses, can give a sigh or groan of satisfaction, as if he thought he had made up with Heaven; and return with a new appetite to my stories?—Encouraging them, by shaking his sides with laughing at them, and calling me a sad fellow in such an accent, as shews he takes no small delight in his kinsman.

The old peer has been a sinner in his day, and suffers for it now: a sneaking sinner, *sinning*, rather than *rushing*, into vices, for fear of his reputation: or, rather, for fear of detection, and positive proof; for these sort of fellows, Jack, have no real regard for reputation.—Paying for what he never had, and never daring to rise to the joy of an enterprize at first hand, which could bring him within view of a tilting, or of the honour of being considered as the principal man in a court of justice.

To see such an old Trojan as this, just dropping into the grave, which I hoped ere this would have been dug, and filled up with him; crying out with pain, and grunting with weakness; yet in the same moment crack his leathern face into an horrible laugh, and call a young sinner 'Charming varlet,' encoreing him, as formerly he used to do the Italian eunuchs; what a preposterous, what an unnatural adherence to old habits!

My two cousins are generally present when I *entertain*, as the old peer calls it. Those stories must drag horribly, that have not more hearers and applauders, than relaters.

'*Applauders!*'

Aye, Belford, *applauders*, repeat I; for although these girls pretend to blame me sometimes for the *facts*, they praise my manner, my invention, my intrepidity.—Besides, what other people call *blame*, that call I *praise*: I ever did; and so I very early discharged *shame*, that cold-water damper to an enterprizing spirit.

These are smart girls; they have life and wit; and yesterday, upon Charlotte's raving against me upon a related enterprize, I told her, that I had half in debate several times, whether she were or were not too near of kin to me: and that it was once a moot point with me, whether I could not love her dearly for a month or so: and perhaps it was well for her, that another pretty little puss started up, and diverted me, just as I was entering upon the course.

They all three held up their hands and eyes at once. But I observed, that though the girls exclaimed against me, they were not so angry at this plain speaking, as I have found my beloved upon hints so dark, that I have wondered at her quick apprehension.

I told Charlotte, That, grave as she pretended to be in her *smiling* resentments on this declaration, I was sure I should not have been put to the expence of above two or three stratagems, (for nobody admired a good invention more than she) could I but have disentangled her conscience from the embarrasses of consanguinity.

She pretended to be highly displeased; so did her sister for her. I told her, that she seemed as much in earnest as if she had thought me so; and *dared* the trial. Plain words, I said, in these cases, were more shocking to their sex than gradation actions. And I bid Patty not be

displeased

displeased at my distinguishing her letter. Once I had a great respect for *her* likewise.

An Italian air, in my usual careless way, a half-struggled for kiss from me, and a shrug of the shoulder by way of admiration, from each pretty cousin, and 'Sad, sad fellow,' from the old peer, attended with a side-shaking laugh, made us all friends.

There, Jack!—Wilt thou, or wilt thou not, take this for a letter? There's quantity, I am sure.—How have I filled a sheet, (not a short-hand one indeed) without a subject! My fellow shall take this; for he is going to town. And if thou canst think tolerably of such execrable stuff, I will soon send thee another.

LETTER LIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SIX, SAT. MORN. JULY 8.

HAVE I nothing new, nothing diverting, in my whimsical way, thou askest, in one of thy three letters before me, to entertain thee with?—And thou tellest me, that, when I have least to *narrate*, to speak, in the Scottish phrase, I am most diverting. A pretty compliment, either to thyself, or to me. To *both* indeed!—A sign that thou hast as frothy a heart as I a head. But canst thou suppose, that this admirable woman is not all, is not every-thing with me? Yet I dread to think of her too; for detection of all my contrivances, I doubt, must come next.

The old peer is also full of Miss Harlowe: and so are my cousins. He hopes I will not be such a dog [There's a specimen of his peer-like dialect] as to think of doing dishonourably by a woman of so much merit, beauty, and fortune; and *he* says of so good a family. But I tell him, that this is a string he must not touch: that it is a very tender point: in short, is my sore place; and that I am afraid he would handle it too roughly, were I to put myself in the power of so ungentle an operator.

He shakes his crazy head. He thinks all is not as it should be between us; longs to have me present her to him as my wife: and often tells me what great things he will do, additional to his former proposals; and what presents he will make on the birth of the first child. But I hope the whole of his estate will be in my hands before such an event takes place. No harm to my dear Lord M. [says I, were it not, perhaps, the *heart would break*].

EIGHT o'clock at Midsummer, and these lazy varlettes (in full health) not come down yet to breakfast!—What a confounded indecency in young ladies, to let a rake know that they love their beds so dearly, and, at the same time, *adieu to home there!*—But I'll punish them—They shall breakfast with their old uncle, and yawn at one another as if for a wager; while I drive my phaeton to Colonel Ambrose's, who yesterday gave me an invitation both to breakfast and dine, on account of two Yorkshire nieces, celebrated toasts, who have been with him this fortnight past; and who, he says, want to see me. So, Jack, all women do not run away from me, thank Heaven!—I wish I could have leave of my heart, since the dear fugitive is so ungrateful, to drive her out of it with another beauty. But who can supplant her? Who can be admitted to a place in it after Miss Clarissa Harlowe?

At my return, if I can find a subject, I will scribble on, to oblige thee.

My phaeton's ready. My cousins send me word they are just coming down: so in spite I'll be gone.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I DID stay to dine with the colonel, and his lady, and nieces; but I could not pass the afternoon with them, for the heart of me. There was enough in the person and faces of the two young ladies to set me upon comparisons. Particular features held my attention for a few moments: but those served but to whet my impatience to find the charmer of my soul; who, for person, for air, for mind, never had any equal. My heart recoiled and shrunk upon comparing minds and conversation. Pert wit, a too studied desire to please; each in high good-humour with herself; an open-mouthed affectation in both, to shew white teeth, as if the principal excellence; and to invite amorous familiarity, by the promise of a sweet breath; at the same time reflecting tacitly upon breaths arrogantly implied to be less pure.

Once I could have borne them.

They seemed to be disappointed that I was so soon able to leave them. Yet have I not at present so much vanity [My Clarissa has cured me of this vanity] as to attribute their disappointment

ment so much to particular liking of me, as to their own self-admiration. They looked upon me as a connoisseur in beauty. They would have been proud of engaging my attention, as such: but so affected, so flimsy-witted, mere skin-deep beauties!—They had looked no farther into themselves than what their glasses had enabled them to see: and their glasses were flattering glasses too; for I thought them passive-faced, and spiritless; with eyes, however, upon the hunt for conquests, and bespeaking the attention of others, in order to countenance their own.—I believe I could, with a little pains, have given them life and soul, and to every feature of their faces sparkling information—But my Clarissa!—O Belford, my Clarissa has made me eyeless and senseless to every other beauty!—Do thou find her for me, as a subject worthy of my pen, or this shall be the last from *thy* LOVELACE.

LETTER LV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 9.

NOW, Jack, have I a subject with a vengeance. I am in the very height of my trial for all my sins to my beloved fugitive. For here to-day, at about five o'clock, arrived Lady Sarah Sadlier and Lady Betty Lawrance, each in her chariot-and-six. Dowagers love equipage; and these cannot travel ten miles without a set, and half a dozen horsemen.

My time had hung heavy upon my hands; and so I went to church after dinner. 'Why may not handsome fellows,' thought I, 'like to be looked 'at, as well as handsome wenches?' I fell in, when service was over, with Major Warneton; and so came not home till after six; and was surprized, at entering the court-yard here, to find it littered with equipages and servants. I was sore the owners of them came for no good to me.

Lady Sarah, I soon found, was raised to this visit by Lady Betty; who has health enough to allow her to look out of herself, and out of her own affairs, for business. Yet congratulation to Lord M. on his amendment [Spiteful devils on both accounts!] was the avowed errand. But coming in my absence, I was their principal subject; and they had opportunity to set each other's heart against me.

Simon Parsons hinted this to me, as I passed by the steward's office; for it seems they talked loud; and he was making up some accounts with old Pritchard.

However, I hastened to pay my duty to them. Other people not performing theirs, is no excuse for the neglect of our own, you know.

AND NOW I ENTER UPON MY TRIAL.

WITH horrible grave faces was I received. The two antiques only bowed their tabby heads; making longer faces than ordinary; and all the old lines appearing strong in their furrowed foreheads and fallen cheeks: 'How do 'you, cousin?' and, 'How do you, 'Mr. Lovelace?' looking all round at one another, as who should say, 'Do 'you speak first:' and 'Do you:' for they seemed resolved to lose no time.

I had nothing for it, but an air as manly, as theirs was womanly. 'Your 'servant, Madam,' to Lady Betty—and, 'Your servant, Madam—I am 'glad to see you abroad,' to Lady Sarah.

I took my seat. Lord M. looked horribly glum; his fingers clasped, and turning round and round, under and over, his but just disgouted thumbs; his sallow face, and goggling eyes, cast upon the floor, on the fire-place, on his two sisters, on his two kinswomen, by turns; but not once deigning to look upon me.

Then I began to think of the laudanum, and wet cloth, I told thee of long ago; and to call myself in question for a tenderness of heart that will never do me good.

At last, 'Mr. Lovelace!——Cousin 'Lovelace!——Hem!—Hem!—I am 'sorry, very sorry,' hesitated Lady Sarah, 'that there is no hope of your ever 'taking up——'

'What's the matter now, Madam?'

'The matter now!——Why, Lady 'Betty has two letters from Miss Harlowe, which have told us what's the 'matter——Are all women alike with 'you?'

'Yes;' I could have answered, 'bating the difference which pride makes.

Then they all chorus'd upon me—'Such a character as Miss Harlowe's!' cried one——'A lady of so much ge-'nerosity and good sense!' another—'How charmingly she writes!' the two maiden monkeys looking at her fine hand-writing: her perfections my crimes. 'What can you expect will 'be

'be the end of these things!' cried Lady Sarah.—'Damn'd, damn'd doings!' vociferated the peer, shaking his loose fleshy wabbling chaps, which hung on his shoulders like an old cow's dew lap.

For my part, I hardly knew whether to sing or say, what I had to reply to these all-at-once attacks upon me!—'Fair and softly, ladies,—one at a time, 'I beseech you. I am not to be hunted 'down without being heard, I hope. 'Pray let me see these letters. I beg 'you will let me see them.'

'There they are:—that's the first—'Read it out, if you can.'

I opened a letter from my charmer, dated *Thursday, June* 29, our wedding-day, that was to be, and written to Lady Betty Lawrance. By the contents, to my great joy, I find the dear creature is alive and well, and in charming spirits. But the direction where to send an answer was so scratched out, that I could not read it: which afflicted me much.

She puts three questions in it to Lady Betty.

1st, About a letter of hers, dated *June* 7, congratulating me on my nuptials, and which I was so good as to save Lady Betty the trouble of writing——A very civil thing of me, I think!

Again—Whether she and one of her nieces Montague were to go to town, on an old Chancery suit?—And, whether they actually did go to town accordingly, and to Hampstead afterwards? and, whether they brought to town from thence the young creature whom they visited; was the subject of the second and third questions.

A little inquisitive dear rogue! and what did she expect to be the better for these questions?—But curiosity, damn'd curiosity, is the itch of the sex—Yet when didst thou know it turned to their benefit?—For they seldom enquire, but when they fear—And the proverb, as my lord has it, says, *It comes with a fear*. That is, I suppose, what they fear generally happens, because there is generally occasion for the fear.

Curiosity indeed she avows to be her only motive for these interrogatories: for though she says, her ladyship may suppose the questions are not asked for good to *me*, yet the answer can do me no harm, nor her good, only to give her to understand, whether I have told her a parcel of damn'd lies; that's the plain English of her enquiry.

'Well, Madam,' said I, with as much philosophy as I could assume; 'and may I ask—Pray, what was your 'ladyship's answer?'

'There's a copy of it,' tossing it to me, very disrespectfully.

This answer was dated *July* 1. A very kind and complaisant one to the lady, but very so so to her poor kinsman—That people can give up their own flesh and blood with so much ease!—She tells her how proud all our family would be of an alliance with such an excellence. She does me justice in saying how much I adore her, as an angel of a woman; and begs of her for I know not how many sakes, besides my soul's sake, that she will be so good as to have me for an husband; and answers—thou wilt guess how—to the lady's questions.

'Well, Madam, and pray, may I 'be favoured with the lady's other 'letter? I presume it is in reply to 'yours.'

'It is,' said the peer: 'but, Sir, let 'me ask you a few questions, before 'you read it—Give *me* the letter, Lady 'Betty.'

'There it is, my lord.'

Then on went his spectacles, and his head moved to the lines—'A charming 'pretty hand!—I have often heard, that 'this lady is a *genus*.'

And so, Jack, repeating my lord's wise comments and questions will let thee into the contents of this merciless letter.

"*Monday July* 3." [reads my lord]—'Let me see!—That was last *Mon-'day*; no longer ago! "*Monday, July* "*the third*—Madam—I cannot excuse "myself——" um, um, um, um, um, "um,' [humming inarticulately, and skipping]—"I must own to you, Ma-"dam, that the honour of being re-"lated——"

Off went the spectacles—'Now, tell 'me, Sir-r, has not this lady lost all 'the friends she had in the world, for 'your sake?'

'She has very implacable friends, my 'lord: we all know that.'

'But has she not lost them all for your 'sake?—Tell me that.'

'I believe so, my lord.'

'Well then!—I am glad thou art not 'so graceless as to deny that."

On went the spectacles again—"I "must own to you, Madam, that the "honour of being related to ladies as "eminent for their virtue, as for their "descent—" *Very pretty, truly*,' saith my lord, repeating, "*as eminent for their* "*virtue*

'virtue as for their deſcent, was, at firſt, 'no ſmall inducement with me to 'lend an ear to Mr. Lovelace's ad-'dreſs.'

'There is dignity, born dignity, in 'this lady,' cried my lord.

Lady Sarah. 'She would have been a 'grace to our family.'

Lady Betty. 'Indeed ſhe would.'

Lovel. 'To a *royal* family, I will ven-'ture to ſay.'

Lord M. 'Then what a devil——'

Lovel. 'Pleaſe to read on, my lord. 'It cannot be *her* letter, if it does not 'make you admire her more and more 'as you read—Couſin Charlotte—cou-'ſin Patty—pray attend—Read on, my 'lord.'

Miſs Charlotte. 'Amazing fortitude!'

Miſs Patty only lifted up her dove's eyes.

Lord M. [Reading] "And the ra-"ther, as I was determined, had it "come to effect, to do every-thing in "my power to deſerve your favourable "opinion."

Then again they chorus'd upon me.

A bleſſed time of it, poor I!—I had nothing for it but impudence!

Lovel. 'Pray read on, my lord—I told 'you how you would all admire her—'Or, ſhall I read?'

Lord M. 'Damn'd aſſurance!' [then reading] "I had another motive, which "I knew would of itſelf give me merit "with your whole family!" [*They were all ear*] "a preſumptuous one; "a puniſhably preſumptuous one, as "it has proved: in the hope that I "might be an humble means in the "hand of Providence, to reclaim a man "who had, as I thought, good ſenſe "enough at bottom to be reclaimed; "or at leaſt gratitude enough to ac-"knowledge the intended obligation, "whether the generous hope were to "ſucceed or not."—Excellent young 'creature!'

'Excellent young creature!' echoed the ladies, with their handkerchiefs at their eyes, attended with noſe-muſick.

Lovel. 'By my ſoul, Miſs Patty, you 'weep in the wrong place: you ſhall 'never go with me to a tragedy.'

Lady Betty. 'Hardened wretch!'

His lordſhip had pulled off his ſpectacles to wipe them. His eyes were miſty; and he thought the fault in his ſpectacles.

I ſaw they were all cocked and primed —'To be ſure that is a very pretty ſen-'tence,' ſaid I—'That is the excellency 'of this lady, that in every line, as ſhe 'writes on, ſhe improves upon herſelf. '—Pray, my lord, proceed—I know 'her ſtyle; the next ſentence will ſtill 'riſe upon us.'

Lord M. 'Damn'd fellow!' [again ſaddling, and reading] "But I have "been moſt egregiouſly miſtaken in Mr. "Lovelace!"—[Then they all clamoured again] "The *only* man, I per-"ſuade myſelf——"

Lovel. 'Ladies may perſuade them-'ſelves to any thing: but how can ſhe 'anſwer for what *other* men would or 'would not have done in the ſame cir-'cumſtances?'

I was forced to ſay any thing to ſtifle their outcries. 'Pox take ye all toge-'ther,' thought I; 'as if I had not 'vexation enough in loſing her!'

Lord M. [Reading] "The only man, "I perſuade myſelf, pretending to be a "gentleman, in whom I could have "been ſo much miſtaken."

They were all beginning again—'Pray, my lord, proceed!—Hear, hear '—Pray, ladies, hear!—Now, my lord, 'be pleaſed to proceed. The ladies 'are ſilent.'

So they were; loſt in admiration of me, hands and eyes uplifted.

Lord M. 'I will, to thy confuſion;' for he had looked over the next ſentence.

What wretches, Belford, what ſpiteful wretches, are poor mortals!—So rejoiced to ſting one another! to ſee each other ſtung!

Lord M. [Reading] "For while I was "endeavouring to ſave a drowning "wretch, I have been, not accidentally, "but premeditatedly, and of ſet pur-"poſe, drawn in after him."—'What 'ſay you to this, Sir-r?'

Lady S. } 'Aye, Sir, what ſay you
Lady B. } 'to this?'

Lovel. 'Say! Why I ſay it is a very 'pretty metaphor, if it would but hold. 'But if you pleaſe, my lord, read on. 'Let me hear what is further ſaid, and 'I will ſpeak to it all together.'

Lord M. 'I will. "And he has had "the glory to add to the liſt of thoſe "he has ruined, a name that I will be "bold to ſay, would not have diſpa-"raged his own."

They all looked at me, as expecting me to ſpeak.

Lovel. 'Be pleaſed to proceed, my 'lord: I will ſpeak to this by-and-by '—How came ſhe to know, I *kept a liſt?* '—I will ſpeak to this by-and-by.'

Lord M. [Reading on] "And this, "Madam, by means that would ſhock "humanity to be made acquainted "with."

Then

Then again, in a hurry, off went the ſpectacles.

This was a plaguy ſtroke upon me. I thought myſelf an oak in impudence; but, by my troth, this had almoſt felled me.

Lord M. 'What ſay you to this, 'SIR-R!'

Remember, Jack, to read all their *Sirs* in this dialogue with a double *rr*, *Sir-r!* denoting indignation rather than reſpect.

They all looked at me, as if to ſee if I could bluſh.

Lovel. 'Eyes off, my lord!—Eyes off, 'ladies!' [looking baſhfully, I believe] —'What ſay I to this, my lord!— 'Why, I ſay, that this lady has a ſtrong 'manner of expreſſing herſelf!—That's 'all—There are many things that paſs 'among lovers, which a man cannot 'explain himſelf upon before grave 'people.'

Lady Betty. '*Among lovers*, Sir-r! 'But, Mr. Lovelace, can you ſay that 'this lady behaved either like a weak, 'or a credulous perſon?—Can you 'ſay——'

Lovel. 'I am ready to do the lady all 'manner of juſtice.—But, pray now, 'ladies, if I am to be thus interro-'gated, let me know the contents of 'the reſt of the letter, that I may be 'prepared for my defence, as you are 'all for my arraignment. For, to be 'required to anſwer piecemeal thus, 'without knowing what is to follow, 'is a curſed entnaring way of proceed-'ing.'

They gave me the letter: I read it through to myſelf:—and by the repetition of what I ſaid, thou wilt gueſs at the remaining contents.

'You ſhall find, ladies—you ſhall find, 'my lord—that I will not ſpare myſelf.' Then holding the letter in my hand, and looking upon it, as a lawyer upon his brief;

'Miſs Harlowe ſays, that when your 'ladyſhip' [turning to Lady Betty] 'ſhall know, that in the progreſs to 'her ruin, wilful falſhoods, repeated 'forgeries, and numberleſs perjuries, 'were not the leaſt of my crimes, you 'will judge that ſhe can have no prin-'ciples that will make her worthy of an 'alliance with ladies of yours, and your 'noble ſiſter's character, if ſhe could not, 'from her ſoul, declare that ſuch an al-'liance can never now take place.

'Surely, ladies, this is paſſion! This 'is not reaſon. If our family would 'not think themſelves diſhonoured by 'my marrying a perſon whom I had ſo 'treated; but, on the contrary, would 'rejoice that I did her this juſtice; and 'if ſhe has come out pure gold from 'the aſſay; and has nothing to reproach 'herſelf with; why ſhould it be an im-'peachment of her principles, to con-'ſent that ſuch an alliance ſhould take 'place?

'She cannot think herſelf the worſe, '*juſtly* ſhe cannot, for what was done 'againſt her will.'

Their countenances menaced a general uproar—But I proceeded.

'Your lordſhip re'd to us, That ſhe 'had an *hope*, a *preſumptuous* one; nay, 'a *puniſhably preſumptuous* one, ſhe calls 'it; that ſhe might be a means in 'the hand of Providence, to reclaim 'me; and that this, ſhe knew, if ef-'fected, would give her a merit with 'you all. But from *what* would ſhe 'reclaim me?—She had *heard*, you'll 'ſay, (but ſhe had *only* heard, at the 'time ſhe entertained *that hope*) that, 'to expreſs myſelf in the womens dia-'lect, I was *a very wicked fellow!*— 'Well, and what then?—Why, truly, 'the very moment ſhe was *convinced*, 'by her own experience, that the 'charge againſt me was *more* than '*hearſay*; and that of conſequence, I 'was a fit object for *her generous endea-'vours* to work upon: ſhe would needs 'give me up. Accordingly, ſhe flies 'out, and declares, that the ceremony 'which would repair all, ſhall never 'take place!—Can this be from any 'other motive than *female reſentment?*'

This brought them all upon me, as I intended it ſhould: it was as a tub to a whale; and after I had let them play with it a while, I claimed their attention, and, knowing that they always loved to hear me prate, went on.

'The lady, it is plain, thought, that 'the reclaiming of a man from bad ha-'bits was a much *eaſier taſk* than, in the '*nature of things*, it *can* be.'

'She writes, as your lordſhip has 're'd, That in endeavouring to ſave a 'drowning wretch, ſhe had been, not 'accidentally, but premeditatedly, and 'of ſet purpoſe, drawn in after him. '—But how is this, ladies?—You ſee 'by her own words, that I am ſtill far 'from being out of danger myſelf. Had 'ſhe found me, in a quagmire ſuppoſe, 'and I had got out of it by her means, 'and left her to periſh in it; that would 'have been a crime indeed.—But is not 'the fact quite otherwiſe? Has ſhe not, 'if her allegory prove what ſhe would

'have it prove, got out herſelf, and 'left me floundering ſtill deeper and 'deeper in!—What ſhe ſhould have 'done, had ſhe been in earneſt to ſave 'me, was, to join her hand with mine, 'that ſo we might by our united ſtrength 'help one another out.—I held out my 'hand to her, and beſought her to give 'me hers:—but, no truly! ſhe was de'termined to get out herſelf as faſt as 'ſhe could, let me *ſink* or *ſwim*: re'fuſing her aſſiſtance (againſt her own 'principles) becauſe ſhe ſaw I wanted 'it.—You ſee, ladies—you ſee, my lord '—how pretty tinkling words run away 'with ears inclined to be muſical.'

They were all ready to exclaim again: but I went on, *proleptically*, as a rhetorician would ſay, before their voices could break out into words.

'But my fair accuſer ſays, That I 'have added to the liſt of thoſe I have 'ruined, a name, that would not have 'diſparaged my own. It is true, I 'have been gay and enterprizing. It 'is in my conſtitution to be ſo. I 'know not how I came by ſuch a con'ſtitution: but I was never accuſtomed 'to check or controul; that you all 'know. When a man finds himſelf 'hurried by paſſion into a ſlight of'fence, which however ſlight, will not 'be forgiven, he may be made deſpe'rate: as a thief, who intends a rob'bery, is often by reſiſtance, and for 'ſelf-preſervation, drawn in to commit 'murder.'

I was a ſtrange, a horrid wretch with every-one. But he muſt be a ſilly fellow who has not ſomething to ſay for himſelf, when every cauſe has it's black and it's white ſide.—Weſtminſter Hall, Jack, affords every day as confident defences as mine.

'But what right,' proceeded I, 'has 'this lady to complain of me, when ſhe 'as good as ſays—"Here, Lovelace, "you have acted the part of a villain "by me——You would *repair your "fault*: but I won't let you, that I "may have the ſatisfaction of expo"ſing you; and the pride of refuſing "you."

But, was that the caſe? Was that the caſe? Would I pretend to ſay, I would *now* marry the lady, if ſhe would have me?

Lovel. 'You find ſhe renounces Lady 'Betty's mediation——'

Lord M. [Interrupting me] '*Words 'are wind*; *but deeds are mind*: what 'ſignifies your curſed quibbling, Bob? '—Say plainly, if ſhe will have you, 'will you have her? Anſwer me, Yes 'or No; and lead us not a *wild gooſe-'chace* after your meaning.'

Lovel. 'She knows I would. But 'here, my lord, if ſhe thus goes on to 'expoſe herſelf and me, ſhe will make 'it a diſhonour to us both to marry.'

Charl. 'But how muſt ſhe have been 'treated—'

Lovel. [Interrupting her] 'Why now 'couſin Charlotte,' chucking her under the chin, 'would you have me tell you 'all that has paſſed between the lady and 'me? Would *you* care, had you a bold 'and enterprizing lover, that procla'mation ſhould be made of every little 'piece of amorous roguery, that he 'offered to you?'

Charlotte reddened. They all began to exclaim. But I proceeded.

'The lady ſays, She has been diſ'honoured (devil take me, if I ſpare 'myſelf!) by means that would ſhock 'humanity to be made acquainted with 'them. She is a very innocent lady, 'and may not be a *judge* of the means 'ſhe hints at. *Over-niceneſs may be 'under-niceneſs*; have you not ſuch a 'proverb, my lord?—tantamount to, '*One extreme produces another!*——Such 'a lady as this, may poſſibly think 'her caſe more extraordinary than it is. 'This I will take upon me to ſay, that 'if ſhe has met with the only man in 'the world who would have treated her, 'as ſhe ſays I have treated her, I have 'met in her with the *only woman in the 'world* who would have made ſuch a 'rout about a caſe that is uncommon 'only from the circumſtances that at'tend it.

This brought them all upon me; hands, eyes, voices, all lifted up at once. But my Lord M. who has in his *head* (the laſt feat of retreating lewdneſs) as much wickedneſs as I have in my *heart*, was forced (upon the air I ſpoke this with, and Charlotte's and all the reſt reddening) to make a mouth that was big enough to ſwallow up the other half of his face; crying out, to avoid laughing, 'Oh! Oh!' —as if under the power of a gouty twinge.

Hadſt thou ſeen how the two tabbies and the young grimalkins looked at one another, at my lord, and at me, by turns, thou wouldſt have been ready to ſplit thy ugly face juſt in the middle. Thy mouth has already done half the work. And, after all, I found not ſeldom in this converſation, that my humorous undaunted airs forced a

ſmile

ſmile into my ſervice from the prim mouths of the young ladies. They perhaps, had they met with ſuch another intrepid fellow as myſelf, who had firſt gained upon their affections, would not have made ſuch a rout as my beloved has done, about ſuch an affair as that we were aſſembled upon. Young ladies, as I have obſerved on an hundred occaſions, fear not half ſo much for *themſelves*, as their mothers do for them. But here the girls were forced to put on grave airs, and to ſeem angry, becauſe the antiques made the matter of ſuch high importance. Yet ſo lightly ſat anger and fellow-feeling at their hearts, that they were forced to purſe in their mouths, to ſuppreſs the ſmiles I now-and-then laid out for: while the elders having had roſes (that is to ſay, daughters) of their own, and knowing how fond men are of a trifle, would have been very loth to have had them nipt in the bud, without ſaying to the mother of them, 'By 'your leave, Mrs. Roſebuſh.'

The next article of my indictment was for forgery; and for perſonating of Lady Betty and my couſin Charlotte. Two ſhocking charges thou'lt ſay: and ſo they were!—The peer was outrageous upon the *forgery*-charge. The ladies vowed never to forgive the *perſonating* part. Not a peace-maker among them. So we all turned women, and ſcolded.

My lord told me, That he believed in his conſcience there was not a viler fellow upon *God's earth* than me.—'What ſignifies mincing the matter?' ſaid he—And that it was not the firſt time I had forged his hand.

To this I anſwered, that I ſuppoſed, when the ſtatute of *Scandalum Magnatum* was framed, there were a good many in the peerage, who knew they deſerved hard names, and that that law therefore was rather made to privilege their qualities, than to whiten their characters.

He called upon me to explain myſelf with a '*Sir r*,' ſo pronounced, as to ſhew, that one of the moſt ignominious words in our language was in his head.

People, I ſaid, that were fenced in by their quality, and by their years, ſhould not take freedoms that a man of ſpirit could not put up with, unleſs he were able heartily to deſpiſe the inſulter.

This ſet him in a violent paſſion. He would ſend for Pritchard inſtantly.

'Let Pritchard be called?—He would alter his will; and all he *could* leave from me, he *would*.

'Do, do, my lord,' ſaid I: 'I always 'valued my own pleaſure above your 'eſtate. But I'll let Pritchard know, 'that if he draws, he ſhall ſign and 'ſeal.'

Why, what would I do to Pritchard?—Shaking his crazy head at me.

'Only, what he, or any man elſe, 'writes with his pen, to deſpoil me of 'what I think my right, he ſhall ſeal 'with his ears; that's all, my lord.'

Then the two ladies interpoſed.

Lady Sarah told me, That I carried things a great way; and that neither Lord M. nor any of them, deſerved the treatment I gave them.

I ſaid, I could not bear to be uſed ill by my lord, for two reaſons; firſt, becauſe I reſpected his lordſhip above any man living; and next, becauſe it looked as if I were induced by ſelfiſh conſiderations to take that from him, which nobody elſe would offer to me.

'And what,' returned he, 'ſhall be 'my inducement to take what I do at 'your hands?—Hay, Sir?'

'Indeed, couſin Lovelace,' ſaid Lady Betty, with great gravity, 'we do 'not any of us, as Lady Sarah ſays, 'deſerve at your hands the treatment 'you give us: and let me tell you, that 'I don't think my character, and your 'couſin Charlotte's, ought to be pro'ſtituted, in order to ruin an innocent 'lady. She muſt have known early 'the good opinion we all have of her, 'and how much we wiſhed her to be 'your wife. This good opinion of 'ours has been an inducement to her '(You ſee ſhe ſays ſo) to liſten to your 'addreſs. And this, with her friends 'folly, has helped to throw her into 'your power. How you have requited 'her, is too apparent. It becomes the 'character we all bear, to diſclaim your 'actions by her. And let me tell you, 'that to have her abuſed by wicked 'people raiſed up to perſonate us, or 'any of us, makes a double call upon 'us to diſclaim them.'

Lovel. 'Why this is talking ſome'what like. I would have you all diſ'claim my actions. I own I have done 'very vilely by this lady. One ſtep led 'to another. I am curſt with an enter'prizing ſpirit. I hate to be foiled.'

'*Foiled!*' interrupted Lady Sarah. 'What a ſhame to talk at this rate!—'Did the lady ſet up a contention with 'you? All nobly ſincere, and plain-'hearted,

'Indeed, love? I heard Miss Clarissa 'Harlowe is above all, above diſguiſe; 'neither the coquette, nor the prude! 'Poor lady! She deſerved a better 'fate from the man for whom ſhe took 'this ſtep which ſhe ſo freely blames.'

This above half affected me—Had this diſpute been ſo handled by every-body I had been aſhamed to look up. I began to be baſhful.

Charlotte aſked, If I did not ſtill ſeem inclinable to do the lady juſtice, if ſhe would accept of *me*? It would be, ſhe dared to ſay, the greateſt felicity the family could know, (She would anſwer for one) that this fine lady were of it.

They all declared to the ſame effect; and Lady Sarah put the matter home to me.

But my Lord *Marplot* would have it, that I could not be ſerious for ſix minutes together.

I told his lordſhip, that he was miſtaken; light as he thought I made of this ſubject, I never knew any that went ſo near my heart.

Miſs Patty ſaid, She was glad to hear *that*: indeed ſhe was glad to hear *that*: and her ſott eyes gliſtened with pleaſure.

Lord M. called her ſweet ſoul, and was ready to cry.

Not from humanity neither, Jack. This peer has no bowels; as thou may-eſt obſerve by his treatment of *me*. But when people's minds are weakened by a ſenſe of their own infirmities, and when they are drawing on to their latter ends, they will be moved on the ſlighteſt occaſions, whether thoſe offer from *within* or *without* them. And this, frequently, the unpenetrating world calls *humanity*; when all the time, in compaſſionating the *miſeries* of human nature, they are but pitying themſelves; and were they in ſtrong health and ſpirits, would care as little for any-body elſe as thou or I do.

Here broke they off my trial for this ſitting. Lady Sarah was much fatigued. It was agreed to purſue the ſubject in the morning. They all, however, retired together, and went into private conference.

LETTER LVI.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

THE ladies, inſtead of taking up the ſubject where we had laid it down, muſt needs touch upon paſſages in my fair accuſer's letter, which I was in hopes they would have let reſt, as we were in a tolerable way. But, truly, they muſt hear all they could hear, of our ſtory, and what I had to ſay to thoſe paſſages, that they might be better enabled to mediate between us, if I were really and indeed inclined to do her the hoped for juſtice.

Theſe paſſages were, 1ſt, That after I had compulſatorily tricked her into the act of going off with me, I carried her to one of the worſt houſes in London.

2. That I had made a wicked attempt upon her; in reſentment of which, ſhe fled to Hampſtead, privately.

3dly, Came the forgery, and perſonating charges again; and we were upon the point of renewing our quarrel, before we could get to the next charge: which was ſtill worſe.

For that (4thly) was, That having betrayed her back to the vile houſe, I firſt robbed her of her ſenſes, and then her honour; detaining her afterwards a priſoner there.

Were I to tell thee the gloſſes I put upon theſe heavy charges, what would it be, but to repeat many of the extenuating arguments I have uſed in my letters to thee?—Suffice it, therefore, to ſay, that I inſiſted much, by way of palliation, on the lady's extreme niceneſs: on her diffidence in my honour: on Miſs Howe's contriving ſpirit; plots on their parts begetting plots on mine: on the high paſſions of the ſex. I aſſerted, that my whole view, in gently reſtraining her, was to oblige her to forgive me, and to marry me; and this, for the honour of both families. I boaſted of my own good qualities; ſome of which none that knew me, deny; and to which few libertines can lay claim.

They then fell into warm admirations and praiſes of the lady; all of them preparatory as I knew, to the grand queſtion: and thus it was introduced by Lady Sarah.

'We have ſaid as much as I think we 'can ſay, upon theſe letters of the poor 'lady. To dwell upon the miſchiefs that 'may enſue from the abuſe of a perſon 'of her rank, if all the reparation be not 'made that now can be made, would 'perhaps be to little purpoſe. But you 'ſeem, Sir, ſtill to have a juſt opinion 'of her, as well as affection for her. 'Her virtue is not in the leaſt queſtion-'able. She could not reſent as ſhe does, 'had ſhe any-thing to reproach herſelf 'with. She is, by every-body's ac-'count, a fine woman; has a good eſ-'tate in her own right; is of no con-'temptible family; though, I think,

'with

'with regard to her, they have acted as 'imprudently as unworthily. For the 'excellency of her mind, for good oeco- 'nomy, the common speech of her, as 'the worthy Dr. Lewen once told me, 'is, *That her prudence would enrich a poor 'man, and her piety reclaim a licentious 'one.* I, who have not been abroad 'twice this twelve-month, came hither 'purposely, so did Lady Betty, to see if 'justice may not be done her; and also 'whether we, and my Lord M. (your 'neareſt relations, Sir) have, or have 'not, any influence over you. And, 'for my own part, as your determina- 'tion shall be in this article such shall 'be mine, with regard to the disposition 'of all that is within my power.'

Lady Betty. 'And mine.'

'And mine,' said my lord: and va- liantly he swore to it.

Lovel. 'Far be it from me to think 'slightly of favours you may any of you 'be glad I would deserve! But as far 'be it from me to enter into conditions 'against my own liking, with sordid 'views!—As to future mischiefs, let 'them come. I have not done with the 'Harlowes yet. They were the aggres- 'sors; and I should be glad they would 'let me hear from them, in the way 'they should hear from me, in the like 'case. Perhaps I should not be sorry to 'be *found*, rather than be obliged to 'seek, on this occasion.'

Miss Charlotte [reddening.] 'Spoke 'like a man of violence, rather than a 'man of reason! I hope you'll allow 'that, cousin.'

Lady Sarah. 'Well, but since what 'is done *is* done, and cannot be undone, 'let us think of the next best.—Have 'you any objection against marrying 'Miss Harlowe, if she will have you?'

Lovel. 'There can possibly be but 'one: that she is to every-body, no 'doubt, as well as to Lady Betty, pur- 'suing that maxim peculiar to herself, '(*and let me tell you, so it ought to be:*) 'that what she cannot conceal from her- 'self, she will publish to all the world.'

Miss Patty. 'The lady, to be sure, 'writes this in the bitterness of her 'grief, and in despair.'

Lovel. 'And so when her grief is al- 'layed; when her despairing fit is over '—And this from *you*, cousin Patty!— '*Sweet girl!*—And would *you*, my dear, 'in the like case,' [whispering her] 'have yielded to entreaty—Would you 'have meant no more by the like ex- 'clamations?'

I had a rap with her fan, and a blush; and from Lord M. a reflection, That I turned into jest every-thing they said.

I asked, if they thought the Harlowes deserved any consideration from me? and whether that family would not in- ult over me, were I to marry their daughter, as if I *dared* not to do other- wise?

Lady Sarah. 'Once I was angry with 'that family, as we all were. But now 'I pity them; and think, that you have 'but too well justified the worse treat- 'ment they gave you.'

Lord M. 'Their family is of standing: 'All gentlemen of it, and rich, and re- 'putable. Let me tell you, that many 'of our coronets would be glad they 'could derive their descents from no 'worse a stem than theirs.'

Lovel. 'The Harlowes are a narrow- 'souled and implacable family. I hate 'them: and though I revere the lady, 'scorn all relation to them.'

Lady Betty. 'I wish no worse could 'be said of *him*, who is such a scorner of 'common failings in *others*.'

Lord M. 'How would my sister Love- 'lace have reproached herself for all her 'indulgent folly to this favourite boy of 'hers, had she lived till now, and been 'present on this occasion!'

Lady Sarah. 'Well, but, begging 'your lordship's pardon, let us see if 'any-thing can be done for this poor 'lady.'

Miss Ch. 'If Mr. Lovelace has no- 'thing to object against the lady's cha- 'racter, (and I presume to think he is 'not *ashamed* to do her justice, though 'it may make against himself) I cannot 'see but honour and generosity will 'compel from him all that we expect. 'If there be any levities, any weakne- 'sses, to be charged upon the lady, I 'should not open my lips in her favour; 'though in private I would pity her, 'and deplore her hard hap.—And yet, 'even then, there might not want ar- 'guments, from honour and gratitude, 'in so particular a case, to engage you, 'Sir, to make good the vows it is plain 'you have broken.'

Lady Betty. 'My niece Charlotte has 'called upon you so justly, and has put 'the question to you so properly, that I 'cannot but wish you would speak to it 'directly, and without evasion.'

All in a breath then bespoke my se- riousness, and my justice: and in this manner I delivered myself, assuming an air sincerely solemn.

'I am very sensible, that the perfor- 'mance of the task you have put me 'upon,

'[illegible] will know me without excuse: 'for I shall not have recourse either to 'evasion or palliation.

'As my cousin Charlotte has severely 'observed, I am not *ashamed* to do jus- 'tice to Miss Harlowe's merit.

'I own to you all, and, what is more, 'with high regret—(if not with *shame*, 'cousin Charlotte)—that I have a great 'deal to answer for in my usage of this 'lady. The sex has not a nobler mind, 'nor a lovelier person of it. And, for 'virtue, I could not have believed (ex- 'cuse me, ladies) that there ever was a 'woman who *gave*, or *could* have given, 'such illustrious, such uniform proofs 'of it: for, in her whole conduct, she 'has shewn herself to be equally above 'temptation and art; and, I had almost 'said, human frailty.

'The step she so freely blames her- 'self for taking, was truly what she 'calls *compulsatory*: for though she was 'provoked to *think* of going off with 'me, she intended it not, nor was pro- 'vided to do so: neither would she ever 'have had the *thought* of it, had her re- 'lations left her free, upon her offered 'composition to renounce the man she 'did *not* hate, in order to avoid the man 'she *did*.

'It piqued my pride, I own, that I 'could so little depend upon the force 'of those impressions which I had the 'vanity to hope I had made in a heart 'so delicate; and in my worst devices 'against her, I encouraged myself, that 'I abused no confidence; for none had 'she in my honour.

'The evils she has suffered, it would 'have been more than a miracle had she 'avoided. Her watchfulness rendered 'more plots abortive, than those which 'contributed to her fall; and they were 'many and various. And all her greater 'trials and hardships were owing to her 'noble resistance, and just resentment.

'I know,' proceeded I, 'how much 'I condemn myself in the justice I am 'doing to this excellent creature. But 'yet I *will* do her justice, and cannot help 'it if I would. And I hope this shews, 'that I am not so totally abandoned, as 'I have been thought to be.

'Indeed, with me, she has done more 'honour to her sex in her fall, if it be 'to be called a fall, (in truth it ought 'not) than ever any other could do in 'her standing.

'When, at length, I had given her 'watchful virtue-cause of suspicion, I 'was then indeed obliged to make use 'of power and art to prevent her escap- 'ing from me. She then formed con- 'trivances to elude mine; but all *her* 'were such as strict truth and punctili- 'ous honour would justify. She could 'not stoop to deceit and falsehood—no, 'not to save herself. More than once 'justly did she tell me, fired by confci- 'ous worthiness, that her soul was my 'soul's superior!—Forgive me, ladies, 'for saying, that till I knew *her*, I ques- 'tioned a soul in a sex, created, as I 'was willing to suppose, only for tem- 'porary purposes.—It is not to be ima- 'gined into what absurdities men of free 'principles run, in order to justify to 'themselves their free practices; and to 'make a religion to their minds: and 'yet, in this respect, I have not been 'so faulty as some others.

'No wonder that such a noble crea- 'ture as this looked upon every studied 'artifice, as a degree of baseness not to 'be forgiven: no wonder that she could 'so easily become averse to the man, '(though once she beheld him with an 'eye not wholly indifferent) whom she 'thought capable of premeditated guilt. '—Nor, give me leave, on the other 'hand, to say, is it to be wondered at, 'that the man who found it so difficult 'to be forgiven for the *slighter* offences, 'and who had not the grace to recede 'or repent, (made desperate) should be 'hurried on to the commission of the 'greater.

'In short, ladies—in a word, my lord '—Miss Clarissa Harlowe is an angel; 'if ever there was or could be one in 'human nature: and is, and ever was, 'as pure as an angel in her will: and 'this justice I must do her, although the 'question, I see by every glistening eye, 'is ready to be asked—"What, then, "Lovelace, are you?"

Lord M. 'A devil!—A damned de- 'vil!—I must answer. And may the 'curse of God follow you in all you un- 'dertake, if you do not make her the 'best amends now in your power to 'make her!'

Lovel. 'From you, my lord, I could 'expect no other: but from the ladies 'I hope for less violence from the in- 'genuousness of my confession.'

The ladies, elder and younger, had their handkerchiefs to their eyes, at the just testimony which I bore to the merits of this exalted creature; and which I would make no scruple to bear at the bar of a court of justice, were I to be called to it.

Lady Betty. 'Well, Sir, this is a 'noble character. If you think as you 'speak

'speak, surely you cannot refuse to do 'the lady all the justice now in your 'power to do her.'

They all joined in this demand.

I pleaded, that I was sure she would not have me: that, when she had taken a resolution, she was not to be moved: unpersuadableness was an Harlowe sin: that, and her name, I told them, were all she had of theirs.

All were of opinion, that she might, in her present desolate circumstances, be brought to forgive me. Lady Sarah said, that Lady Betty and she would endeavour to find out the *noble sufferer*, as they justly called her; and would take her into their protection, and be guarantees of the justice that I would do her; as well after marriage as before.

It was some pleasure to me, to observe the placability of these ladies of my own family, had they, any or either of them, met with a LOVELACE. But 'twould be hard upon us honest fellows, Jack, if all women were CLARISSAS.

Here am I obliged to break off.

LETTER LVII.

MR. LOVELACE. IN CONTINUATION.

IT is much better, Jack, to tell your own story, when it *must* be known, than to have an adversary tell it for you. Conscious of this, I gave them a particular account how urgent I had been with her to fix upon the Thursday after I left her, (it being her uncle Harlowe's anniversary birth-day, and named to oblige her) for the private celebration; having some days before actually procured a licence, which still remained with her.

That, not being able to prevail upon her to promise any-thing, while under a supposed restraint; I offered to leave her at full liberty, if she would give me the least hope for that day. But neither did this offer avail me.

That this inflexibleness making me desperate; I resolved to add to my former fault, by giving directions, that she should not either go or correspond out of the house, till I returned from M. Hall; well knowing, that if she were at full liberty, I must for ever lose her.

That this constraint had so much incensed her, that although I wrote no less than four different letters, I could not procure a single word in answer; though I pressed her but for four words to signify the day and the church.

I referred to my own cousins to vouch for me the unexceptionableness of [illegible] took to send messengers to [illegible] they knew not the occasion; which [illegible] I told them was this.

I acquainted them, that I [illegible] wrote to you, Jack, and to another gentleman of whom I thought she had a good opinion, to attend her, in order to press for her compliance; holding myself in readiness the last day, at Saint Hill, to meet the messenger they should send, and proceed to London, if his message were favourable: but that, before they could attend her, she had found means to fly away once more: 'And is now,' said I, 'perched perhaps 'somewhere under Lady Betty's window 'at Glenham Hall; and there, like the 'sweet Philomela, a thorn in her breast, 'warbles forth her melancholy com- 'plaints against her barbarous Tereus.'

Lady Betty declared, That she was not with *her*; nor did she know where she was. She should be, she added, the most welcome guest to her, that she ever received.

In truth I had a suspicion, that she was already in their knowledge, and taken into their protection; for Lady Sarah I imagined incapable of being rouzed to this spirit by a letter only from Miss Harlowe, and that not directed to herself; she being a very indolent and melancholy woman. But her sister, I find, had wrought her up to it: for Lady Betty is as officious and managing a woman as Mrs. Howe; but of a much more generous and noble disposition—She is *my aunt*, Jack.

I supposed, I said, that her ladyship might have a private direction where to send to her. I spoke as I wished: I would have given the world to have heard that she was inclined to cultivate the interest of any of my family.

Lady Betty answered, that she had no direction but what was in the letter; which she had scratched out, and which, it was probable, was only a temporary one, in order to avoid me: otherwise she would hardly have directed an answer to be left at an inn. And she was of opinion, that to apply to Miss Howe would be the only certain way to succeed in any application for forgiveness, would I enable that young lady to interest herself in procuring it.

Miss Charlotte. 'Permit me to make 'a proposal.—Since we are all of one 'mind in relation to the justice due to 'Miss Harlowe, if Mr. Lovelace will 'oblige himself to marry her, I will 'make Miss Howe a visit, little as I ac- 'quai[illegible]

[illegible] endeavour to [illegible] the re-[illegible]. And if this can be done, I make no question but all may be happily accommodated; for everybody knows the love there is between Miss Harlowe and Miss [illegible].

MARRIAGE, *with these women, thou fool, Jack, is an divertisement for all we can do here. A true dramatick retrompete!*

This motion was highly approved of; and I gave my honour, as desired, in the fullest manner they could wish.

Lady Sarah. 'Well then, cousin Charlotte, begin your treaty with Miss Howe, out of hand.'

Lady Betty. 'Pray do. And let Miss Harlowe be told, that I am ready to receive her as the most welcome of guests: and I will not have her out of my sight till the knot is tied.'

Lady Sarah. 'Tell her from me, that she shall be my daughter!—Instead of my poor Betsey.'——And shed a tear in remembrance of her lost daughter.

Lord M. 'What say you, Sir, to this?'

Lovel. 'CONVENT, my lord. I speak in the language of your house.'

Lord M. 'We are not to be fooled, nephew. No quibbling. We will have no flirt put upon us.'

Lovel. 'You shall not. And yet, I did not intend to marry, if she exceeded the appointed Thursday. But, I think, (according to her own notions) that I have injured her beyond reparation, although I were to make her the best of husbands; as I am resolved to be, if she will *condescend*, as I will call it, to have me.—And be this, cousin Charlotte, *my* part of *your* commission to say.'

This pleased them all.

Lord M. 'Give me thy hand, Bob! Thou talkest like a man of honour at last. I hope we may depend upon what thou sayest!'

The ladies eyes put the same question to me.

Lovel. 'You may, my lord.—You may, ladies—Absolutely you may.'

Then was the personal character of the lady, as well as her more extraordinary talents and endowments, again expatiated upon: and Miss Patty, who had once seen her launched out more than all the rest in her praise. These were followed by such enquiries as are never forgotten to be made in marriage-treaties, and which generally are the principal motives with the *sages* of a family, though the *last to be mentioned* by the *parties* themselves, and yet even by them, perhaps, the *first* thought of: that is to say, inquisition into the lady's fortune; into the particulars of the grandfather's estate; and what her father, and her single-souled uncles, will probably do for her, if a reconciliation be effected; as, by their means, they make no doubt but it will, between both families, if it be not my fault. The two venerables [No longer rabbies with me now] hinted at rich presents on their own parts; and my lord declared, that he would make such overtures in my behalf, as should render my marriage with Miss Harlowe the best day's work I ever made; and what, he doubted not, would be as agreeable to that family, as to myself.

Thus, at present, by a single hair, hangs over my head the matrimonial sword. And thus ended my trial. And thus are we all friends; and 'Cousin' and 'Cousin,' and 'Nephew' and 'Nephew,' at every word.

Did ever comedy end more happily, than this long trial?

LETTER LVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDN. JULY 22.

SO, Jack, they think they have gained a mighty point. But, *were* I to change my mind, *were* I to repent, I fancy I am safe.—And yet this very moment it rises to my mind, that 'tis hard trifling too; for surely there must be some embers, where there was fire so lately, that may be stirred up to give a blaze to combustibles strewed lightly upon them. Love, like some self-propagating plants, or roots, which have taken strong hold in the earth, when once got deep into the heart, is hardly ever *totally* extirpated, except by matrimony indeed, which is the grave of love, because it allows of the end of love. Then these ladies, all advocates *for* herself, *with* herself, Miss Howe at their head perhaps——Not in favour to me—I don't expect that from Miss Howe—But perhaps in favour to *herself*: for Miss Howe has reason to apprehend vengeance from me, I ween. Her Hickman will be safe too, as she may think, if I marry her beloved friend: for he has been a busy fellow, and I have long wished to have a slap at him! —The lady's case desperate with her friends too; and likely to be so, while single, and her character exposed to censure.

A husband

A husband is a charming cloak, a fig-leafed apron for a wife: and for a lady to be protected in liberties, in diversions, which her heart pants after—and all her faults, even the most criminal, were she to be detected, to be thrown upon the husband, and the ridicule too; a charming privilege for a wife!

But I shall have one comfort, if I marry, which pleases me not a little. If a man's wife has a dear friend of her sex, a hundred liberties may be taken with that friend which could *not* be taken, if the *single lady* (knowing what a title to freedoms marriage has given him with her *friend*) was not less scrupulous with him than she ought to be, with *herself*. Then there are *broad* freedoms (shall I call them?) that may be taken by the husband with his wife, that may not be *quite* shocking, which, if the wife *bears before her friend*, will serve for a lesson to *that friend*; and if that friend *bears* to be present at them without check or bashfulness, will shew a sagacious fellow that she can bear as much herself, at *proper time* and *place*.

Chastity, Jack, like *piety*, is an uniform thing. If in *look*, if in *speech*, a girl give way to undue levity, depend upon it, the devil has got one of his cloven feet in her heart already—So, Hickman, take care of thyself, I advise thee, whether I marry or not.

Thus, Jack, have I at once reconciled myself to all my relations—And if the lady refuses me, thrown the fault upon her. This, I knew, would be in my power to do at any time: and I was the more arrogant to them, in order to heighten the merit of my compliance.

But after all, it would be very whimsical, would it not, if all my plots and contrivances should end in wedlock? What a punishment should this come out to be, upon myself too, that all this while I have been plundering my own treasury?

And then, can there be so much harm done, if it can be so easily repaired by a few magical words; as *I, Robert*, take thee, Clarissa; and I, Clarissa, take thee Robert, with the rest of the for-better and for-worse legerdemain, which will hocus pocus all the wrongs, the crying wrongs, that I have done to Miss Harlowe, into acts of kindness and benevolence to Mrs. Lovelace?

But, Jack, two things I must insist upon with thee, if this is to be the case—Having put secrets of so high a nature between me and my spouse into thy power, I must, for my own honour, and for the honour of my wife and my illustrious progeny, first oblige thee to give up the letters I have so stupidly trebled to thee; and, in the next place do by thee, as I have heard whispered in France was done by the *first husband* of a certain monarque; that is to say, cut thy throat, to prevent thy telling of tales.

I have found means to heighten the kind opinion my friends here have begun to have of me, by communicating to them the contents of the four last letters which I wrote to press my chaste spouse to solemnize. My lord has repeated one of his phrases in my favour, that he hopes it will come out, *That the devil is not quite so black as he is painted.*

Now pr'ythee, dear Jack, seest so many good consequences are to flow from these our nuptials (one of which to *thyself*; for the sooner thou diest, the less thou wilt have to answer for) and that I now-and-then am apt to believe there may be something in the old fellow's notion, who once told us, That he who kills a man, has all that man's sins to answer for, as well as his own, because he gave him not the time to repent of them, that Heaven designed to allow him; [A fine thing for thee, if thou consentest to be knocked of the head; but a cursed one for the manslayer!] and since there may be room to fear, that Miss Howe will not give us her help; I pr'ythee now exert thyself to find out my Clarissa Harlowe, that I may make a LOVELACE of her. Set all the city bellmen, and the country criers, for ten miles round the metropolis, to work, with their 'O yes's! and if any 'man, woman, or child, can give tale 'or tidings—' Advertise her in all the newspapers; and let her know, That if she will repair to Lady Betty Lawrance, or to Miss Charlotte Montague, she may hear of something greatly to her advantage.

My two cousins Montague are actually to set out to-morrow, to Mrs. Howe's, to engage her vixen daughter's interest with her friend. They will flaunt it away in a chariot and six, for the greater state and significance.

Confounded mortification to be reduced thus low!—My pride hardly knows how to brook it.

Lord M. has engaged the two venerables to stay here, to attend the issue: and I, standing very high at present in their good graces, am to gallant them to Oxford, to Blenheim, and several other places.

LETTER LIX.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY NIGHT, JULY 13.

COLLINS sets not out to-morrow. Some domeſtick occaſion hinders him. Rogers is but now returned from you, and cannot well be ſpared. Mr. Hickman is gone upon an affair of my mother's, and has taken both his ſervants with him, to do credit to his employer: ſo I am forced to venture this by the poſt, directed by your aſſumed name.

I am to acquaint you, that I have been favoured with a viſit from Miſs Montague and her ſiſter, in Lord M.'s chariot-and-ſix. My lord's gentleman rode here yeſterday, with a requeſt that I would receive a viſit from the two young ladies, on a *very particular occaſion*; the greater favour if it might be the next day.

As I had ſo little perſonal knowledge of either, I doubted not but it muſt be in relation to the intereſts of my dear friend; and ſo conſulting with my mother, I ſent them an invitation to favour me (becauſe of the diſtance) with their company at dinner; which they kindly accepted.

I hope, my dear, ſince things have been ſo *very* bad, that their errand to me will be as agreeable to you, as any thing that can now happen. They came in the name of Lord M. and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty his two ſiſters, to deſire my intereſt to engage you to put yourſelf into the protection of Lady Betty; who will not part with you till ſhe ſees all the juſtice done you that now can be done.

Lady Sarah had not ſtirred out for a twelvemonth before; never ſince ſhe loſt her agreeable daughter whom you and I ſaw at Mrs. Benſon's; but was induced to take this journey by Lady Betty, purely to procure your reparation, if poſſible. And their joint ſtrength, united with Lord M.'s, has ſo far ſucceeded, that the wretch has bound himſelf to them, and to theſe young ladies, in the ſolemneſt manner, to wed you in their preſence, if they can prevail upon you to give him your hand.

This conſolation you may take to yourſelf, that all this honourable family have a *due* (that is, the *higheſt*) ſenſe of your merit, and greatly admire you. The horrid creature has not ſpared himſelf in doing juſtice to your virtue; and the young ladies give us ſuch an account of his confeſſions, and ſelf-condemnation, that my mother was quite charmed with you; and we all ſouriſhed tears of joy, that there is one of our ſex, [I, that that one is my deareſt friend] who has done ſo much honour to it, as to deſerve the exalted praiſes given you by a wretch ſo ſelf-conceited; though pity for the excellent creature mixed with our joy.

He promiſes by them to make the beſt of huſbands; and my lord, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, are all three to be guarantees that he will be ſo. Noble ſettlements, noble preſents, they talked of: they ſay they left Lord M. and his two ſiſters talking of nothing elſe but of thoſe preſents and ſettlements, how moſt to do you honour, the greater in proportion for the indignities you have ſuffered; and of changing of names by act of parliament, preparative to the intereſt they will all join to make to get the titles to go where the bulk of the eſtate muſt go, at my lord's death, which they apprehend to be nearer than they wiſh. Nor doubt they of a thorough reformation in his morals, from your example and influence over him.

I made a great many objections for you—All, I believe, that you could have made yourſelf, had you been preſent. But I have no doubt to adviſe you, my dear, (and ſo does my mother) inſtantly to put yourſelf into Lady Betty's protection, with a reſolution to take the wretch for your huſband. All his future grandeur [He wants not pride] depends upon his ſincerity to you; and the young ladies vouch for the depth of his concern for the wrongs he has done you.

All his apprehenſion is, in your readineſs to communicate to every-one, as he fears, the evils you have ſuffered; which he thinks will expoſe you both. But had you not revealed them to Lady Betty, you had not had ſo warm a friend; ſince it is owing to two letters you wrote to her, that all this good, as I hope it will prove, was brought about. But I adviſe you to be more ſparing in expoſing what is paſt, whether you have thoughts of accepting him or not: for what, my dear, can that avail now, but to give a handle to vile wretches to triumph over your friends; ſince every-one will not know how much to your honour your very ſufferings have been?

Your melancholy letter brought by Rogers, with his account of your indifferen

different health, confirmed to him by the woman of the house, as well as by your looks, and by your faintness while you talked with him, would have given me inexpressible affliction, had I not been cheered by this agreeable visit from the young ladies. I hope you will be equally so on my imparting the subject of it to you.

Indeed, my dear, you must not hesitate. You *must* oblige them. The alliance is splendid and honourable. Very few will know any-thing of his brutal baseness to you. All must end, in a little while, in a general reconciliation, and you will be able to resume your course of doing the good to every deserving object, which procured you blessings wherever you set your foot.

I am concerned to find, that your father's inhuman curse affects you so much as it does. Yet you are a noble creature, to put it, as you put it—I hope you are indeed more solicitous to get it revoked for their sakes than for your own. It is for *them* to be penitent, who hurried you into evils you could not well avoid. You are apt to judge by the unhappy event, rather than upon the true merits of your case. Upon my honour, I think you faultless in almost every step you have taken. What has not that vilely insolent and ambitious, yet stupid, brother of yours to answer for?—That spiteful thing your sister too!

But come, since what is past cannot be helped, let us look forward. You have now happy prospects opening to you: a family, *already noble*, prepared to receive and embrace you with open arms, and joyful heart; and who, by their love to you, will teach another family (who know not what an excellence they have confederated to persecute) how to value you. Your prudence, your piety, will crown all. You will reclaim a wretch, that for an hundred sakes more than for his own, one would wish to be reclaimed.

Like a traveller, who has been put out of his way, by the overflowing of some rapid stream, you have only had the fore-right path you were in overwhelmed. A few miles about, a day or two only lost, as I may say, and you are in a way to recover it; and, by quickening your speed, will get up the lost time. The hurry upon your spirits, mean time, will be all your inconvenience; for it was not your fault you were stopped in your progress.

Think of this, my dear; and improve upon the allegory, as you know how. If you can, without impeding your progress, be the means of allaying the inundation, of bounding the waters within their natural channel, and thereby of recovering the overwhelmed path for the sake of future passengers who travel the same way, what a merit will yours be!

I shall impatiently expect your next letter. The young ladies propose, that you should put yourself, if [illegible], or near it, into the Reading stage coach, which inns somewhere in Fleet Street: and if you give notice of the day, you will be met on the road, and that pretty early in your journey, by some of both sexes; one of whom you won't be sorry to see.

Mr. Hickman shall attend you at Slough; and Lady Betty herself, and one of the Miss Montagues, with proper equipages, will be at Reading to receive you; and carry you directly to the seat of the former: for I have expressly stipulated, that the wretch himself shall not come into your presence till your nuptials are to be solemnized, unless you give leave.

Adieu, my dearest friend. Be happy: and hundreds will then be happy of consequence. Inexpressibly so, I am sure, will then be *your ever-affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LX.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 16.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

WHY should you permit a mind so much devoted to your service, to labour under such an impatience as you must know it *would* labour under, for want of an answer to a letter of such consequence to *you*, and therefore to *me*, as was mine of Thursday night?—Rogers told me on Thursday, you were *so* ill; your letter sent by him was *so* melancholy!—Yet you must be ill indeed, if you could not write something to such a letter; were it but a line, to say you would write as soon as you could. Sure you have received it. The master of your nearest post-office will pawn his reputation that it went safe: I gave him particular charge of it.

God send me good news of your health, of your ability to write; and then I will chide you—Indeed I will—as I never yet did chide you.

I suppose your excuse will be, that the subject required consideration—Lord! my dear, so it might; but you have so right

[illegible] and the matter in queſtion is ſo dreadful, that you could not [illegible] to determine—Then [illegible] probably, to wait Col[illegible] for your letter as on to-morrow!—Suppoſe—Alas!—(indeed I am [illegible] with you!—ſuppoſe) ſomething [illegible] happen, as it did on Friday, that he ſhould not be able to go to town to-morrow!—How, child, could you forgive me ſo!—I know not how to leave off writing to you!

Dear, honeſt Collins, make haſte:' he will: he will. He ſets out, and travels all night: for I have told him, that the deareſt friend I have in the world has it in her own choice to be happy, and ſo make me ſo; and that the letter he will bring from her, will aſſure it to me.

I have ordered him to go directly (without ſtopping at the Saracen's Head Inn) to you at your lodgings. Matters are now in ſo good a way, that he ſafely may.

Your expected letter is ready written, I hope: if it be not, he will call for it at your hour.

You can't be ſo happy as you deſerve to be: but I doubt not that you will be as happy as you *can*; that is, that you will chuſe to put yourſelf inſtantly into Lady Betty's protection. If you would not have the wretch for *your own* ſake; have him you muſt, for *mine*, for your *family's*, for your *honour's* ſake!—Dear, honeſt Collins, make haſte! make haſte! and relieve the impatient heart of my beloved's *ever-faithful ever-affectionate*,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXI.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

TUESDAY MORN. JULY 18.

MADAM,

I Take the liberty to write to you, by this ſpecial meſſenger. In the phrenzy of my ſoul I write to you, to demand of you, and of any of your family who can tell, news of my beloved friend; who, I doubt, has been ſpirited away by the baſe arts of one of the blackeſt—O help me to a name bad enough to call him by! Her piety is proof againſt ſelf-attempts. It muſt, it muſt be he, the only wretch, who could injure ſuch an innocent; and now—who knows what he has done with her!

If I have patience, I will give you the occaſion of this diſtracted vehemence.

I wrote to her the very moment you and your ſiſter left me. But being unable to procure a ſpecial meſſenger, as I intended, was forced to ſend by the poſt. I urged her (You know I promiſed that I would: I urged her) with earneſtneſs, to comply with the deſires of all your family. Having no anſwer, I wrote again on Sunday night; and ſent it by a particular hand, who travelled all night; chiding her for keeping a heart ſo impatient as mine in ſuch cruel ſuſpence, upon a matter of ſo much importance to her; and therefore to me. And very angry I was with her in my mind.

But, judge my aſtoniſhment, my diſtraction, when laſt night, the meſſenger, returning poſt-haſte, brought me word, that ſhe had not been heard of ſince Friday morning! And that a letter lay for her at her lodgings, which came by the poſt; and muſt be mine!

She went out about ſix that morning; only intending, as they believe, to go to morning prayers at Covent-Garden church, juſt by her lodgings, as ſhe had done divers times before—Went on foot!—Left word ſhe ſhould be back in an hour—Very poorly in health!

Lord have mercy upon me! What ſhall I do!—I was a diſtracted creature all laſt night!

O Madam! You know not how I love her!—My own ſoul is not dearer to me than my Clariſſa Harlowe!—Nay, ſhe *is* my ſoul—For I now have none—Only a miſerable one, however—For ſhe was the joy, the ſtay, the prop of my life. Never woman loved woman as we love one another. It is impoſſible to tell you half her excellences. It was my glory and my pride, that I was capable of ſo fervent a love of ſo pure and matchleſs a creature—But now—Who knows, whether the dear injured has not all her woes, her undeſerved woes, completed in death; or is not reſerved for a worſe fate!—This I leave to your enquiry—For—your—[ſhall I call the man——your?] relation I underſtand is ſtill with you.

Surely, my good ladies, you were well authorized in the propoſals you made in preſence of my mother! Surely he dare not abuſe your confidence, and the confidence of your noble relations! I make no apology for giving you this trouble, nor for deſiring you to favour with a line by this meſſenger *your almoſt diſtracted*

ANNA HOWE.

LET-

LETTER LXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, SAT. NIGHT, JUNE 15.

ALL undone, undone, by Jupiter!—Zounds, Jack, what shall I do now! A curse upon all my plots and contrivances!—But I have it——In the very heart and soul of me, I have it!

Thou toldest me, that my punishments were but beginning—Canst thou, O fatal prognosticator! canst thou tell me, where they will end?

Thy assistance I bespeak. The moment thou receivest this, I bespeak thy assistance. This messenger rides for life and death—And I hope he'll find you at your town-lodgings; if he meet not with you at Edgware: where, being Sunday, he will call first.

This cursed, cursed woman, on Friday dispatched man and horse with the joyful news, (as she thought it would be to me) in an exulting letter from Sally Martin, that she had found out my angel as on Wednesday last; and on Friday morning, after she had been at prayers at Covent Garden church—praying for my reformation perhaps—got her arrested by two sheriff's officers, as she was returning to her lodgings, who (villains!) put her into a chair they had in readiness, and carried her to one of the cursed fellow's houses.

She has arrested her for 150l. pretendedly due for board and lodging: a sum (besides the low villainy of the proceeding) which the dear soul could not possibly raise: all her cloaths and effects, except what she had on and with her when she went away, being at the old devil's.

And here, for an aggravation, has the dear creature lain already two days; for I must be gallanting my two aunts and my two cousins, and giving Lord M. an airing after his lying-in—Pox upon the whole family of us! And returned not till within this hour: and now returned to my distraction, on receiving the cursed tidings, and the exulting letter.

Hasten, hasten, dear Jack; for the love of God, hasten to the injured charmer! My heart bleeds for her—She deserved not this!—I dare not stir. It will be thought done by my contrivance—And if I am absent from this place, that will confirm the suspicion.

Damnation seize quick this accursed woman!—Yet she thinks she has made no small merit with me. Unhappy, thrice unhappy circumstance!—All a time too, when better prospects were opening for the sweet creature!

Hasten to her!—Clear me of this cursed job. Most sincerely, by all that's sacred, I swear you must!—Did ever I been such a villainous plotter, that the charming sufferer will surely believe it: although the proceeding be so dirtily low.

Set her free the moment you see her; without conditioning. Free!—On your knees, for me, beg her pardon: and assure her, that, wherever she goes, I will not molest her: no, nor come near her without her leave: and be sure allow not any of the damned crew to go near her—Only let her permit you to receive her commands from time to time. You have always been her friend and advocate. What would I now give, had I permitted you to have been a successful one!

Let her have all her cloaths and effects sent her instantly, as a small proof of my sincerity. And force upon the dear creature, who must be moneyless, what sums you can get her to take. Let me know how she has been treated. If roughly, woe be to the guilty!

Take thy watch in thy hand, after thou hast freed her, and damn the whole brood, dragon and serpents, by the hour, till thou'rt tired; and tell them, I bid thee do so for their cursed officiousness.

They had nothing to do when they had found her, but to wait my orders how to proceed.

The great devil fly away with them all, one by one, through the roof of their own cursed house, and dash them to pieces against the tops of chimneys as he flies; and let the lesser devils collect their scattered scraps, and bag them up, in order to put them together again in their allotted place, in the element of fire, with cements of molten lead.

A line! a line! A kingdom for a line! with tolerable news, the first moment thou canst write!—This fellow waits to bring it.

LETTER LXIII.

MISS CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE, TO MISS HOWE.

M. HALL, TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

DEAR MISS HOWE,

YOUR letter has infinitely disturbed us all.

This wretched man has been half distracted ever since Saturday night.

knew not what ailed him, till your letter was brought.

He is unwell, to be ſure, he is however innocent of this new evil.

Indeed he is, he muſt be; as I ſhall more at large acquaint you.

But will not now detain your meſſenger.

Only to ſatisfy your juſt impatience, by telling you, that the dear young lady is ſafe, and, we hope, well.

A horrid miſtake of his general orders has ſubjected her to the terror and diſgrace of an arreſt.

Poor dear Miſs Harlowe!—Her ſufferings have endeared her to us, almoſt as much as her excellences can have endeared her to you.

But ſhe muſt now be quite at liberty.

He has been a diſtracted man, ever ſince the news was brought him; and we knew not what ailed him.

But that I ſaid before.

My Lord M. my Lady Sarah Sadleir, and my Lady Betty Lawrance, will all write to you this very afternoon.

And ſo will the wretch himſelf.

And ſend it by a ſervant of their own, not to detain yours.

I know not what I write.

But you ſhall have all the particulars, juſt, and true, and fair, from, *dear Madam, your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant,*

CH. MONTAGUE.

LETTER LXIV.

MISS MONTAGUE, TO MISS HOWE.

M. HALL, JULY 18.

DEAR MADAM,

IN purſuance of my promiſe, I will minutely inform you of every-thing we know, relating to this ſhocking tranſaction.

When we returned from you on Thurſday night, and made our report of the kind reception both we and our meſſage met with, in that you had been ſo good as to promiſe to uſe your intereſt with your dear friend; it put us all into ſuch good humour with one another, and with my couſin Lovelace, that we reſolved upon a little tour of two days, the Friday and Saturday, in order to give an airing to my lord, and Lady Sarah; both having been long confined, one by illneſs, the other by melancholy. My lord, Lady Sarah, Lady Betty, and myſelf, were in the coach; and all our talk was of dear Miſs Harlowe, and of our future happineſs with her. Mr. Lovelace and my ſiſter (who is his favourite, as he is hers) were in his phaeton: and whenever we ſpoke, company, that was ſtill the ſubject.

As to him, never man praiſed woman, as he did her: never man gave greater hopes, and made better reſolutions. He is none of thoſe that are governed by intereſt. He is too proud for that. But moſt ſincerely delighted was he in talking of her; and of his hopes of her returning favour. He ſaid, however, more than once, that he feared ſhe would not forgive him; for, from his heart, he muſt ſay, he deſerved not her forgiveneſs: and often and often, that there was not ſuch a woman in the world.

This I mention to ſhew you, Madam, that he could not at this time be privy to ſuch a barbarous and diſgraceful treatment of her.

We returned not till Saturday night, all in as good humour with one another as we went out. We never had ſuch pleaſure in his company before. If he would be good, and as he ought to be, no man would be better beloved by relations than he. But never was there a greater alteration in man when he came home, and received a letter from a meſſenger, who, it ſeems, had been flattering himſelf in hopes of a reward, and had been waiting for his return from the night before. In *ſuch* a fury!—The man fared but badly. He inſtantly ſhut himſelf up to write, and ordered man and horſe to be ready to ſet out before day-light the next morning, to carry the letter to a friend in London.

He would not ſee us all that night; neither breakfaſt nor dine with us next day. He ought, he ſaid, never to ſee light; and bid my ſiſter, whom he called an *innocent*, (and who was very deſirous to know the occaſion of all this) ſhun him: ſaying, He was a wretch, and made ſo by his own inventions, and the conſequences of them.

None of us could get out of him what ſo diſturbed him. We ſhould too ſoon hear, he ſaid, to the utter diſſipation of all *his* hopes, and of all *ours*.

We could eaſily ſuppoſe, that all was not right with regard to the worthy young lady and him.

He was out each day; and ſaid he wanted to run away from himſelf.

Late on Monday night he received a letter from Mr. Belford, his moſt favoured friend, by his own meſſenger; who came back in a ſtorm, man and horſe. Whatever were the contents, he was not eaſier, but like a madman rather. but ſtill would not let us know

the

the occasion. But to my sister he said, 'Nobody, my dear Patsey, who can 'think but of half the plagues that pursue an intriguing spirit, would ever 'quit the fore-right path.'

He was out, when your messenger came; but soon came in; and bad enough was his reception from us all. And he said, that his own torments were greater than ours, than Miss Harlowe's, or yours, Madam, all put together. He would see your letter. He always carries every-thing before him: and said, when he had read it, that he thanked God, he was not such a villain, as you, with too great an appearance of reason, thought him.

Thus then he owned the matter to be.

He had left general directions to the people of the lodgings the dear lady went from, to find out where she was gone to, if possible, that he might have an opportunity to importune her to be his, before their difference was publick. The wicked people (*officious* at least, if not wicked) discovered where she was on Wednesday; and, for fear she should remove before they could have his orders, they put her under a *gentle restraint*, as they call it; and dispatched away a messenger to acquaint him with it; and to take his orders.

This messenger arrived on Friday afternoon; and staid here till we returned on Saturday night:—and when he read the letter he brought—I have told you, Madam, what a fury he was in.

The letter he retired to write, and which he dispatched away so early on Sunday morning, was to conjure his friend Mr. Belford, on receipt of it, to fly to the lady, and set her free; and to order all her things to be sent to her; and to clear him of so *black* and *villainous* a fact, as he justly called it.

And by this time he doubts not that all is happily over; and the beloved of his soul (as he calls her at every word) in an easier and happier way than she was before the horrid fact. And now he owns, that the reason why Mr. Belford's letter set him into stronger ravings, was because of his keeping him wilfully (and on purpose to torment him) in suspence; and reflecting very heavily upon him; (for Mr. Belford, he says, was ever the lady's friend and advocate) and only mentioning, that he had waited upon her; referring to his next for further particulars; which Mr. Belford could have told him at the time.

He declares, and we can vouch for him, that he has been, ever since Saturday night, the most miserable of men.

He forbore going up himself, that it might not be imagined he was guilty of so black a contrivance; and that he went up to complete any base views in consequence of it.

Believe us all, dear Miss Howe, under the deepest concern at this unhappy accident; which will, we fear, exasperate the charming sufferer; not too much for the occasion, but too much for our hopes.

O what wretches are these free-living men, who love to tread in intricate paths; and, when once they err, know not how far out of the way their headstrong course may lead them!

My sister joins her thanks with mine to your good mother and self, for the favours you heaped upon us last Thursday. We beseech your continued interest as to the subject of our visit. It shall be all our studies to oblige and recompense the dear lady to the utmost of our power, for what she has suffered from the unhappy man.

We are, dear Madam, *your obliged and faithful servants*,

CHARLOTTE } MONTAGUE.
MARTHA }

'DEAR MISS HOWE,

'WE join in the above request of 'Miss Charlotte and Miss Patty Mon'tague, for your favour and interest; 'being convinced, that the accident 'was an accident; and no plot or con'trivance of a wretch too full of them. 'We are, Madam, *your most obedient 'humble servants*,

'M.
'SARAH SADLEIR.
'ELIZ. LAWRANCE.'

'DEAR MISS HOWE,

'AFTER what is written above, by 'names and characters of such unques'tionable honour, I might have been 'excused signing a name almost as hate'ful to myself, as I KNOW it is to 'you. But the *above* will have it so. 'Since therefore I *must* write, it shall be 'the truth; which is, that, if I may 'be once more admitted to pay my duty 'to the most deserving and most injur'red of her sex, I will be content to 'do it with a halter about my neck; 'and, attended by a *parson* on my 'right-hand, and the *hangman* on my 'left,

'[illegible] hanged, as they will, either
'[illegible] on the gallows. Your
'[illegible] Servant,
'ROBERT LOVELACE.

'SUNDAY, JULY 16.'

LETTER LXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 16.

WHAT a curſed piece of work haſt thou made of it, with the moſt excellent of women! Thou mayeſt be in earneſt, or in jeſt, as thou wilt; but the poor lady will not be long either thy ſport, or the ſport of fortune!

I will give thee an account of a ſcene that wants but her affecting pen to repreſent it juſtly; and it would wring all the black blood out of thy callous heart.

Thou, only, who art the author of her calamities, ſhouldſt have attended her in her priſon. I am unequal to ſuch a taſk: nor know I any other man but would.

This laſt act, however unintended by thee, yet a conſequence of thy general meditations, and too likely to be thought agreeable to thee, by thoſe who know thy other villanies by her, has finiſhed thy barbarous work. And I adviſe thee to trumpet forth every-where, how much in earneſt thou art to marry her, whether true or not.

Thou mayeſt *ſafely* do it. She will not live to put thee to the trial; and it will a little palliate for thy enormous uſage of her, and be a means to make mankind, who know not what I know of the matter, herd a little longer with thee, and forbear to hunt thee to thy fellow-ſavages in the Lybian wilds and deſarts.

Your meſſenger found me at Edgware, expecting to dinner with me ſeveral friends, whom I had invited three days before. I ſent apologies to them, as in a caſe of life and death; and poſted to town to the wicked woman's: for how knew I but ſhocking attempts might be made upon her by the curſed wretches: perhaps by your connivance, in order to mortify her into your meaſures!

Little knows the publick what villanies are committed by vile wretches, in theſe abominable houſes, upon innocent creatures drawn into their ſnares.

Finding the lady not there, I poſted away to the officer's, although Sally told me, that ſhe had but juſt come from thence; and that ſhe had refuſed to ſee her, or (as ſhe ſent down word) any-body elſe; being reſolved to have the remainder of that Sunday to herſelf, as it might, perhaps, be the laſt ſhe ſhould ever ſee.

I had the ſame thing told me, when I got thither.

I ſent up to let her know, that I came with a commiſſion to ſet her at liberty. I was afraid of ſending up the name of a man known to be your friend. She abſolutely refuſed to ſee *any man*, however, for that day, or to anſwer further to any thing ſaid from me.

Having therefore informed myſelf of all that the officer, and his wife, and ſervant, could acquaint me with, as well in relation to the horrid arreſt, as to her behaviour and the women's to her; and her ill-ſtate of health; I went back to Sinclair's, as I will ſtill call her, and heard the three women's ſtory: from all which, I am enabled to give you the following ſhocking particulars: which may ſerve till I can ſee the unhappy lady herſelf to-morrow, if then I gain admittance to her. You will find, that I have been very minute in my enquiries.

Your villain it was that *ſet* the poor lady, and had the impudence to appear, and abet the ſheriff's officers in the curſed tranſaction. He thought, no doubt, that he was doing the moſt acceptable ſervice to his bleſſed maſter. They had got a chair; the head ready up, as ſoon as ſervice was over. And as ſhe came out of the church, at the door fronting Bedford Street, the officers, ſtepping to her, whiſpered, that they had an action againſt her.

She was terrified, trembled, and turned pale.

'*Action!*' ſaid ſhe, 'What is that?
'—I have committed *no bad action!*—
'Lord bleſs me!—Men, what mean
'you?'

'That you are our priſoner, Ma-
'dam?'

'*Priſoner*, Sirs!—What—How—Why
'What have I done?'

'You muſt go with us. Be pleaſed,
'Madam, to ſtep into this chair.'

'With *you!*—With *men!*—Muſt go
'with *men!*—I am not uſed to go with
'*ſtrange men!*—Indeed you muſt excuſe
'me!'

'We can't excuſe you: we are ſhe-
'riff's officers. We have a writ againſt
'you. You *muſt* go with us, and you
'ſhall know at whoſe ſuit.'

'*Suit!*' ſaid the charming innocent;

'I don't know what you mean. Pray, 'men, don't lay hands upon me;'—(they offering to put her into the chair,) '—I am not used to be thus treated—I 'have done nothing to deserve it.'

She then spied thy villain—'O thou 'wretch!'—said she, 'where is thy vile 'master?—Am I again to be *his pri-'soner?*—Help, good people!'

A crowd had before begun to gather.

'My master is in the country, Ma-'dam, many miles off. If you please 'to go with these men, they will treat 'you civilly.'

The people were most of them struck with compassion. 'A fine young crea-'ture!'—'A thousand pities!'—cried some. While some few threw out vile and shocking reflections! But a gentleman interposed, and demanded to see the fellows authority.

They shewed it.—'Is your name 'Clarissa Harlowe, Madam?' said he.

'Yes, yes, indeed!'—ready to sink—'my name *was* Clarissa Harlowe:—'But it is now *Wretchedness!*—Lord 'be merciful to me, what is to come 'next?'

'You *must* go with these men, Ma-'dam,' said the gentleman: 'they have 'authority for what they do.'

He pitied her, and retired.

'Indeed you must,' said one chairman.

'Indeed you must,' said the other.

'Can nobody,' joined in another gentleman, 'be applied to, who will 'see that so fine a creature is not ill-'used?'

The villain answered, Orders were given particularly for that. She had rich relations. She need but ask and have. She would only be carried to the officer's house, till matters could be made up. The people she had lodged with, loved her: but she had left her lodgings privately.

'O! had she those tricks already?' cried one or two.

She heard not this—But said—'Well, 'if I must go, I must—I cannot resist—'But I will not be carried to the wo-'man's!—I will rather die at your feet, 'than be carried to the woman's.'

'You won't be carried there, Ma-'dam,' cried thy fellow.

'Only to my house, Madam,' said one of the officers.

'Where is that?'

'In High Holborn, Madam.'

'I know not where High Holborn 'is: but any-where, except to the 'woman's.—But am I to go with *men* 'only?'

Looking about her, and finding three passages, to wit, that to King Street, Henrietta Street, and the fore-right one, to Bedford Street, crouded, she started—'Any-where, 'Any-where,' said she, 'but to the 'woman's!'—And stepping into the chair, threw herself on the seat, in the utmost distress and confusion—'Carry 'me—carry me out of sight—Cover me '—Cover me up—forever!'—were her words.

Thy villain drew the curtain: she had not power: and they went away with her through a vast crowd of people.

Here I must rest. I can write no more at present. Only, Lovelace, remember, *All this was to a Clarissa!*

THE unhappy lady fainted away when she was taken out of the chair at the officer's house.

Several people followed the chair to the very house, which is in a wretched court. Sally was there; and satisfied some of the enquirers, that the young gentlewoman would be exceedingly well used: and they soon dispersed.

Dorcas was also there; but came not in her sight. Sally, as a favour, offered to carry her to her former lodgings: but she declared, that they should carry her thither a corpse, if they did.

Very gentle usage the women boast of: so would a vulture, could it speak, with the entrails of it's prey upon it's rapacious talons. Of this you'll judge from what I have to recite.

She asked, What was meant by this usage of her?—'People told me,' said she, 'that I *must* go with the men:—'that they had authority to take me: 'so I submitted. But now, what is to 'be the end of this disgraceful vio-'lence?'

'The end,' said the vile Sally Martin, 'is, for honest people to come at their 'own.'

'Bless me! have I taken away any-'thing that belongs to those who have 'obtained this power over me?—I hate 'left very valuable things behind me; 'but have taken nothing away that is 'not my own.'

'And who do you think, *Miss Har-'lowe*;—for I understand,' said the cursed creature, 'you are not mar-'ried;—who do you think is to pay for 'your board and your lodgings?—such 'handsome lodgings?—for so long a 'time as you were at Mrs. Sinclair's?'

'Lord have mercy upon me!—Miss 'Martin!—(I think you are Miss Mar-'tin.)

'cause enough, *Miss Harlowe*,' (full of gratifying her jealous revenge, by calling her *Miss*) 'One hundred 'and fifty guineas, or pounds, is no 'trifle for him to lose—And by a young 'creature who would have bilked her 'lodgings!'

'You amaze me, Miss Martin!—'What language do you talk in?—*Bilk* 'my lodgings!—What is that?'

She stood astonished, and silent for a few moments.

But recovering herself, and turning from her to the window, she wrung her hands, [The cursed Sally shewed me how!] and lifting them up—'*Now*, 'Lovelace—Now indeed do I think I 'ought to forgive thee!—But who shall 'forgive Clarissa Harlowe!—O my sis-'ter!—O my brother!—Tender mercies 'were your cruelties to *this!*'

After a pause, her handkerchief drying up her falling tears, she turned to Sally: '*Now* have I nothing to do but 'acquiesce—Only let me say, That if 'this aunt of yours, this Mrs. Sinclair, 'or this man, this Mr. Lovelace, come 'near me—or if I am carried to the 'horrid house—(for that I suppose, is 'the design of this new outrage)—God 'be merciful to the poor Clarissa Har-'lowe!—Look to the consequence!—'Look, I charge you, to the conse-'quence!'

The vile wretch told her, It was not designed to carry her any-whither against her will: but, if it were, they should take care not to be frighted again by a *penknife*.

She cast up her eyes to Heaven, and was silent—And went to the farthest corner of the room, and, sitting down, threw her handkerchief over her face.

Sally asked her several questions; but not answering her, she told her, she would wait upon her by-and-by, when she had found her speech.

She ordered the people to press her to eat and drink. 'She must be fasting—'Nothing but her prayers and tears, 'poor thing!'—were the merciless devil's words, as she owned to me.—Dost think I did not curse her?

She went away; and, after her own dinner, returned.

The unhappy lady, by this devil's account of her, then seemed either mortified into meekness, or to have made a resolution not to be provoked by the insults of this cursed creature.

Sally enquired, in her presence, whether she had eat or drank any-thing: and being told by the woman, that she could not prevail upon her to taste a morsel, or drink a drop, she said, 'This 'is wrong, *Miss Harlowe!*—Very wrong! '—Your religion, I think, should teach 'you, that starving yourself is self-'murder.'

She answered not.

The wretch owned, she was resolved to make her speak.

She asked, if Mabell should attend her, till it were seen what her friends would do for her, in discharge of the debt:—'Mabell,' said she, 'has not *yet* 'earned the cloaths you were so good as 'to give her.

'Am I not worthy an answer, *Miss* '*Harlowe?*'

'I would answer you,' (said the sweet sufferer, without any emotion) 'if I 'knew how.'

'I have ordered pen, ink, and paper, 'to be brought you, *Miss Harlowe*. 'There they are. I know you love 'writing. You may write to whom you 'please. Your friend, Miss Howe, will 'expect to hear from you.'

'I have no friend,' said she. 'I de-'serve none.'

Rowland, for that's the officer's name, told her, She had friends enow to pay the debt, if she would write.

She would trouble nobody—she had no friends—was all they could get from her, while Sally staid: but yet spoken with a patience of spirit, as if she enjoyed her griefs.

The insolent creature went away, ordering them, in the lady's hearing, to be very civil to her, and to let her want for nothing. Now had she, she owned, the triumph of her heart over this haughty beauty, who kept them all at such distance in their own house!

What thinkest thou, Lovelace, of this!—This wretch's triumph was over a Clarissa!

About six in the evening, Rowland's wife pressed her to drink tea. She said, she had rather have a glass of water; for her tongue was ready to cleave to the roof of her mouth.

The woman brought her a glass, and some bread and butter. She tried to taste the latter; but could not swallow it: but eagerly drank the water; lifting up her eyes in thankfulness for that!!!

The divine Clarissa, Lovelace—reduced to rejoice for a cup of cold water!—By whom *reduced!*

About

About nine o'clock she asked, if anybody were to be her bedfellow.

Their maid, if she pleased; or, as she was so weak and ill, the girl should sit up with her, if she chose she should.

She chose to be alone both night and day, she said. But might she not be trusted with the keys of the room where she was to lie down; for she should not put off her cloaths!

That, they told her, could not be.

She was afraid not, she said.—But indeed she would not get away if she could.

They told me, that they had but one bed, besides that they lay in themselves, (which they would fain have had her accept of) and besides *that* their maid lay in, in a garret, which they called a hole of a garret: and that *that* one bed was the prisoner's bed; which they made several apologies to me about. I suppose it is shocking enough.

But the lady would not lie in theirs. Was she not a prisoner? she said—Let her have the prisoners room.

Yet they owned that she started, when she was conducted thither. But recovering herself, 'Very well,' said she—'Why should not all be of a piece?—'Why should not my wretchedness be 'complete?'

She found fault that all the fastenings were on the outside, and none within; and said, She could not trust herself in a room, where others could come in at their pleasure, and she not go out. She had not *been used* to it!!!

Dear, dear soul!—My tears flow as I write!—Indeed, Lovelace, she had not been used to such treatment.

They assured her, that it was as much their duty to protect her from other persons insults, as from escaping herself.

Then they were people of more honour, she said, than she had been of late used to.

She asked, If they knew Mr. Lovelace?

'No,' was their answer.

'Have you heard of him?'

'No.'

'Well then, you may be good sort of 'folks in your way.'

Pause here a moment, Lovelace!—and reflect—I must.

AGAIN, they asked her, If they should send any word to her lodgings?

'These are my lodgings now—are 'they not?' was all her answer.

She sat up in a chair all night, the back against the door; having, it seems, thrust a broken piece of a pattern through the staples where the lock had been, on the inside.

NEXT morning Sally and Polly both went to visit her.

She had begged of Sally, the day before, that she might not see Mrs. Sinclair, nor Dorcas, nor the broken-mouthed servant, called William.

Polly would have ingratiated herself with her; and pretended to be concerned for her misfortunes. But she took no more notice of her than of the other.

They asked, If she had any commands?—If she *had*, she only need to mention what they were, and she should be obeyed.

'None at all,' she said.

How did she like the people of the house? Were they civil to her?

Pretty well, considering she had no money to give them.

Would she accept of any money?—They could put it to her account.

She would contract no debts.

Had she any money about her?

She meekly put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out half a guinea, and a little silver. 'Yes, I have a lit-'tle.—But here should be fees paid, I 'believe.—Should there not?—I have 'heard of entrance-money to compound 'for not being stript. But these people 'are very civil people, I fancy; for 'they have not offered to take away my 'cloaths.'

'They have *orders* to be civil to you.'

'It is very kind.'

'But we two will bail you, Miss, if 'you will go back with us to Mrs. Sin-'clair's.'

'Not for the world!'

'Hers are very handsome apartments.'

'The fitter for those who own them!'

'These are very sad ones.'

'The fitter for *me!*'

'You may be very happy yet, *Miss*, 'if you will.'

'I hope I shall.'

'If you refuse to eat or drink, we will 'give bail, and take you with us.'

'Then I will *try* to eat and drink, 'Any-thing but go with you.'

'Will you not send to your new lodg-'ings?—The people will be frighted?'

'So they will, if I send. So they will, 'if they know where I am.'

'But have you no things to send for 'from thence?'

'There is what will pay for their 'lodgings and trouble: I shall not lef-'sen their security.'

'But

'Miss Hanson!—I prized you, should not 'insult the miserable.'

'Neither should the *miserable*,' said Sally, 'insult people for their civility.'

'I should be sorry if I did.'

'Mrs. Sinclair shall attend you by-'and-by, to know if you have any com-'mands for her.'

'I have no wish for any liberty, but 'that of refusing to see her, and *one* 'more person.'

'What we came for, was to know if 'you had any proposals to make for your 'enlargement.'

Then, it seems, the officer put in. 'You have very good friends, Madam; 'I understand. Is it not better that 'you make it up? Charges will run 'high. A hundred and fifty guineas 'are easier paid than two hundred. Let 'these ladies bail you, and go along with 'them; or write to your friends to 'make it up.'

Sally said, 'There is a gentleman 'who saw you taken, and was so much 'moved for you, *Miss Harlowe*, that he 'would gladly advance the money for 'you, and leave you to pay it when you 'can.'

See, Lovelace, what cursed devils these are! This is the way, we know, that many an innocent heart is thrown upon keeping, and then upon the town. But for these wretches thus to go to work with such an angel as this!—How glad would have been the devilish Sally, to have had the least handle to report to thee a listening ear, or a patient spirit, upon this hint!

'Sir,' said she, with high indignation, to the officer, 'did you not say last 'night, that it was as much your busi-'ness to protect me from the insults of 'others, as from escaping?—Cannot I 'be permitted to see whom I please; 'and to refuse admittance to those I 'like not?'

'Your creditors, Madam, will ex-'pect to see you.'

'Not, if I declare I will not treat 'with them.'

'Then, Madam, you will be sent to 'prison.'

'Prison, friend!—What dost thou 'call thy house!'

'Not a prison, Madam.'

'Why these iron-barred windows, 'then? Why these double locks and 'bolts all on the outside, none on the 'in?'

And down she dropt into her chair, and they could not get another word from her. She threw her handkerchief

over

over her face, as once before, which was soon wet with tears; and grievously, they own, she sobbed.

Gentle treatment, Lovelace! Perhaps this, as well as these wretches, will think it so!

Sally then ordered a dinner, and said, they would be soon back again, and see that she eat and drank, *as a good Christian should*, comporting herself to her condition, and making the best of it.

What has not this charming creature suffered, what has she not gone through, in these last three months, that I know of!—Who would think such a delicately-framed person could have sustained what she has sustained! We sometimes talk of bravery, of courage, of fortitude!—Here they are in perfection!—Such bravoes as thou and I should never have been able to support ourselves under half the persecutions, the disappointments, and contumelies, that *she* has met with; but, like cowards, should have slid out of the world, basely, by some back-door; that is to say, by a sword, by a pistol, by a halter, or knife;—but here is a fine-principled woman, who, by dint of this noble consideration, as I imagine [What else can support her?]—that she has *not deserved the evils she contends with*; and that *this world is designed but as a transitory state of probation*; and that she is *travelling to another and better*; puts up with all the hardships of the *journey*; and is not to be driven from her course by the attacks of *thieves* and *robbers*, or any other terrors and difficulties; *being assured of an ample reward at the end of it.*

If thou thinkest this reflection uncharacteristick from a companion and friend of thine, imaginest thou, that I profited nothing by my long attendance on my uncle in his dying state; and from the pious reflections of the good clergyman, who, day by day, at the poor man's own request, visited and prayed by him?—And could I have another such instance *as this*, to bring all these reflections home to me?

Then who can write of good persons, and of good subjects, and be capable of *admiring them*, and not be made serious for the *time*? And hence may we gather what a benefit to the morals of men the keeping of *good* company must be; while those who keep only *bad*, must necessarily more and more harden, and be hardened.

'Tis twelve of the clock, Sunday night—I can think of nothing but of this excellent creature, [illegible] fly for a quarter of [illegible] it gone off. And I will [illegible] melancholy subject from [illegible] tion of these wretches. [illegible] dare say, will arise in the [illegible] make, if admitted to [illegible] by thy servant, as to the way I [illegible] to find her in.

After the women had left her, she complained of her head and her heart; and seemed terrified with [illegible] sions of being carried once more to [illegible] clair's.

Refusing any-thing for herself, Mrs. Rowland came up to her, and told her, (as these wretches evidently had ordered her, for fear she should starve herself) that she must and should have tea, and bread and butter: and that, as she had friends who could support her, if she wrote to them, it was a wrong thing, both for herself and *them*, to starve herself thus.

'If it be for your own *safety*,' said she, 'that is another thing: let coffee, or chocolate, or what you will, be got; and put down a chicken to my account every day, if you please, and eat it yourselves. I will [illegible] I can. I would do nothing to hinder you. I have friends will pay you liberally when they know I am gone.'

They wondered, they told her, at her strange composure, in such distress.

They were *nothing*, she told them, to what *she had suffered already* from the vilest of all men. The disgrace of [illegible] her in the street; multitudes of people about her; shocking imputations wounding her ears; had indeed been very affecting to her. But that was over.—Every-thing soon would!—And she should be still *more* composed, were it not for the apprehensions of [illegible] one man, and one woman; and being [illegible] ed and forced back to the vilest house in the world.

Then were it not better to give way to the two gentlewomen's offer to [illegible] her?—They could tell her, it was a very kind proffer; and what was not to be met with every day.

She believed so.

The ladies might, possibly, [illegible] with her going back to the house to which she had such an antipathy. Then the compassionate gentlewoman was inclined to make it up with her creditors on her own bond—But [illegible] them she hearkened not, to [illegible] a proposal.

[illegible] they say [illegible]

[illegible] to me,' [illegible] 'that you had nothing [illegible] but to receive a visit from the [illegible] and the money, they be[illegible] would be laid down on your [illegible] or not.'

She was fainting,

'I charge you,' said she, 'as you will answer it one day to my friends, that you bring no gentleman into my company. I charge you don't. If you do, you know not what may be the consequence.'

They apprehended no bad consequence, they said, in doing their duty; and if she knew not her own good, her friends would thank them for taking any innocent steps to serve her, though against her will.

'Don't push me upon extremities, man!—Don't make me desperate, woman!—I have no small difficulty, notwithstanding the forming compositions you just now took notice of, to bear, as I ought to bear, the evils I suffer. But if you bring a man or men to me, be the pretence what it will——'

She [illegible] these, and looked so earnestly, and so wildly, they said, that they did not know but she would do some mischief to herself, if they disobeyed her; and that would be a sad thing in *their* house, and might be their ruin. They therefore promised, that no man should be brought to her but by her consent.

Mrs. Lovland prevailed on her to drink a dish of tea, and taste some bread and butter, about eleven on Saturday morning: which she probably did, to have an excuse not to dine with the women when they returned.

But she would not quit her *prison-room*, as she called it, to go into their parlour.

Unbarred windows, and a lightsomer apartment, she said, had too cheerful an appearance for her mind.

A shower falling, as she spoke, 'What,' said she, looking up, 'do the 'elements weep for me?'

At another time, the light of the sun was irksome to her. The sun seemed to shine in to mock her woes.

'Methought,' added she, 'the sun 'darting in and gilding these iron bars, 'placed there, like the two women, 'who came to insult my haggard looks 'by their cruel leave; and my dejected 'heart, by their vassal haughty airs!'

Sally came again to dinner-time, to *see how she fared*, as she said; and that she did not starve herself: and told her she wanted to have some talk with her, if she gave her leave, she would dine with her.

'I cannot eat.'

'You must try, *Miss Harlowe*.'

And, dinner being ready just then, she offered her hand, and desired her to walk down.

No; she would not stir out of her *prison-room*.

'These sullen airs won't do, *Miss Harlowe*: indeed they won't.'

She was silent.

'You will have harder usage than 'any you have ever yet known, I can 'tell you, if you come not into some 'humour to make matters up.'

She was still silent.

'Come, *Miss*, walk down to dinner. 'Let me entreat you, do. Miss Horton is below: she was once your favourite.'

She waited for an answer: but received none.

'We came to make some proposals 'to you, for your good; though you 'affronted us so lately. And we would 'not let Mrs. Sinclair come in person, 'because we thought to oblige you.'

'This is indeed obliging.'

'Come, give me your hand, *Miss 'Harlowe*: you *are* obliged to me, I can 'tell you that: and let us go down to 'Miss Horton.'

'Excuse me: I will not stir out of 'this room.'

'Would you have me and Miss Hor'ton dine in this filthy bed-room?'

'It is not a bed-room to me. I have 'not been in bed; nor will, while I 'am here.'

'And yet you care not, as I see, to 'leave the house.—And so you won't 'go down, *Miss Harlowe*?'

'I won't, except I am forced to it.'

'Well, well, let it alone. I sha'n't 'ask Miss Horton to dine in this room, 'I assure you. I will send you up a 'plate.'

And away the little saucy toad fluttered down.

When they had dined, up they came together.

'Well, Miss, you would not eat any'thing, it seems!—Very pretty sullen 'airs, these!—No wonder *the honest gen'tleman had such a hand with you*.'

She only held up her hands and eyes; the tears trickling down her cheeks.

Insolent devils!—how much more cruel and

'Methinks, Miss,' said Sally, 'you 'are a little *shy*, to what we have seen 'you. Pity such a nice lady should not 'have changes of apparel! Why won't 'you send to your lodgings for linen, 'at least?'

'I am not nice now.'

'Miss looks well and clean in any-'thing,' said Polly. 'But, dear Ma-'dam, why won't you send to your 'lodgings? Were it but in kindness to 'the *people*? They must have a concern 'about you. And your Miss Howe 'will wonder what's become of you; 'for, no doubt, you correspond.'

She turned from them, and, to herself, said, '*Too much! Too much!*'—She tossed her handkerchief, wet before with her tears, from her, and held her apron to her eyes.

'Don't weep, Miss!' said the vile Polly.

'Yet *do*,' cried the viler Sally, 'it 'will be a relief. Nothing, as Mr. 'Lovelace once told *me*, dries sooner 'than tears. For once I too wept 'mightily.'

I could not bear the recital of this with patience. Yet I cursed them not so much as I should have done, had I not had a mind to get from them all the particulars of their *gentle* treatment: and this for two reasons; the one, that I might stab thee to the heart with the repetition; the other, that I might know upon what terms I am likely to see the unhappy lady to-morrow.

'Well, but, *Miss Harlowe*,' cried Sally, 'do you think these *forlorn airs* 'pretty? You are a good christian, 'child. Mrs. Rowland tells me, she 'has got you a Bible-book—O there it 'lies!—I make no doubt, but you have 'doubled down the *useful places* as ho-'nest Matt. Prior says.'

Then rising, and taking it up—'Ay, 'so you have—The *Book of Job!* One 'opens naturally here, I see—*My* 'mamma made me a fine Bible-scholar. '—*Ecclesiastes* too!—That's Apocry-'pha, as they call it——You see, Miss 'Horton, I know something of the 'book.'

They proposed once more to bail her, and to go home with them. A motion which she received with the same indignation as before.

Sally told her, That she had written in a very favourable manner, in her behalf, to you; and that she every hour expected an answer; and made no doubt, that you would come up [illegible] fenger, and generously pay the debt, and ask her pardon for it.

This disturbed her so much, that [illegible] feared she would have fallen into [illegible] She could not bear your name, she said. She hoped she should never see you more: and were you to intrude yourself, dreadful consequences might follow.

Surely, they said, she would be glad to be released from her confinement.

Indeed she *should*, now they had begun to alarm her with *his* name, who was the author of all her woes: and who, she now saw plainly, gave way to this new outrage, in order to bring her to his own infamous terms.

Why then, they asked, would she not write to her friends, to pay Mrs. Sinclair's demand?

Because she hoped she should not long trouble any-body; and because she knew, that the payment of the money, if she should be able to pay it, was not what was aimed at.

Sally owned, that she told her, That truly, she had thought herself as well descended, and as well educated, as *herself*, though not entitled to such considerable fortunes. And had the impudence to insist upon it to me to be truth.

She had the insolence to add, to the lady, That she had as much reason as *she*, to expect Mr. Lovelace would marry her; he having contracted to do so *before* he knew Miss Clarissa Harlowe: and that she had it under his hand and seal too—or else he had not obtained his ends; therefore it was not likely she should be so officious as to do his work against herself, if she thought Mr. Lovelace had designs upon her, like what she *presumed* to hint at: that, for her part, her only view was, to procure liberty to a young gentlewoman, who made these things grievous to her which would not be made such a rout about by any-body else—and to procure the payment of a just debt to her friend Mrs. Sinclair.

She besought them to leave her. She wanted not these instances, she said, to convince her of the company she was in: and told them, that, to get rid of such visitors, and of the still worse she was apprehensive of, she would write to one friend to raise the money for her; though it would be death for her to do so; because that friend could not do it without her mother, in whose eye it would give a selfish appearance to a friendship that was above all sordid alloy.

They adviſed her to write out of hand.

'But how much muſt I write for? 'What is the ſum? Should I not have 'had a bill delivered me? God knows, 'I took not your lodgings. But he 'that could treat me as he has done, 'could do this!'

'Don't ſpeak againſt Mr. Lovelace, '*Miſs Harlowe*. He is a man I greatly 'eſteem.' [Curſed toad!] 'And, 'bat-'ing that he will take his advantage, 'where he can, of *us* ſilly credulous wo-'men, he is a man of honour.'

She lifted up her hands and eyes, inſtead of ſpeaking: and well ſhe might! For any words ſhe could have uſed, could not have expreſſed the anguiſh ſhe muſt feel, on being comprehended in the US.

She muſt write for one hundred and fifty guineas, at leaſt: two hundred, if ſhe were ſhort of money, might as well be written for.

Mrs. Sinclair, ſhe ſaid, had all her cloaths. Let them be ſold, *fairly* ſold, and the money go as far as it would go. She had alſo a few other valuables; but no money (none at all) but the poor half-guinea, and the little ſilver they had ſeen. She would give bond to pay all that her apparel, and the other matters ſhe had, would fall ſhort of. She had great effects belonging to her of right. Her bond would, and muſt, be paid, were it for a thouſand pounds. But her cloaths ſhe ſhould never want. She believed, if not too much under-valued, thoſe, and her few valuables, would anſwer every-thing. She wiſhed for no ſurplus but to diſcharge the laſt expences; and forty ſhillings would do as well for thoſe as forty pounds. 'Let 'my ruin,' ſaid ſhe, lifting up her eyes, 'be LARGE! Let it be COMPLETE, *in* '*this life!*—For a *compoſition*, let it be 'COMPLETE.' And there ſhe ſtopped.

The wretches could not help wiſhing to me for the opportunity of making ſuch a purchaſe for their own wear. How I curſed *them!* and, in my heart, *thee!*—'But too probable,' thought I, 'that this vile Sally Martin may hope,' [Though thou art incapable of it] 'that '*her* Lovelace,' as ſhe has the aſſurance, behind thy back, to call thee, 'may 'preſent her with ſome of the poor la-'dy's ſpoils!'

'Will not Mrs. Sinclair,' proceeded ſhe, 'think my cloaths a ſecurity, till 'they can be ſold? They are very good 'cloaths. A ſuit or two but juſt put on, 'as it were; never worn. They coſt 'much more than is demanded of me. '*My father loved to ſee me fine*—All ſhall 'go. But let me have the particulars 'of her demand. I ſuppoſe I muſt pay 'for my *deſtroyer*' [That was her well-adapted word] 'and his ſervants, as 'well as for myſelf.—I am content to 'do ſo—Indeed I am content to do ſo. '—I am above wiſhing, that any-body, 'who could *thus* act, ſhould be ſo much 'as expoſtulated with, as to the juſtice 'and equity of this payment. If I have 'but enough to pay the demand, I ſhall 'be ſatisfied; and will leave the baſe-'neſs of ſuch an action as this, as an ag-'gravation of a guilt which I thought 'could *not* be aggravated.'

I own, Lovelace, I have malice in this particularity, in order to ſting thee to the heart. And, let me aſk thee, What now thou canſt think of thy barbarity, thy unprecedented barbarity, in having reduced a perſon of her rank, fortune, talents, and virtue, ſo low?

The wretched women, it muſt be owned, act but in their profeſſion; a profeſſion thou haſt been the principal means of reducing theſe two to act in. And they know what thy deſigns have been, and how far proſecuted. It is, in their opinions uſing her *gently*, that they have forborne to bring to her the woman ſo juſtly odious to her; and that they have not threatened her with the introducing to her ſtrange men: nor yet brought into her company their *ſpirit-breakers*, and *humbling-drones*, (fellows not allowed to carry ſtings) to trace and force her back to their deteſted houſe; and, when there, into all their meaſures.

Till I came, they thought thou wouldſt not be diſpleaſed at any-thing ſhe ſuffered, that could help to mortify her into a ſtate of ſhame and diſgrace; and bring her to comply with thy views, when thou ſhouldſt come to releaſe her from theſe wretches, as from a greater evil than cohabiting with thee.

When thou conſidereſt theſe things, thou wilt make no difficulty of believing, that this their own account of their behaviour to this admirable woman has been far ſhort of their inſults: and the leſs, when I tell thee, that, all together, their uſage had ſuch effects upon her, that they left her in violent hyſtericks! ordering an apothecary to be ſent for, if ſhe ſhould continue in them, and be worſe; and particularly, (as they had done from the firſt) that they kept out of her way any edged or pointed inſtrument; eſpecially a penknife; which,



The pathetic scene between **BELFORD** & **CLARISSA** *in the* **Officers House.**

Published by Mess.r Hogg Nov.r 2.d 1793.

which, pretending to mend a pen, they ſaid, ſhe might aſk for.

At twelve, Saturday night, Rowland ſent to tell them, that ſhe was ſo ill, that he knew not what might be the iſſue; and wiſhed her out of his houſe.

And this made them as heartily wiſh to hear from you. For their meſſenger, to their great ſurprize, was not then returned from M. Hall. And they were ſure he muſt have reached that place by Friday night.

Early on Sunday morning, both devils went to ſee how ſhe did. They had ſuch an account of her weakneſs, lowneſs, and anguiſh, that they forbore (out of compaſſion, they ſaid, finding their viſits ſo diſagreeable to her) to ſee her. But their apprehenſion of what might be the iſſue was, no doubt, their principal conſideration: nothing elſe could have ſoftened ſuch flinty boſoms.

They ſent for the apothecary Rowland had had to her, and gave him, and Rowland, and his wife and maid, ſtrict orders, many times repeated, for the utmoſt care to be taken of her—No doubt, with an Old Bailey forecaſt. And they ſent up to let her know what orders they had given: but that, underſtanding ſhe had taken ſomething to compoſe herſelf, they would not diſturb her.

She had ſcrupled, it ſeems, to admit the apothecary's viſit over-night, becauſe he was a MAN. Nor could ſhe be prevailed upon to ſee him, till they pleaded *their own ſafety* to her.

They went again, from church: [Lord, Bob, theſe creatures go to church!] But ſhe ſent them down word, that ſhe muſt have all the remainder of the day to herſelf.

When I firſt came, and told them of thy execrations for what they had done, and joined my own to them, they were aſtoniſhed. The mother ſaid, ſhe had thought ſhe had known Mr. Lovelace better; and expected thanks, and not curſes.

While I was with them, came back halting and curſing, moſt horribly, their meſſenger; by reaſon of the ill-uſage he had received from you, inſtead of the reward he had been taught to expect from the ſuppoſed good news that he had carried down.—A pretty fellow, art thou not, to abuſe people for the conſequences of thy own faults?

Dorcas, whoſe acquaintance this fellow is, and who recommended him for the journey, had conditioned with him, it ſeems, for a ſhare in the expected bounty from you. Had ſhe been to have had *her* ſhare made good, I wiſh thou hadſt broken every bone in his ſkin.

Under what ſhocking diſadvantages, and with this addition to them, that I am thy friend and intimate, am I to make a viſit to this unhappy lady to-morrow morning! In thy *name*, too!—Enough to be refuſed, that I am of a *ſex*, to which, for *thy* ſake, ſhe has ſo juſtifiable an averſion: nor, having ſuch a tyrant of a father, and ſuch an implacable brother, has ſhe reaſon to make an exception in favour of *any* of it on *their* accounts.

It is three o'clock. I will cloſe here; and take a little reſt: what I have written will be a proper preparative for what ſhall offer by-and-by.

Thy ſervant is not to return without a letter, he tells me; and that thou expecteſt him back in the morning. Thou haſt fellows enough where thou art at thy command. If I find any difficulty in ſeeing the lady, thy meſſenger ſhall poſt away with this.—Let him look to broken bones, and other conſequences, if what he carries anſwer not thy expectation. But, if I am admitted, thou ſhalt have *this* and the reſult of my audience both together. In the former caſe, thou mayeſt ſend another ſervant to wait the next advices, from

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY, JULY 17.

ABOUT ſix this morning I went to Rowland's. Mrs. Sinclair was to follow me, in order to diſmiſs the action; but not to come in ſight.

Rowland upon enquiry, told me that the lady was extremely ill; and that ſhe had deſired, that no one but his wife or maid ſhould come near her.

I ſaid, 'I *muſt* ſee her.' I had told him my buſineſs over-night, and I *muſt* ſee her.

His wife went up: but returned preſently, ſaying, She could not get her to ſpeak to her; yet that her eyelids moved; though ſhe either would not, or could not, open them, to look up at her.

'Oons, woman,' ſaid I, 'the lady 'may be in a fit: the lady may be dy-'ing—Let me go up. Shew me the way.'

A horrid hole of a houſe, in an alley they call a court; ſtairs wretchedly narrow, even to the firſt floor rooms: and into a den they led me, with broken

walls, which had been papered, as I saw by a multitude of tacks, and some torn bits held on by the rusty heads.

The floor indeed was clean, but the cieling was smoked with variety of figures, and initials of names, that had been the woeful employment of wretches who had no other way to amuse themselves.

A bed at one corner, with coarse curtains tacked up at the feet to the cieling; because the curtain rings were broken off; but a coverlid upon it with a cleanish look, though plaguily in tatters, and the corners tied up in tassels, that the rents in it might go no farther.

The windows dark and double-barred, the tops boarded up to save mending; and only a little four-paned eyelet hole of a casement to let in air; more, however, coming in at broken panes, than could come in at that.

Four old turkey-worked chairs, bursten-bottomed, the stuffing staring out.

An old, tottering, worm-eaten table, that had more nails bestowed in mending it to make it stand, than the table cost fifty years ago, when new.

On the mantle-piece was an iron shove-up candlestick, with a lighted candle in it, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, four of them, I suppose, for a penny.

Near that, on the same shelf, was an old looking-glass, cracked through the middle, breaking out into a thousand points; the crack given it, perhaps, in a rage, by some poor creature, to whom it gave the representation of his heart's woes in his face.

The chimney had two half-tiles in it on one side, and one whole one on the other; which shewed it had been in better plight; but now the very mortar had followed the rest of the tiles in every other place, and left the bricks bare.

An old half-barred stove-grate was in the chimney; and in that a large lame-bottle without a neck, filled with baleful yew, as an ever-green, withered southernwood, dead sweet-briar, and sprigs of rue in flower.

To finish the shocking description, in a dark nook stood an old broken-bottomed cane couch, without a squab, or coverlid, sunk at one corner, and unmortised by the failing of one of it's worm-eaten legs, which lay in two pieces under the wretched piece of furniture it could no longer support.

And this, thou horrid Lovelace, was the bed-chamber of the divine Clariffa!!!

I had leisure to cast my eye on these things: for, going up softly, the poor lady turned not about at our entrance; nor, till I spoke, moved her head.

She was kneeling in a corner of the room, near the dismal window, against the table, on an old bolster (as it seemed to be) of the cane couch, half covered with her handkerchief; her back to the door; which was only shut to; [No need of fastenings!] her arms crossed upon the table, the fore-finger of her right-hand in her Bible. She had perhaps been reading in it, and could read no longer. Paper, pens, ink, lay by her book, on the table. Her dress was white damask, exceeding neat; but her stays seemed not tight-laced. I was told afterwards, that her laces had been cut, when she fainted away at her entrance into this cursed place; and she had not been solicitous enough about her dress, to send for others. Her head-dress was a little discomposed; her charming hair, in natural ringlets, as you have heretofore described it, but a little tangled, as if not lately combed, irregularly shading one side of the loveliest neck in the world; as her disordered rumpled handkerchief did the other. Her face [O how altered from what I had seen it! Yet lovely in spite of all her griefs and sufferings!] was reclined, when we entered, upon her crossed arms; but so, as not more than one side of it to be hid.

When I surveyed the room around, and the kneeling lady, sunk with majesty too in her white flowing robes (for she had not on a hoop) spreading the dark, though not dirty, floor, and illuminating that horrid corner; her linen beyond imagination white, considering that she had not been undressed ever since she had been here; I thought my concern would have choaked me. Something rose in my throat, I know not what, which made me for a moment, guggle, as it were, for speech: which, at last, forcing it's way, 'Con—Con—'Confound you both,' said I, to the man and woman, 'is this an apartment 'for such a lady? And could the cursed 'devils of her own sex, who visited this 'suffering angel, see her, and leave 'her, in so dam'd a nook?'

'Sir, we would have had the lady 'to accept of our own bed-chamber; 'but she refused it. We are poor peo-'ple—And we expect nobody will stay 'with us longer than they can help it.'

'You are people chosen purposely, I 'doubt not, by the damned woman who 'has employed you: and if your usage 'of this lady has been but half as bad

as

Mr HOGG'S NEW NOVELIST'S MAGAZINE.



Dodd delin.

BELFORD *charging the Keepers of the Lock-up House to treat* **CLARISSA** *tenderly.*

Published by Alex.r Hogg. Aug.st 10. 1793.

'as your houſe, you had better never 'to have ſeen the light.'

Up then raiſed the charming ſufferer her lovely face; but with ſuch a ſignificance of woe overſpreading it, that I could not for the ſoul of me, help being viſibly affected.

She waved her hand two or three times towards the door, as if commanding me to withdraw; and diſpleaſed at my intruſion; but did not ſpeak.

'Permit me, Madam—I will not approach one ſtep farther without your 'leave—Permit me, for one moment, 'the favour of your ear!'

'No—No—Go—go, MAN,' with an emphaſis—And would have ſaid more; but, as if ſtruggling in vain for words, ſhe ſeemed to give up ſpeech for loſt, and dropped her head down once more, with a deep ſigh, upon her left-arm; her right, as if ſhe had not the uſe of it, (numbed, I ſuppoſe) ſelf-moved, dropping down on her ſide.

O that thou hadſt been there! and in my place!—But by what I then felt in myſelf, I am convinced, that a capacity of being moved by the diſtreſſes of our fellow creatures, is far from being diſgraceful to a manly heart. With what pleaſure, at that moment, could I have given up my own life, could I but firſt have avenged this charming creature, and cut the throat of her *deſtroyer*, as ſhe emphatically calls thee, though the friend that I beſt love: and yet, at the ſame time, my heart and my eyes gave way to a ſoftneſs of which (though not ſo hardened a wretch as thou) they were never before ſo ſuſceptible.

'I dare not approach you, deareſt 'lady, without your leave: but on my 'knees I beſeech you to permit me to 'releaſe you from this damned houſe, 'and out of the power of this accurſed 'woman, who was the occaſion of your 'being here!'

She lifted up her ſweet face once more, and beheld me on my knees. Never knew I before what it was to pray ſo heartily.

'Are you not—Are you not Mr. 'Belford, Sir? I think your name is 'Belford.'

'It is, Madam; and I was ever a wor'ſhipper of your virtues, and an advo'cate for you: and I come to releaſe 'you from the hands you are in.'

'And in whoſe to place me?—O 'leave me, leave me!—Let me never 'riſe from this ſpot!—Let me never, 'never more believe in man!'

'This moment, deareſt lady—this 'very moment, if you pleaſe, you may 'depart whitherſoever you think fit. 'You are abſolutely free, and your own 'miſtreſs.'

'I had now as lieve die here in this 'place, as any-where. I will owe no 'obligation to any friend of *his* in whole 'company you have ſeen me. So, pray, 'Sir, withdraw.'

Then turning to the officer—'Mr. 'Rowland I think your name is? I 'am better reconciled to your houſe 'than I was at firſt. If you can but 'engage that I ſhall have nobody come 'near me but your wife, (No man!) 'and neither of thoſe women who have 'ſported with my calamities; I will 'die with you, and in this very cor'ner. And you ſhall be well ſatisfied 'for the trouble you have had with me '—I have value enough for that—for, 'ſee, I have a diamond-ring;' taking it out of her boſom; 'and I have friends 'will redeem it at a high price, when I 'am gone.'

'But for *you*, Sir,' looking at me, 'I 'beg you to withdraw. If you mean 'me well, GOD, I hope, will reward 'you for your good meaning; but to 'the friend of my *deſtroyer* will I not 'owe an obligation.'

'You will owe no obligation to me, 'nor to any-body. You have been 'detained for a debt you do not owe. 'The action is diſmiſſed; and you will 'only be ſo good as to give me your 'hand into the coach, which ſtands as 'near to this houſe as it could draw up. 'And I will either leave you at the 'coach-door, or attend you whitherſo'ever you pleaſe, till I ſee you ſafe 'where you would wiſh to be.'

'Will you then, Sir, *compel* me to be 'beholden to you?'

'You will inexpreſſibly oblige me, 'Madam, to command me to do you 'either ſervice or pleaſure.'

'Why then, Sir,' [looking at me]—'But why do you mock me in that humble poſture?—Riſe, Sir! I cannot 'ſpeak to you elſe.'

I aroſe.

'Only, Sir, take this ring. I have 'a ſiſter, who will be glad to have it, 'at the price it ſhall be valued at, for 'the *former* owner's ſake!—Out of the 'money ſhe gives, let this man be paid—'handſomely paid: and I have a few 'valuables more at my lodging, (Dot'cas, or the MAN William, can tell 'where that is;) let them and my 'cloaths at the wicked woman's, where 'you have ſeen me, be ſold for the pay-

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'ment of my lodging firſt, and next of 'your *friend's* debts, that I have been 'arreſted for, as far as they will go; 'only reſerving enough to put me into 'the ground, any-where, or any-how, 'no matter.—Tell your friend, I wiſh 'it may be enough to ſatisfy the whole 'demand; but if it be not, he muſt 'make it up himſelf; or, if he thinks fit 'to draw for it on Miſs Howe, ſhe will 'repay it, *and with intereſt*, if he in-'ſiſt upon it.—And this, Sir, if you 'promiſe to perform, you will do me, 'as you offer, both pleaſure and ſer-'vice: and ſay you *will*, and take the 'ring and withdraw. If I want to 'ſay any-thing more to you, (You 'ſeem to be an humane man) I will 'let you know—And ſo, Sir, God bleſs 'you.'

I approached her, and was going to ſpeak—

'Don't ſpeak, Sir: here's the ring.' I ſtood off.

'And won't you take it?—Won't 'you do this laſt office for me?—I have 'no other perſon to aſk it of: elſe, be-'lieve me, I would not requeſt it of *you*. 'But take it, or not,'—laying it upon the table—'you muſt withdraw, Sir: I 'am very ill. I would fain get a little 'reſt, if I could. I find I am going to 'be bad again.'

And offering to riſe, ſhe ſunk down through exceſs of weakneſs and grief, in a fainting fit.

Why, Lovelace, waſt thou not preſent, thyſelf?—Why doſt thou commit ſuch villainies, as even thou art afraid to appear in; and yet putteſt a weaker heart and head upon encountering with them?

The maid coming in juſt then, the woman and ſhe lifted her upon the decrepit couch; and I withdrew with this Rowland; who wept like a child, and ſaid, he never in his life was ſo moved.

Yet ſo hardened a wretch art thou, that I queſtion whether thou wilt ſhed a tear at my relation.

They recovered her by hartſhorn and water. I went down mean while; for the deteſtable woman had been below ſome time. O how did I curſe her!—I never before was ſo fluent in curſes.

She tried to wheedle me; but I renounced her; and, after ſhe had diſmiſſed the action, ſent her away crying, or pretending to cry, becauſe of my behaviour to her.

You will obſerve, that I did not mention one word to the lady about *you*. I was afraid to do it. For 'twas plain, that ſhe could not bear your name: 'Your *friend*,' and 'The *company* you 'have ſeen me in,' were the words neareſt to naming you, ſhe could ſpeak: and yet I wanted to clear your intention of this brutal, this ſordid-looking villainy.

I ſent up again, by Rowland's wife, when I heard that the lady was recovered, beſeeching her to quit that deviliſh place; and the woman aſſured her, that ſhe was at full liberty to do ſo; for that the action was diſmiſſed.

But ſhe cared not to anſwer her: and was ſo weak and low, that it was almoſt as much out of her power as inclination, the woman told me, to ſpeak.

I would have haſtened away for my friend Doctor H. but the houſe is ſuch a den, and the room ſhe was in ſuch a hole, that I was aſhamed to be ſeen in it by a man of his reputation, eſpecially with a woman of ſuch an appearance, and in ſuch uncommon diſtreſs; and I found there was no prevailing on her to quit it for the peoples bed-room, which was neat and lightſome.

The ſtrong room ſhe was in, the wretches told me, ſhould have been in better order, but that it was but the very morning that ſhe was brought in, that an unhappy man had quitted it; for a more eligible priſon, no doubt; ſince there could hardly be a worſe.

Being told, that ſhe deſired not to be diſturbed, and ſeemed inclined to doze, I took this opportunity to go to her lodgings in Covent Garden; to which Dorcas (who firſt diſcovered her there, as Will was the ſetter from church) had before given me a direction.

The man's name is Smith, a dealer in gloves, ſnuff, and ſuch petty merchandize: his wife the ſhopkeeper: he a maker of the gloves they ſell. Honeſt people, it ſeems.

I thought to have got the woman with me to the lady; but ſhe was not within.

I talked with the man, and told him what had befallen the lady; owing, as I ſaid, to a miſtake of orders; and gave her the character ſhe deſerved; and deſired him to ſend his wife the moment ſhe came in, to the lady; directing him whither; not doubting, that her attendance would be very welcome to her; which he promiſed.

He told me, that a letter was left for her there on Saturday; and, about half an hour before I came, another, ſuperſcribed by the ſame hand; the firſt, by the poſt; the other, by a countryman; who,

who, having been informed of her abſence, and of all the circumſtances they could tell him of it, poſted away, full of concern, ſaying that the lady he was ſent from would be ready to break her heart at the tidings.

I thought it right to take the two letters back with me; and, diſmiſſing my coach, took a chair, as a more proper vehicle for the lady, if I (the friend of her *deſtroyer*) could prevail upon her to leave Rowland's.

And here, being obliged to give way to an indiſpenſable avocation, I will make thee taſte a little, in thy turn, of the plague of ſuſpence; and break off, without giving thee the leaſt hint of the iſſue of my further proceedings. I know, that thoſe leaſt bear diſappointment, who love moſt to give it. In twenty inſtances, haſt thou afforded me proof of the truth of this obſervation. And I matter not thy raving.

Another letter, however, ſhall be ready, ſend for it as ſoon as thou wilt. But, were it not, have I not written enough to convince thee, that I am *thy ready and obliging friend*, J. BELFORD?

LETTER LXVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, JULY 17, ELEVEN AT NIGHT.

CURSE upon thy hard heart, thou vile caitiff! How haſt thou tortured me by thy deſigned *abruption!* 'Tis impoſſible that Miſs Harlowe ſhould have ever ſuffered as thou haſt made me ſuffer, and as I now ſuffer!

That ſex is made to bear pain. It is a curſe, that the firſt of it entailed upon all her daughters, when ſhe brought the curſe upon us all. And they love thoſe beſt, whether man or child, who give them moſt—But to ſtretch upon thy damned tenter-hooks ſuch a ſpirit as mine—No rack, no torture, can equal my torture!

And muſt I ſtill wait the return of another meſſenger? Confound thee for a malicious devil! I wiſh thou wert a poſt-horſe, and I upon the back of thee! How would I whip and ſpur, and harrow up thy clumſy ſides, till I made thee a ready-roaſted, ready-flayed, meſs of dog's meat; all the hounds in the county howling after thee as I drove thee, to wait my diſmounting, in order to devour thee piece-meal: life ſtill throbbing in each churned mouthful!

Give this fellow the ſequel of thy tormenting ſcribble.

Diſpatch him away with it. Thou haſt promiſed it ſhall be ready. Every cuſhion or chair I ſhall ſit upon, the bed I ſhall lie down upon, (if I go to bed) till he return, will be ſtuffed with bolt-upright awls, bodkins, corking-pins, and packing-needles: already I can fancy, that to pink my body like my mind, I need only to be put into a hogſhead ſtuck full of ſteel-pointed ſpikes, and rolled down a hill three times as high as the Monument.

But I loſe time; yet know not how to employ it till this fellow returns with the ſequel of thy ſoul-harrowing intelligence!

LETTER LXVIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 17.

ON my return to Rowland's, I found that the apothecary was juſt gone up. Mrs. Rowland being above with him, I made the leſs ſcruple to go up too, as it was probable, that to aſk for leave would be to aſk to be denied; hoping alſo, that the letters I had with me would be a good excuſe.

She was ſitting on the ſide of the broken couch, extremely weak and low: and, I obſerved, cared not to ſpeak to the man: and no wonder; for I never ſaw a more ſhocking fellow, of a profeſſion tolerably genteel, nor heard a more illiterate one prate—Phyſician in ordinary to this houſe, and others like it, I ſuppoſe! He put me in mind of Otway's Apothecary in his Caius Marius; as borrowed from the immortal Shakeſpeare.

'Meagre and very rueful were his looks:
'Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones.
'——— Famine in his cheeks:
'Need and oppreſſion ſtaring in his eyes:
'Contempt and beggary hanging on his back:
'The world no friend of his, nor the world's
'law.'

As I am in black, he took me, at my entrance, I believe, to be a doctor; and ſlunk behind me with his hat upon his two thumbs, and looked as if he expected the oracle to open, and give him orders.

The lady looked diſpleaſed, as well at me as at Rowland, who followed me, and at the apothecary. It was not, ſhe ſaid, the leaſt of her preſent misfortunes,

[illegible] that she could not be left to her own [illegible] and to her option to see whom she pleased.

I [illegible] her curtsey; and wishing for the [illegible] to withdraw, [which he did,] told her, that I had been at her new lodgings, to order every thing to be got ready for her reception, presuming she would choose to go thither: that I had a chair at the door: that Mr. Smith and his wife [I named their names, that she should not have room for the least fear of Sinclair's] had been full of apprehensions for her safety; that I had brought two letters which were left there for her; the one by the post, the other that very morning.

This took her attention. She held out her charming hand for them; took them, and pressing them to her lips—'From the only friend I have in the world!' said she, kissing them again; and looking at the seals, as if to see whether they had been opened. 'I can't read them,' said she, 'my eyes are too dim; and put them into her bosom.'

I beseeched her to think of quitting that wretched hole.

Whither could she go, she asked, to be safe and uninterrupted for the short remainder of her life; and to avoid being again visited by the creatures who had insulted her before?

I gave her the solemnest assurances, that she should not be invaded in her new lodgings by any-body; and said, that I would particularly engage my honour, that *the person who had most offended her, should not come near her, without her own consent.*

'*Your* honour, Sir! Are you not that man's friend?'

'I am not a friend, Madam, to his vile actions to the *most excellent of women.*'

'Do you flatter me, Sir? Then are you a MAN.—But, oh, Sir, your friend,' holding her face forward with great earnestness, 'your *barbarous* friend, what has he not to answer for!'

There she stopt: her heart full; and putting her hand over her eyes and forehead, the tears trickled through her fingers: refuting thy barbarity, it seemed, as Cæsar did the stab from his distinguished Brutus!

Though she was so very much disordered, I thought I would not lose this opportunity to assert your innocence of this villainous arrest.

'There is no defending the unhappy man in any of his vile actions by you, Madam; but of this last outrage, by all that's good and sacred, he is innocent!'

'O wretches! what a sex is yours! —Have you all one dialect? *Good and sacred!*—If, Sir, you can find an oath, or a vow, or an adjuration, that my ears have not been twenty times a day wounded with, then speak it, and I may again believe a MAN.'

I was excessively touched at these words, knowing thy baseness, and the reason she had for them.

'But say you, Sir; for I would not, methinks, have the wretch capable of this sordid baseness!—Say you that he is innocent of this *last* wickedness? Can you *truly* say that he is?'

'By the great God of Heaven——!'

'Nay, Sir, if you swear, I must doubt you!—If you yourself think your WORD insufficient, what reliance can I have on your OATH!—O that this my experience had not cost me so dear! But were I to live a *thousand* years, I would always suspect the veracity of a swearer. Excuse me, Sir; but is it likely, that *he* who makes so free with his GOD, will scruple anything that may serve his turn with his *fellow-creature?*'

This was a most affecting reprimand!

'Madam,' said I, 'I have a regard, a regard a gentleman *ought* to have, to my word: and whenever I forfeit it to you——'

'Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me. It is grievous to me to question a gentleman's veracity. But your friend calls himself a *gentleman*—You know not what I have suffered by a *gentleman!*'—And then again she wept.

'I would give you, Madam, demonstration, if your grief and your weakness would permit it, that he has no hand in this barbarous baseness: and that he resents it as it ought to be resented.'

'Well, well, Sir,' [with quickness] 'he will have his account to make up somewhere else; not to me. I should not be sorry to find him able to acquit his intention on this occasion. Let him know, Sir, only one thing, that, when you heard me in the bitterness of my spirit, most vehemently exclaim against the undeserved usage I have met with from him, that even *then*, in *that* passionate moment, I was able to say,' [And never did I see such an earnest and affecting exultation of hands

and

and eyes] "Give him, good God! re-
"pentance and amendment; that I may
"be the laſt poor creature, who ſhall be
"ruined by him!—And, in thine own
"good time, receive to *thy* mercy the
"poor wretch who had *none* on me!"

By my ſoul, I could not ſpeak.—She had not her Bible before her for nothing.

I was forced to turn my head away, and to take out my handkerchief.

What an angel is this!—Even the gaoler, and his wife and maid, wept.

Again, I wiſh thou hadſt been there, that thou mighteſt have ſunk down at her feet, and begun that moment to reap the effect of her generous wiſhes for thee; undeſerving, as thou art, of any-thing but perdition!

I repreſented to her, that ſhe would be leſs free where ſhe was from viſits ſhe liked not, than at her own lodgings. I told her, that it would probably bring her, in particular, *one viſitor*, who, otherwiſe, I would engage [but I durſt not ſwear again, after the ſevere reprimand ſhe had juſt given me] ſhould not come near her, without her conſent. And I expreſſed my ſurprize, that ſhe ſhould be unwilling to quit ſuch a place as this; when it was more than probable, that ſome of her friends, when it was known how bad ſhe was, would viſit her.

She ſaid, the place, when ſhe was firſt brought into it, was indeed very ſhocking to her: but that ſhe had found herſelf ſo weak and ill, and her griefs had ſo ſunk her, that ſhe did not expect to have lived till now: that therefore all places had been alike to her; for to die in a priſon, *was* to die; and equally eligible as to die in a palace: [Palaces, ſhe ſaid, could have no attractions for a dying perſon] but that, ſince ſhe feared ſhe was not ſo ſoon to be releaſed, as ſhe had hoped; ſince ſhe was ſuffered to be ſo little miſtreſs of herſelf *here*; and ſince ſhe might, by removal, be in the way of her dear friend's letters; ſhe would hope, that ſhe might depend upon the aſſurances I gave her, of being at liberty to return to her laſt lodgings; (otherwiſe ſhe would provide herſelf with new ones, out of my knowledge as well as out of yours) and that I was too much of a gentleman, to be concerned in carrying her back to the houſe ſhe had ſo much reaſon to abhor; and to which ſhe had been once before moſt vilely betrayed, to her ruin.

I aſſured her, in the ſtrongeſt terms, [*but ſhore not*] that you were reſolved not to moleſt her: and, [illegible] of the ſincerity of my profeſſions [illegible] her to give me [illegible] aſſurance of my friend's [illegible] about ſending all her [illegible] whatever belonged to her, to [illegible] lodgings.

She ſeemed pleaſed; and gave me [illegible] ſtantly out of her pocket her keys; [illegible] ing me, If Mrs. Smith, whom I had named, might not attend me; and [illegible] would give *her* further directions? To which I cheerfully aſſented; and then ſhe told me, that ſhe would accept of the chair I had offered her.

I withdrew; and took the opportunity to be civil to Rowland and his maid; for ſhe found no fault with their behaviour, for what they *were*; and the fellow ſeems to be miſerably poor. I ſent alſo for the apothecary, who is as poor as the officer, (and ſtill poorer, I dare ſay, as to the ſkill required in his buſineſs) and ſatisfied him beyond his hopes.

The lady, after I had withdrawn, attempted to read the letters I had brought her. But ſhe could read but a little way in one of them, and had great emotions upon it.

She told the woman ſhe would take a ſpeedy opportunity to acknowledge her civilities and her huſband's, and to ſatisfy the apothecary; who might ſend her his bill to her lodgings.

She gave the maid ſomething; probably the only half-guinea ſhe had: and then with difficulty, her limbs trembling under her, and ſupported by Mrs. Rowland, got down ſtairs.

I offered my arm: ſhe was pleaſed to lean upon it. 'I doubt, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, as ſhe moved, 'I have behaved rudely 'to you: but, if you knew all, you 'would forgive me.'

'I know enough, Madam, to convince 'me, that there is not ſuch purity and 'honour in any woman upon earth; 'nor any one that has been ſo barba-'rouſly treated.'

She looked at me very earneſtly. What ſhe thought I cannot ſay; but, in general, I never ſaw ſo much ſoul in a woman's eyes, as in hers.

I ordered my ſervant (whoſe mourning made him leſs obſervable as ſuch, and who had not been in the lady's eye) to keep the chair in view; and to bring me word, how ſhe did, when ſet down. The fellow had the thought to ſlep into the ſhop, juſt before the chair entered it, under pretence of buying ſnuff; and

[illegible] himself to give me an account, that he was received with great joy by the good woman of the house; who told him, she was but just come in; and was preparing to attend her in High Holborn.—'O, Mrs. Smith,' said she, as soon as she saw her, 'did you not think I was run away?—You don't know what I have suffered since I saw you. I have been in a prison!——Arrested for debts I owe not!——But, thank God, I am here!—Will you permit your maid—I have forgot her name already——'

'Catharine, Madam.'

'Will you let Catharine assist me to bed?—I have not had my cloaths off since Thursday night.'

What she further said the fellow heard not, she leaning upon the maid, and going up-stairs.

But dost thou not observe, what a strange, what an uncommon openness of heart reigns in this lady? *She had been in a prison*, she said, before a stranger in the shop, and before the maid-servant: and so, probably, she would have said, had there been twenty people in the shop.

The disgrace she cannot hide from herself, as she says in her letter to Lady Betty, she is not solicitous to conceal from the *world!*

But this makes it evident to me, that she is resolved to keep no terms with thee. And yet to be able to put up such a prayer for thee, as she did in her prison; [I will often mention the *prison*-case, to tease thee!] Does not this shew, that revenge has very little sway in her mind; though she can retain so much proper resentment?

And this is another excellence in this admirable woman's character: for whom, before her, have we met with in the whole sex, or in ours either, that knew how, in *practice*, to distinguish between REVENGE and RESENTMENT, for base and ungrateful treatment?

'Tis a cursed thing, after all, that such a woman as this should be treated as she has been treated. Hadst thou been a king, and done as thou hast done by such a meritorious innocent, I believe in my heart, it would have been adjudged to be a national sin, and the sword, the pestilence, or famine, must have atoned for it!—But as thou art a private man, thou wilt certainly meet with thy punishment, (besides what thou mayest expect from the justice of thy country, and the vengeance of her friends) as she will her reward, HEREAFTER.

It must be so, if there be really such a thing as *future remuneration*; as now I am more and more convinced there must:—else, what a hard fate is hers, whose punishment, to all appearance, has so much exceeded her fault? And, as to thine, how can *temporary* burnings, wert thou by some accident to be consumed in thy bed, expiate for thy abominable vileness to her, in breach of all obligations moral and divine?

I was resolved to lose no time in having every-thing which belonged to the lady, at the cursed woman's, sent her. Accordingly, I took coach to Smith's, and procured the lady, (to whom I sent up my compliments, and enquiries how she bore her removal) ill as she sent me down word she was, to give proper directions to Mrs. Smith: whom I took with me to Sinclair's: and who saw every-thing looked out, and put into the trunks and boxes they were first brought in, and carried away in two coaches.

Had I not been there, Sally and Polly would each of them have taken to herself something of the poor lady's spoils. This they declared: and I had some difficulty to get from Sally a fine Brussels lace head, which she had the confidence to say she would wear for *Miss Harlowe's* sake. Nor should either I or Mrs. Smith have known she had got it, had she not been in search after the ruffles belonging to it.

My resentment on this occasion, and the conversation which Mrs. Smith and I had, (in which I not only expatiated on the merits of the lady, but expressed my concern for her sufferings; though I left her room to suppose her married, yet without averring it) gave me high credit with the good woman: so that we are perfectly well acquainted already: by which means I shall be enabled to give you accounts from time to time of all that passes; and which I will be very industrious to do, provided I may depend upon the solemn promises I have given the lady, in your name, as well as in my own, that she shall be free from all personal molestation from you. And thus shall I have it in my power to return *in kind* your writing favours; and preserve my short-hand besides: which, till this correspondence was opened, I had pretty much neglected.

I ordered the abandoned woman to make out your account. They answered,

That

That they would do it with a *vengeance*. Indeed they breathe nothing but revenge. For now they ſay, you will aſſuredly marry; and your example will be followed by all your friends and companions—As the old one ſays, to the utter ruin of her poor houſe.

LETTER LXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY MORN. (JULY 18) 6 O'CLOCK.

HAVING ſat up late to finiſh and ſeal in readineſs my letter to the above period, I am diſturbed before I wiſhed to have riſen, by the arrival of thy ſecond fellow, man and horſe in a foam.

While he baits, I will write a few lines, moſt heartily to congratulate thee on thy *expected* rage and impatience, and on thy recovery of *mental* feeling.

How much does the idea thou giveſt me of thy deſerved torments, by thy upright awls, bodkins, pins, and packing-needles, by thy rolling hogſhead, with iron-ſpikes, and by thy macerated ſides, delight me!

I will, upon every occaſion that offers, drive more ſpikes into thy hogſhead, and roll thee down-hill, and up, as thou recovereſt to ſenſe, or rather returneſt back to *inſenſibleſſneſs*. Thou knoweſt therefore the terms on which thou art to enjoy my correſpondence. Am not I, who have all along, and *in time*, proteſted againſt thy barbarous and ungrateful perfidies to a woman ſo noble, entitled to drive remorſe, if poſſible, into thy hitherto callous heart?

Only let me repeat one thing, which perhaps I mentioned too ſlightly before. That the lady was determined to remove to new lodgings; where neither you nor I ſhould be able to find her, had I not ſolemnly aſſured her, that ſhe might depend upon being free from your viſits.

Theſe aſſurances I thought I might give her, not only becauſe of your promiſe, but becauſe it is neceſſary for you to know where ſhe is, in order to addreſs yourſelf to her by your friends.

Enable me therefore to make good to her this my ſolemn engagement; or adieu to all friendſhip, at leaſt to all correſpondence with thee for ever.

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY, JULY 18. AFTERNOON.

I Renewed my enquiries after the lady's health, in the morning, by my ſervant: and as ſoon as I had dined, I went myſelf.

I had but a poor account of it: yet ſent up my compliments. She returned me thanks for all my good offices; and her excuſes, that they could not be *perſonal* juſt then, being very low and faint: but if I gave myſelf the trouble of coming about ſix this evening, ſhe ſhould be able, ſhe hoped, to drink a diſh of tea with me, and would then thank me herſelf.

I am very proud of this condeſcenſion; and think it looks not amiſs for you, as I am your *avowed* friend. Methinks I want fully to remove from her mind all doubts of you in this laſt villainous action: and who knows then, what your noble relations may be able to do for you with her, if you hold your mind? For your ſervant acquainted me with their having actually engaged Miſs Howe in their and your favour, before this curſed affair happened. And I deſire the particulars of all from yourſelf, that I may the better know how to ſerve you.

She has two handſome apartments, a bed-chamber and dining-room, with light cloſets in each. She has already a nurſe; (the people of the houſe having but one maid) a woman whoſe care, diligence, and honeſty, Mrs. Smith highly commends. She has likewiſe the benefit of the voluntary attendance, and love, as it ſeems, of a widow gentlewoman, Mrs. Lovick her name, who lodges over her apartment, and of whom ſhe ſeems very fond, having found ſomething in her, ſhe thinks, reſembling the qualities of her worthy Mrs. Norton.

About ſeven o'clock this morning, it ſeems, the lady was ſo ill, that ſhe yielded to their deſires to have an apothecary ſent for—Not the fellow, thou mayeſt believe, ſhe had had before at Rowland's; but one Mr. Goddard, a man of ſkill and eminence; and of conſcience, too; demonſtrated as well by general character, as by his preſcriptions to this lady: for pronouncing her caſe to be grief, he ordered, for the preſent, only innocent juleps, by way of cordial; and as ſoon as her ſtomach ſhould be able to bear it, light kitchen-diet; telling Mrs.

Lovick, that that, with air, moderate exercise, and cheerful company, would do her more good than all the medicines in his shop.

This has given me, as it seems it has the lady, (who also praises his modest behaviour, paternal looks, and genteel address) a very good opinion of the man; and I design to make myself acquainted with him, and, if he advises to call in a doctor, to wish him, for the fair patient's sake, more than the physician's, (who wants not practice) my worthy friend Dr. H.—whose character is above all exception, as his humanity, I am sure, will distinguish him to the lady.

Mrs. Lovick gratified me with an account of a letter she had written from the lady's mouth to Miss Howe; she being unable to write herself with steadiness.

It was to this effect; in answer, it seems, to her two letters, whatever were the contents of them:

That she had been involved in a dreadful calamity, which she was sure, when known, would exempt her from the effects of her friendly displeasure, for not answering her first; having been put under an arrest—Could she have believed it?—That she was released but the day before: and was now so weak and so low, that she was obliged to get a widow gentlewoman in the same house to account thus for her silence to her [Miss Howe's] two letters of the 13th and 16th: that she would, as soon as able, answer them—Begged of her, mean time, not to be uneasy for her; since (only that this was a calamity which came upon her, when she was far from being well; a load laid upon the shoulders of a poor wretch, ready before to sink under too heavy a burden) *it was nothing to the evil she had before suffered:* and one felicity seemed likely to issue from it; which was, that she would be at rest in an honest house, with considerate and kind-hearted people; having assurance given her, that she should not be molested by the wretch, whom it would be death for her to see: so that now she [Miss Howe] needed not to send to her by private and expensive conveyances: nor need Collins to take precautions for fear of being dogged to her lodgings; nor need she write by a fictitious name to her, but by her own.

You see I am in a way to oblige you: you see how much she depends upon my engaging for your forbearing to intrude yourself into her company: let not your flaming impatience destroy all; and make me look like a villain to a lady who has reason to suspect *every man she sees* to be so.—Upon this condition, you may expect all the services that can flow from *your sincere well-wisher,*

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXXI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY NIGHT. JULY 18.

I Am just come from the lady. I was admitted into the dining-room, where she was sitting in an elbow-chair, in a very weak and low way. She made an effort to stand up, when I entered; but was forced to keep her seat. 'You'll 'excuse me, Mr. Belford: I ought to 'rise, to thank you for all your kind-'ness to me. I was to blame to be so 'loth to leave that sad place; for I am 'in Heaven here, to what I was there: 'and good people about me, too!—I 'have not had good people about me for 'a long, long time before; so that [with 'a half-smile] I had begun to wonder 'whither they were all gone.'

Her nurse and Mrs. Smith, who were present, took occasion to retire: and, when we were alone, 'You seem to be 'a person of humanity, Sir,' said she: 'you hinted, as I was leaving *my prison,* 'that you were not a stranger to my sad 'story. If you know it *truly,* you must 'know that I have been most barba-'rously treated; and have not deserved 'it at the man's hands by whom I have 'suffered.'

I told her, I knew enough to be convinced, that she had the merit of a saint, and the purity of an angel: and was proceeding, when she said, 'No flighty 'compliments! No undue attributes, 'Sir!'

I offered to plead for my sincerity; and mentioned the word *politeness*; and would have distinguished between that and *flattery*. 'Nothing can be polite,' said she, 'that is not just: whatever I 'may have had; I have *now* no vanity to 'gratify.'

I declaimed all intention of compliment: all I *had* said, and what I *should* say, was, and should be, the effect of sincere veneration. My unhappy friend's account of her had entitled her to that.

I then mentioned your grief, your penitence, your resolutions of making her all the amends that were possible now to be made her: and in the most earnest manner,

manner, I asserted your innocence as to the last villainous outrage.

Her answer was to this effect—'It is 'painful to me to think of him. The 'amends you talk of, cannot be made. 'This last violence you speak of, *is no-* 'thing to what preceded it. That *cannot* be 'atoned for: nor palliated: this *may*: 'and I shall not be sorry to be convinc- 'ed, that he cannot be guilty of so very 'low a wickedness.——Yet, after his 'vile forgeries of hands—after his base- 'ness in imposing upon me the most in- 'famous persons as ladies of honour of 'his own family—what are the iniqui- 'ties he is not capable of?'

I would then have given her an account of the trial you stood with your friends: your own previous resolutions of marriage, had she honoured you with the requested *four words:* all your family's earnestness to have the honour of her alliance: and the application of your two cousins to Miss Howe, by general consent, for that young lady's interest with her: but, having just touched upon these topicks, she cut me short, saying, That was a cause before another tribunal: Miss Howe's letters to her were upon that subject; and she would write her thoughts to *her* as soon as she was able.

I then attempted more particularly to clear you of having any hand in the vile Sinclair's officious arrest; a point she had the generosity to *wish* you cleared of: and having mentioned the outrageous letter you had written to me on this occasion, she asked, if I had that letter about me?

I owned I had.

She wished to see it.

This puzzled me horribly: for you must needs think, that most of the free things, which, among us rakes, pass for wit and spirit, must be shocking stuff to the ears and eyes of persons of delicacy of that sex: and then such an air of levity runs through thy most furious letters; such a false bravery, endeavouring to carry off ludicrously the subjects that most affect thee; that those letters are generally the least fit to be seen, which ought to be most to thy credit.

Something like this I observed to her; and would fain have excused myself from shewing it: but she was so earnest, that I undertook to read some parts of it, resolving to omit the most exceptionable.

I know thou'lt curse me for that; but I thought it better to oblige her than to be suspected myself; and so not have it in my power to serve thee with her, when so good a foundation was laid for it; and when she knows as bad of thee as I can tell her.

Thou remembrest the contents, I suppose, of thy furious letter. Her remarks upon the different parts of it, which I read to her, were to the following effect:

Upon the two first lines, '*All undone!* 'undone, *by Jupiter! Zounds, Jack, what* 'shall I do now! *A curse upon all my plots* 'and contrivances!'—thus she expressed herself:

'O how light, how unaffected with the 'sense of it's own crimes, is the heart 'that could dictate to the pen this liber- 'tine froth!'

The paragraph which mentions the vile arrest, affected her a good deal.

In the next I omitted thy curse upon thy relations, whom thou wert gallanting: and read on the seven subsequent paragraphs, down to thy execrable wife, which was too shocking to read to her. What I read produced the following reflections from her:

'The plots and contrivances which he 'curses, and the exultings of the wicked 'wretches on finding me out, shew me, 'that all his guilt was premeditated: 'nor doubt I, that his dreadful perju- 'ries, and inhuman arts, as he went 'along, were to pass for fine strategems 'for witty sport; and to demonstrate a 'superiority of inventive talents!—O 'my cruel, cruel brother! had it not 'been for thee, I had not been thrown 'upon so pernicious and so despicable a 'plotter!—But proceed, Sir; pray pro- 'ceed.'

At that part—'*Canst thou, O fatal pre-* 'sognicator! *tell me where my punishment* 'will end?'—she sighed: and when I came to that sentence—'*Praying for my* 'reformation, *perhaps!*'—Is that there? said she, sighing again, 'Wretched 'man!'—And shed a tear for thee.—By my faith, Lovelace, I believe she hates thee not! She has at least a concern, a generous concern, for thy future happiness!—What a noble creature hast thou injured!

She made a very severe reflection upon me, on reading these words—'Go 'your knees, *for me, beg her pardon.*'—'You had all your lessons, Sir,' said she, 'when you came to redeem me—'You was so condescending as to 'kneel: I thought it was the effect of 'your own humanity, and good-na- 'tured earnestness to serve me—Ex- 'cuse me, Sir, I knew not, that it was

'in

'in consequence of a prescribed lesson.' This concerned me not a little; I could not bear to be thought such a wretched puppet, such a Joseph Leman, such a Tomlinson—I endeavoured therefore, with some warmth, to clear myself of this reflection; and she again asked my excuse: I was avowedly, she said, the friend of a man, whose friendship she had reason to be sorry to say, was no credit to any-body.—And desired me to proceed.

I did; but fared not much better afterwards: for on that passage where you suggest, 'that you always bore her friend and admirer,' this was her unanswerable remark: 'I find, Sir, by this expression, 'that he had always designs against me; 'and that you all along knew that he had: '—Would to Heaven, you had had 'the goodness to have contrived some 'way, that might not have endangered 'your own safety, to give me notice of 'his baseness, since you approved not of 'it!—But you gentlemen, I suppose, 'had rather see an innocent fellow-creature ruined, than be thought capable 'of an action, which, however generous, might be likely to loosen the 'bands of a wicked friendship!'

After this severe, but just reflection, I would have avoided reading the following, although I had unawares begun the sentence—(but she held me to it)—'*What would I now give, had I permitted 'you to have been a successful advocate!*'—And this was her remark upon it—'So, 'Sir, you see, if you had been the happy 'means of preventing the evils designed 'me, you would have had your friend's 'thanks for it, when he came to his consideration. This satisfaction, I am persuaded, every-one, in the long run, will enjoy, who has the virtue to withstand, or prevent, a wicked purpose. 'I was obliged, *I see*, to your kind 'wishes.—But it was a point of honour 'with you to keep his secret; the more 'indispensable with you, perhaps, the 'viler the secret. Yet permit me to 'wish, Mr. Belford, that you were capable of relishing the pleasures that 'arise to a benevolent mind from VIRTUOUS friendship!—None *other* is 'worthy of the sacred name. You seem 'an humane man: I hope, for your own 'sake, you will one day experience the 'difference: and, when you do, think 'of Miss Howe and Clarissa Harlowe, '(I find you know much of my sad 'story) who were the happiest creatures 'on earth in each other's friendship till 'this friend of yours——' And there she stopt, and turned from me.

Where thou callest thyself *a villainous plotter*; 'To take crime to himself,' said she, 'without shame. O what a hardened wretch is this man!'

On that passage, where thou savest—'*Let me know how she has been treated: if 'roughly, woe be to the guilty!*'—this was her remark, with an air of indignation: 'What a man is your friend, Sir!—Is 'such a one as *he* to set himself up to 'punish the guilty!

'All the *rough* usage I could receive 'from them, was infinitely *less*——' And there she stopt a moment or two: then proceeding—'And who shall punish '*him?* What an assuming wretch!—Nobody but *himself* is entitled to injure 'the innocent!—He is, I suppose on 'earth, to act the part, which the malignant fiend is supposed to act below '—Dealing out punishments, at his 'pleasure, to every inferior instrument 'of mischief!'

'What,' thought I, 'have I been 'doing! I shall have this savage fellow 'think I have been playing him booty, 'in reading part of his letter to this sagacious lady!'—Yet, if thou art angry, it can only, in reason, be at thyself; for who would think I might not communicate to her some of the least exceptionable parts of a letter (as a proof of thy sincerity in exculpating thyself from a criminal charge) which thou wrotest to thy friend, to convince *him* of thy innocence? But a bad heart, and a bad cause, are confounded things: and so let us put it to it's proper account.

I passed over thy charge to me, to curse them by the hour; and thy names of *dragon* and *serpents*, though so applicable; since, had I read them, thou must have been supposed to know from the first, what creatures they were; vile fellow as thou wert, for bringing so much purity among them! And I closed with thy own concluding paragraph—'*A line!—A line!—A kingdom for a line!*' '*&c.*' However, telling her (since she saw that I omitted some sentences) that there were further vehemences in it; but as they were better fitted to shew to me the sincerity of the writer, than for so delicate an ear as hers to hear, I chose to pass them over.

'You have re'd enough,' said she—'He is a wicked, wicked man!—I see he 'intended to have me in his power at 'any rate; and I have no doubt of 'what his purposes were, by what his

'actions

'actions have been. You know his 'vile Tomlinson, I suppose—You know '—But what signifies talking?—Never 'was there such a premeditated false 'heart in man!'—['*Nothing can be truer!*" *thought I.*]—'What has he not vowed! '—What has he not invented!—And 'all for what?—Only, to ruin a poor 'young creature, whom he ought to 'have protected; and whom he had 'first deprived of all other protection?'

She arose and turned from me, her handkerchief at her eyes: and, after a pause, came towards me again—'I 'hope,' said she, 'I talk to a man who 'has a better heart: and I thank you, 'Sir, for all your kind, though ineffectual, pleas in my favour formerly, 'whether the motives for them were 'compassion, or principle, or both. 'That they were ineffectual, might 'very probably be owing to your want 'of earnestness; and *that*, as *you* might 'think, to my want of merit. I might 'not, in your eye, *deserve* to be saved! '—I might appear to you a giddy 'creature, who had run away from her 'true and natural friends; and who, 'therefore, ought to take the conse'quence of the lot she had drawn.'

I was afraid, for thy sake, to let her know how *very* earnest I had been: but assured her that I had been her zealous friend; and that my motives were founded upon a merit, that I believed, was never equalled: that, however indefensible Mr. Lovelace was, he had always done justice to her virtue: that to a full conviction of her untainted honour it was owing, that he so earnestly desired to call so inestimable a jewel his—And was proceeding, when she again cut me short.

'Enough, and too much, of this sub'ject, Sir!—If he will never more let 'me behold his face, that is all I have 'now to ask of him.—Indeed, indeed,' clasping her hands, '*I never will*, if I 'can, by any means not criminally des'perate, avoid it.'

What could I say for thee?—There was no room, however, *at that time*, to touch this string again, for fear of bringing upon myself a prohibition, not only of the subject, but of ever attending her again.

I gave some distant intimations of money-matters. I should have told thee, that, when I read to her that passage, where thou biddest me force what sums upon her I could get her to take—she repeated, 'No, no, no, no!' several times with great quickness; and I durst no more than just intimate it again—and that so darkly, as left her room to seem not to understand me.

Indeed I know not the person, man or woman, I should be so much afraid of disobliging, or incurring a censure from, as from her. She has so much true dignity in her manner, without pride or arrogance, (which, in those who have either, one is tempted to mortify) such a piercing eye, yet softened so sweetly with rays of benignity, that she commands all one's reverence.

Methinks I have a kind of holy love for this angel of a woman; and it is matter of astonishment to me, that thou couldst converse with her a quarter of an hour together, and hold thy devilish purposes.

Guarded as she was by piety, prudence, virtue, dignity, family, fortune, and a purity of heart, that never woman before her boasted, what a real devil must he be, (yet I doubt I shall make thee proud!) who could resolve to break through so many fences!

For my own part, I am more and more sensible, that I ought not to have contented myself with representing *against*, and *expostulating with thee upon*, thy base intentions: and indeed I had it in my head more than once, to try to do something for her. But, wretch that I was! I was witheld by notions of false honour, as she justly reproached me, because of thy own *voluntary* communications to me of thy purposes: and then, as she was brought into such a cursed house, and was so watched by thyself, as well as by thy infernal agents, I thought (knowing my man!) that I should only accelerate the intended mischiefs.—Moreover, finding thee so much over-awed by her virtue, that thou hadst not, at thy *first* carrying her thither, the courage to attempt her; and that she had, more than once, without knowing thy base views, obliged thee to abandon them, and to resolve to do her justice, and thyself honour; I hardly doubted, that her merit would be triumphant at last.

It is my opinion, (if thou holdest thy purposes to marry) that thou canst not do better, than to procure thy *real* aunts, and thy *real* cousins, to pay her a visit, and to be thy advocates: but, if they decline personal visits, letters from them, and from my Lord M. supported by Miss Howe's interest, may, perhaps, effect something in thy favour.

But these are only my hopes, founded

on

on what I ask for thy sake. The lady, I really think, would chuse death, rather than thee: and the two women are of opinion though they know not half of what she has suffered, that her heart is actually broken.

At taking my leave, I tendered my best services to her, and besought her to permit me frequently to enquire after her health.

She made me no answer, but by bowing her head.

LETTER LXXII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19.

THIS morning I took chair to Smith's; and, being told that the lady had a very bad night, but was up, I sent for her worthy apothecary; who, on his coming to me, approving of my proposal of calling in Dr. H. I bid the women acquaint her with the designed visit.

It seems, she was at first displeased; yet withdrew her objection: but, after a pause, asked them, What she should do? She had effects of value, some of which she intended, as soon as she *could*, to turn into money; but, till then, had not a single guinea to give the doctor for his fee.

Mrs. Lovick said, She had five guineas by her: they were at her service.

She would accept of three, she said, if she would take *that* (pulling a diamond-ring from her finger) till she repaid her; but on no other terms.

Having been told, I was below with Mr. Goddard, she desired to speak one word with me, before she saw the doctor.

She was sitting in an elbow-chair, leaning her head on a pillow; Mrs. Smith and the widow on each side her chair; her nurse, with a phial of hartshorn, behind her; in her own hand, her salts.

Raising her head at my entrance, she enquired, If the doctor knew Mr. Lovelace.

I told her, 'No;' and that I believed you never saw him in your life.

Was the doctor my friend?

He was; and a very worthy and skilful man. I named him for his eminence in his profession: and Mr. Goddard, said, he knew not a better physician.

'I have but one condition to make before I see the gentleman; that he refuse not his fees from me. If I am poor, Sir, I am proud. I will not be under obligation. You may *believe*, Sir, I will not. I suffer this visit, because I would not appear ungrateful to the few friends I have left, nor obstinate to such of my relations, as may some time hence, for their private satisfaction, enquire after my behaviour in my sick hours. So, Sir, you know the condition. And don't let me be vexed. I am very ill! and cannot debate the matter.'

Seeing her so determined, I told her, If it must be so, it should.

'Then, Sir, the gentleman may come. But I shall not be able to answer many questions.—Nurse, you can tell him, at the window there, what a night I have had, and how I have been for two days past. And Mr. Goddard, if he be here, can let him know what I have taken.—Pray let me be as little questioned, as possible.'

The doctor paid his respects to her, with the gentlemanly address for which he is noted: and she cast up her sweet eyes to him, with that benignity which accompanies her every graceful look.

I would have retired; but she forbid it.

He took her hand, the lily not of so beautiful a white: 'Indeed, Madam, you are very low,' said he: 'but give me leave to say, that you can do more for yourself, than all the faculty can do for you.'

He then withdrew to the window. And, after a short conference with the woman, he turned to me, and to Mr. Goddard, at the other window: 'We can do nothing here,' speaking low, 'but by cordials and nourishment. What friends has the lady? She seems to be a person of condition; and, ill as she is, a very fine woman.—A single lady, I presume?'

I whisperingly told him she was. That there were extraordinary circumstances in her case; as I would have apprized him, had I met with him yesterday: that her friends were very cruel to her; but that she could not hear them named without reproaching herself, though they were much more to blame than she.

'I knew I was right,' said the doctor. 'A love-case, Mr. Goddard!—A love-case, Mr. Belford!—There is one person in the world, who can do her more service than all the faculty.'

Mr. Goddard said, He had apprehended

heeded her diſorder was in her mind; and had treated her accordingly: and then told the doctor what he had done: which he approving of, again taking her charming hand, ſaid, 'My good 'young lady, you will require very little of our aſſiſtance. You muſt, in a 'great meaſure, be your own doctreſs. 'Come, *dear* Madam, [Forgive me the 'familiar tenderneſs; your aſpect commands love, as well as reverence; and 'a father of children, ſome of them 'older than yourſelf, may be excuſed 'for his familiar addreſs] cheer up your 'ſpirits. Reſolve to do all in your pow'er to be well; and you'll ſoon grow 'better.'

'You are very kind, Sir,' ſaid ſhe. 'I will take whatever you direct. My 'ſpirits have been hurried. I ſhall be 'better, I believe, before I am worſe. '—The care of my good friends here,' looking at the women, 'ſhall not meet 'with an ungrateful return.'

The doctor wrote. He would fain have declined his fee. As her malady, he ſaid, was rather to be relieved by the ſoothings of a friend, than by the preſcriptions of a phyſician, he ſhould think himſelf greatly honoured to be admitted rather to *adviſe* her in the *one* character, than to *preſcribe* to her in the *other*.

She anſwered, That ſhe ſhould be always glad to ſee ſo humane a man: that his viſits would *keep her in charity with the ſex:* but that, were ſhe to *forget* that he was her *phyſician*, ſhe might be apt to abate of the confidence in his ſkill, which might be neceſſary to effect the amendment that was the end of his viſits.

And when he urged her ſtill further, which he did in a very polite manner, and as paſſing by the door two or three times a day, ſhe ſaid, She ſhould always have pleaſure in conſidering him in the kind light he *offered himſelf to her*; that *that* might be very generous in one perſon to offer, which would be as ungenerous in another to accept: that indeed ſhe was not at preſent in high circumſtance; and he ſaw by the tender, (which he *muſt* accept of) that ſhe had greater reſpect to *her own convenience*, than to *his merit*, or than to the *pleaſure* ſhe ſhould take in his viſits.

We all withdrew together; and the doctor and Mr. Goddard having a great curioſity to know ſomething more of her ſtory, at the motion of the latter we went into a neighbouring coffee-houſe, and I gave them, in confidence, a brief relation of it; making all as light for you as I could; and yet you'll ſuppoſe, that, in order to do but common juſtice to the lady's character, heavy muſt be that light.

THREE O'CLOCK, AFTERNOON.

I JUST now called again at Smith's; and am told ſhe is ſomewhat better; which ſhe attributed to the ſoothing of her doctor. She expreſſed herſelf highly pleaſed with both gentlemen; and ſaid, that their behaviour to her was perfectly *paternal*.

Paternal, poor lady!—Never having been, till very lately, from under her parent's wings, and now abandoned by all her friends, ſhe is for finding out ſomething *paternal* and *maternal* in every one, (the latter qualities in Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith) to ſupply to herſelf the father and mother her dutiful heart pants after.

Mrs. Smith told me, that, after we were gone, ſhe gave the keys of her trunks and drawers to her and the widow Lovick, and deſired them to take an inventory of them; which they did, in her preſence.

They alſo informed me, that ſhe had requeſted them to find her a purchaſer for two rich dreſſed ſuits; one never worn, the other not above once or twice.

This ſhocked me exceedingly—*Perhaps it may thee a little!!!*—Her reaſon for ſo doing, ſhe told them, was, That ſhe ſhould never live to wear them: that her ſiſter, and other relations, were above wearing them: that her mother would not endure in her ſight anything that was hers: that ſhe wanted the money: that ſhe would not be obliged to any-body, when ſhe had effects by her for which ſhe had no occaſion. 'And yet,' ſaid ſhe, 'I expect 'not that they will fetch a price an'ſwerable to their value.'

They were both very much concerned, as they owned; and aſked my advice upon it: and the richneſs of her apparel having given them a ſtill higher notion of her rank than they had before, they ſuppoſed ſhe muſt be of quality: and again wanted to know her ſtory.

I told them, That ſhe was indeed a woman of family and fortune: I ſtill gave them room to ſuppoſe her married: but left it to her to tell them all in her own time and manner: all I would

would ſay, was, That ſhe had been very vilely treated; deſerved it not; and was all innocence and purity.

You may ſuppoſe, that they both expreſſed their aſtoniſhment, that there could be a man in the world, who could ill-treat ſo fine a creature.

As to diſpoſing of the two ſuits of apparel, I told Mrs. Smith, that ſhe ſhould pretend, that, upon enquiry, ſhe had found a friend who would purchaſe the richeſt of them; but *(that ſhe might not miſtruſt)* would ſtand upon a good bargain. And having twenty guineas about me, I left them with her, in part of payment; and bid her *pretend* to get her to part with it for as little more as ſhe could induce her to take.

I am ſetting out for Edgware with poor Belton—More of whom in my next. I ſhall return to-morrow; and leave this in readineſs for your meſſenger, if he call in my abſence. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTER LXXI.]

M. HALL, WEDN. NIGHT, JULY 19.

YOU might well apprehend, that I ſhould think you were playing me booty in communicating my letter to the lady.

You aſk, Who would think you might not read to her the leaſt exceptionable part of a letter written in my own defence?—*I'll tell you who*—The man, who in the ſame letter that he aſks this queſtion, tells the friend whom he expoſes to her reſentment, That there is ſuch an air of levity runs through his moſt ſerious letters, that thoſe of his are *leaſt fit to be ſeen*, which ought to be *moſt to his credit:* and now what thinkeſt thou of thy ſelf-condemned folly? Be, however, I charge thee, more circumſpect for the future, that ſo this clumſy error may ſtand ſingly by itſelf.

'It is painful to her to think of me! 'Libertine froth! So pernicious and ſo 'deſpicable a plotter! A man whoſe 'friendſhip is no credit to any-body! 'Hardened wretch! The devil's coun'terpart! A wicked, wicked man!—But *did* ſhe, *could* ſhe, *dared* ſhe, to ſay or *imply* all this?—And ſay it to a man whom ſhe praiſes for humanity, and prefers to myſelf for that virtue; when all the humanity *he* ſhews, and *ſhe knows* it too, is by *my* direction—So robs me of the credit of my own works; admirably entitled, all this ſhews her, to thy refinement upon the words *reſentment* and *revenge*. But thou wert always aiming and blundering at ſomething thou never couldſt make out.

The praiſe thou giveſt to her *ingenuouſneſs*, is another of thy peculiars. I think not as *thou* doſt, of her tell-tale recapitulations and exclamations:—what end can they anſwer?—Only that thou haſt an *holy* love for her; [The devil fetch thee for thy oddity!] or it is extremely provoking to ſuppoſe one ſees ſuch a charming creature ſtand upright before a libertine, and talk of the ſin againſt her, that cannot be forgiven!—I wiſh at my heart, that theſe chaſte ladies would have a little modeſty in their anger!—It would ſound very ſtrange, if I Robert Lovelace ſhould pretend to have more true delicacy, in a point that requires the utmoſt, than Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.

I think I will put it into the head of her nurſe Norton, and her Miſs Howe, by ſome one of my agents, to chide the dear novice for her proclamations.

But to be ſerious: let me tell thee, that, ſevere as ſhe is, and ſaucy, in aſking ſo contemptuouſly, 'What a man 'is your friend, Sir, to ſet himſelf to 'puniſh guilty people!' I will never forgive the curſed woman, who could commit this laſt horrid violence on ſo excellent a creature.

The barbarous inſults of the two nymphs, in their viſits to her; the choice of the moſt execrable den that could be found out, in order, no doubt, to induce her to go back to theirs; and the ſtill more execrable attempt, to propoſe to her a man who would pay the debt; a ſnare, I make no queſtion, laid for her deſpairing and reſenting heart by that deviliſh Sally, (thinking her, no doubt, a *woman*) in order to ruin her with me; and to provoke me, in a fury, to give her up to their remorſeleſs cruelty; are outrages, that, to expreſs myſelf in her ſtyle, I never *can*, never *will*, forgive.

But as to thy opinion, and the two women's at Smith's, that her heart is broken; that is the true women's language: I wonder how *thou* cameſt into it: thou who haſt ſeen and heard of ſo many *female deaths* and *revivals*.

I'll tell thee what makes *againſt* this notion of theirs.

Her time of life, and charming conſtitution: the good ſhe ever delighted to do, and fancied ſhe was born to do; and

and which she may still continue to do, to as high a degree as ever; nay, higher, since I am no sordid varlet, thou knowest: her religious turn; a turn that will always teach her to bear *inevitable* evils with patience: the contemplation upon her last noble triumph over me, and over the whole crew; and upon her succeeding escape from us all: her will unviolated; and the inward pride of having *not deserved* the treatment she has met with.

How is it possible to imagine, that a woman, who has all these *consolations* to reflect upon, will die of a broken heart?

On the contrary, I make no doubt, but that, as she recovers from the dejection into which this last scurvy villainy (which none but wretches of her own sex *could* have been guilty of) has thrown her, returning love will re-enter her *time pacified* mind: her thoughts will then turn once more on the *conjugal pivot:* of course she will have livelier notions in her head; and these will make her perform all her circumvolutions with ease and pleasure; though not with so high a degree of either, as if the dear proud rogue could have exalted herself above the rest of her sex, as she turned round.

Thou askest, on reciting the bitter invectives, that the lady made against thy poor friend, (standing before her, I suppose, with thy fingers in thy mouth) *What couldst thou say* FOR *me?*

Have I not, in my former letters, suggested an hundred things, which a friend, *in earnest* to vindicate or excuse a friend, might say, on such an occasion?

But now to current topicks, and the present state of matters here.—It is true, as my servant told thee, that Miss Howe had engaged, before this cursed woman's officiousness, to use her interest with her friend in my behalf: and yet she told my cousins, in the visit they made her, that it was her opinion, that she would never forgive me. I send to thee inclosed copies of all that passed on this occasion between my cousins Montague, Miss Howe, myself, Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, and Lord M.

I long to know what Miss Howe wrote to her friend, in order to induce her to marry the *despicable plotter*; the *man whose friendship is no credit to any-body*; the *wicked, wicked man.* Thou hadst the two letters in thy hand. Had they been in mine, the seal would have yielded to the touch of my warm finger; [Perhaps without the help of the post-office bullet] and the folds, *as other plications have done*, opened of themselves to oblige my curiosity. A wicked omission, Jack, not to contrive to send them down to me, by man and horse! It might have passed, that the messenger who brought the second letter, took them both back. I could have returned them by another, when copied, as from Miss Howe, and nobody but myself and thee the wiser.

That's a charming girl! Her spirit, her delightful spirit!—Not to be married to it—How I wish to get that lively bird into my cage! How would I make her flutter and fly about!—Till she left a feather upon every wire!

Had I begun there, I am confident, as I have heretofore said, that I should not have had half the difficulty with her, as I have had with her charming friend. For these passionate girls have high pulses, and a clever fellow may make what sport he pleases with their *unevennesses*—Now too high, now too low, you need only to provoke and appease them by turns; to bear with them, and forbear; to teaze, and ask pardon; and sometimes to give yourself the merit of a sufferer from them; then catching them in the moment of concession, conscious of their ill usage of you, they are all your own.

But these sedate contemplative girls, never out of temper but with reason; when that reason is given them, hardly ever pardon, or afford you another opportunity to offend.

It was in part the apprehension that this would be so with my dear Miss Harlowe, that made me carry her to a place where I believed she would be unable to escape me, although I were *not* to succeed in my first attempts. Else widow Sorl ngs's would have been as well for me, as widow Sinclair's. For early I saw, that there was no credulity in her to graft upon: no pretending to whine myself into her confidence. She was proof against amorous persuasion. She had reason in her love. Her penetration and good sense made her hate all compliments that had not truth and nature in them. What could I have done with her in any other place? And yet how long, even *there*, was I kept in awe, in spite of *natural incitement*, and *unnatural instigations*, (as I now think them) by the mere force of that native dignity, and obvious purity of mind and manners, which fill every one with reverence, if not with *holy love*, as

thou calleſt it, the moment he ſees her! —Elſe thinkeſt thou not, it was eaſy for me to be a *fine gentleman*, and a *delicate lover*, or, at leaſt, a *ſpecious* and flattering one?

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, finding the treaty, upon the ſucceſs of which they have ſet their fooliſh hearts, likely to run into length, are about departing to their own ſeats; having taken from me the beſt ſecurity the nature of the caſe will admit of, that is to ſay, *my word*, to marry the lady, if ſhe will have me.

'And after all,' (methinks thou aſkeſt) 'art thou ſtill reſolved to repair, 'if reparation be put into thy power?'

Why, Jack, I muſt needs own, that my heart has now-and-then ſome retrograde motions, upon thinking ſeriouſly of the irrevocable ceremony. We do not eaſily give up the deſire of our hearts, and what we imagine eſſential to our happineſs, let the expectation or hope of compaſſing it be ever ſo unreaſonable or abſurd in the opinion of others. *Recurrings* there will be; hankerings, that will, on every but remotely favourable incident, (however before diſcouraged and beaten back by ill ſucceſs) pop up, and abate the ſatisfaction we ſhould otherwiſe take in *contrariant* overtures.

'Tis ungentlemanly, Jack, *man* to *man*, to lye.——But matrimony I do not *heartily* love—although with a CLARISSA—Yet I am in earneſt to marry her.

But I am often thinking, that if now this dear creature, ſuffering time, and my penitence, my relations prayers, and Miſs Howe's mediation, to ſoften her *reſentments*, [Her *revenge* thou haſt prettily diſtinguiſhed away] and to recal repulſed inclination, ſhould conſent to meet me at the altar—How vain will ſhe then make all thy eloquent periods of execration!—How many charming interjections of her own will ſhe ſpoil! And what a couple of old patriarchs ſhall we become, going on in the mill-horſe round; getting ſons and daughters; providing nurſes for them firſt, governors and governeſſes next; teaching them leſſons their father never practiſed, nor which their mother, as her parents will ſay, was much the better for! And at laſt, perhaps, when life ſhall be turned into the dully ſober ſtillneſs, and I become deſirous to forget all my paſt rogueries, what comfortable reflections will it afford, to find them all revived, with *equal*, or probably *greater* trouble and expence, in the perſons and manners of ſo many young Lovelaces of the boys; and to have the girls run away with varlets perhaps not half ſo ingenious as myſelf; clumſy fellows, as it might happen, who could not afford the baggages one excuſe for their weakneſs, beſides thoſe diſgraceful ones of *ſex* and *nature*! —O Belford! who can bear to think of theſe things!——Who, at my time of life eſpecially, and with ſuch a bias for miſchief!

Of this I am abſolutely convinced, that if a man ever intends to marry, and to enjoy in peace his own reflections; and not be afraid of retribution, or of the conſequences of his own example; he ſhould never be a rake.

This looks like conſcience; don't it, Belford?

But, being in earneſt ſtill, as I have ſaid, all I have to do in my preſent uncertainty, is, to brighten up my faculties, by filing off the ruſt they have contracted by the town ſmoke, a long impriſonment in my cloſe attendance to ſo little purpoſe on my fair perverſe; and to brace up, if I can, the relaxed fibres of my mind, which have been twitched and convulſed like the nerves of ſome tottering paralytick, by means of the tumults ſhe has excited in it; that ſo I may be able to preſent to her a huſband as worthy as I can be of her acceptance; or, if ſhe reject me, be in a capacity to reſume my uſual gaiety of heart, and ſhew others of the miſleading ſex, that I am not diſcouraged by the difficulties I have met with from this ſweet individual of it, from endeavouring to make myſelf as acceptable to them as before.

In this latter caſe, one tour to France and Italy, I dare ſay, will do the buſineſs. Miſs Harlowe will by that time have forgotten all ſhe has ſuffered from her ungrateful Lovelace: though it will be impoſſible that her Lovelace ſhould ever forget a woman, whoſe equal he deſpairs to meet with, were he to travel from one end of the world to the other.

If thou continueſt paying off the heavy debts my long letters, for ſo many weeks together, have made thee groan under, I will endeavour to reſtrain myſelf in the deſires I have (importunate as they are) of going to town, to throw myſelf at the feet of my ſoul's beloved. *Policy*, and *honeſty*, both join to ſtrengthen the reſtraint my *own promiſe* and *thy engagement* have laid me under on this head. I would not afreſh provoke:

on

on the contrary, would give time for her reſentments to ſubſide, that ſo all that follows may be her own act and deed.

HICKMAN [I have a mortal averſion to that fellow!] has, by a line which I have juſt now received, requeſted an interview with me on Friday at Mr. Dormer's, as at a *common friend's*. Does the buſineſs he wants to meet upon, require that it ſhould be at a *common friend's*?—A challenge implied: is it not, Belford?—I ſhall not be civil to him, I doubt. He has been an intermeddler!—Then I envy him on Miſs Howe's account: for if I have a right notion of this Hickman, it is impoſſible that that virago can ever love him.

Every one knows, that the mother (ſaucy as the daughter ſometimes is) crams him down her throat. Her mother is one of the moſt violent-ſpirited women in *England*. Her late huſband could not ſtand in the matrimonial contention of *Who ſhould?* but tipt off the perch in it, neither knowing how to yield, nor how to conquer.

A charming encouragement for a man of intrigue, when he has reaſon to believe, that the woman he has a view upon has no love for her huſband! What good principles muſt that wife have, who is kept in againſt temptation by a ſenſe of her duty, and plighted faith, where affection has no hold of her!

Pr'ythee let's know, very particularly, how it fares with poor Belton.—'Tis an honeſt fellow.—Something more than his Thomaſine ſeems to ſtick with him.

Thou haſt not been preaching to him conſcience and reformation: haſt thou?—Thou ſhouldſt not take liberties with him of this ſort, unleſs thou thoughteſt him abſolutely irrecoverable. A man in ill health, and cropſick, cannot play with theſe ſolemn things, as thou canſt, and be neither better nor worſe for them.—Repentance, Jack, I have a notion, ſhould be ſet about while a man is in health and ſpirits. What's a man fit for [Not to begin a new work, ſurely!] when he is not himſelf, nor maſter of his faculties?—Hence, as I apprehend, it is, that a death-bed repentance is ſuppoſed to be ſuch a precarious and ineffectual thing.

As to myſelf, I hope, I have a great deal of time before me; ſince I intend *one day* to be a reformed man. I have very ſerious reflections now-and-then. Yet am I half afraid of the truth of what my charmer once told me, that a *man cannot repent when he will*.—Not to hold it, I ſuppoſe ſhe meant! By fits and ſtarts I have repented a thouſand times.

Caſting my eye over the two preceding paragraphs, I fancy there is ſomething like contradiction in them. But I will not reconſider them. The ſubject is a very ſerious one. I don't at preſent quite underſtand it. But now for one more airy.

Tourville, Mowbray, and myſelf, paſs away our time as pleaſantly as poſſibly we can without thee. I wiſh we don't add to Lord M.'s gouty days by the joy we give him.

This is one advantage, as I believe I have elſewhere obſerved, that we male-delinquents in love-matters have of the other ſex:—for while they, poor things! ſit ſighing in holes and corners, or run to woods and groves to bemoan themſelves on their baffled hopes, we can rant and roar, hunt and hawk; and, by new loves, baniſh from our hearts all remembrance of the old ones.

Merrily, however, as we paſs our time, my reflexions upon the injuries done to this noble creature bring a qualm upon my heart very often. But I know ſhe will permit me to make her amends, after ſhe has plagued me heartily; and that's my conſolation.

An honeſt fellow ſtill!—Clap thy wings, and crow, Jack!

LETTER LXXIV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY MORN. JULY 20.

WHAT, my deareſt creature, have been your ſufferings!—What muſt have been your anguiſh on ſo diſgraceful an inſult, committed in the open ſtreets, and in the broad day!

No end, I think, of the undeſerved calamities of a dear ſoul, who has been ſo unhappily driven and betrayed into the hands of a vile libertine!—How was I ſhocked at the receiving of your letter written by another hand, and only dictated by you!—You muſt be very ill. Nor is it to be wondered at. But I hope it is rather from hurry, and ſurprize, and lowneſs, which *may* be overcome, than from a grief given way to, which may be attended with effects I cannot bear to think of.

But whatever you do, my dear, you muſt not deſpond! Indeed you muſt not deſpond!

deſpond! Hitherto you have been in no fault: but deſpair would be all your own: and the worſt fault you can be guilty of.

I cannot bear to look upon another hand inſtead of yours. My dear creature, ſend me a few lines, though *ever ſo few*, in your own hand, if poſſible.—For they will revive my heart; eſpecially, if they can acquaint me of your amended health.

I expect your anſwer to my letter of the 13th. We all expect it with impatience.

His relations are perſons of *ſo much* honour—They are ſo *very* earneſt to rank you among them—The wretch is ſo very penitent: *every-one* of *his* family ſays he is—*Your own* are ſo implacable—Your laſt diſtreſs, though the conſequence of his former villainy, yet neither brought on by his direction, nor with his knowledge; and ſo much reſented by him—That my mother is abſolutely of opinion, that *you ſhould be his*——Eſpecially if, yielding to my wiſhes, as expreſſed in my letter, and thoſe of all his friends, you *would* have complied, had it not been for this horrid arreſt.

I will incloſe the copy of the letter I wrote to Miſs Montague laſt Tueſday, on hearing that nobody knew what was become of you; and the anſwer to it under-written and ſigned by Lord M. Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance, as well as by the young ladies; and alſo by the wretch himſelf.

I own, that I like not the turn of what he has written to me; and before I will further intereſt myſelf in his favour, I have determined to inform myſelf, *by a friend*, from his own mouth, of his ſincerity, and whether his *whole inclination* be in his requeſt to me, excluſive of the *wiſhes of his relations*. Yet my heart riſes againſt him, on the ſuppoſition that there is the ſhadow of a reaſon for ſuch a queſtion, the woman Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.—But I think, with my mother, that marriage is now the only means left to make your future life tolerably eaſy—*happy*, there is no ſaying.—His diſgraces, in *that* caſe, in the eye of the world itſelf, will be more than yours; and to thoſe who know you, glorious will be your triumph.

I am obliged to accompany my mother ſoon to the Iſle of Wight. My aunt Harman is in a declining way, and inſiſts upon ſeeing us both—And Mr. Hickman too, I think.

His ſiſter, of whom we had heard ſo much, with her lord, were brought t'other day to viſit us. She ſtrangely likes me, or ſays ſhe does.

I can't ſay, but that I think ſhe anſwers the excellent character we have heard of her.

It would be death to me to ſet out for the little iſland, and not ſee you firſt: and yet my mother (fond of exerting an authority that ſhe herſelf, by that exertion, often brings into queſtion) inſiſts, that my next viſit to you *muſt* be a congratulatory one, as Mrs. Lovelace.

When I know what will be the reſult of the queſtions to be put in my name to that wretch, and what is your mind on my letter of the 13th, I ſhall tell you more of mine.

The bearer promiſes to make ſo much diſpatch, as to attend you this very afternoon. May he return with good tidings to your *ever-affectionate*

ANNA HOWE!

LETTER LXXV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

YOU pain me, my deareſt Miſs Howe, by the ardour of your noble friendſhip. I will be very brief, becauſe I am not well; yet a good deal better than I was; and becauſe I am preparing an anſwer to yours of the 13th. But, beforehand, I muſt tell you, my dear, I will *not* have that man.—Don't be angry with me.—But indeed I won't. So let him be aſked no queſtions about me, I beſeech you.

I do *not* deſpond, my dear. I hope I may ſay, *I will not* deſpond. Is not my condition greatly mended? I thank Heaven it is!

I am no priſoner now in a vile houſe. I am not now in the power of that man's devices. I am not now obliged to hide myſelf in corners for fear of him. One of his intimate companions is become my warm friend, and engages to keep him from me, and that by his own conſent. I am among honeſt people. I have all my cloaths and effects reſtored to me. The wretch himſelf bears teſtimony to my honour.

Indeed I am very weak and ill: but I have an excellent phyſician, Dr. H. and as worthy an apothecary, Mr. Goddard.—Their treatment of me, my dear, is perfectly *paternal*!—My mind too, I can find, begins to ſtrengthen: and methinks at times, I find myſelf ſuperior to my calamities.

I ſhall have ſinkings ſometimes. I muſt

must expect ſuch. And my father's malediction—But you will chide me for introducing that, now I am enumerating my comforts.

But I charge you, my dear, that you do not ſuffer my calamities to ſit too heavy upon your own mind. If you do, that will be to new-point ſome of thoſe arrows that have been blunted, and loſt their ſharpneſs.

If you would contribute to *my* happineſs, give way, my dear, to *your own*; and to the cheerful proſpects before you!

You will think very meanly of your Clariſſa, if you do not believe, that the greateſt pleaſure ſhe can receive in this life, is in your proſperity and welfare. Think not of me, my only friend, but as we were in times paſt: and ſuppoſe me gone a great, great way off!—A long journey!——How often are the deareſt of friends, at their country's call, thus parted—with a *certainty* for years—with a *probability* for ever!

Love me ſtill, however. But let it be with a weaning love. I am not what I was, when we were *inſeparable* lovers, as I may ſay—Our *views* muſt now be different.—Reſolve, my dear, to make a worthy man happy, becauſe a worthy man muſt make *you* ſo.—And ſo, my deareſt love, for the preſent adieu!—Adieu, my deareſt love!—But I ſhall ſoon write again, I hope!

LETTER LXXVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTER LXXIII.]

THURSDAY, JULY 20.

I Re'd that part of your concluſion to poor Belton, where you enquire after him, and mention how merrily you, and the reſt, paſs your time at M. Hall. He fetched a deep ſigh: '*You are all* '*very happy!*' were his words.—I am ſorry they *were* his words; for, poor fellow, he is going very faſt. Change of air, *he* hopes, will mend him, joined to the cheerful company I have left him in. But nothing, I dare ſay, will.

A conſuming malady, and a conſuming miſtreſs, to an indulgent keeper, are dreadful things to ſtruggle with both together: violence muſt be uſed to get rid of the latter; and yet he has not ſpirit left him, to exert himſelf. His houſe is Thomaſine's houſe; not his. He has not been within his doors for a fortnight paſt. *Vagabonding about* from inn to inn; entering each for a bait only; and ſtaying two or three days without power to remove; and hardly knowing which to go to next. His malady is *within him*; and he cannot run away from it.

Her boys' (once he thought them his) are ſturdy enough to ſhoulder him in his own houſe as they paſs by him. Siding with the mother, they in a manner expel him; and in his abſence, riot away on the remnant of his broken fortunes. As to their mother (who was once ſo tender, ſo ſubmiſſive, ſo ſtudious to oblige, that we all pronounced him happy, and his courſe of life the eligible) ſhe is now ſo termagant, ſo inſolent, that he cannot contend with her, without infinite prejudice to his health. A broken-ſpirited defenſive, *hardly a defenſive*, therefore reduced to: and this to a heart, for ſo many years waging *offenſive* war, (not valuing whom the opponent) what a reduction!—Now comparing himſelf to the ſuperannuated lion in the fable, kicked in the jaws, and laid ſprawling, by the ſpurning heel of an ignoble aſs!

I have undertaken his cauſe. He has given me leave, yet not without reluctance, to put him into poſſeſſion of his own houſe, and to place in it for him his unhappy ſiſter, whom he has hitherto ſlighted, *becauſe* unhappy. It is hard, he told me, (and wept, poor fellow, when he ſaid it) that he cannot be permitted to die quietly in his own houſe!—The fruits of bleſſed keeping theſe!

Though but lately apprized of her infidelity, it now comes out to have been of ſo long continuance, that he has no room to believe the boys to be his: yet how fond did he uſe to be of them!

To what, Lovelace, ſhall we attribute the tenderneſs which a *reputed* father frequently ſhews to the children of another man?—What is that, I pray thee, which we call *nature*, and *natural affections?* And what has man to boaſt of as to ſagacity and penetration, when he is as eaſily brought to cover and rear, and even to love, and often to prefer, the product of another's guilt with his wife or miſtreſs, as a hen or gooſe the eggs, and even *young*, of others of their kind?

Nay, let me aſk, if *inſtinct*, as it is called, in the animal creation, does not enable them to diſtinguiſh their own, much more eaſily than we, with our boaſted *reaſon* and ſagacity, in this nice particular can do?

If ſome men, who have wives but of doubtful virtue, conſidered this matter duly, I believe their inordinate ardour after

after gain would be a good deal cooled, when they could not be certain (though their *mates* could) for whose children they were elbowing, buſtling, griping, and perhaps cheating, thoſe with whom they have concerns, whether friends, neighbours, or *more* certain next-of-kin, by the mother's ſide however.

But I will not puſh this notion ſo far as it might be carried; becauſe, if propagated, it might be of *unſocial* or *unnatural* conſequence; ſince women of virtue would perhaps be more liable to ſuffer by the miſtruſts and caprices of *bad-hearted* and *fooliſh-headed* huſbands than thoſe who can ſcreen themſelves from detection by arts and hypocriſy, to which a woman of virtue cannot have recourſe. And yet, were this notion duly and generally conſidered, it might be attended with no bad effects; as good education, good inclinations, and eſtabliſhed virtue, would be the principally ſought-after qualities; and not money, when a man (not biaſſed by mere perſonal attractions) was looking round him for a partner in his fortunes, and for a mother of his future children, which are to be the heirs of his poſſeſſions, and to enjoy the fruits of his induſtry.

But to return to poor Belton.

If I have occaſion for your aſſiſtance, and that of your compeers, in reinſtating the poor fellow, I will give you notice. Mean time, I have juſt now been told, that Thomaſine declares ſhe will not ſtir; for, it ſeems, ſhe ſuſpects that meaſures will be fallen upon to make her quit. She is Mrs. Belton, ſhe ſays, and will prove her marriage.

If ſhe give herſelf theſe airs in his life-time, what would ſhe attempt to do after his death?

Her boys threaten any-body, who ſhall preſume to inſult their *mother*. Their *father* (as they *call* poor Belton) they ſpeak of as an unnatural one. And their probably *true father* is for ever there, *hoſtilely* there, paſſing for her couſin, as uſual: now her *protecting* couſin.

Hardly ever, I dare ſay, was there a keeper, that did not make a keepereſs; who laviſhed away on her kept-fellow, what ſhe obtained from the extravagant folly of him who kept her.

I will do without you, if I can. The caſe will be only, as I conceive, like that of the ancient Sarmatians, returning, after many years abſence, to their homes, their wives then in poſſeſſion of their ſlaves: ſo that they had to contend not only with thoſe *wives*, conſcious of their infidelity, and with their *ſlaves*, but with the *children* of thoſe ſlaves, grown up to manhood, reſolute to defend their mothers and their long manumitted fathers. But the noble Sarmatians, ſcorning to attack their ſlaves with equal weapons, only provided themſelves with the ſame ſort of whips, with which they uſed formerly to chaſtiſe them. And attacking them with them, the miſcreants fled before them—In memory of which, to this day, the device on the coin of Nov grod in Ruſſia, a city of the ancient Sarmatia, is a man on horſeback, with a whip in his hand.

The poor fellow takes it ill, that you did not preſs him more than you did, to be of your party at M. Hall. It is owing to Mowbray, he is ſure, that he had ſo very ſlight an invitation, from one whoſe invitations uſed to be ſo warm.

Mowbray's ſpeech to him, he ſays, he never will forgive: 'Why, Tom,' ſaid the brutal fellow, with a curſe, 'thou droopeſt like a pip or roup-'cloaking chicken. Thou ſhouldſt grow 'perter, or ſubmit to a ſolitary quaran-'tine, if thou wouldſt not infect the 'whole brood.'

For my own part, only that this poor fellow is in diſtreſs, as well in his affairs, as in his mind, or I ſhould be ſick of you all. Such is the reliſh I have of the converſation, and ſuch my admiration of the deportment and ſentiments, of this divine lady, that I would forego a month, even of thy company, to be admitted into hers but for one hour: and I am highly in conceit with myſelf, greatly as I uſed to value *thine*, for being able, ſpontaneouſly as I may ſay, to make this preference.

It is, after all, a deviliſh life we have lived. And to conſider how it all ends in a very few years—To ſee to what a ſtate of ill health this poor fellow is ſo ſoon reduced—And then to obſerve how every one of ye run away from the unhappy being, as rats from a falling houſe, is fine comfort to help a man to look back upon companions ill-choſen, and a life miſ-ſpent.

It will be your turns by-and-by, every man of ye, if the juſtice of your country interpoſe not.

Thou art the only rake we have herded with, if thou wilt not except myſelf, who haſt preſerved entire thy health and thy fortunes.

Mowbray indeed is indebted to a robuſt conſtitution, that he has not yet

ſuffered

ſuffered in his health; but his eſtate is dwindling away year by year.

Three-fourths of Tourville's very conſiderable fortunes are already diſſipated; and the remaining fourth will probably ſoon go after the other three.

Poor Belton! we ſee how it is with him!—His only felicity is, that he will hardly *live* to want.

Thou art too proud, and too prudent, ever to be deſtitute; and, to do thee juſtice, haſt a ſpirit to aſſiſt ſuch of thy friends as may be reduced; and *wilt*, if thou ſhouldeſt then be living. But I think thou muſt, much ſooner than thou imagineſt, be called to thy account—knocked on the head perhaps by the friends of thoſe whom thou haſt injured; for if thou eſcapeſt this fate from the Harlowe family, thou wilt go on tempting danger and vengeance, till thou meeteſt with vengeance; and this, whether thou marrieſt, or not: for the nuptial life will not, I doubt, till age join with it, cure thee of that ſpirit for intrigue, which is continually running away with thee, in ſpite of thy better ſenſe, and tranſitory reſolutions.

Well, then, I will ſuppoſe *thee* laid down quietly among thy worthier anceſtors.

And now let me look forward to the ends of Tourville and Mowbray. [Belton will be crumbled into duſt before thee perhaps] ſuppoſing thy early exit has ſaved thee from gallows intervention.

Reduced, probably, by riotous waſte, to conſequential want, behold them refuged in ſome obſcure hole or garret; obliged to the careleſs care of ſome dirty old woman, whom nothing but her poverty prevails upon to attend to perform the laſt offices for men, who have made ſuch ſhocking ravage among the young ones.

Then how miſerably will they whine through ſqueaking organs; their big voices turned into puling pity-begging lamentations! Their now-offenſive paws, how helpleſs then!—Their now-erect necks then denying ſupport to their aching heads; thoſe globes of miſchief dropping upon their quaking ſhoulders. Then what wry faces will they make! their hearts, and their heads, reproaching each other!—Diſtended their parched mouths!—Sunk their unmuſcled cheeks!—Dropt their under-jaws!—Each grunting like the ſwine he had reſembled in his life! 'Oh! what a vile wretch have I been! 'Oh! that I had my life to come over 'again!'—Confeſſing to the poor old woman, who cannot ſhrive them! Imaginary ghoſts of deflowered virgins, and polluted matrons, ſitting before their glaſſy eyes! And old Satan, to their apprehenſions, grinning behind a looking-glaſs held up before them, to frighten them with the horror viſible in their own countenances!

For my own part, if I can get ſome good family to credit me with a ſiſter or a daughter, as I have now an encreaſed fortune, which will enable me to propoſe handſome ſettlements, I will deſert ye all; marry, and live a life of reaſon, rather than a life of a brute, for the time to come.

LETTER LXXVII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

I Was forced to take back my twenty guineas. How the women managed it, I can't tell; (I ſuppoſe they too readily found a purchaſer for the rich ſuit) but ſhe miſtruſted, that I was the advancer of the money; and would not let the cloaths go. But Mrs. Lovick has actually ſold, for fifteen guineas, ſome rich lace worth three times the ſum: out of which ſhe repaid her the money ſhe borrowed for fees to the doctor, in an illneſs occaſioned by the barbarity of the moſt ſavage of men. *Thou knoweſt his name!*

The doctor called on her in the morning it ſeems, and had a ſhort debate with her about fees. She inſiſted, that he ſhould take one every time he came, write or not write; miſtruſting, that he only gave verbal directions to Mrs. Lovick, or the nurſe, to avoid taking any.

He ſaid, that it would have been impoſſible for him, had he *not* been a phyſician, to forbear enquiries after the health and welfare of ſo excellent a perſon. He had not the thought of paying her a compliment in declining the offered fee: but he knew her caſe could not ſo ſuddenly vary, as to demand his daily viſits. She muſt permit him, therefore, to enquire of the women below after her health; and he muſt not think of coming up, if he were to be *pecuniarily* rewarded for the ſatisfaction he was ſo deſirous to give himſelf.

It ended in a compromiſe for a fee each other time: which ſhe unwillingly ſubmitted to; telling him, that though ſhe was at preſent deſolate and in diſgrace, yet her circumſtances were

of right, high; and no expences could rise so, as to be scrupled, whether she lived or died. But she submitted, she added, to the compromise, in hopes to see him as often as he had opportunity; for she really looked upon him, and Mr. Goddard, from their kind and tender treatment of her, with a regard next to filial.

I hope thou wilt make thyself acquainted with this worthy doctor, when thou comest to town; and give him thy thanks, for putting her into conceit with the sex that thou hast given her so much reason to execrate. *Farewel.*

LETTER LXXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, FRIDAY, JULY 21.

JUST returned from an interview with this Hickman: a precise fop of a fellow, as starched as his ruffles.

Thou knowest I love him not, Jack; and whom we love not, we cannot allow a merit to! *perhaps not the merit they should be granted.* However, I am in earnest, when I say, that he seems to me to be so set, so prim, so affected, so mincing, yet so clouterly in his person, that I dare engage for thy opinion, if thou dost justice to him, and to thyself, that thou never beheldest such another, except in a pier-glass.

I'll tell thee how I played him off.

He came in his own chariot to Dormer's; and we took a turn in the garden, at his request. He was devilish ceremonious, and made a bushel of apologies for the freedom he was going to take: and, after half a hundred hums and haws, told me, that he came—that he came—to wait on me—at the request of *dear Miss Howe*, on the account—on the account—of Miss Harlowe.

'Well, Sir, speak on,' said I: 'but 'give me leave to say, that if your book 'be as long as your preface, it will take 'up a week to read it.'

This was pretty rough, thou'lt say: but there is nothing like baulking these formalists at first. When they are put out of their road, they are filled with doubts of themselves, and can never get into it again: so that an honest fellow, impertinently attacked, as I was, has all the game in his own hand quite through the conference.

He stroked his chin, and hardly knew what to say. At last, after parenthesis within parenthesis, apologizing for apologies, in imitation, I suppose, of Swift's Digression in praise of Digressions—'I 'presume—I presume, Sir, you were 'privy to the visit made to Miss Howe 'by the young ladies your cousins, in 'the name of Lord M. and Lady Sarah 'Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance.'

'I *was*, Sir: and Miss Howe had a 'letter afterwards, signed by his lord-'ship and by those ladies, and under-'written by myself. Have you seen it, 'Sir?'

'I can't say but I have. It is the 'principal cause of this visit: for Miss 'Howe thinks your part of it is written 'with such an air of levity—Pardon 'me, Sir—that she knows not whether 'you are in earnest, or not, in your 'address to *her* for her interest with her '*friend*.'

'Will Miss Howe permit me to ex-'plain myself in person to her, Mr. 'Hickman?'

'O Sir, by no means. Miss Howe, 'I am sure, would not give you that 'trouble.'

'I should not think it a trouble. I 'will most readily attend you, Sir, to 'Miss Howe, and satisfy her in all her 'scruples. Come, Sir, I will wait upon 'you now. You have a chariot. Are 'alone. We can talk as we ride.'

He hesitated, wriggled, winced, stroaked his ruffles, set his wig, and pulled his neckcloth, which was long enough for a bib—'I am not going directly back to 'Miss Howe, Sir. It will be as well, if 'you will be so good as to satisfy Miss 'Howe by me.'

'What is it she scruples, Mr. Hick-'man?'

'Why, Sir, Miss Howe observes, 'that in your part of the letter, you 'say—But let me see, Sir—I have a 'copy of what you wrote,' [Pulling it out]—'Will you give me leave, Sir? '—Thus you begin—"*Dear Miss* "*Howe*——"

'No offence, I hope, Mr. Hick-'man?'

'None in the least, Sir!—None at 'all, Sir!—Taking aim, as it were, to read.

'Do you use spectacles, Mr. Hick-'man?'

'*Spectacles*, Sir!'—His whole broad face lifted up at me—'Spectacles!—'What makes you ask me such a ques-'tion?—Such a young man as I use spec-'tacles, Sir!'

'They do in Spain, Mr. Hickman: 'young as well as old, to save their eyes. '—Have you ever read Prior's *Alma*, 'Mr. Hickman?'

'I have,

'I have, Sir!—Cuſtom is every-thing 'in nations, as well as with individu-'als: I know the meaning of your 'queſtion—But 'tis not the *Engliſh* cuſ-'tom.'

'Was you ever in Spain, Mr. Hick-'man?'

'No, Sir: I have been in Holland.'

'In Holland, Sir!—Never in France 'or Italy?'—I was reſolved to travel with him into the land of *Puzzledom*

'No, Sir; I cannot ſay I have, as 'yet.'

'That's a wonder, Sir, when on the 'continent!'

'I went on a particular affair: I was 'obliged to return ſoon.'

'Well, Sir; you was going to read—'Pray be pleaſed to proceed.'

Again he took aim, as if his eyes were older than the reſt of him; and read—'*After what is written above, and* '*ſigned by names and characters of ſuch un-*'*queſtionable honour*——' 'To be ſure,' (taking off his eyes) 'nobody queſtions 'the honour of Lord M. nor that of the 'good ladies who ſigned the letter.'

'I hope, Mr. Hickman, nobody queſ-'tions mine neither?'

'If you pleaſe, Sir, I will read on—"*I might have been excuſed ſigning a name,* "*almoſt as hateful to myſelf,*"—'[You are 'pleaſed to ſay]—'*as I* KNOW *it is to* "YOU—"

'Well Mr. Hickman, I muſt inter-'rupt you at this place. In what I wrote 'to Miſs Howe, I diſtinguiſhed the word 'KNOW. I had a reaſon for it. Miſs 'Howe has been very free with my cha-'racter. I have never done her any 'harm. I take it very ill of her. And 'I hope, Sir, you come in her name to 'make excuſes for it.'

'Miſs Howe, Sir, is a very polite 'young lady. She is not accuſtomed to 'treat any man's character unbecom-'ingly.'

'Then *I* have the more reaſon to take 'it amiſs, Mr. Hickman.'

'Why, Sir, you know the friend-'ſhip—'

'No friendſhip ſhould warrant ſuch 'freedoms as Miſs Howe has taken with 'my character.'

(I believe he began to wiſh he had not come near me. He ſeemed quite diſ-concerted.)

'Have you not heard Miſs Howe treat 'my name with great—'

'Sir, I come not to offend or affront 'you: but you know what a love there 'is between Miſs Howe and Miſs Har-'lowe.—I doubt, Sir, you have not 'treated Miſs Harlowe, as ſo fine a young 'lady deſerved to be treated. And if 'love for her friend has made Miſs Howe 'take freedoms, as you call them, a 'mind not ungenerous, on ſuch an oc-'caſion, will rather be ſorry for having 'given the *cauſe*, than—'

'I know your conſequence, Sir!—'But I'd rather have this reproof from 'a lady, than from a gentleman. I have 'a great deſire to wait upon Miſs Howe. 'I am perſuaded we ſhould ſoon come 'to a good underſtanding. Generous 'minds are always of kin. I know we 'ſhould agree in every-thing.—Pray, 'Mr. Hickman, be ſo kind as to intro-'duce me to Miſs Howe.'

'Sir—I can ſignify your deſire, if you 'pleaſe, to Miſs Howe.'

'Do ſo.—Be pleaſed to read on, Mr. 'Hickman.'

He did very formally, as if I remem-bered not what I had written; and when he came to the paſſage about the halter, the parſon, and the hangman, reading it—'Why, Sir,' ſays he, 'does not this 'look like a jeſt?—Miſs Howe thinks it 'does. It is not in the lady's *power*, 'you know, Sir, to doom you to the 'gallows.'

'Then, if it were, Mr. Hickman, you 'think ſhe would?'

'You ſay here to Miſs Howe,' pro-ceeded he, 'that Miſs Harlowe is the '*moſt injured of the ſex*. I know, from 'Miſs Howe, that ſhe highly reſents the 'injuries you own: inſomuch that 'Miſs Howe doubts that ſhe ſhall ne-'ver prevail upon her to overlook them: 'and as your family are all deſirous you 'ſhould repair her wrongs, and like-'wiſe deſire Miſs Howe's interpoſition 'with her friend; Miſs Howe fears, 'from this part of your letter, that you 'are too much in jeſt; and that your 'offer to do her juſtice is rather in com-'pliment to your friends entreaties, than 'proceeding from your own inclinati-'ons: and ſhe deſires to know your true 'ſentiments on this occaſion, before ſhe 'interpoſes further.

'Do you think, Mr. Hickman, that, 'if I am capable of deceiving my own 'relations, I have ſo much obligation 'to Miſs Howe, who has always treat-'ed me with great freedom, as to ac-'knowledge to *her*, what I don't to 'them?'

'Sir, I beg pardon: but Miſs Howe 'thinks, that, as you have written to 'her, ſhe may aſk you, by me, for an 'explanation of what you have written.'

'You ſee, Mr. Hickman, ſomething

'of me,—Do you think I am in jeſt, or 'in earneſt?'

'I ſee, Sir, you are a gay gentleman, 'of fine ſpirits, and all that—All I beg 'in Miſs Howe's name, is, to know if 'you really, and *bona fide*, join with 'your friends in deſiring her to uſe her 'intereſt to reconcile you to Miſs Har-'lowe?

'I ſhould be extremely glad to be re-'conciled to Miſs Harlowe; and ſhould 'owe great obligations to Miſs Howe, 'if ſhe could bring about ſo happy an 'event.'

'Well, Sir, and you have no objec-'tions to marriage, I preſume, as the 'condition of that reconciliation?'

'I never liked matrimony in my life. 'I muſt be plain with you, Mr. Hick-'man.'

'I am ſorry for it: I think it a very 'happy ſtate.'

'I hope you will find it ſo, Mr. 'Hickman.'

'I doubt not but I ſhall, Sir. And 'I dare ſay, ſo would you, if you were 'to have Miſs Harlowe.'

'If I could be happy in it with any-'body, it would be with Miſs Har-'lowe.'

'I am ſurprized, Sir!—Then, after 'all, you don't think of marrying Miſs 'Harlowe!—After the hard uſage—'

'What hard uſage, Mr. Hickman? I 'don't doubt but a lady of her niceneſs 'has repreſented what would appear 'trifles to any other, in a very ſtrong 'light.'

'If what I have had hinted to me, 'Sir—Excuſe me—has been offered to 'the lady, ſhe has more than trifles to 'complain of.'

'Let me know what you have heard, 'Mr. Hickman? I will very truly an-'ſwer to the accuſations.'

'Sir, you know beſt what you have 'done: you own the lady is the *moſt in-'jured, as well as the moſt deſerving, of 'her ſex.*'

'I do, Sir; and yet, I would be glad 'to know what you have *heard*; for on 'that, perhaps, depends my anſwer to 'the queſtions Miſs Howe puts to me by 'you.'

'Why, then, Sir, ſince you aſk it, 'you cannot be diſpleaſed if I anſwer 'you:—In the firſt place, Sir, you will 'acknowledge, I ſuppoſe, that you pro-'miſed Miſs Harlowe marriage, and 'all that?'

'Well, Sir, and I ſuppoſe what you 'have to charge me with is, that I was 'deſirous to have *all that*, without mar-'riage.'

'Cot-ſo, Sir, I know you are deemed 'to be a man of wit: but may I not aſk, 'if theſe things ſit not too light upon 'you?'

'When a thing is done, and cannot 'be helped, 'tis right to make the beſt 'of it. I wiſh the lady would think ſo 'too.'

'I think, Sir, ladies ſhould not be 'deceived. I think a promiſe to a lady 'ſhould be as binding as to any other 'perſon, at the leaſt.'

'I *believe* you think ſo, Mr. Hick-'man: and I believe you are a very 'honeſt good ſort of a man.'

'I would always keep my word, Sir, 'whether to man or woman.'

'You ſay well. And far be it from 'me to perſuade you to do otherwiſe. 'But what have you farther heard?'

(Thou wilt think, Jack, I muſt be very deſirous to know in what light my elected ſpouſe had repreſented things to Miſs Howe; and how far Miſs Howe had communicated them to Mr. Hick-man.)

'Sir, this is no part of my preſent 'buſineſs.'

'But, Mr. Hickman, 'tis part of 'mine. I hope you would not expect, 'that I ſhould anſwer *your* queſtions, at 'the ſame time that you refuſed to an-'ſwer *mine*. What, pray, have you far-'ther heard?'

'Why, then, Sir, if I muſt ſay, I am 'told, that Miſs Harlowe was carried to 'a very bad houſe.'

'Why, indeed, the people did not 'prove ſo good as they ſhould be.—What 'farther have you heard?'

'I have heard, Sir, that the lady had 'ſtrange advantages taken of her, very '*unfair* ones: but what I cannot ſay.'

'And *cannot* you ſay?—Cannot you '*gueſs?*—Then I'll tell you, Sir. Per-'haps ſome liberty was taken with her 'when ſhe was aſleep. Do you think no 'lady ever was taken at ſuch an advan-'tage?—You know, Mr. Hickman, that 'ladies are very ſhy of truſting them-'ſelves with the modeſteſt of our ſex, 'when they are diſpoſed to ſleep; and 'why ſo, if they did not *expect* that ad-'vantages would be taken of them at 'ſuch times?'

'But, Sir, had not the lady ſome-'thing given her to make her ſleep?'

'Aye, Mr. Hickman, that's the queſ-'tion: I want to know if the lady ſays 'ſhe had?'

'I have

'I have not seen all she has written; 'but by what I have heard, it is a very 'black affair—Excuse me, Sir.'

'I do excuse you, Mr. Hickman: 'but, supposing it were so, do you think 'a lady was never imposed upon by 'wine, or so?—Do you think the most 'cautious woman in the world might 'not be cheated by a stronger liquor for 'a smaller, when she was thirsty, after 'a fatigue in this very warm wea'her? 'And do you think, if she was thus 'thrown into a profound sleep, that she 'is the only lady that ever was taken at 'such advantage?'

'Even as you make it, Mr. Lovelace, 'this matter is not a light one. But I 'fear it is a great deal heavier than as 'you put it.'

'What reasons have you to fear this, 'Sir? What has the lady said? Pray 'let me know. I have *reason* to be so 'earnest.'

'Why, Sir, Miss Howe herself knows 'not the whole. The lady promises to 'give her all the particulars at a proper 'time, if she lives; but has said enough 'to make it out to be a very bad affair.'

'I am glad Miss Harlowe has not yet 'given all the particulars. And, since 'she has not, you may tell Miss Howe 'from me, that neither she nor any wo'man in the world can be more virtu'ous than Miss Harlowe is to this hour, 'as to her own mind. Tell her, that I 'hope she never *will* know the particu'lars; but that she has been unworthily 'used: tell her, that though I know 'not what she has said, yet I have such 'an opinion of her veracity, that I would 'blindly subscribe to the truth of every 'tittle of it, though it make me ever so 'black. Tell her, that I have but *three* 'things to blame her for; *one*, that she 'won't give me an opportunity of re'pairing her wrongs: the *second*, that 'she is so ready to acquaint every-body 'with what she has suffered, that it will 'put it out of my power to redress those 'wrongs, with any tolerable reputation 'to either of us. Will this, Mr. Hick'man, answer any part of the intention 'of this visit?'

'Why, Sir, this is talking like a man 'of honour, I own. But you say there 'is a *third* thing you blame the lady for '—May I ask what that is?'

'I don't know, Sir, whether I ought 'to tell it you, or not. Perhaps you 'won't believe it, if I do. But though 'the lady will tell the *truth* and nothing '*but* the truth; yet, perhaps, she will 'not tell you the *whole* truth.'

'Pray, Sir—But it mayn't be proper '—Yet you give me great curiosity. 'Sure there is no misconduct in the lady. 'I hope there is not. I am sure, if Miss 'Howe did not believe her to be faultless in every particular, she would not 'interest herself so much in her favour 'as she does, dearly as she loves her.'

'I love Miss Harlowe too well, Mr. 'Hickman, to wish to lessen her in Miss 'Howe's opinion; especially as she is 'abandoned of every other friend. But, 'perhaps, it would hardly be credited, 'if I should tell you.'

'I should be very sorry, Sir, and so 'would Miss Howe, if this poor lady's 'conduct had laid her under obligation 'to you for this reserve.—You have so 'much the appearance of a gentleman, 'as well as are so much distinguished in 'your family and fortunes, that I hope 'you are incapable of loading such a 'young lady as this, in order to lighten 'yourself—Excuse me, Sir.'

'I do, I do, Mr. Hickman. You 'say you came not with any intention to 'affront me. I take freedom, and I 'give it. I should be very loth, I re'peat, to say any thing that may 'weaken Miss Harlowe in the good opi'nion of the only friend she thinks she 'has left.'

'It may not be proper,' said he, 'for 'me to know your *third* article against 'this unhappy lady: but I never heard 'of any-body, out of her own implaca'ble family, that had the least doubt of 'her honour. *Mrs.* Howe, indeed, once 'said, after a conference with one of her 'uncles, that she feared all was not 'right on her side.—But else, I never 'heard—'

'Oons, Sir!'—in a fierce tone, and with an erect mien, stopping short upon him, which made him start back—'Tis 'next to blasphemy to question this lady's 'honour! She is more pure than a ves'tal; for vestals have been often warm'ed by their own fires. No age, from 'the first to the present, ever produced, 'nor will the future, to the end of the 'world, I dare aver, ever produce, 'a young blooming lady, tried as she 'has been tried, who has stood all trials, 'as she has done.—Let me tell you, Sir, 'that you never saw, never knew, never 'heard of, such another woman as Miss 'Harlowe.'

'Sir, Sir, I beg your pardon. Far 'be it from me to question the lady. 'You have not heard me say a word, 'that could be so construed. I have the 'utmost honour for her. Miss Howe 'loves her, as she loves her own soul; 'and that she would not do, if she were

'not

'not sure she were as virtuous as her-'self.'

'*As herself*, Sir!—I have a high opi-'nion of Miss Howe, Sir—But, I dare 'say—'

'What, Sir, dare you say of Miss 'Howe!—I hope, Sir, you will not pre-'sume to say any-thing to the disparage-'ment of Miss Howe.'

'*Presume*, Mr. Hickman!—That is '*presuming* language, let me tell you, Mr. 'Hickman!'

'The *occasion* for it, Mr. Lovelace, 'if designed, is *presuming*, if you please. '—I am not a man ready to take of-'fence, Sir—Especially where I am em-'ployed as a mediator. But no man 'breathing shall say disparaging things 'of Miss Howe, in my hearing, with-'out observation.'

'Well said, Mr. Hickman. I dislike 'not your spirit, on such a *supposed* oc-'casion. But what I was going to say 'is this, that there is not, in my opi-'nion, a woman in the world, who 'ought to compare herself with Miss 'Clarissa Harlowe till she has stood *her* 'trials, and has behaved *under* them, 'and *after* them, as she has done.—You 'see, Sir, I speak against myself. You 'see I do. For, libertine as I am 'thought to be, I never will attempt 'to bring down the measures of right 'and wrong to the standard of my 'actions.'

'Why, Sir, this is very right. It is 'very *noble*, I will say. But 'tis pity—'Excuse me, Sir—'tis pity, that the 'man who can pronounce so fine a sen-'tence, will not square his actions ac-'cordingly.'

'That, Mr. Hickman, is another 'point. We all err in some things. I 'wish not that Miss Howe should have 'Miss Harlowe's trials: and I rejoice, 'that she is in no danger of any such 'from so good a man.'

(Poor Hickman!—He looked as if he knew not whether I meant a compliment or a reflection!)

'But,' proceeded I, 'since I find that 'I have excited your curiosity, that you 'may not go away with a doubt that 'may be injurious to the most admir-'able of women, I am inclined to hint 'to you what I have in the *third* place 'to blame her for.'

'Sir, as you please—It may not be 'proper.'

'It cannot be very *improper*, Mr. 'Hickman—So let me ask you, What 'would Miss Howe think, if her friend 'is the *more* determined against me, be-'cause she thinks (in revenge to me, I 'verily believe that!) of encouraging 'another lover?'

'How, Sir!—Sure this cannot be the 'case!—I can tell you, Sir, if Miss 'Howe thought this, she would not 'approve of it at all: for, as little as 'you think Miss Howe likes you, Sir, 'and little as she approves of your ac-'tions by her friend, I know she is of 'opinion, that she ought to have no-'body living but you: and should con-'tinue single all her life, if she be not 'yours.'

'Revenge and obstinacy, Mr. Hick-'man, will make women, the best of 'them, do very unaccountable things. 'Rather than not put out both eyes of 'the man they are offended with, they 'will give up one of their own.'

'I don't know what to say to this, 'Sir: but, sure, she cannot encourage 'any other person's address!—So soon 'too—Why, Sir, she is, as we are told, 'so ill, and so *weak*——'

'Not in resentment weak, I'll assure 'you. I am well acquainted with all 'her movements—And I tell you, be-'lieve it, or not, that she refuses *me* in 'view of *another* lover.'

'Can it be?'

''Tis true, by my soul!—Has she 'not hinted this to Miss Howe, do you 'think?'

'No, indeed, Sir. If she had I should 'not have troubled you at this time from 'Miss Howe.'

'Well, then, you see I am right: 'that though she cannot be guilty of a 'falsehood, yet she has not told her friend 'the whole truth.'

'What shall a man say to these 'things!'—(Looking most stupidly per-plexed.)

'*Say! Say!* Mr. Hickman!—Who 'can account for the workings and ways 'of a passionate and offended woman? 'Endless would be the histories I could 'give you, within my own knowledge, 'of the dreadful effects of women's pas-'sionate resentments, and what that sex 'will do when disappointed.

'There was Miss DORRINGTON, '[Perhaps you know her not] who run 'away with her father's groom, because 'he would not let her have a half-pay 'officer, with whom (her passions all up) 'she fell in love at first sight, as he acci-'dentally passed under her window.

'There was Miss SAVAGE; she mar-'ried her mother's coachman, because 'her mother refused her a journey to 'Wales; in apprehension, that Miss

intended

'intended to league herself with a re-
'mote cousin of unequal fortunes, of
'whom she was not a little fond when
'he was a visiting-guest at their house
'for a week.

'There was the young widow SAN-
'DERSON; who believing herself slight-
'ed by a younger brother of a noble fa-
'mily, (Sarah Stout like) took it into
'her head to drown herself.

'Miss SALLY ANDERSON [You have
'heard of her, no doubt] being checked
'by her uncle for encouraging an ad-
'dress beneath her, in spite, threw her-
'self into the arms of an ugly dog, a
'shoemaker's apprentice, running away
'with him in a pair of shoes he had just
'fitted to her feet, though she never
'saw the fellow before, and hated him
'ever after: and, at last, took lauda-
'num to make her forget for ever her
'own folly.

'But can there be a stronger instance
'in point, than what the unaccountable
'resentments of *such* a lady as Miss Cla-
'rissa Harlowe afford us? Who at this
'very instant, ill as she is, not only en-
'courages, but, in a manner, makes
'court to one of the most odious dogs
'that ever was seen? I think Miss
'Howe should not be told this—And yet
'she ought too, in order to dissuade her
'from such a preposterous rashness.'

'O fie! O strange! Miss Howe knows
'nothing of this! To be sure she won't
'look upon her, if this be true!'

''Tis true, very true, Mr. Hickman!
'True as I am here to tell you so!—And
'he is an ugly fellow too; uglier to
'look at than me.'

'Than *you*, Sir! Why, to be sure,
'you are one of the handsomest men in
'England.'

'Well, but the wretch she so spite-
'fully prefers to me is a mis-shapen,
'meagre varlet; more like a skeleton
'than a man! Then he dresses—you never
'saw a devil so bedizened! Hardly a coat
'to his back, nor a shoe to his foot: a
'bald-pated villain, yet grudges to buy
'a peruke to hide his baldness: for he
'is as covetous as hell, never satisfied,
'yet plaguy rich.'

'Why, Sir, there is some joke in this,
'surely. A man of common parts knows
'not how to take such gentlemen as you.
'But, Sir, if there be any truth in the
'story, what is he? Some Jew, or mis-
'erly citizen, I suppose, that may have
'presumed on the lady's distressful cir-
'cumstances; and your lively wit points
'him out as it pleases.'

'Why the rascal has estates in every
'county *in* England, and *out of* England
'too.'

'Some East India governor, I suppose,
'if there be any-thing in it. The lady
'once had thoughts of going abroad.
'But, I fancy, all this time you are in
'jest, Sir. If not, we must surely have
'heard of him——'

'Heard of him! Ay, Sir, we have all
'heard of him—But none of us care to
'be intimate with him—except this lady
'—and that, as I told you, in spite to
'me—His name, in short, is DEATH!
'—DEATH, Sir,' stamping, and speak-
ing loud, and full in his ear; which
made him jump half a yard high.

Thou never beheldest any man so dis-
concerted. He looked as if the fright-
ful skeleton was before him, and he had
not his accounts ready. When a little
recovered, he fribbled with his waist-
coat buttons, as if he had been telling
his beads.

'This, Sir,' proceeded I, 'is her
'wooer!—Nay, she is so forward a girl,
'that she *wooes him*: but I hope it never
'will be a match.'

He had before behaved, and now
looked, with more spirit than I expect-
ed from him.

'I came, Sir,' said he, 'as a mediator
'of differences. It behoves me to keep
'my temper. But, Sir,' and turned short
upon me, 'as much as I love peace,
'and to promote it, I will not be ill-
'used.'

As I had played so much upon him, it
would have been wrong to take him at
his *more* than half-menace: yet, I think,
I owe him a grudge, for his presuming
to address Miss Howe.

'You mean no defiance, I presume,
'Mr. Hickman, any more than I do of-
'fence. On that presumption, I ask your
'excuse. But this is my way. I mean
'no harm. I cannot let sorrow touch
'my heart. I cannot be grave six mi-
'nutes together, for the blood of me.
'I am a descendent of old Chancellor
'Moore, I believe; and should not for-
'bear to cut a joke, were I upon the
'scaffold. But you may gather, from
'what I have *said*, that I prefer Miss
'Harlowe, and that upon the justest
'grounds, to all the women in the world:
'and I wonder, that there should be any
'difficulty to believe, from what I have
'signed, and from what I have promis-
'ed to my relations, and enabled them
'to promise for me, that I should be glad
'to marry that excellent creature upon
'her own terms. I acknowledge to you,
'Mr. Hickman, that I have basely in-

'jured

'served her. If she will honour me with 'her hand, I declare, that it is my in'tention to make her the best of hus'bands. But, nevertheless, I must say, 'that, if she goes on appealing her case, 'and exposing us both, as she does, it 'is impossible to think the knot can be 'knit with reputation to either. And al'though, Mr. Hickman, I have deliver'ed my apprehensions under so ludicrous 'a figure, I am afraid, that she will ruin 'her constitution; and, by seeking 'Death when she may shun him, will 'not be able to avoid him when she would 'be glad to do so.'

This cool and honest speech let down his stiffened muscles into complacence. He was my very obedient and faithful humble servant several times over, as I waited on him to his chariot: and I was his almost as often.

And so *exit* Hickman.

LETTER LXXIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTERS LXXII. LXXVI. LXXVII.]

FRIDAY NIGHT, JULY 21.

I Will throw away a few paragraphs upon the contents of thy last shocking letters just brought me; and send what I shall write by the fellow who carries mine on the interview with Hickman.

Reformation, I see, is coming fast upon thee. Thy uncle's slow death, and thy attendance upon him, through every stage towards it, prepared thee for it. But go thou on in thine own way, as I will in mine. Happiness consists in being pleased with what we do: and if thou canst find delight in being *sad*, it will be as well for thee, as if thou wert *merry*, though no other person should join to keep thee in countenance.

I am, nevertheless, exceedingly disturbed at the lady's ill health. It is entirely owing to the cursed arrest. She was absolutely triumphant over me and the whole crew *before*. Thou believest me guiltless of that: so, I hope, does she.—The rest, as I have often said, is a common case; only a little uncommonly circumstanced; that's all! why, then, all these severe things from her, and from thee?

As to selling her cloaths, and her laces, and so-forth, it has, I own, a shocking sound with it. What an implacable as well as unjust set of wretches are those of her unkindredly kin who have money of hers in their hands, as well as large arrears of her own estate; yet withhold both, *avowedly* to distress her! But may she not have money of that proud and saucy friend of hers, Miss Howe, more than she wants?—And should not I be overjoyed, thinkest thou, to serve her?——What then is there in the parting with her apparel, but female perverseness?—And I am not sure, whether I ought not to be glad, if she does this out of *spite to me*.—Some disappointed fair-ones would have hanged, some drowned themselves. My beloved only revenges herself upon her cloaths. Different ways of working has passion in different bosoms, as humours or complexion induce.—Besides, dost think I shall grudge to replace, to three times the value, what she disposes of? So, Jack, there is no great matter in this.

Thou seest how sensible she is of the soothings of the polite doctor: this will enable thee to judge how dreadfully the horrid arrest, and her gloomy father's curse, must have hurt her. I have great hope, if she will but see me, that my behaviour, my contrition, my soothings, may have some happy effects upon her.

But thou art too ready to give me up. Let me seriously tell thee, that all excellence as she is, I think the earnest interposition of my relations; the implored mediation of that little fury Miss Howe; and the commissions thou acteſt under from myself; are such instances of condescension and high value in *them*, and such contrition in *me*, that nothing farther can be done.—So here let the matter rest for the present, till she considers better of it.

But now a few words upon poor Belton's case. I own I was at first a little startled at the disloyalty of his Thomasine: her hypocrisy to be for so many years undetected!—I have very lately had some intimations given me of her vileness; and had intended to mention them to thee, when I saw thee. To say the truth, I always suspected her *eye*: the *eye*, then knowest, is the *casement*, at which the *heart* generally looks out. Many a woman, who will not shew herself at the *door*, has tipt the sly, the unintelligible *wink* from the *windows*.

But Tom had no management at all. A very careless fellow. Would never look into his own affairs. The estate his uncle left him was his ruin: wife or mistress, whoever was, must have had his fortune to sport with.

I have often hinted his weakness of this sort to him; and the danger he was

in

ke of becoming the property of designing people! But he hated to take pains. He would ever run away from his accounts; as now, poor fellow! he would be glad to do from himself. Had he not had a woman to fleece him, his *coachman* or *valet*, would have been his *prime-minister*, and done it as effectually.

But yet, for many years, I thought she was true to his bed. At least I thought the boys were his own. For though they are muscular, and big-boned, yet I supposed the healthy mother might have furnished them with legs and shoulders: for she is not of a delicate frame; and then Tom, some years ago, looked up, and spoke more like a man, than he has done of late; squeaking inwardly, poor fellow! for some time past, from contracted quail-pipes, and wheezing from lungs half spit away.

He complains, thou sayest, that we all run away from him. Why, after all, Belford, it is no pleasant thing to see a poor fellow one loves, dying by inches, yet unable to do him good. There are friendships which are only *bottle-deep*: I should be loth to have it thought, that mine for any of my vassals is such a one. Yet, with gay hearts, which *became intimate because they were gay*, the reason for their first intimacy ceasing, the friendship will fade: but may not this sort of friendship be more properly distinguished by the word *companionship*?

But mine, as I said, is deeper than this: I would still be as ready as ever I was in my life, to the utmost of my power, to do him service.

As one instance of this my readiness to extricate him from all his difficulties as to Thomasine, dost thou care to propose to him an expedient, that is just come into my head?

It is this: I would engage Thomasine and her cubs (if Belton be convinced they are neither of them his) in a party of pleasure. She was always complaisant to me. It should be in a boat, hired for the purpose, to sail to Tilbury, to the Isle of Shepey, or pleasuring up the Medway; and 'tis but contriving to turn the boat bottom upward. I can swim like a fish. Another boat shall be ready to take up whom I should direct, for fear of the worst: and then, if Tom has a mind to be decent, one suit of mourning will serve for all three: nay, the hostler-cousin may take his plunge from the steerage: and who knows but they may be thrown up on the beach, Thomasine and he, hand in hand?

"This," thou'lt say, "is an heroic instance of friendship."

Mean time, do thou prevail on him to come down to us: he never was more welcome in his life, than he shall be now: if he will not, let him find me some other service; and I will clap a pair of wings to my shoulders, and he shall see me come flying in at his windows at the word of command.

Mowbray and Tourville each intend to give thee a letter; and I leave to those rough varlets to handle thee as thou deservest, for the shocking picture thou hast drawn of their last ends. Thy own past guilt has stared thee full in the face, one may see by it; and made thee, in consciousness of thy demerits, sketch out these cursed outlines. I am glad thou hast got the old fiend to hold the glass before thy own face so soon. Thou must be in earnest surely, when thou wrotest it, and have severe conviction upon thee: for what a hardened varlet must he be, who could draw such a picture as this, in sport?

As for thy resolution of repenting and marrying; I would have thee consider which thou wilt set about first. If thou wilt follow my advice, thou shalt make short work of it: let matrimony take place of the other; for then thou wilt, very possibly, have repentance come tumbling in fast upon thee, as a consequence, and so have both in one.

LETTER LXXX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY NOON, JULY 21.

THIS morning I was admitted, as soon as I sent up my name, into the presence of the divine Lady. Such I may call her; as what I have to relate will fully prove.

She had had a tolerable night, and was much better in spirits; though weak in person; and visibly declining in looks.

Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith were with her; and accused her, in a gentle manner, of having applied herself too assiduously to her pen for her strength, having been up ever since five. She said, she had rested better than she had done for many nights: she had found her spirits free, and her mind tolerably easy: and having, as she had reason to think, but a short time, and much to do in it, she must be a good husband of her hours.

She had been writing, she said, a let-

by him. I had dreamt from time to time, she had reason, she said, to think that I knew every-thing that concerned her and her family; and, if so, must be acquainted with the heavy curse her father had laid upon her; which had been dreadfully fulfilled in one part, as to her prospects in this life, and that in a very short time; which gave her great apprehensions of the other part. She had been applying herself to her sister, to obtain a revocation of it. 'I hope 'my father will revoke it,' said she, 'or I shall be very miserable—Yet' [And she gasped as she spoke, with apprehension]—'I am ready to tremble 'at what the answer may be; for my 'sister is hard-hearted.'

I said something reflecting upon her friends, as to what they would deserve to be thought of, if the unmerited impression were not withdrawn——Upon which she took me up, and talked in such a dutiful manner of her parents as must doubly condemn them (if they remain implacable) for their inhuman treatment of such a daughter.

She said, I must not blame her parents: it was her dear Miss Howe's fault to do so. But what an enormity was there in her crime, which could set the best of parents (they had been to her, till she disobliged them) in a bad light, for resenting the rashness of a child from whose education they had reason to expect better fruits! There were some hard circumstances in her case, it was true: but my *friend* could tell me, that no *one* person, throughout the whole fatal transaction, had acted out of character, but *herself*. She submitted therefore to the penalty she had incurred. If they had any fault, it was only, that they would not inform themselves of some circumstances, which would alleviate a little her misdeed; and that supposing her a more guilty creature than she was, they punished her without a hearing.

Lord!—I was going to curse thee, Lovelace! How every instance of excellence, in this all excelling creature, condemns thee; —thou pest! how reason to think thyself of all men the most accursed, if she die!

I then bethought her, while she was capable of such glorious instances of generosity and forgiveness, to extend her goodness to a man, whose heart bled in every vein of it for the injuries he had done her; and who would make it the study of his whole life to repair them.

The women would have withdrawn when the subject became so particular. But she would not permit them to go. She told me, that if after this time, I was for entering with so much earnestness into a subject so very disagreeable to *her*, my visits must not be repeated. Nor was there occasion, she said, for my friendly offices in your favour; since she had begun to write her whole mind upon that subject to Miss Howe, in answer to letters from her, in which Miss Howe urged the same arguments, in compliment to the wishes of your noble and worthy relations.

'Mean time, you may let him know,' said she, 'that I reject him with my 'whole heart:—yet, that, although I 'say this with such a determination as 'shall leave no room for doubt, I say 'it not however with passion. On the 'contrary, tell him, that I am trying 'to bring my mind into such a frame as 'to be able to *pity* him; [Poor perjured wretch! what has he not to answer 'for!] and that I shall not think myself 'qualified for the state I am aspiring to, 'if, after a few struggles more, I can-'not *forgive* him too: and I hope,' clasping her hands together, uplifted as were her eyes, 'my dear *earthly* father 'will set me the example my *Heavenly* 'one has already set us all; and, by 'forgiving his fallen daughter, teach 'her to forgive the man, who then, I 'hope, will not have destroyed my 'eternal prospects, as he has my tem-'poral!'

Stop here, thou wretch!—But I need not bid thee!——For I can go no farther.

LETTER LXXXI.

MR. BELFORD. IN CONTINUATION.

YOU will imagine how affecting her noble speech and behaviour were to me, at the time, when the bare recollecting and transcribing them obliged me to drop my pen. The women had tears in their eyes. I was silent for a few moments.—At last, 'Matchless 'excellence! inimitable goodness!' I called her with a voice so accented, that I was half-ashamed of myself, as it was before the women.—But who could stand such [illegible] security of soul, in so young a creature, her loveliness giving grace to all she said?—'Me-'thinks,' said I, [and, really, in a manner involuntarily, bent my knee] 'I have before me an angel indeed. I 'can

'and handle for her protection, and to 'bring your influence to draw me after 'you to the world you are aspiring to! '—Yet—but what shall I say—Only, 'dearest excellence, make me, in some 'small instances, serviceable to you, 'that I may (if I survive you) have the 'glory to think I was able to contribute 'to your satisfaction, while among us.'

Here I stopt. She was silent. I proceeded—'Have you no commission to 'employ me in; deserted as you are by 'all your friends; among strangers, 'though, I doubt not, worthy people? 'Cannot I be serviceable by message, 'by letter-writing, by attending personally, with either message or letter, 'your father, your uncles, your brother, your sister, Miss Howe, Lord 'M. or the ladies his sisters?—Any office to be employed to serve you, absolutely *independent* of my *friend*'s wishes, 'or of my own wishes to oblige him? 'Think, Madam, if I cannot?'

'I thank you, Sir: very heartily I 'thank you: but in nothing that I can 'at present think of, or at least resolve 'upon, can you do me service. I will 'see what return the letter I have written will bring me.—Till then——'

'My life and my fortune,' interrupted I, 'are devoted to your service. 'Permit me to observe, that here you 'are, without one natural friend; and '(so much do I know of your unhappy 'case) that you must be in a manner 'destitute of the means to *make* friends '——'

She was going to interrupt me, with a prohibitory kind of earnestness in her manner.

'I beg leave to proceed, Madam: I 'have cast about twenty ways how to 'mention this before, but never dared 'till now. Suffer me, now that I have 'broken the ice, to tender myself as 'your *banker* only,—I know you will 'not be obliged: you need not. You 'have sufficient of your own, if it were 'in your hands; and from *that*, whether 'you live or die, will I consent to be 'reimbursed. I do assure you, that the 'unhappy man shall never know either 'my offer, or your acceptance—Only 'permit me this small——'

And down behind her chair I dropt a Bank note of 1000*l.* which I had brought with me, intending some how or other to leave it behind me: nor should thou ever have known it, had she favoured me with the acceptance of it; as I told her.

'You give me great pain, Mr. Bel- 'ford, that you will not favour me with 'your friendship, and permit me to cul- 'tivate the correspondence. I have been 'ing the company. 'I am not sorry to find you capable of 'such. Nothing is perfect in this 'like of human nature, that there should 'be but one such man in the world, as 'he you and I know. But let us pass 'kind offer, whatever it be; if you take 'it not up, you will greatly distress me. 'I have no need of your bounty. I 'have effects enough, which I never 'can want, to supply my present occa- 'sions; and, if needful, can have re- 'course to Miss Howe. I have pro- 'mised that I would—So pray, Sir, urge 'not upon me this favour.—Take it up 'yourself.—If you mean my peace and 'ease of mind, urge not this favour.'—And she spoke with impatience.

'I beg, Madam, but one word——'

'Not one, Sir, till you have taken back 'what you have let fall. I doubt not 'either the *honour*, or the *delicacy* of 'your offer; but you must not say one 'word more on this subject. I cannot 'bear it.'

She was stooping, but with pain. I therefore prevented her; and besought her to forgive me for a tender, which, I saw, had been more discomposing to her than I had hoped (from the purity of my intentions) it would be. But I could not bear to think, that such a mind as hers should be distressed: since the want of the conveniences she was used to abound in might affect and disturb her in the divine course she was in.

'You are very kind to me, Sir,' said she, 'and very favourable in your opi- 'nion of me. But I hope, that I cannot 'now be easily put out of my present 'course. My declining health will 'more and more confirm me in it. 'Those who arrested and confined me, 'no doubt, thought they had fallen 'upon the ready method to distress me 'so, as to bring me into all their mea- 'sures. But I presume to hope, that I 'have a mind that cannot be debased, 'in *essential instances*, by *temporal calamities*: little do those poor creatures 'know of the force of genuine principles, '(forgive my own impious vaunting, was 'her word) 'who imagine, that a prison, 'or penury, can bring a right-turned 'mind to be guilty of a wilful baseness, 'in order to avoid such *petty misfortunes*.'

She then turned from me towards the window, with a dignity suitable to her words; and such as she will have to be more of soul than of body, at that instant.

What magnanimity!—No wonder a virtue so ſolidly founded could baffle all thy arts:—and that it forced thee (in order to carry thy accurſed point) to have recourſe to thoſe unnatural ones, which robbed her of her charming ſenſes.

The women were extremely affected, Mrs. Lovick eſpecially; who ſaid whiſperingly to Mrs. Smith, 'We have an 'angel, not a woman, with us, Mrs. 'Smith!'

I repeated my offers to write to any of her friends; and told her, that, having taken the liberty to acquaint Dr. H. with the cruel diſpleaſure of her relations, as what I preſumed lay neareſt her heart, he had propoſed to write himſelf, to acquaint her friends how ill ſhe was, if ſhe would not take it amiſs.

It was kind in the *doctor*, ſhe ſaid: but begged, that no ſtep of that ſort might be taken without her knowledge or conſent. She would wait to ſee what effects her letter to her ſiſter would have. All ſhe had to hope for, was, that her father would revoke his malediction, previous to the laſt bleſſing ſhe ſhould then implore: for the reſt, her friends would think ſhe could not ſuffer too much; and ſhe was content to ſuffer: for now, nothing could happen that could make her wiſh to live.

Mrs. Smith went down; and, ſoon returning, aſked, if the lady and I would not dine with her that day; for it was her wedding-day. She had engaged Mrs. Lovick, ſhe ſaid; and ſhould have nobody elſe, if we would do her that favour.

The charming creature ſighed, and ſhook her head.—'*Wedding-day*,' repeated ſhe, 'I wiſh you, Mrs. Smith, 'many happy wedding-days!—But you 'will excuſe me.'

Mr. Smith came up with the ſame requeſt. They both applied to me.

On condition the *lady* would, I ſhould make no ſcruple; and would ſuſpend an engagement: which I actually had.

She then deſired they would all ſit down. 'You have ſeveral times, Mrs. 'Lovick and Mrs. Smith, hinted your 'wiſhes, that I would give you ſome 'little hiſtory of myſelf: now, if you are 'at leiſure, that this gentleman, who, 'I have reaſon to believe, knows it all, 'is preſent, and can tell you if I give 'it juſtly, or not, I will oblige your 'curioſity.'

They all eagerly, the man Smith too, ſat down; and ſhe began an account of herſelf, which I will endeavour to repeat, as nearly in her own words, as I poſſibly can: for I know you will think it of importance to be apprized of her manner of relating your barbarity to her, as well as what her ſentiments are of it; and what room there is for the hopes your friends have in your favour for her.

'At firſt when I took theſe lodgings' ſaid ſhe, 'I thought of ſtaying but a 'ſhort time in them; and ſo, Mrs. 'Smith, I told you: I therefore avoided giving any other account of myſelf 'than that I was a very unhappy young 'creature, ſeduced from good friends, 'and eſcaped from very vile wretches.

'This account I thought myſelf obliged to give, that you might the leſs 'wonder at ſeeing a young creature 'ruſhing through your ſhop, into your 'back apartment, all trembling and out 'of breath; an ordinary garb over my 'own; craving lodging and protection; 'only giving my bare word, that you 'ſhould be handſomely paid: all my 'effects contained in a pocket-handkerchief.

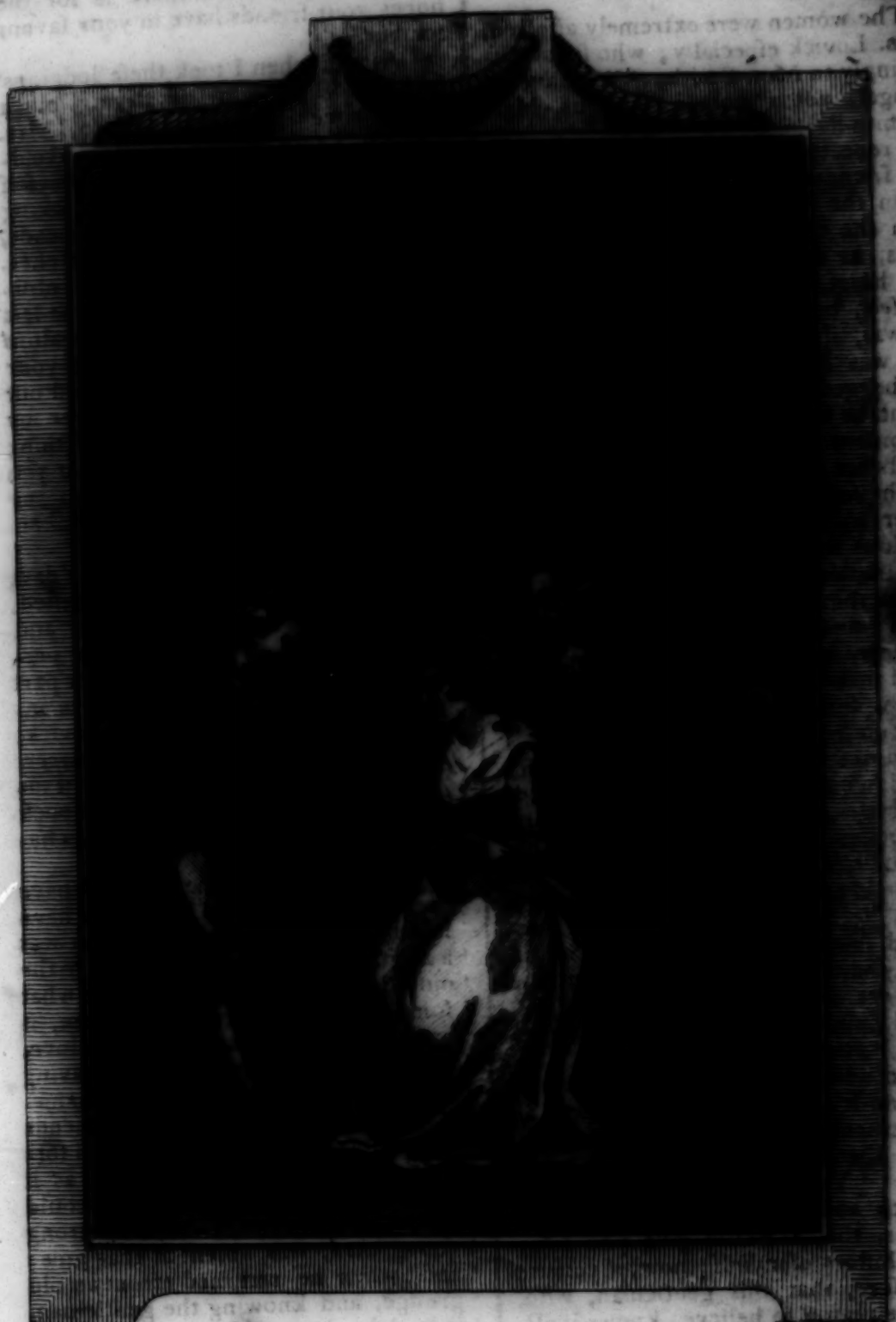
'My ſudden abſence for three days 'and nights together, when arreſted, 'muſt ſtill further ſurprize you: and 'although this gentleman, who, perhaps, knows more of the darker part 'of my ſtory than I do myſelf, has informed you, (as you, Mrs. Lovick, 'tell me) that I am only an *unhappy*, 'not a *guilty* creature; yet I think it incumbent upon me not to ſuffer honeſt 'minds to be in doubt about my character.

'You muſt know, then, that I have 'been in one inſtance (I had like to have 'ſaid but in one inſtance; but that was 'a capital one) an undutiful child to the 'moſt indulgent of parents: for what 'ſome people call cruelty in them, is 'owing but to the exceſs of their love, 'and to their diſappointment, having 'had reaſon to expect better from me.

'I was viſited (at firſt, with my friends 'connivance) by a man of birth and fortune, but of worſe principles, as it 'proved, than I believed any man could 'have. My brother, a very headſtrong 'young man, was abſent at that time; 'and, when he returned (from an old 'grudge, and knowing the gentleman, 'it is plain, better than I knew him) 'entirely diſapproved of his viſits: and, 'having a great ſway in our family, 'brought other gentlemen to addreſs 'me: and at laſt (ſeveral having been 'rejected) he introduced one extremely 'diſagreeable; in every *indifferent* per-

'ſon's

Mr. Hogg's New Novelist's Magazine.



Mr. Smith *Inviting* Clarissa & Belford *to Dine with him on his* Wedding Day.

Published by Alex^r Hogg Octr 12. 1783.

'ſon's eyes diſagreeable. I could not 'love him. They all joined to compel 'me to have him; a rencounter be-'tween the gentleman my friends were 'ſet againſt, and my brother, having 'confirmed them all his enemies.

'To be ſhort, I was confined, and 'treated ſo very hardly, that, in a raſh 'fit, I appointed to go off with the man 'they hated. A wicked intention, you'll 'ſay! But I was greatly provoked: 'nevertheleſs, I repented, and reſolved 'not to go off with him: yet I did not 'miſtruſt his honour to me neither; nor 'his love; becauſe nobody thought me 'unworthy of the latter, and my for-'tune was not to be deſpiſed. But 'fooliſhly (wickedly and contrivingly, 'as my friends ſtill think, with a de-'ſign, as they imagine, to abandon them) 'giving him a private meeting, I was 'tricked away: poorly enough tricked 'away, I muſt needs ſay; though others 'who had been firſt guilty of ſo raſh a 'ſtep as the meeting of him was, might 'have been ſo deceived and ſurprized 'as well as I.

'After remaining ſome time at a 'farm-houſe in the country and behav-'ing to me all the time with honour, he 'brought me to handſome lodgings in 'town till ſtill better proviſion could be 'made for me. But they proved to be '(as he indeed knew and deſigned) at a 'vile, a very vile creature's; though it 'was long before I found her to be ſo; 'for I knew nothing of the town, or 'it's ways.

'There is no repeating what fol-'lowed: ſuch unprecedented vile arts! '—For I gave him no opportunity to 'take me at any diſreputable advan-'tage.'

And here (half covering her ſweet face, with her handkerchief put to her tearful eyes) ſhe ſtopt.

Haſtily, as if ſhe would fly from the hateful remembrance, ſhe reſumed:—'I made eſcape afterwards from the 'abominable houſe in his abſence, and 'came to yours: and this gentleman 'has almoſt prevailed on me to think, 'that the ungrateful man did not con-'nive at the vile arreſt: which was 'made, no doubt, in order to get me 'once more to thoſe wicked lodgings: 'for nothing do I owe them, except I 'were to pay them,'—[She ſighed, and again wiped her charming eyes—add-ing in a ſofter, lower voice] '*for being* '*ruined.*'

'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid I, 'guilty, 'abominably guilty, as he is in all the 'reſt, he is innocent of this laſt wicked 'outrage.'

'Well, and ſo I wiſh him to be.—'That evil, heavy as it was, is one of 'the ſlighteſt evils I have ſuffered.—But 'hence you'll obſerve, Mrs. Lovick; '(for you ſeemed this morning curious 'to know if I were not a wife) that I '*never was married*—You, Mr. Belford, 'no doubt, knew before, that I am no 'wife: and now I never will be one. 'Yet, I bleſs God, that I am not a 'guilty creature!'

'As to my parentage, I am of no 'mean family: I have in my own right, 'by the intended favour of my grand-'father, a fortune not contemptible: 'independent of my *father*, if I had 'pleaſed; but I never will pleaſe.

'My father is very rich. I went by 'another name when I came to you 'firſt: but that was to avoid being diſ-'covered to the perfidious man: who 'now engages, by this gentleman, not 'to moleſt me.

'My real name you now know to be 'Harlowe: *Clariſſa* Harlowe. I am not 'yet twenty years of age.

'I have an excellent mother, as well 'as father; a woman of family, and 'fine ſenſe—Worthy of a better child! '—They both doated upon me.

'I have two good uncles: men of 'great fortunes; jealous of the ho-'nour of their family; which I have 'wounded.

'I was the joy of their hearts; and, 'with theirs and my father's, I had 'three houſes to call my own; for they 'uſed to have me with them by turns, 'and almoſt kindly to quarrel for me: 'ſo that I was two months in the year 'with the one; two months with the 'other; ſix month's at my father's; and 'two at the houſes of others of my dear 'friends, who thought themſelves hap-'py in me; and whenever I was at any-'one's, I was crouded upon with letters 'by all the reſt, who longed for my re-'turn to them.

'In ſhort, I was beloved by every-'body. The poor—I uſed to make 'glad *their* hearts: I never ſhut my 'hand to any diſtreſs, wherever I was—'But now I am poor myſelf!

'So, Mrs. Smith—ſo, Mrs. Lovick—'I am *not* married. It is but juſt to 'tell you ſo. And I am now, as I 'ought to be, in a ſtate of humiliation 'and penitence for the raſh ſtep which 'has been followed by ſo much evil. 'God, I hope, will forgive me, as I am 'endeavouring to bring my mind to

'forgive

forgive all the world, even the man who has unfeelingly, and by dreadful surprizes, [Poor wretch! he thought all his wickedness to be *wit!*] robbed me of this, a young creature, who had all her happiness in her view, and in her sight, even beyond this life; and who was believed to be of rank, and fortune, and expectations, considerable enough to make it the *interest* of any gentleman in England to be faithful to his vows to her. But I cannot expect that my parents will forgive me: my refuge must be death; the most painful kind of which I would suffer, rather than be the wife of one who could act by me, as the man has acted, upon whose birth, education, and honour, I had so much reason to found better expectations.

'I see,' continued she, 'that I, who once was every-one's delight, am now the cause of grief to every-one—You, that are strangers to me, are moved for me!—'Tis kind!—But 'tis time to stop.—Your compassionate hearts, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, are too much touched.'—[For the women sobbed, and the man was also affected.]—'It is barbarous in me, with my woes, thus to sadden your wedding-day.' Then turning to Mr. and Mrs. Smith—'May you see many happy ones, honest, good couple!—How agreeable is it to see you both join so kindly to celebrate it, after many years are gone over you!—I once—But no more!—All my prospects of felicity, as to this life, are at an end. My hopes, like opening buds or blossoms in an over-forward spring, have been nipt by a severe frost!—Blighted by an eastern wind!—But I can but *once die*; and if life be spared me, but till I am discharged from a heavy malediction, which my father in his wrath laid upon me, and which is fulfilled literally in every article relating to this world; that, and a last blessing, are all I have to wish for; and death will be welcomer to me, than rest to the most wearied traveller that ever reached his journey's end.'

And then she sunk her head against the back of her chair, and hiding her face with her handkerchief, endeavoured to conceal her tears from us.

Not a soul of us could speak a word. Thy presence, perhaps, thou hardened wretch, might have made us ashamed of a weakness, which perhaps thou wilt deride me in particular for, when thou readest this!

She retired to her chamber first after, and was forced, it seems, to lie down. We all went down together: and, for an hour and half, dwelt upon her praises; Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick repeatedly expressing their astonishment, that there could be a man in the world, capable of offending, much more of wilfully injuring, such a lady: and repeating, that they had an angel in their house.—I thought they had; and that as assuredly as there is a devil under the roof of good Lord M.

I hate thee heartily!—By my faith I do!—Every hour I hate thee more than the former!

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXXXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SATURDAY, JULY 22.

WHAT dost hate me for, Belford!—And why more and more!—Have I been guilty of any offence thou knewest not before!—If *pathos* can move such a heart as thine, can it alter facts!—Did I not always do this incomparable creature as much justice as thou canst do her for the heart of thee, or as she can do herself!—What nonsense then thy hatred, thy *augmented* hatred, when I still persist to marry her, pursuant to word given to thee, and to faith plighted to all my relations? But hate, if thou wilt, so thou dost but write. Thou canst not hate me so much as I do myself: and yet I know if thou really hatedst me, thou wouldst not venture to tell me so.

Well, but after all, what need of her history to these women? She will certainly repent, some time hence, that she has thus needlessly exposed us both.

Sickness palls every appetite, and makes us hate what we loved: but renewed health changes the scene; disposes us to be pleased with ourselves; and then we are in a way to be pleased with every-one else. Every hope, then, rises upon us: every hour presents itself to us on dancing feet: and what Mr. Addison says of liberty, may, with still greater propriety, be said of *health*, [*For what is liberty itself without health?*]

'It makes the gloomy face of nature gay,
'Gives beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.'

And I rejoice that she is already so much better, as to hold, with strangers, such a long and interesting conversation.

Strange,

as strange, confoundedly strange; and as perverse (that is to say, as unmanly) as strange, that she should refuse, and sooner chuse to die, [O the obscene word! and yet how free does thy pen make with it to me!] than be mine, who offended her by acting in character, while her parents acted shamefully *out of theirs*, and when I am now willing to act *out of my own* to oblige her; yet *I* not to be forgiven: *they* to be faultless with her!—And marriage the only medium to repair all breaches, and to salve her own honour!—Surely thou must see the inconsistence of her *forgiving* unforgiveness, as I may call it! —Yet, heavy varlet as thou art, thou wantest to be drawn up after her! And what a figure dost thou make with thy speeches, stiff as Hickman's ruffles, with thy aspirations and prostrations!—Unused, thy weak head, to bear the sublimities that fall even in common conversation, from the lips of this ever-charming creature!

But the prettiest whim of all was, to drop the Bank note behind her chair, instead of presenting it on thy knees to her hand!—To make such a woman as this *doubly* stoop—By the acceptance, and to take it from the ground!—What an ungraceful *benefit-conferrer* art thou! —How awkward, to take into thy head, that the best way of making a present to a lady, was to throw the present behind her chair!

I am very desirous to see what she has written to her sister; what she is about to write to Miss Howe; and what return she will have from the Harlowe-Arabella. Canst thou not form some scheme to come at the copies of these letters, or at the substance of them at least, and of that of her other correspondences? Mrs. Lovick, thou seemest to say, is a pious woman. The lady, having given such a particular history of herself, will acquaint her with everything. And art thou not about to reform!—Won't this consent of minds between thee and the widow [What age is she, Jack? The devil never trumpt up a friendship between a man and a woman, of any thing like years, which did not end in matrimony, or in the ruin of their morals! Won't it?] strike out an intimacy between ye, that may enable thee to gratify me in this particular? A profelyte, I can tell thee, has great influence upon your good people: such a-one is a saint of their own creation; and they will water, and cultivate, and cherish him, as a plant of their own raising; and this from a pride truly spiritual!

One of my loves in Paris was a devote. She took great pains to convert me. I gave way to her kind endeavours for the good of my soul. She thought it a point gained to make me profess *some* religion. The Catholic has it's conveniences. I permitted her to bring a *father* to me. My reformation went on swimmingly. The father had hopes of me: he applauded her zeal: so did I. And how dost think it ended?—Not a girl in England, reading thus far, but would guess!—In a word, very happily: for she not only brought me a father, but *made* me one: and then, being satisfied with each other's conversion, we took different routes: she into Navarre; I, into Italy: both well inclined to propagate the good lessons in which we had so well instructed each other.

But to return. One consolation arises to me, from the pretty regrets which this admirable creature seems to have in indulging reflections on the people's wedding-day.—'*Once!*'—thou makest her break off with saying.

She once! What?—O Belford! why didst thou not urge her to explain what she once hoped?

What *once* a woman hopes, in love-matters, she *always* hopes, while there is room for hope: and are we not both single? Can she be any man's but mine? Will I be any woman's but hers?

I never will!—I never can!—And I tell thee, that I am every day, every hour, more and more in love with her: and, at this instant, have a more vehement passion for her than ever I had in my life!—And that with views absolutely honourable, in *her own sense* of the word: nor have I varied, so much as in *wish*, for this week past; firmly fixed, and wrought into my very nature, as the *life of honour*, or of generous confidence in me, was, in preference to the life of *doubt* and *distrust*. That may be a *life of doubt and distrust*, surely, where the woman confides nothing, and ties up a man for his good behaviour for life, taking church and state sanctions in aid of the obligation she imposes upon him.

I shall go on Monday morning to a kind of ball, to which Colonel Ambrose has invited me. It is given on a family account. I care not on what: for all that delights me in the thing, is, that Mrs. and Miss Howe are to be there—Hickman, of course; for the old lady

[illegible] without him. The colonel is in hopes that Miss Arabella Harlowe will be there likewise; for all the men and women of fashion round him are invited.

I fell in by accident with the colonel, who, I believe, hardly thought I would accept of the invitation. But he knows me not, if he thinks I am ashamed to appear at any place, where women dare shew their faces. Yet he hinted to me, that my name was *up*, on Miss Harlowe's account. But, to allude to one of Lord M.'s phrases, if it be, I will not *lie-a-bed* when any-thing joyous is going forward.

As I shall go in my lord's chariot, I would have had one of my cousins Montague to go with me: but they both refused: and I shall not chuse to take either of thy brethren. It would look as if I thought I wanted a body-guard: besides, one of them is too rough, the other too smooth, and too great a fop for some of the staid company that will be there; and for *me* in particular. Men are known by their companions; and a fop [as Tourville, for example] takes great pains to hang out a sign by his dress of what he has in his shop. Thou, indeed, art an exception; dressing like a coxcomb, yet a very clever fellow. Nevertheless, so clumsy a beau, that thou seemest to me to owe thyself a double spite, making thy ungracefulness appear the *more* ungraceful, by thy remarkable tawdriness when thou art out of mourning.

I remember, when I first saw thee, my mind laboured with a strong puzzle, whether I should put thee down for a great fool, or a smatterer in wit. Something I saw was wrong in thee, by thy dress. 'If this fellow,' thought I, 'delights not so much in *ridicule*, that 'he will not spare *himself*, he must be 'plaguy silly to take so much pains to 'make his ugliness more conspicuous 'than it would otherwise be.'

Plain dress, for an ordinary man or woman, implies at least *modesty*, and always procures kind quarter from the censorious. Who will ridicule a personal imperfection in one that seems conscious, that it *is* an imperfection? *Who ever said an anchoret was poor?* But who would spare so very absurd a wrong-head, as should bestow tinsel to make his deformity the more conspicuous?

But, although I put on these lively airs, I am sick at my soul!—My whole heart is with my charmer! With what indifference shall I look upon all the assembly at the colonel's, my beloved in my ideal eye, and engrossing my whole heart!

LETTER LXXXIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY, JULY 20.

MISS HARLOWE,

I Cannot help acquainting you (however it may be received, coming from *me*) that your poor sister is dangerously ill, at the house of one Smith, who keeps a glover's and perfume-shop, in King Street, Covent Garden. She knows not that I write. Some violent words, in the nature of an imprecation, from her father, afflict her greatly in her weak state. I presume not to direct you what to do in this case. You are her sister. I therefore could not help writing to you, not only for her sake, but for your own. I am, Madam, *your humble servant*,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXXXIV.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE. IN ANSWER.

THURSDAY, JULY 20.

MISS HOWE,

I Have yours of this morning. All that has happened to the unhappy body you mention, is what we foretold and expected. Let *him*, for whose sake she abandoned us, be her comfort. We are told he has remorse, and would marry her. We don't believe it, indeed. She may be very ill. Her disappointment may make her so, or ought. Yet is she the only one I know, who is disappointed.

I cannot say, Miss, that the notification from you is the *more* welcome for the liberties you have been pleased to take with our whole family, for resenting a conduct, that it is a shame any young lady should justify. Excuse this freedom, occasioned by greater. I am, Miss, *your humble servant*,

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXXV.

MISS HOWE. IN REPLY.

FRIDAY, JULY 21.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE,

IF you had half as much sense as you have ill-nature, you would (notwithstanding the exuberance of the latter) have

have been able to diſtinguiſh between a kind intention to you all, (that you might have the leſs to reproach yourſelves with, if a deplorable caſe ſhould happen) and an officiouſneſs I owed you not, by reaſon of freedoms at leaſt reciprocal. I will not, for the *unhappy body's* ſake, as you call a ſiſter you have helped to make ſo, ſay all that I *could* ſay. If what I fear happen, you ſhall hear (whether deſired or not) all the mind of

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXXXVI.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, JULY 21.

MISS ANN HOWE,

YOUR pert letter I have received. You, that ſpare nobody, I cannot expect ſhould ſpare me. You are very happy in a prudent and watchful mother.—But elſe—Mine cannot be exceeded in prudence: but we had all too good an opinion of ſomebody, to think watchfulneſs needful. There may poſſibly be ſome reaſon why *you* are ſo much attached to her, in an error of this flagrant nature.

I help to make a ſiſter unhappy!—It is falſe, Miſs!—It is all her own doings!—Except, indeed, what ſhe may owe to ſomebody's advice—You know who can beſt anſwer for that.

Let us *know your mind* as ſoon as you pleaſe: as we ſhall know it to be *your* mind, we ſhall judge what attention to give it. That's all, from, &c.

AR. H.

LETTER LXXXVII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

SAT. JULY 22.

IT may be the *misfortune* of ſome people to engage *every*-body's notice: others may be the *happier*, though they may be the more *envious*, for nobody's thinking them worthy of any. But one would be glad people had the ſenſe to be thankful for that want of conſequence, which ſubjected them not to hazards they would hardly have been able to manage under.

I own to you, that had it not been for the prudent advice of that admirable ſomebody, (whoſe principal fault is the ſuperiority of her talents, and whoſe misfortune to be brother'd and ſiſter'd by a couple of creatures, who are not able to comprehend her excellences) I might at one time have been plunged into diſcuſſion. But, ſweet as the ſuperlatively pert may think me, I thought not myſelf *wiſer*, becauſe I was *older*; nor for that *your* reaſon qualified to preſcribe to, much leſs to mutilate, a genius ſo ſuperior.

I repeat it with gratitude, that the dear creature's advice was of very great ſervice to me—And this before my mother's *watchfulneſs* became neceſſary. But how it would have fared with me, I cannot ſay, had I had a brother or ſiſter, who had deemed it their *intereſt*, as well as a gratification of their *ſordid envy*, to miſrepreſent me.

Your admirable ſiſter, in effect, ſaved *you*, Miſs, as well as *me*—With this difference—You, *againſt* your will—Me, *with* mine: and but for *your* own brother, and *his* own ſiſter, would not have been loſt herſelf.

Would to Heaven both ſiſters had been obliged with their own wills!—The moſt admirable of her ſex would never then have been out of her father's houſe!—*You*, Miſs—I don't know what had become of *you*.—But, let what would have happened, you would have met with the humanity you have not ſhewn, whether you had deſerved it or not:—nor, at worſt, loſt either a kind ſiſter, or a pitying friend, in the moſt excellent of ſiſters.

But why run I into length to ſuch a poor thing?—Why puſh I ſo weak an adverſary; whoſe firſt letter is all low malice, and whoſe next is made up of fulſhood and inconſiſtence, as well as ſpite and ill-manners! Yet I was willing to give you a *part* of my mind. Call for more of it; it ſhall be at your ſervice: from one, who, though ſhe thanks God ſhe is not your *ſiſter*, is not your *enemy*: but that ſhe is *not* the latter, is witheld but by two conſiderations; one that you bear, though unworthily, a relation to a ſiſter ſo excellent; the other, that you are not of conſequence enough to engage anything but the pity and contempt of

A. H.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

MRS. HARLOWE, TO MRS. HOWE.

SAT. JULY 22.

DEAR MADAM,

I Send you, incloſed, copies of five letters that have paſſed between Miſs Howe and my Arabella. You are a perſon of ſo much prudence and good ſenſe, and (being a mother yourſelf) can ſo well enter into the diſtreſſes of all

all our family, upon the raſhneſs and ingratitude of a child we once doated upon, that, I dare ſay, you will not countenance the ſtrange freedoms your daughter has taken with us all. Theſe are not the only ones we have to complain of; but we were ſilent on the others, as they did not, as theſe have done, ſpread themſelves out upon paper. We only beg, that we may not be reflected upon by a young lady, who knows not what we have ſuffered, and do ſuffer, by the raſhneſs of a naughty creature who has brought ruin upon herſelf, and diſgrace upon a family which ſhe has robbed of all comfort. I offer not to preſcribe to your known wiſdom in this caſe; but leave it to you to do as you think moſt proper. I am, Madam, *your moſt humble ſervant*,

CHARL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXXIX.

MRS. HOWE. IN ANSWER.

SAT. JULY 22.

DEAR MADAM,

I Am highly offended with my daughter's letters to Miſs Harlowe. I knew nothing at all of her having taken ſuch a liberty. Theſe young creatures have ſuch romantick notions, ſome of *love*, ſome of *friendſhip*, that there is no governing them in either. Nothing but time, and dear experience, will convince them of their abſurdities in both. I have chidden Miſs Howe very ſeverely. I had before ſo juſt a notion of what your whole family's diſtreſs muſt be, that, as I told your brother, Mr. Antony Harlowe, I had often forbid her correſponding with the poor fallen angel—For ſurely never did young lady more reſemble what we imagine of angels, both in perſon and mind. But, tired out with her headſtrong ways, [I am ſorry to ſay this of my own child] I was forced to give way to it again. And, indeed, ſo ſturdy was ſhe in her will, that I was afraid it would end in a fit of ſickneſs, as too often it did in fits of ſullens.

None but parents know the trouble that children give: they are happieſt, I have often thought, who have none. And theſe women-grown girls, bleſs my heart! how ungovernable!

I believe, however, you will have no more ſuch letters from my Nancy. I have been forced to uſe compulſion with her, upon Miſs Clary's illneſs, [and it ſeems ſhe is very bad] or ſhe would have run away to London, to attend upon her: and this ſhe calls doing the duty of a friend; forgetting, that ſhe ſacrifices to her romantick friendſhip her duty to her fond indulgent mother.

There are a thouſand excellences in the poor ſufferer, notwithſtanding her fault: and, if the hints ſhe has given to my daughter be true, ſhe has been moſt grievouſly abuſed. But I think your forgiveneſs and her father's forgiveneſs of her ought to be all at your own choice; and nobody ſhould intermeddle in that, for the ſake of due authority in parents: and, beſides, as Miſs Harlowe writes, it was what everybody expected, though Miſs Clary would not believe it, till ſhe ſmarted for her credulity. And for theſe reaſons, I offer not to plead any-thing in alleviation of her fault, which is aggravated by her admirable ſenſe, and a judgment above her years.

I am, Madam, with compliments to good Mr. Harlowe, and all your afflicted family, *your moſt humble ſervant*,

ANNABELLA HOWE.

I ſhall ſet out for the Iſle of Wight in a few days, with my daughter. I will haſten our ſetting out, on purpoſe to break her mind from her friend's diſtreſſes; which afflict us as much, nearly, as Miſs Clary's raſhneſs has done you.

LETTER XC.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SAT. JULY 22.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

WE are buſy in preparing for our little journey and voyage: but I will be ill, I will be very ill, if I cannot hear you are better before I go.

Rogers greatly afflicted me, by telling me the bad way you are in. But now you have been able to hold a pen, and as your ſenſe is ſtrong and clear, I hope that the amuſement you will receive from writing will make you better.

I diſpatch this by an extraordinary way, that it may reach you time enough to move you to *conſider well* before you abſolulely decide upon the contents of mine of the 13th, on the ſubject of the two Miſs Montague's viſit to me; ſince, according to what you write, muſt I anſwer them.

In your laſt, you conclude very poſitively, that you will not be his. To be ſure, he rather deſerves an infamous death, than ſuch a wife. But, as I really

really believe him innocent of the arreſt, and as all his family are ſuch earneſt pleaders, and will be guarantees, for him, I think the compliance with *their* entreaties, and *his own*, will be now the beſt ſtep you can take; your own family remaining implacable, as I *can aſſure you they do*. He is a man of ſenſe; and it is not impoſſible but he may make you a good huſband, and in time may become no bad man.

My mother is entirely of my opinion, and on Friday, purſuant to a hint I gave you in my laſt, Mr. Hickman had a conference with the ſtrange wretch: and, though he liked not, by any means, his behaviour to himſelf; nor, indeed, had reaſon to do ſo; yet he is of opinion, that he is ſincerely determined to marry you, if you will condeſcend to have him.

Perhaps Mr. Hickman may make you a private viſit before we ſet out. If I may not attend you myſelf, I ſhall not be eaſy, except he does. And he will then give you an account of the admirable character the ſurprizing wretch gave of you, and of the juſtice he does to your virtue.

He was as acknowledging to his relations, though to his own condemnation, as his two couſins told me. All that he apprehends, as he ſaid to Mr. Hickman, is, that if you go on expoſing *him*, wedlock itſelf will not wipe off the diſhonour to both: and moreover, that you would ruin your conſtitution by your immoderate ſorrow: and, by ſeeking death when you might avoid it, would not be able to eſcape it when you would wiſh to do ſo.

So, my deareſt friend, I charge you, if you *can*, to get over your averſion to this vile man. You may yet live to ſee many happy days, and be once more the delight of all your friends, neighbours and acquaintance, as well as a ſtay, a comfort, a bleſſing, to your Anna Howe.

I long to have your anſwer to mine of the 13th. Pray keep the meſſenger till it be ready. If he return on Monday night, it will be time enough for his affairs, and to find me come back from Colonel Ambroſe's; who gives a ball on the anniverſary of Mrs. Ambroſe's birth and marriage, both in one. The gentry all round the neighbourhood are invited this time, on ſome good news they have received from Mrs. Ambroſe's brother, the governor.

My mother promiſed the colonel for me and herſelf, in my abſence. I would fain have excuſed myſelf to her; and the rather, as I had exceptions on account of the day: but ſhe is almoſt as young as her daughter; and thinking it not ſo well to go without me, ſhe told me, She could propoſe *nothing* that was agreeable to me. And having had a *few ſparring blows* with each other very lately, I think I muſt comply. For I don't love jangling when I can help it; though I ſeldom make it my ſtudy to avoid the occaſion, when it offers of itſelf. I don't know, if either were not a little afraid of the other, whether it would be poſſible that we could live together:—I, *all my father!*—My mamma—What?—*All my mother*—What elſe ſhould I ſay?

O my dear, how many things happen in this life to give us diſpleaſure! How few to give us joy!—I am ſure I ſhall have none on this occaſion; ſince the true partner of my heart, the principal half of the *one ſoul*, that, it uſed to be ſaid, animated *the pair of friends*, as we were called; you, my dear, [who uſed to irradiate every circle you ſet your foot into, and to give me *real* ſignificance in a *ſecond* place to yourſelf] cannot be there!—One hour of your company, my ever-inſtructive friend, [I thirſt for it!] how infinitely preferable would it be to me, to all the diverſions and amuſements with which our ſex are generally moſt delighted—Adieu, my dear!

A. Howe.

LETTER XCI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY, JULY 23.

WHAT pain, my deareſt friend, does your kind ſolicitude for my welfare give me! How much more binding and tender are the ties of pure friendſhip, and the union of like minds, than the ties of nature! Well might the ſweet-ſinger of Iſrael, when he was carrying to the utmoſt extent the praiſes of the friendſhip between him and his beloved friend, ſay, that the love of Jonathan to him was wonderful; that it ſurpaſſed the *love of women!* What an exalted idea does it give of the ſoul of Jonathan, ſweetly attempered for the ſacred band, if we may ſuppoſe it but equal to that of my Anna Howe for her fallen Clariſſa!—But, although I can glory in your kind love for me, think, my dear, what concern muſt fill a mind, not ungenerous, when the obligation lies all *on one ſide*: and when, at the ſame time that your light is the brighter for

my darkneſs, I muſt give pain to a dear friend, to whom I delighted to give pleaſure; and not pain only, but diſcredit, for ſupporting my blighted fame againſt the buſy tongues of uncharitable cenſurers!

This it is that makes me, in the words of my admired exclaimer, very little altered, often repeat: 'O! that I were as 'in months paſt! as in the days when 'God preſerved me! When his candle 'ſhined upon my head, and when by his 'light I walked through darkneſs! As 'I was in the days of my *childhood*— 'when the Almighty was yet with me; 'when *I was in my father's houſe*: when I 'waſhed my ſteps with butter, and the 'rock poured me out rivers of oil.'

You ſet before me your reaſons, enforced by the opinion of your honoured mother, why I ſhould think of Mr. Lovelace for a huſband.

And I have before me your letter of the 13th, containing the account of the viſit and propoſals, and kind interpoſition of the two Miſſes Montague, in the names of the good Ladies Sarah Sadleir and Betty Lawrance, and in that of Lord M.

Alſo yours of the 18th, *demanding* me, as I may ſay, of thoſe ladies, and of that family, when I was ſo infamouſly and cruelly arreſted, and you knew not what was become of me.

The anſwer likewiſe of thoſe ladies, ſigned in ſo full and ſo generous a manner by themſelves, and by that nobleman, and thoſe two venerable ladies; and, in his light way, by the wretch himſelf.

Theſe, my deareſt Miſs Howe; and your letter of the 16th, which came when I was under arreſt, and which I received not till ſome days after;

Are all before me.

And I have as well weighed the whole matter, and your arguments in ſupport of your advice, as at preſent my head and my heart will let me weigh them.

I am, moreover, willing to believe, not only from your own opinion, but from the aſſurances of one of Mr. Lovelace's friends, Mr. Belford, a good-natured and humane man, who ſpares not to cenſure the author of my calamities, (*I think*, with undiſſembled and undeſigning ſincerity) that that man is innocent of the diſgraceful arreſt:

And even, if you pleaſe, in ſincere compliment to your opinion, and to that of Mr. Hickman, that (over-perſuaded by his friends, and aſhamed of his unmerited baſeneſs to me) he would in earneſt marry *me*, if I would have *him*.

'* Well, and now, what is the reſult 'of all?—It is this—That I muſt abide 'by what I have already declared—And 'that is, [Don't be angry at me, my beſt 'friend] that I have much more pleaſure 'in thinking of death, than of ſuch a 'huſband. In ſhort, as I declared in my 'laſt, that I cannot [Forgive me, if I 'ſay, I *will* not] ever be his.

'But you will expect my reaſons: I 'know you will: and if I give them not, 'will conclude me either obſtinate, or 'implacable, or both: and thoſe would 'be ſad imputations, if juſt, to be laid 'to the charge of a perſon who thinks 'and talks of *dying*. And yet, to ſay, 'that reſentment and diſappointment 'have no part in my determination, 'would be ſaying a thing hardly to be 'credited. For I own I *have* reſent-'ments, ſtrong reſentments, but not un-'reaſonable ones, as you will be con-'vinced, if already you are not ſo, when 'you know all my ſtory—If ever you do 'know it—For I begin to fear (ſo many 'things more neceſſary to be thought of, 'than either this man, or my own vindi-'cation, have I to do) that I ſhall not have 'time to compaſs what I have intended, 'and, in a manner, promiſed you.

'I have one reaſon to give in ſupport 'of my reſolution, that, I believe your-'ſelf will allow of: but having owned, 'that I have reſentments, I will begin 'with thoſe conſiderations, in which an-'ger and diſappointment have too great 'a ſhare; in hopes, that having once 'diſburdened my mind upon paper, and 'to my Anna Howe, of thoſe corrod-'ing uneaſy paſſions, *I* ſhall prevent them 'for ever from returning to my heart, 'and to have their place ſupplied by 'better, milder, and more agreeable 'ones.

'My pride, then, my deareſt friend, 'although a great deal mortified, is not '*ſufficiently* mortified, if it be neceſſary 'for me to ſubmit to make that man my 'choice, whoſe actions are, and ought 'to be, my abhorrence!—What!—Shall 'I, who have been treated with ſuch 'premeditated and perfidious barbarity,

* Thoſe parts of this letter which are marked with inverted comma's [thus '] were afterwards tranſcribed by Miſs Howe in Letter IV. of Vol. VII. written to the ladies of Mr. Lovelace's family; and are thus diſtinguiſhed to avoid the neceſſity of repeating them in that letter.

'as is painful to be thought of, and cannot with modesty be described, think 'of taking the violator to my heart? Can 'I vow duty to one so wicked, and hazard my salvation by joining myself to so 'great a profligate, now I *know* him to 'be so? Do you think your Clarissa Harlowe so lost, so *sunk*, at least, as that she 'could, for the sake of patching up, in 'the world's eye, a broken reputation, 'meanly appear indebted to the generosity, or perhaps *compassion*, of a man, 'who has, by means so inhuman, robbed 'her of it? Indeed, my dear, I should 'not think my penitence for the rash step 'I took, any-thing better than a specious delusion, if I had not got above the 'least wish to have Mr. Lovelace for my 'husband.

'Yes, I warrant, I must *creep* to the 'violator, and be thankful to him for 'doing me poor justice!

'Do you not already see me, (pursuing the advice you give) with a downcast eye, appear before *his* friends, and 'before *my own*, (supposing the latter 'would at last condescend to own me) 'divested of that *noble confidence*, which 'arises from a mind unconscious of having deserved reproach?

'Do you not see me creep about mine 'own house, preferring all my honest 'maidens to myself—as if afraid, too, 'to open my lips, either by way of reproof or admonition, lest their bolder 'eyes should bid me look inward, and 'not expect perfection from *them*?

'And shall I entitle the wretch to upbraid me with his generosity, and his 'pity; and perhaps to reproach me, for 'having been *capable* of forgiving crimes 'of *such* a nature?

'I once indeed hoped, little thinking 'him so *premeditatedly* vile a man, that 'I might have the happiness to reclaim 'him: I vainly believed, that he loved 'me well enough to suffer my advice for 'his good, and the example I humbly 'presumed I should be enabled to set 'him, to have weight with him; and the 'rather, as he had no mean opinion of 'my morals and understanding: but 'now, what hope is there left for this 'my *prime* hope?—*Were* I to marry him, 'what a figure should I make, preaching virtue and morality to a man whom 'I had trusted with opportunities to seduce me from all my own duties?—'And then, supposing I were to have 'children by such a husband, must it 'not, think you, cut a thoughtful person to the heart, to look round upon 'her little family, and think she had 'given them a father destined, without 'a miracle, to perdition; and whose immoralities, propagated among them 'by his vile example, might, too probably, bring down a curse upon them?

'And, after all, who knows but that 'my own sinful compliances with a man, 'who would think himself entitled to 'my obedience, might taint my own morals, and make me, instead of a reformer, an imitator of him?—For who 'can touch pitch, *and not be defiled*?

'Let me then repeat, that I truly despise this man! If I know my own heart, 'indeed I do!—I pity him! *Beneath* my 'very pity as he is, I nevertheless pity 'him!—But this I could not do, if I 'still loved him: for, my dear, one 'must be greatly sensible of the baseness 'and ingratitude of those we love. I love 'him not, therefore! My soul disdains 'communion with him.

'But although thus much is due to 'resentment, yet have I not been so far 'carried away by it's angry effects, as to 'be rendered incapable of casting about 'what I *ought* to do, and what *could be* 'done, if the Almighty, in order to 'lengthen the time of my penitence, 'were to bid me to live.

'The single life, at such times, has 'offered to me, as the life, the *only* life, 'to be chosen. But in *that*, must I not 'now sit brooding over my past afflictions, and mourning my faults till the 'hour of my release? And would not 'every-one be able to assign the reason, 'why Clarissa Harlowe chose solitude, 'and to sequester herself from the world? 'Would not the look of every creature, 'who beheld me, appear as a reproach 'to me? And would not my conscious 'eye confess my fault, whether the eyes 'of others accused me or not? One of 'my delights was, to enter the cots of 'my poor neighbours, to leave lessons 'to the boys, and cautions to the elder 'girls: and how should I be able, unconscious, and without pain, to say to 'the latter, "Fly the delusions of men," 'who had been supposed to have run 'away with one?

'What then, my dear and only friend, 'can I wish for but death?—And what, 'after all, is death? 'Tis but a cessation 'from mortal life: 'tis but the finishing 'of an appointed course: the refreshing 'inn after a fatiguing journey: the end 'of a life of cares and troubles; and if 'happy, the beginning of a life of immortal happiness.

'If I die not now, it may possibly 'happen, that I may be taken when I

'am

'am less prepared. Had I escaped the 'evils I labour under, it might have been 'in the midst of some gay promising 'hope; when my heart had beat high 'with the desire of life; and when the 'vanity of this earth had taken hold of 'me.

'But now, my dear, for *your* satis-'faction let me say, that although I wish 'not for life, yet would I not, like a 'poor coward, desert my post when I 'can maintain it, and when it is my *duty* 'to maintain it.

'More than once, indeed, was I urg-'ed by thoughts so sinful: but then it 'was in the height of my distress: and 'once, particularly, I have reason to 'believe, I saved myself by my *despe-'ration* from the most shocking personal 'insults; from a repetition, as far as I 'know, of his vileness; the base wo-'men (with so much reason dreaded by 'me) present, to intimidate *me*, if not 'to assist *him*!—O my dear, you know 'not what I suffered on that occasion!— 'Nor do I what I *escaped* at the time, if 'the wicked man had approached me to 'execute the horrid purposes of his vile 'heart.'

As I am of opinion, that it would have manifested more of revenge and despair, than of principle, had I committed a violence upon myself, when the villainy was *perpetrated*; so I should think it equally criminal, were I now *wilfully* to neglect myself; were I *purposely* to run into the arms of death, *(as that man supposes I shall do)* when I might avoid it.

Nor, my dear, whatever are the suppositions of such a short-sighted, such a low-souled man, must you impute to gloom, to melancholy, to despondency, nor yet to a spirit of faulty pride, or still *more* faulty revenge, the resolution I have taken never to marry *this*; and if not *this*, *any* man. So far from deserving this imputation, I do assure you, (my dear and *only* love) that I will do every-thing I can to prolong my life, till God, in mercy to me, shall be pleased to call for it. I have reason to think my punishment is but the due consequence of my fault, and I will not run away from it; but beg of Heaven to sanctify it to me. When appetite serves, I will eat and drink what is sufficient to support nature. A very little, you know, will do for that. And whatever my physicians shall think fit to prescribe, I will take, though ever so disagreeable. In short, I will do every-thing I can do, to convince all my friends, who hereafter may think it worth their while to enquire after my last behaviour, that I possessed my soul with tolerable patience; and endeavoured to bear with a lot of my own drawing; for thus, in humble imitation of the sublimest exemplar, I often say:—'Lord, it is thy will; and it shall 'be mine. Thou art just in all thy 'dealings with the children of men, and 'I know thou wilt not afflict me beyond 'what I can bear: and, if I *can* bear it, 'I *ought* to bear it; and (thy grace as-'sisting me) I *will* bear it.'

'But here, my dear, is another rea-'son, a reason that will convince you 'yourself, that I ought not to think of 'wedlock; but of a preparation for a 'quite different event. I am per-'suaded, as much as that I am now 'alive, that I shall not long live. The 'strong sense I have ever had of my 'fault, the loss of my reputation, my 'disappointments, the determined re-'sentment of my friends, *aiding* the 'barbarous usage I have met with 'where I least deserved it, have seized 'upon my heart: seized upon it, be-'fore it was so well fortified by *reli-'gious considerations* as I hope it now is. 'Don't be concerned, my dear—But I 'am sure, if I may say it with as little 'presumption as grief, That God will 'soon *dissolve my substance*; and *bring me 'to death, and to the house appointed for all 'living*.'

And now, my dearest friend, you know all my mind. And you will be pleased to write to the ladies of Mr. Lovelace's family, that I think myself infinitely obliged to them, for their good opinion of me; and that it has given me greater pleasure than I thought I had to come in this life, that, upon the little knowledge they have of me, and that not personal, I was thought worthy (after the ill usage I have received) of an alliance with their honourable family: but that I can by no means think of their kinsman for a husband: and do you, my dear, extract from the above, such reasons as you think have any weight in them.

I would write myself to acknowledge their favour, had I not more employment for my head, my heart, and my fingers, than I doubt they will be able to go through.

I should be glad to know when you set out on your journey; as also your little stages; and your time of stay at your aunt Harman's; that my prayers

may

may *locally* attend you, whitherſoever you go, and wherever you are.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XCII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY, JULY 23.

THE letter accompanying this being upon a very particular ſubject, I would not embarraſs it, as I may ſay, with any other. And yet having ſome further matters upon my mind, which will want your excuſe for directing them to you, I hope the following lines will *have that* excuſe.

My good Mrs. Norton, ſo long ago as in a letter dated the third of this month, hinted to me, that my relations took amiſs ſome ſevere things you were pleaſed, in love to me, to ſay of them. Mrs. Norton mentioned it with that reſpectful love which ſhe bears to my deareſt friend: but wiſhed, for *my* ſake, that you would rein-in a vivacity, which, on moſt other occaſions, ſo charmingly becomes you. This was her ſenſe. You know that *I* am warranted to ſpeak and write freer to my Anna Howe, than Mrs. Norton would do.

I durſt not mention it to you at that time, becauſe appearances were ſo ſtrong againſt me, on Mr. Lovelace's getting me again into his power, (after my eſcape to Hampſtead) as made you very angry with me when you anſwered mine on my ſecond eſcape. And, ſoon afterwards, I was put under that barbarous arreſt; ſo that I could not well touch upon that ſubject till now.

Now, therefore, my deareſt Miſs Howe, let me *repeat* my earneſt requeſt, (for this is not the firſt time by ſeveral that I have been obliged to chide you on this occaſion) that you will ſpare my parents, and other relations, in all your converſations about me.—Indeed, I wiſh they had thought fit to take other meaſures with me: but who ſhall judge for them?—The event has juſtified them, and condemned me.—They expected nothing good of this vile man; *he* has not, therefore, deceived *them*: but they expected other things from *me*; and *I* have. And they have the more reaſon to be ſet againſt me, if (as my aunt Hervey wrote formerly) they intended not to force my inclinations, in favour of Mr. Solmes; and if they believe, that my going off was the effect of choice and premeditation.

I have no deſire to be received to favour by them: for why ſhould I ſit down to wiſh for what I have no reaſon to expect?—Beſides, I could not look them in the face, if they *would* receive me. Indeed I could not. All I have to hope for, is, firſt, that my father will abſolve me from his heavy malediction: and next, for a laſt bleſſing. The obtaining of theſe favours are needful to my peace of mind.

I have written to my ſiſter; but have only mentioned the abſolution.

I am afraid, I ſhall receive a very harſh anſwer from her: my fault, in the eyes of my family, is of ſo enormous a nature, that my *firſt* application will hardly be encouraged. Then they know not (nor perhaps will believe) that I am ſo very ill as I am. So that, were I actually to die before they could have time to take the neceſſary informations, you muſt not blame them too ſeverely. You muſt call it a fatality. I know not what you muſt call it: for, alas! I have made them as miſerable as I am myſelf. And yet ſometimes I think, that, were they cheerfully to pronounce me forgiven, I know not whether my concern for having offended them would not be augmented: ſince I imagine, that nothing can be more wounding to a ſpirit not ungenerous, than a *generous forgiveneſs*.

I hope your mother will permit our correſpondence for *one* month more, although I do not take her advice as to having this man. Only for *one* month. I will not deſire it longer. When cataſtrophes are winding-up, what changes (changes that make one's heart ſhudder to think of) may *one* ſhort month produce!—But if ſhe will not—why then, my dear, it becomes us both to acquieſce.

You can't think what my apprehenſions would have been, had I known Mr. Hickman was to have had a meeting (on ſuch a queſtioning occaſion as muſt have been his errand from you) with that haughty and uncontroulable man.

You give me hope of a viſit from Mr. Hickman: let him *expect* to ſee me greatly altered. I know he loves me: for he loves every-one whom you love. A painful interview, I doubt! But I ſhall be glad to ſee a man, whom *you* will one day, and that on an *early* day, I hope, make happy; and whoſe gentle manners,

manners, and unbounded love for you, will make you so, if it be not your own fault.

I am, my dearest, kindest friend, the truest companion of my happy hours, the friend ever dearest and nearest to my fond heart, *your equally obliged and faithful*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XCIII.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY, JULY 24.

EXCUSE, my dearest young lady, my long silence. I have been extremely ill. My poor boy has also been at death's door; and, when I hoped that he was better, he has relapsed. Alas! my dear, he is very dangerously ill. Let us both have your prayers!

Very angry letters have passed between your sister and Miss Howe. Every one of your family is incensed against that young lady. I wish you would remonstrate against her warmth; since it can do no good: for they will not believe, but that her interposition has your connivance; nor that you are so ill as Miss Howe assures them you are.

Before she wrote, they were going to send up young Mr. Brand the clergyman, to make private enquiries of your health, and way of life.—But now they are so exasperated, that they have laid aside their intention.

We have flying reports here, and at Harlowe Place, of some fresh insults which you have undergone: and that you are about to put yourself into Lady Betty Lawrance's protection. I believe they would now be glad (as I should be) that you would do so; and this, perhaps, will make them suspend, for the present, any determination in your favour.

How unhappy am I, that the dangerous way my son is in prevents my attendance on you! Let me beg of you to write me word how you are, both as to person and mind. A servant of Sir Robert Beachcroft, who rides post on his master's business to town, will present you with this; and, perhaps, will bring me the favour of a few lines in return. He will be obliged to stay in town several hours, for an answer to his dispatches.

This is the anniversary, that used to give joy to as many as had the pleasure and honour of knowing you. May the Almighty bless you, and grant, that it may be the only unhappy one that may be ever known by you, my dearest young lady; and by *your ever-affectionate*

JUDITH NORTON.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

LETTER I.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON.

MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 24.

MY DEAR MRS. NORTON,

HAD I not fallen into freſh troubles, which diſabled me for ſeveral days from holding a pen, I ſhould not have forborne enquiring after your health, and that of your ſon; for I ſhould have been but too ready to impute your ſilence to the cauſe, to which, to my very great concern, I find it was owing. I pray to Heaven, my dear good friend, to give you comfort in the way moſt deſirable to yourſelf.

I am exceedingly concerned at Miſs Howe's writing about me to my friends. I do aſſure you, that I was as ignorant of her intention ſo to do, as of the contents of her letter. Nor has ſhe yet let me know (diſcouraged, I ſuppoſe, by her ill ſucceſs) that ſhe *did* write. It is impoſſible to ſhare the delight which ſuch charming ſpirits give, without the inconvenience that will attend their volatility.—So mixed are our beſt enjoyments!

It was but yeſterday that I wrote to chide the dear creature for freedoms of that nature, which her unſeaſonably-expreſſed love for me had made her take, as you wrote me word in your former. I was afraid, that all ſuch freedoms would be attributed to *me*. And I am ſure, that nothing but my own application to my friends, and a full conviction of my contrition, will procure me favour. Leaſt of all can I expect, that either your mediation or hers (both of whoſe fond and partial love of me is ſo well known) will avail me.

She then gives a brief account of the arreſt: of her dejection under it: of her apprehenſions of being carried to her former lodgings: of Mr. Lovelace's avowed innocence, as to that inſult: of her releaſe by Mr. Belford: of Mr. Lovelace's promiſe not to moleſt her: of her cloaths being ſent her: of the earneſt deſire of all his friends, and of himſelf, to marry her: of Miſs Howe's advice to comply with their requeſts: and of her declared reſolution rather to die, than be his, ſent to Miſs Howe, to be given to his relations, but as the day before. After which ſhe thus proceeds:

Now, my dear Mrs. Norton, you will be ſurprized, perhaps, that I ſhould have returned ſuch an anſwer: but, when you have every-thing before you, you, who know me ſo well, will not think me wrong. And, beſides, I am upon a *better preparation*, than for an earthly huſband.

Nor let it be imagined, my dear and ever-venerable friend, that my preſent turn of mind proceeds from gloomineſs or melancholy: for although it was *brought on* by diſappointment, (the world ſhewing me early, even at my firſt *ruſhing* into it, it's true and ugly face;) yet I hope, that it has obtained a better root, and will every day more and more, by it's fruits, demonſtrate to me, and to all my friends, that it has.

I have written to my ſiſter. Laſt Friday I wrote. So the dye is thrown. I hope for a gentle anſwer. But, perhaps, they will not vouchſafe me *any*. It is my

my *firſt* direct application, you know. I wiſh Miſs Howe had left me to my own workings in this tender point.

It will be a great ſatisfaction to me to hear of your perfect recovery; and that my foſter-brother is out of danger. But why ſaid I, *out of danger?*—When can *this* be juſtly ſaid of creatures, who hold by ſo uncertain a tenure? This is one of thoſe forms of common ſpeech, that proves the *frailty* and the *preſumption* of poor mortals, at the ſame time.

Don't be uneaſy you cannot anſwer your wiſhes to be with me. I am happier than I could have expected to be among mere ſtrangers. It was grievous at firſt; but uſe reconciles every-thing to us. The people of the houſe where I am, are courteous and honeſt. There is a widow who lodges in it, [Have I not ſaid ſo formerly?) a good woman; who is the better for having been a proficient in the ſchool of affliction.

An excellent ſchool, my dear Mrs. Norton! in which we are taught to know ourſelves, to be able to compaſſionate and bear with one another, and to look up to a better hope.

I have as humane a phyſician, (whoſe fees are his leaſt regard) and as worthy an apothecary, as ever patient was viſited by. My nurſe is diligent, obliging, ſilent, and ſober. So I am not unhappy *without*: and *within*—I hope, my dear Mrs. Norton, that I ſhall be every day more and more happy *within*.

No doubt, it would be one of the greateſt comforts I could know, to have you with me: you, who love me ſo dearly: who have been the watchful ſuſtainer of my helpleſs infancy: you, by whoſe precepts I have been ſo much benefited!—In your dear boſom could I repoſe all my griefs: and by your piety, and experience in the ways of Heaven, ſhould I be ſtrengthened in what I am ſtill to go through.

But, as it muſt not be, I will acquieſce; and ſo, I hope, will you: for you ſee in what reſpects I am *not* unhappy; and in thoſe that I *am*, they lie not in your power to remedy.

Then, as I have told you, I have all my cloaths in my own poſſeſſion. So I am rich enough, as to this world, in common conveniences.

So you ſee, my venerable and dear friend, that I am not always turning the dark ſide of my proſpects, in order to move compaſſion; a trick imputed to me, too often, by my hard-hearted ſiſter; when, if I know my own heart, it is above all trick or artifice. Yet I hope at laſt I ſhall be ſo happy, as to receive *benefit* rather than *reproach* from this talent, if it *be* my talent. At *laſt*, I ſay; for whoſe heart have I *hitherto* moved?—Not one, I am ſure, that was not *predetermined* in my favour.

As to the day—I have paſſed it, as I ought to paſs it. It has been a very heavy day to me!—More for my friends ſake, too, than for my own!—How did *they* uſe to paſs it!—What a feſtivity!—How have they now paſſed it?—To *imagine* it, how grievous!—Say not, that thoſe are cruel, who ſuffer ſo much for my fault; and who, for eighteen years together, rejoiced in me, and rejoiced me, by their indulgent goodneſs!—But I will think the reſt!—Adieu, my deareſt Mrs. Norton!—

Adieu!

LETTER II.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

FRIDAY, JULY 21.

IF, my deareſt ſiſter, I did not think the ſtate of my health very precarious, and that it was my duty to take this ſtep, I ſhould hardly have dared to approach you, although but with my pen, after having found your cenſures ſo dreadfully juſtified as they have been.

I have not the courage to write to my father himſelf; nor yet to my mother. And it is with trembling, that I addreſs myſelf to you, to beg of you to intercede for me, that my father will have the goodneſs to revoke that heavieſt part of the very heavy curſe he laid upon me, which relates to HEREAFTER: for, as to the HERE, *I have* indeed *met with my puniſhment from the very wretch in whom I was ſuppoſed to place my confidence.*

As I hope not for reſtoration to favour, I may be allowed to be very earneſt on this head: yet will I not uſe any arguments in ſupport of my requeſt, becauſe I am ſure my father, were it in his power, would not have his poor child miſerable for ever.

I have the moſt grateful ſenſe of my mother's goodneſs in ſending me up my cloaths. I would have acknowledged the favour the moment I received them, with the moſt thankful duty, but that I feared any line from me would be unacceptable.

I would not give freſh offence: ſo will decline all other commendations of duty and love: appealing to my heart for both, where *both* are flaming with an ardour that nothing but death can extinguiſh:

extinguiſh: therefore only ſubſcribe myſelf, without ſo much as a name, *my dear and happy ſiſter*,

Your afflicted Servant.

A letter directed for me, at Mr. Smith's, a glover, in King Street, Covent Garden, will come to hand.

LETTER III.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTERS LXXIX. LXXXII. VOL. VI.]

EDGWARE, MONDAY, JULY 24.

WHAT pains thou takeſt to perſuade thyſelf, that the lady's ill health is owing to the vile arreſt, and to the implacableneſs of her friends! Both primarily (if they were) to be laid at thy door. What poor excuſes will good heads make for the evils they are put upon by bad hearts!—But 'tis no wonder that he who can ſit down premeditatedly to do a bad action, will content himſelf with a bad excuſe: and yet, what fools muſt he ſuppoſe the reſt of the world to be, if he imagines them as eaſy to be impoſed upon, as he can impoſe upon himſelf?

In vain doſt thou impute to pride or wilfulneſs the neceſſity to which thou haſt reduced this lady, of parting with her cloaths: for can ſhe do otherwiſe, and be the noble-minded creature ſhe is?

Her implacable friends have refuſed her the current caſh ſhe left behind her; and wiſhed, as her ſiſter wrote to her, to ſee her reduced to want: probably therefore they will not be ſorry that ſhe is reduced to ſuch ſtreights; and will take it for a juſtification from Heaven of their wicked hard-heartedneſs. Thou canſt not ſuppoſe ſhe would take ſupplies from thee: to take them from me would, in her opinion, be taking them from thee. Miſs Howe's mother is an avaricious woman; and, perhaps, the daughter can do nothing of that ſort unknown to her; and, if ſhe *could*, is too noble a girl to deny it, if charged. And then Miſs Harlowe is firmly of opinion, that ſhe ſhall never want nor wear the things ſhe diſpoſes of.

Having heard nothing from town that obliges me to go thither, I ſhall gratify poor Belton with my company till to-morrow, or perhaps till Wedneſday: for the unhappy man is more and more loth to part with me. I ſhall ſoon ſet out for Epſom, to endeavour to ſerve him there, and reinſtate him in his own houſe. Poor fellow! he is moſt horribly low-ſpirited; mopes about; and nothing diverts him. I pity him at my heart; but can do him no good.—What conſolation can I give him, either from his paſt life, or from his future proſpects?

Our friendſhips and intimacies, Lovelace, are only calculated for ſtrong life and health. When ſickneſs comes, we look round us, and upon one another, like frighted birds at the ſight of a kite ready to ſouſe upon them. Then, with all our bravery, what miſerable wretches are we!

Thou telleſt me, that thou ſeeſt reformation is coming ſwiftly upon me. I hope it is. I ſee ſo much difference in the behaviour of this admirable woman in *her* illneſs, and that of poor Belton in *his*, that it is plain to me, the ſinner is the real coward, and the ſaint the true hero; and, ſooner or later, we ſhall all find it to be ſo, if we are not cut off ſuddenly.

The lady ſhut herſelf up at ſix o'clock yeſterday afternoon; and intends not to ſee company till ſeven or eight this; not even her nurſe—Impoſing upon herſelf a ſevere faſt. And why? *It is her* BIRTH-DAY!—Blooming—yet declining in her very bloſſom!—Every birth-day till this, no doubt, happy!—What muſt be her reflections!—What ought to be thine!

What ſport doſt thou make with my aſpirations, and my proſtrations, as thou calleſt them; and with my dropping of the Bank note behind her chair! I had too much awe of her at the time, and too much apprehended her diſpleaſure at the offer, to make it with the grace that would better have become my intention. But the action, if aukward, was modeſt. Indeed, the fitter ſubject for ridicule with thee; who canſt no more taſte the beauty and delicacy of modeſt obligingneſs, than of modeſt love. For the ſame may be ſaid of inviolable reſpect, that the poet ſays of unfeigned affection—

'I *ſpeak!* I know not what!
'Speak ever ſo; and if I *anſwer* you
'I know not what, it ſhews the more of
'love.
'Love is a child that talks in broken language;
'Yet then it ſpeaks moſt plain.'

The like may be pleaded in behalf of that modeſt reſpect which made the humble offerer afraid to invade the awful

ful eye, or the revered hand; but awkwardly to drop it's incense beside the altar it should have been laid upon. But how should that soul, which could treat delicacy itself brutality, know any-thing of this!

But I am still more amazed at thy courage, to think of throwing thyself in the way of Miss Howe, and Miss Arabella Harlowe!—Thou wilt not dare, surely, to carry this thought into execution!

As to *my* dress, and *thy* dress, I have only to say, that the sum total of thy observation is this: that *my* outside is the worst of me; and *thine* the *best* of thee: and what getteſt thou by the comparison? Do thou reform the one, and I'll try to mend the other. I challenge thee to begin.

Mrs. Lovick gave me, at my request, the copy of a meditation she shewed me, which was extracted by the lady, from the Scriptures, while under arrest at Rowland's, as appears by the date. The lady is not to know that I have taken a copy.

You and I always admired the noble simplicity, and natural ease and dignity of style, which are the distinguishing characteristicks of these books, whenever any passages from them, by way of quotation in the works of other authors, popt upon us. And once I remember you, even *you*, observed, that those passages always appeared to you like a rich vein of golden ore, which runs through baser metals; embellishing the work they were brought to authenticate.

Try, Lovelace, if thou canst relish a divine beauty. I think it must strike transient (if not permanent) remorse into thy heart. Thou boastest of thy ingenuousness: let this be the test of it; and whether thou canst be serious on a subject so deep, the occasion of it resulting from thyself.

'MEDITATION.

SATURDAY, JULY 15.

'*O That my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balance together!*

'*For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea: therefore my words are swallowed up!*

'*For the arrows of the Almighty are within me; the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit. The terrors of God do set themselves in array against me.*

'*When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise? When will the night be gone? And I am full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day.*

'*My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope—Mine eye shall no more see good.*

'*Wherefore is light given to her that is in misery; and life unto the bitter in soul?*

'*Who longeth for death; but it cometh not; and diggeth for it more than for hid treasures?*

'*Why is light given to one whose way is hid; and whom God hath hedged in?*

'*For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me!*

'*I was not in safety; neither had I rest; neither was I quiet: yet trouble came.*

'*But behold God is mighty, and despiseth not any.*

'*He giveth right to the poor—And if they be bound in fetters, and holden in cords of affliction, then he sheweth them their work and their transgressions.*'

I HAVE a little leisure, and am in a scribbling vein: indulge me, Lovelace, a few reflections on these sacred books.

We are taught to read the Bible, when children, and as a rudiment only; and, as far as I know, this may be the reason, why we think ourselves above it, when at a maturer age. For you know, that our parents, as well as we, *wisely* rate our proficiency by the books we are advanced to, and not by our understanding of those we have passed through. But, in my uncle's illness, I had the curiosity, in some of my dull hours, (lighting upon one in his closet) to dip into it: and then I found, whereever I turned, that there were *admirable things in it*. I have borrowed one, on receiving from Mrs. Lovick the above meditation; for I had a mind to compare the passages contained in it by the book, hardly believing they could be so exceedingly apposite as I find they are. And one time or other, it is very likely, that I shall make a resolution to give the whole Bible a perusal, by way of *course*, as I may say.

This, mean time, I will venture to repeat, is certain, that the style is that truly easy, simple, and natural one, which we should admire in other authors excessively. Then all the world join in an opinion of the antiquity, and authenticity too, of the book; and the learned are fond of strengthening their different arguments by it's sanctions. Indeed, I was so much taken with it at my uncle's, that I was half ashamed that it appeared so *new* to me. And yet I cannot

not but ſay, that I have ſome of the Old Teſtament hiſtory, as it is called, in my head: but, perhaps, am more obliged for it to Joſephus, than to the Bible itſelf.

Odd enough, with all our pride of learning, that we chuſe to derive the little we know from the under-currents, perhaps muddy ones too, when the clear, the pellucid fountain head, is much nearer at hand, and eaſier to be come at—Slighted the more, poſſibly, for that very reaſon!

But man is a pragmatical, fooliſh creature; and the more we look into him, the more we muſt deſpiſe him.—Lords of the creation!—Who can forbear indignant laughter! When we ſee not one of the individuals of that creation (his perpetually eccentric ſelf excepted) but acts within it's own natural and original appointments: and all the time, proud and vain as the conceited wretch is of fancied and ſelf-dependent excellence, he is obliged not only for the ornaments, but for the neceſſaries of life, (that is to ſay, for food as well as raiment) to all the other creatures; ſtrutting with their blood and ſpirits in his veins, and with their plumage on his back: for what has he of his own, but a very miſchievous, monkey-like, bad nature! Yet thinks himſelf at liberty to kick, and cuff, and elbow out every worthier creature: and when he has none of the animal creation to hunt down and abuſe, will make uſe of his power, his ſtrength, or his wealth, to oppreſs the leſs powerful and weaker of his own ſpecies!

When you and I meet next, let us enter more largely into this ſubject: and, I dare ſay, we ſhall take it by turns, in imitation of the two ſages of antiquity, to laugh and to weep at the thoughts of what miſerable, yet conceited beings, men in general, but we libertines in particular, are.

I fell upon a piece at Dorrell's, this very evening, intituled, *The Sacred Claſſicks*, written by one Blackwall.

I took it home with me, and had not read a dozen pages, when I was convinced, that I ought to be aſhamed of myſelf to think, how greatly I have admired leſs noble and leſs natural beauties in Pagan authors; while I have known nothing of this all-excelling collection of beauties, the Bible! By my faith, Lovelace, I ſhall for the future have a better opinion of the good ſenſe and taſte of half a ſcore parſons, whom I have fallen in with in my time, and deſpiſed for *magnifying*, as I thought they did, the language and the ſentiments to be found in it, in preference to all the ancient poets and philoſophers. And this is now a convincing proof to me, and ſhames as much an infidel's preſumption as his ignorance, that thoſe who know leaſt, are the greateſt ſcoffers. A pretty pack of would-be wits of us, who cenſure without knowledge, laugh without reaſon, and are moſt noiſy and loud againſt things we know leaſt of!

LETTER IV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7th.

I Came not to town till this morning early: poor Belton clinging to me, as a man deſtitute of all other hold.

I haſtened to Smith's, and had but a very indifferent account of the lady's health. I ſent up my compliments; and ſhe deſired to ſee me in the afternoon.

Mrs. Lovick told me, that after I went away on Saturday, ſhe actually parted with one of her beſt ſuits of cloaths to a gentlewoman who is her [Mrs. Lovick's] benefactreſs, and who bought them for a niece who is very ſpeedily to be married, and whom ſhe fits out and portions as her intended heireſs. The lady was ſo jealous that the money might come from you or me, that ſhe would ſee the purchaſer: who owned to Mrs. Lovick, that ſhe bought them for half their worth: but yet, though her conſcience permitted her to take them at ſuch an under-rate, the widow ſays, her friend admired the lady, as one of the loveliеſt of her ſex: and having been let into a little of her ſtory, could not help tears at taking away her purchaſe.

She may be a good ſort of a woman: Mrs. Lovick ſays ſhe *is*: but SELF is an odious devil, that reconciles to ſome people the moſt cruel and diſhoneſt actions. But, nevertheleſs, it is my opinion, that thoſe who can ſuffer themſelves to take advantage of the neceſſities of their fellow-creatures, in order to buy any-thing at a leſs rate than would allow them the legal intereſt of their purchaſe-money, (ſuppoſing they purchaſe *before they want*) are no better than robbers for the difference.—To plunder a wreck, and to rob at a fire, are indeed higher degrees of wickedneſs: but do not thoſe, as well as theſe, heighten

heighten the diſtreſſes of the diſtreſſed, and heap miſery on the miſerable, whom it is the duty of every-one to relieve?

About three o'clock I went again to Smith's. The lady was writing when I ſent up my name; but admitted of my viſit. I ſaw a viſible alteration in her countenance for the worſe; and Mrs. Lovick reſpectfully accuſing her of great aſſiduity to her pen, early and late, and of her abſtinence the day before, I took notice of the alteration; and told her, that her phyſician had greater hopes of her than ſhe had of herſelf; and I would take the liberty to ſay, that deſpair of recovery allowed not room for cure.

She ſaid, She neither deſpaired nor hoped. Then ſtepping to the glaſs, with great compoſure, 'My counte-'nance,' ſaid ſhe, 'is indeed an honeſt 'picture of my heart. But the mind 'will run away with the body at any 'time.

'Writing is all my diverſion,' continued ſhe; 'and I have ſubjects that 'cannot be diſpenſed with. As to my 'hours, I have always been an early 'riſer: but now reſt is leſs in my pow-'er than ever. Sleep has a long time 'ago quarrelled with me, and will not 'be friends, although I have made the 'firſt advances. What *will* be, *muſt*.'

She then ſtept to her cloſet, and brought me a parcel ſealed up with three ſeals: 'Be ſo kind,' ſaid ſhe, 'as 'to give this to your friend. A very 'grateful preſent it ought to be to him: 'for, Sir, this packet contains ſuch let-'ters of his to me, as, compared with 'his actions, would reflect diſhonour 'upon all his ſex, were they to fall into 'other hands.

'As to my letters to him, they are 'not many. He may either keep or 'deſtroy them, as he pleaſes.'

I thought, Lovelace, I ought not to forego this opportunity to plead for you: I therefore, with the packet in my hand, urged all the arguments I could think of in your favour.

She heard me out with more attention than I could have promiſed myſelf, conſidering her determined reſolution.

'I would not interrupt you, Mr. 'Belford,' ſaid ſhe, 'though I am far 'from being pleaſed with the ſubject 'of your diſcourſe. The motives for 'your pleas in his favour, are generous. 'I love to ſee inſtances of generous 'friendſhip in either ſex. But I have 'written my full mind on this ſubject 'to Miſs Howe, who will communicate it 'to the ladies of his family. No more, 'therefore, I pray you, upon a topick 'that may lead to diſagreeable recrimi-'nations.'

Her apothecary came in. He adviſed her to the air, and blamed her for ſo great an application, as he was told ſhe made, to her pen; and he gave it as the doctor's opinion, as well as his own, that ſhe would recover, if ſhe herſelf deſired to recover, and would uſe the means.

She may poſſibly write too much for her health; but I have obſerved, on ſeveral occaſions, that when the phyſical men are at a loſs what to preſcribe, they enquire what their patients beſt like, or are moſt diverted with, and forbid them that.

But, noble-minded as they ſee this lady is, they know not half her nobleneſs of mind, nor how deeply ſhe is wounded; and depend too much upon her *youth*, which I doubt will not do in this caſe; and upon *time*, which will not alleviate the woes of ſuch a mind: for, having been bent upon doing good, and upon reclaiming a libertine whom ſhe loved, ſhe is diſappointed in all her darling views, and will never be able, I fear, to look up with ſatisfaction enough in herſelf to make life deſirable to her. For this lady had *other* views in living, than the common ones of eating, ſleeping, dreſſing, viſiting, and thoſe other faſhionable amuſements, which fill up the time of moſt of her ſex, eſpecially of thoſe of it, who think themſelves fitted to ſhine in, and adorn polite aſſemblies. Her grief, in ſhort, ſeems to me to be of ſuch a nature, that *time*, which alleviates moſt other perſons afflictions, will, as the poet ſays, *give increaſe to hers*.

Thou, Lovelace, mighteſt have ſeen all this ſuperior excellence, as thou wenteſt along. In every word, in every ſentiment, in every action is it viſible.—But thy curſed inventions and intriguing ſpirit ran away with thee. 'Tis fit that the ſubject of thy wicked boaſt, and thy reflections on talents ſo egregiouſly miſapplied, ſhould be *thy* puniſhment and thy curſe.

Mr. Goddard took his leave; and I was going to do ſo too, when the maid came up, and told her, a gentleman was below, who very earneſtly enquired after her health, and deſired to ſee her: his name Hickman.

She was overjoyed; and bid the maid deſire the gentleman to walk up.

I would have withdrawn; but I ſuppoſe

poſe ſhe thought it was likely I ſhould have met him upon the ſtairs; and ſo ſhe forbid it.

She ſhot to the ſtairs-head to receive him, and taking his hand, aſked half a dozen queſtions (without waiting for any anſwer) in relation to Miſs Howe's health; acknowledging, in high terms, her goodneſs in ſending him to ſee her, before ſhe ſet out upon her little journey.

He gave her a letter from that young lady; which ſhe put into her boſom, ſaying, ſhe would read it by-and-by.

He was viſibly ſhocked to ſee how ill ſhe looked.

'You look at me with concern, Mr. 'Hickman,' ſaid ſhe—'O Sir! times 'are ſtrangely altered with me, ſince I 'ſaw you laſt at my dear Miſs Howe's! '—What a cheerful creature was I 'then!—My heart at reſt! My proſ-'pects charming! And beloved by 'every-body!—But I will not pain 'you!'

'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid he, 'I am 'grieved for you at my ſoul.'

He turned away his face, with viſible grief in it.

Her own eyes gliſtened: but ſhe turned to each of us, preſenting one to the other—Him to me, as a gentleman *truly* deſerving to be *called ſo*—Me to him, as *your* friend, indeed; [How was I, at that inſtant, aſhamed of myſelf!] but, nevertheleſs, as a man of humanity; deteſting my friend's baſeneſs; and deſirous of doing her all manner of good offices.

Mr. Hickman received my civilities with a coldneſs, which however, was rather to be expected on your account, than that it deſerved exception on mine. And the lady invited us both to breakfaſt with her in the morning; he being obliged to return the next day.

I left them together, and called upon Mr. Dorrell, my attorney, to conſult him upon poor Belton's affairs; and then went home, and wrote thus far, preparative to what may occur in my breakfaſting-viſit in the morning.

LETTER V.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, JULY 27.

I Went this morning, according to the lady's invitation, to breakfaſt, and found Mr. Hickman with her.

A good deal of heavineſs and concern hung upon his countenance; but he received me with more reſpect than he did yeſterday; which, I preſume was owing to the lady's favourable character of me.

He ſpoke very little; for I ſuppoſe they had all their talk out yeſterday and before I came this morning.

By the hints that dropped, I perceived that Miſs Howe's letter gave an account of your interview with her at Colonel Ambroſe's—of your profeſſions to Miſs Howe; and Miſs Howe's opinion, that marrying you was the only way now left to repair her wrongs.

Mr. Hickman, as I alſo gathered, had preſſed her, in Miſs Howe's name, to let her, on her return from the Iſle of Wight, find her at a neighbouring farm-houſe, where neat apartments would be made ready to receive her. She aſked how long it would be before they returned? And he told her, It was propoſed to be no more than a fortnight out and in. Upon which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſhould then perhaps have time to conſider of that kind propoſal.

He had tendered her money from Miſs Howe; but could not induce her to take any. No wonder *I* was refuſed! She only ſaid, That, if ſhe had occaſion, ſhe would be obliged to nobody but Miſs Howe.

Mr. Goddard her apothecary came in before breakfaſt was over. At her deſire he ſat down with us. Mr. Hickman aſked him, If he could give him any conſolation in relation to Miſs Harlowe's recovery, to carry down to a friend who loved her as ſhe loved her own life?

'The lady,' ſaid he, 'will do very 'well, if ſhe will reſolve upon it her-'ſelf.—Indeed you *will*, Madam, the 'doctor is entirely of this opinion; and 'has ordered nothing for you, but weak 'jellies, and innocent cordials, leſt you 'ſhould ſtarve yourſelf. And let me 'tell you, Madam, that ſo much watch-'ing, ſo little nouriſhment, and ſo much 'grief, as you ſeem to indulge, is 'enough to impair the moſt vigorous 'health, and to wear out the ſtrongeſt 'conſtitution.'

'What, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'can I do? I 'have no appetite. Nothing you call 'nouriſhing, will ſtay on my ſtomach. 'I do what I can: and have ſuch kind 'directors in Dr. H. and you, that I 'ſhould be inexcuſable if I did not.'

'I'll give you a regimen, Madam,' replied he; 'which, I am ſure, the doc-'tor ſhall approve of, and will make

'phyſick

'physick unnecessary in your case. And 'that is, go to rest at ten at night. Rise 'not till seven in the morning. Let your 'breakfast be water-gruel, or milk-pot-'tage; or weak broths: your dinner 'any-thing you like, so you will *but* eat: 'a dish of tea, with milk, in the after-'noon; and sagoe for your supper: and, 'my life for yours, this diet, and a 'month's country-air, will set you up.'

We were much pleased with the worthy gentleman's disinterested regimen: and she said, referring to her nurse, (who vouched for her) 'Pray, Mr. 'Hickman, let Miss Howe know the 'good hands I am in: and as to the 'kind charge of the gentleman, assure 'her, that all I promised to her, in the 'longest of my two last letters, on the 'subject of my health, I do and will, 'to the utmost of my power, observe. '—I have engaged, Sir,' [To Mr. Goddard]—'I have engaged, Sir,' [To me] 'to Miss Howe, to avoid all wilful 'neglects. It would be an unpardonable 'fault, and very ill become the character 'I would be glad to deserve, or the tem-'per of mind I wish my friends here-'after to think me mistress of, if I did 'not.'

Mr. Hickman and I went afterwards to a neighbouring coffee-house; and he gave me some account of your behaviour at the ball on Monday night; and of your treatment of him in the conference he had with you before that; which he represented in a more favourable light than you had done yourself. And yet he gave his sentiments of you with great freedom, but with the politeness of a gentleman.

He told me how very determined the lady was against marrying you; that she had, early this morning, set herself to write a letter to Miss Howe, in answer to one he brought her, which he was to call for at twelve, it being almost finished before he saw her at breakfast; and that at three he proposed to set out on his return.

He told me, that Miss Howe and her mother, and himself, were to begin their little journey for the Isle of Wight on Monday next: but that he must make the most favourable representation of Miss Harlowe's bad health, or they should have a very uneasy absence. He expressed the pleasure he had in finding the lady in such good hands. He proposed to call on Dr. H. to take his opinion, whether it were likely she would recover; and hoped he should find it favourable.

As he was resolved to make the best of the matter, and as the lady had refused to accept of money offered by Mr. Hickman, I said nothing of her parting with her cloaths. I thought it would serve no other end to mention it, but to shock Miss Howe: for it has such a sound with it, that a woman of her rank and fortune should be so reduced, that I cannot myself think of it with patience; nor know I but one man in the world who can.

This gentleman is a little finical and formal. Modest or diffident men wear not soon off those little precisenesses, which the confident, if ever they had them, presently get above. And why? Because they are too confident to doubt any-thing. But I think Mr. Hickman is an agreeable sensible man, and not at all deserving of the treatment or the character you give him.

But you are really a strange mortal: because you have advantages in your person, in your air, and intellect, above all the men I know, and a face that would deceive the devil, you can't think any man else tolerable.

It is upon this modest principle that thou derideſt some of us, who, not having thy confidence in their outside appearance, seek to hide their defects by the taylor's and peruke-maker's assistance; [Mistakenly enough, if it be really done so absurdly as to expose them more] and sayest, That we do but hang out a sign, in our dress, of what we have in the shop of our minds. This, no doubt, thou thinkest, is smartly observed: but pr'ythee, Lovelace, tell me, if thou canst, what sort of a sign must thou hang out, wert thou obliged to give us a clear idea by it of the furniture of *thy* mind?

Mr. Hickman tells me, He should have been happy with Miss Howe some weeks ago; (for all the settlements have been some time engrossed) but that she will not marry, she declares, while her dear friend is so unhappy.

This is truly a charming instance of the force of *female friendship*; which you and I, and our brother rakes, have constantly ridiculed as a chimerical thing in women of equal age, rank, and perfections.

But really, Lovelace, I see more and more, that there are not in the world, with all our conceited pride, narrower-souled wretches than we rakes and libertines are. And I'll tell thee how it comes about.

Our early love of roguery makes us generally

generally run away from inſtruction; and ſo we become mere ſmatterers in the ſciences we are put to learn; and, becauſe we *will* know no more, think there is no more to *be* known.

With an infinite deal of vanity, unreined imaginations, and no judgments at all, we next commence *half-wits*, and then think we have the whole field of knowledge in poſſeſſion, and deſpiſe every-one who takes more pains, and is more ſerious, than ourſelves, as phlegmatick ſtupid fellows, who have no taſte for the moſt poignant pleaſures of life.

This makes us inſufferable to men of modeſty and merit, and obliges us to herd with thoſe of our own caſt; and by this means we have no *opportunities* of ſeeing or converſing with any-body who could or would ſhew us what we are; and ſo we conclude, that we are the cleverеſt fellows in the world, and the only men of ſpirit in it: and, looking down with ſupercilious eyes on all who give not themſelves the liberties we take, imagine the world made for us, and for us only.

Thus as to uſeful knowledge, while others go to the bottom, we only ſkim the ſurface; are deſpiſed by people of ſolid ſenſe, of true honour, and ſuperior talents; and ſhutting our eyes, move round and round (like ſo many blind mill-horſes) in one narrow circle, while we imagine we have all the world to range in.

I THREW myſelf in Mr. Hickman's way, on his return from the lady.

He was exceedingly moved at taking leave of her; being afraid, as he ſaid to me, (though he would not tell her ſo) that he ſhould never ſee her again. She charged him to repreſent everything to Miſs Howe in the moſt favourable light that the truth would bear.

He told me of a tender paſſage at parting; which was, that having ſaluted her at her cloſet-door, he could not help once more taking the ſame liberty, in a more fervent manner, at the ſtairs-head, whither ſhe accompanied him; and this in the thought, that it was the laſt time he ſhould ever have that honour; and offering to apologize for his freedom, (for he had preſſed her to his heart with a vehemence, that he could neither account for or reſiſt)—'Excuſe you, Mr. Hickman! that I 'will: you are my brother and my 'friend: and to ſhew you, that the 'good man who is to be happy with 'my beloved Miſs Howe, is very dear 'to me, you ſhall carry to her this 'token of my love:' [offering her ſweet face to his ſalute, and preſſing his hand between hers] 'and perhaps her love 'of *me* will make it more agreeable to 'her, than her punctilio would other-'wiſe allow it to be: and tell her,' ſaid ſhe, dropping on one knee, with claſped hands, and uplifted eyes, 'that 'in this poſture you ſaw me, in the laſt 'moment of our parting, begging a 'bleſſing upon you both, and that you 'may be the delight and comfort of 'each other, for many, very many, 'happy years!'

'Tears,' ſaid he, 'fell from my eyes: 'I even ſobbed with mingled joy and 'ſorrow; and ſhe retreating as ſoon as 'I raiſed her, I went down ſtairs highly 'diſſatisfied with myſelf for going; yet 'unable to ſtay; my eyes fixed the 'contrary way to my feet, as long as I 'could behold the ſkirts of her rai-'ment

'I went into the back-ſhop,' continued the worthy man, 'and recom-'mended the angelick lady to the beſt 'care of Mrs. Smith; and, when I 'was in the ſtreet, caſt my eye up at 'her window: there, for the laſt time, 'I doubt,' ſaid he, 'that I ſhall ever 'behold her. I ſaw her; and ſhe waved 'her charming hand to me, and with 'ſuch a look of ſmiling goodneſs, and 'mingled concern, as I cannot de-'ſcribe.'

Pr'ythee tell me, thou vile Lovelace, if thou haſt not a notion, even from theſe jejune deſcriptions of mine, that there muſt be a more exalted pleaſure in intellectual friendſhip, than ever thou couldſt taſte in the groſs fumes of ſenſuality? And whether it may not be poſſible for thee, in time, to give that preference to the *infinitely* preferable, which, I hope, now, that I ſhall always give?

I will leave thee to make the moſt of this reflection, from *thy true friend*,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER VI.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, JULY 25.

YOUR two affecting letters were brought to me (as I had directed any letter from you ſhould be) to the colonel's, about an hour before we broke

brother up. I could not forbear dipping into them there; and shedding more tears over them than I will tell you of; although I dried my eyes as well as I could, that the company I was obliged to betray me, and my mother, should not an little of my concern as possible.

I am yet (and was then still more) excessively fluttered. The occasion I will communicate to you by-and-by: for nothing but the flutters given by the stroke of death could divert my *first* attention from the sad and solemn contents of your last favour. These therefore I must begin with.

How can I bear the thoughts of losing so dear a friend! I will not so much as suppose it. Indeed I *cannot!* Such a mind as yours was not vested in humanity to be snatched away from us so soon. There must be still a great deal for you to do for the good of all who have the happiness to know you.

You enumerate in your letter of Thursday last, the particulars in which your situation is already mended: let me see by effects that you are in earnest in that enumeration; and that you really have the courage to resolve to get above the sense of injuries you could not avoid; and then will I trust to Providence and my humble prayers for your perfect recovery; and glad at my heart shall I be, on my return from the little island, to find you well enough to be near us, according to the proposal Mr. Hickman has to make to you.

You chide me in yours of Sunday on the freedom I take with your friends.

I *may* be warm. I know I *am*—Too warm. Yet warmth in friendship, surely, cannot be a crime; especially when our friend has great merit, labours under oppression, and is struggling with undeserved calamity.

I have no notion of coolness in friendship, be it dignified or distinguished by the name of *prudence*, or what it will.

You may excuse your relations. It was ever your way to do so. But, my dear, other people may be allowed to judge as they please. I am not *their* daughter, nor the sister of your brother and sister—I thank Heaven, I am not.

But if you are displeased with me for the freedoms I took so long ago as you mention, I am afraid, if you knew what passed upon an application I made to your sister, very lately, (in hopes to procure you the absolution your heart is so much set upon) that you would be still *more* concerned. But they have been even with me—But I must not tell you all. I hope, however, that these *unforgivers* [my mother is among them] were always good, dutiful, passive children to *their* parents.

Once more forgive me. I owned I was too warm. But I have no example to the contraty, but from you: and the treatment you meet with is very little encouragement to me to endeavour to imitate you in your dutiful meekness.

You leave it to me to give a negative to the hopes of the noble family, whose only disgrace is, that so very vile a man is so nearly related to them. But yet—Alas! my dear, I am so fearful of consequences, so *selfishly* fearful, if this negative must be given—I don't know what I should say—But give me leave to suspend, however, this negative, till I hear from you again.

This earnest courtship of you into their splendid family is so *very* honourable to you—They *so justly* admire you—You must have had such a *noble triumph* over the base man—He is so *much* in earnest—The world knows so *much* of the unhappy affair—You may do *still* so *much* good—Your will is *so* inviolate—Your relations are *so* implacable—Think, my dear, and *re*-think.

And let me leave you to do so, while I give you the occasion of the flutter I mentioned at the beginning of this letter; in the conclusion of which you will find the obligation I have consented to lay myself under, to refer this important point once more to your discussion, before I give, in your name, the negative that cannot, when given, be with honour to yourself, repented of or recalled.

Know then, my dear, that I accompanied my mother to Colonel Ambrose's, on the occasion I mentioned to you in my former. Many ladies and gentlemen were there whom you know; particularly Miss Kitty D'Oily, Miss Lloyd, Miss Biddy D'Ollysse, Miss Biddulph, and their respective admirers, with the colonel's two nieces, fine women both; besides many whom you know not; for they were strangers to me, but by name. A splendid company, and all pleased with one another, till Colonel Ambrose introduced one, who, the moment he was brought into the hall, set the whole assembly into a kind of agitation.

It was your villain.

I thought I should have sunk as soon as I set my eyes upon him. My mother was also affected; and coming to me, 'Nancy, whispered she, 'can you

'bear the ſight of that wretch without 'ſo much emotion?—If not, withdraw 'into the next apartment.'

I could not remove. Every-body's eyes were glanced from him to me. I ſat down and fanned myſelf, and was forced to order a glaſs of water. 'O 'that I had the eye the baſiliſk is re-'ported to have,' thought I, 'and that 'his life were within the power of it! '—Directly would I kill him.'

He entered with an air ſo hateful to me, but ſo agreeable to every other eye, that I could have looked him dead for that too.

After the general ſalutations, he fingled out Mr. Hickman, and told him, he had recollected ſome parts of his behaviour to him when he ſaw him laſt, which had made him think himſelf under obligation to his patience and politeneſs.

And ſo, indeed, he was.

Miſs D'Oily upon his complimenting her, among a knot of ladies, aſked him, in their hearing, How Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe did?

He heard, he ſaid, you were not ſo well as he wiſhed you to be, and as you deſerved to be.

'O, Mr. Lovelace,' ſaid ſhe, 'what 'have you to anſwer for, on that young 'lady's account, if all be true that I 'have heard!'

'I have a great deal to anſwer for,' ſaid the unblufhing villain: 'but that 'dear lady has ſo many excellences, and 'ſo much delicacy, that little ſins are 'great ones in her eye.'

'*Little ſins!*' replied Miſs D'Oily: 'Mr. Lovelace's character is ſo well 'known, that nobody believes he can 'commit *little* ſins.'

'You are very good to me, Miſs 'D'Oily.'

'Indeed I am not.'

'Then I am the only perſon to whom 'you are *not* very good, and ſo I am 'the leſs obliged to you.'

He turned, with an unconcerned air, to Miſs Playford, and made her ſome genteel compliments. I believe you know her not. She viſits his couſins Montague. Indeed he had ſomething in his ſpecious manner to ſay to every-body: and this too ſoon quieted the diſguſt each perſon had at his entrance.

I ſtill kept my ſeat, and he either ſaw me not, or would not yet ſee me; and addreſſing himſelf to my mother, taking her unwilling hand, with an air of high aſſurance, 'I am glad to ſee you 'here, Madam. I hope Miſs Howe is 'well. I have reaſon to complain 'greatly of her; but hope to owe to 'her the higheſt obligation that can be 'laid on man.'

'My daughter, Sir, is accuſtomed to 'be too warm and too zealous in her 'friendſhips, for either my tranquillity, 'or her own.'

There had indeed been ſome late occaſion given for mutual diſpleaſure between my mother and me: but I think ſhe might have ſpared this to him; though nobody heard it I believe but the perſon to whom it was ſpoken, and the lady who told it to me; for my mother ſpoke it low.

'We are not wholly, Madam, to live 'for ourſelves,' ſaid the vile hypocrite: 'it is not every-one who has a ſoul ca-'pable of friendſhip; and what a heart 'muſt that be, which can be inſenſible 'to the intereſts of a ſuffering friend?'

'This ſentiment from Mr. Lovelace's 'mouth!' ſaid my mother—'Forgive 'me, Sir; but you can have no end, 'ſurely, in endeavouring to make us 'think as well of you as ſome innocent 'creatures have thought of you, to their 'coſt.'

She would have flung from him. But, detaining her hand—'Leſs ſe-'vere, dear Madam,' ſaid he, 'be leſs 'ſevere in *this* place, I beſeech you. 'You will allow, that a very faulty 'perſon may ſee his errors; and when 'he does, and owns them, and re-'pents, ſhould he not be treated mer-'cifully?'

'Your air, Sir, ſeems not to be that 'of a penitent. But the place may as 'properly excuſe this ſubject, as what 'you call my ſeverity.'

'But, deareſt Madam, permit me to 'ſay, that I hope for your intereſt with 'your *charming* daughter,' (was his ſycophant word) 'to have it put into my 'power to convince all the world, that 'there never was a truer penitent. 'And why, why this anger, dear Ma-'dam?' (for ſhe ſtruggled to get her hand out of his) 'theſe violent airs—'ſo *maidenly!*' [Impudent fellow!]—'May I not aſk if Miſs Howe be here?'

'She would not have been here,' replied my mother, 'had ſhe known whom 'ſhe had been to ſee.'

'And is ſhe here, then?—Thank 'Heaven!'—He diſengaged her hand, and ſtept forward into company.

'Dear Miſs Lloyd,' ſaid he, 'with 'an air,' (taking her hand, as he quitted my mother's) 'tell me, tell me, 'is Miſs Arabella Harlowe here? Or

'will she be here? I was informed she 'would—And his, and the opportu-'nity of paying my compliments to your 'friend Miss Howe, were great induce-'ments with me to attend the colonel.'

Superlative assurance! Was it not, my dear?

'Miss Arabella Harlowe, excuse me, 'Sir,' said Miss Lloyd, 'would be very 'little inclined to meet you here, or 'any where else'

'Perhaps so, my dear Miss Lloyd: 'but, perhaps, for that very reason, I 'am more desirous to see *her*.'

'Miss Harlowe, Sir,' said Miss Biddulph, with a threatening air, 'will 'hardly be here without her *brother*. I 'imagine, if one come, both will come.'

'Heaven grant they both may,' said the wretch. 'Nothing, Miss Biddulph, 'shall be in from me to disturb this as-'sembly, I assure you, if they do. One 'calm half-hour's conversation with 'that brother and sister, would be a most 'fortunate opportunity to me, in pre-'sence of the colonel and his lady, or 'whom else they should chuse.'

Then turning round, as if desirous to find out the one or the other, or both, he spied me, and, with a very low bow, approached me.

I was all in a flutter, you may suppose. He would have taken my hand. I refused it, all glowing with indignation: every-body's eyes upon us.

I went from him to the other end of the room, and sat down, as I thought, out of his hated sight: but presently I heard his odious voice, whispering, behind my chair, (he leaning upon the back of it, with impudent unconcern) 'Charming Miss Howe!' looking over my shoulder: 'One request'—I started up from my seat; but could hardly stand neither, for very indignation—'O this sweet, but becoming disdain!' whispered on the insufferable creature—'I am sorry to give you all this emo-'tion: but either here, or at your own 'house, let me entreat from you one 'quarter of an hour's audience.—I be-'seech you, Madam, but one quarter 'of an hour, in any of the adjoining 'apartments.'

'Not for a *kingdom*,' fluttering my fan. I knew not what I did.—But I could have killed him.

'We are so much observed—Else 'on my knees, my dear Miss Howe, 'would I beg your interest with your 'charming friend.'

'She'll have nothing to say to you.'

I had not then your letters, my dear.

'Killing words!—But indeed I have 'deserved them, and a dagger in my 'heart besides. I am so conscious of 'my demerits, that I have no hope, but 'in *your* interposition—Could I owe 'that favour to Miss Howe's mediation, 'which I cannot hope for on any other 'account ——'

'*My* mediation, vilest of men!—*My* 'mediation!—I abhor you!—From my '*soul*, I abhor you, vilest of men!—Three or four times I repeated these words, stammering too.—I was excessively flattered.

'You can call me nothing, Madam, 'so bad as I will call myself. I *have* 'been, indeed, the vilest of men: but 'now I am not so. Permit me—Every-'body's eyes are upon us!—but one 'moment's audience—To exchange but 'ten words with you, dearest Miss 'Howe—in whose presence you please '—for your dear friend's sake—but 'ten words with you in the next apart-'ment.'

'It is an insult upon me, to presume, 'that I would exchange *one* with you, if 'I could help it;—Out of my way! 'Out of my sight—fellow!'

And away I would have flung: but he took my hand. I was excessively disordered.—Every-body's eyes more and more intent upon us.

Mr. Hickman, whom my mother had drawn on one side, to enjoin him a patience, which perhaps needed not to have been enforced, came up just then, with my mother, who had him by his leading strings—By his sleeve, I should say.

'Mr. Hickman,' said the bold wretch, 'be my advocate but for ten words in 'the next apartment with Miss Howe, 'in your presence—and in yours, Ma-'dam,' to my mother.

'Hear, Nancy, what he has to say to 'you. To get rid of him, hear his *ten* '*words*.'

'Excuse me, Madam!—His very 'breath—Unhand me, Sir!'

He sighed and looked—O how the practised villain sighed and looked!—He then let go my hand, with such a reverence in his manner, as brought blame upon me with some, that I would not hear him. And this incensed me the more.—O my dear, this man is a devil!—This man is *indeed* a devil!—So much patience, when he pleases!—So much gentleness!—Yet so resolute, so persisting, so audacious!

I was

I was going out of the aſſembly in great diſorder. He was at the door as ſoon as I.

'How kind this is,' ſaid the wretch; and, ready to follow me, opened the door for me.

I turned back, upon this; and not knowing what I did, ſnapped my fan juſt in his face, as he turned ſhort upon me; and the powder flew from his wig.

Every-body ſeemed as much pleaſed, as I was vexed.

He turned to Mr. Hickman, nettled at the powder flying, and at the ſmiles of the company upon him—'Mr. Hick-'man, you will be one of the happieſt 'men in the world, becauſe you are a '*good* man, and will do nothing to pro-'voke this paſſionate lady, and be-'cauſe ſhe has too much good ſenſe to 'be provoked without reaſon: but elſe, 'the Lord have mercy upon you!'

This man, this Mr. Hickman, my dear, is too meek for a man—Indeed he is.—But my patient mother twits me, that her paſſionate daughter ought to like him *the better* for that. But meek men abroad are not always meek men at home. I have obſerved that in more inſtances than one: and if they *were*, I ſhould not, I verily think, like them the better for being ſo.

He then turned to my mother, reſolved to begin with *her* too: 'Where, 'good Madam, could Miſs get all this 'ſpirit?'

The company around ſmiled; for I need not tell you, that my mother's high-ſpiritedneſs is pretty well known; and ſhe, ſadly vexed, ſaid, 'Sir, you 'treat me, as you do the reſt of the 'world—But——'

'I beg pardon, Madam,' interrupted he: 'I might have ſpared my queſtion.' —And inſtantly (I retiring to the other end of the hall) he turned to Miſs Playford—'What would I give, Miſs, to 'hear you ſing that ſong you obliged us 'with at Lord M.'s!'

He then, as if nothing had happened, fell into a converſation with her, and Miſs D'Ollyffe, upon muſick; and whiſperingly ſung to Miſs Playford, holding her two hands, with ſuch airs of genteel unconcern, that it vexed me not a little to look round, and ſee how pleaſed half the giddy fools of our ſex were with him, notwithſtanding his notorious wicked character. To this it is, that ſuch vile fellows owe much of their vileneſs, whereas if they found themſelves ſhunned, and deſpiſed, and treated as beaſts of prey as they are; they would run to their caverns; there howl by themſelves; and none but ſuch as ſad accident, or unpitiable preſumption, threw in their way, would ſuffer by them.

He afterwards talked very ſeriouſly at times, to Mr. Hickman: at *times*, I ſay; for it was with ſuch breaks and ſtarts of gaiety, turning to this lady, and to that, and then to Mr. Hickman again, reſuming a ſerious or gay air at pleaſure, that he took every-body's eye, the women's eſpecially; who were full of their whiſpering admirations of him, qualified with '*If's*,' and '*But's*,' and '*What pity's*;' and ſuch ſort of ſtuff, that ſhewed in their very diſpraiſes too much liking.

Well may our ſex be the ſport and ridicule of ſuch libertines!—Unthinking eye-governed creatures!—Would not a little reflection teach us, that a man of merit muſt be a man of modeſty, becauſe a diffident one? And that ſuch a wretch as this muſt have taken his degrees in wickedneſs, and gone through a courſe of vileneſs, before he could arrive at this impenetrable effrontery? An effrontery which can proceed only from the light opinion he has of us, and the high one of himſelf.

But our ſex are generally modeſt and baſhful themſelves, and are too apt to conſider that which in the main is their principal grace, as a defect; and *finely* do they judge, when they think of ſupplying that defect by chuſing a man who cannot be aſhamed.

His diſcourſe to Mr. Hickman turned upon you, and his acknowledged injuries of you; though he could ſo lightly ſtart from the ſubject, and return to it.

I have no patience with ſuch a devil —*Man* he cannot be called. To be ſure he would behave in the ſame manner any-where, or in any preſence, even at the altar itſelf, if a woman were with him there.

It ſhall ever be a rule with me, that he who does not regard a woman with ſome degree of reverence, will look upon her and occaſionally *treat* her with contempt.

He had the confidence to offer to take me out; but I abſolutely refuſed him, and ſhunned him all I could, putting on the moſt contemptuous airs; but nothing could mortify him.

I wiſhed twenty times I had not been there.

The gentlemen were as ready as I to wiſh he had broken his neck, rather than

than been present, I believe: for nobody was regarded but he. So little of the fop; yet so elegant and rich in his dress: his person so specious: his air so intrepid: so much meaning and penetration in his face: so much gaiety, yet so little of the monkey: though a travelled gentleman, yet no affectation; no mere toupet-man; but all manly; and his courage and wit, the one so known, the other so dreaded, you must think the petits-maitres (of which there were four or five present) were most deplorably off in his company; and one grave gentleman observed to me, (pleased to see me shun him as I did) that the poet's observation was too true, That the generality of ladies were *rakes in their hearts*, or they could not be so much taken with a man who had so notorious a character.

I told him, The reflection both of the poet and applier was much too general, and made with more ill-nature than good-manners.

When the wretch saw how industriously I avoided him, (shifting from one part of the hall to another) he at last boldly stept up to me, as my mother and Mr. Hickman were talking to me; and thus before them accosted me:

'I beg your pardon, Madam; but, 'by your mother's leave, I must have a 'few moments conversation with you, 'either here, or at your own house; 'and I beg you will give me the opportunity.'

'Nancy,' said my mother, 'hear 'what he has to say to you. In my pre'sence you may: and better in the ad'joining apartment, if it must be, than 'to come to you at our own house.'

I retired to one corner of the hall, my mother following me; and he, taking Mr. Hickman under the arm, following her—'Well, Sir,' said I, 'what have 'you to say?—Tell me *here*.'

'I have been telling Mr. Hickman,' said he, 'how much I am concerned for 'the injuries I have done to the most 'excellent woman in the world: and 'yet, that she obtained such a glorious 'triumph over me the last time I had 'the honour to see her, as, with my 'penitence, ought to have abated her 'former resentments: but that I will, 'with all my soul, enter into any measures to obtain her forgiveness of me. 'My cousins Montague have told you 'this. Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, 'and my Lord M. are engaged for my 'honour. I know your power with the 'dear creature. My cousins told me, 'you gave them hopes you would use it 'in my behalf. My Lord M. and his 'two sisters are impatiently expecting 'the fruits of it. You must have heard 'from her before now: I hope you have. 'And will you be so good as to tell me, 'if I may have any hopes?'

'If I must speak on this subject, let 'me tell you, that you have broken her 'heart. You know not the value of the 'lady you have injured. You deserve 'her not. And she despises you, as she 'ought.'

'Dear Miss Howe, mingle not passion 'with denunciations so severe. I must 'know my fate. I will go abroad once 'more, if I find her absolutely irreconcileable. But I hope she will give me 'leave to attend upon her, to know my 'doom from her own mouth.'

'It would be death immediate for her 'to see you. And what must *you* be, to 'be able to look her in the face?'

I then reproached him (with vehemence enough, you may believe) on his baseness, and the evils he had made you suffer: the distress he had reduced you to: all your friends made your enemies: the vile house he had carried you to: hinted at his villainous arts; the dreadful arrest: and told him of your present deplorable illness, and resolution to die rather than have him.

He vindicated not any part of his conduct, but that of the arrest; and so solemnly protested his sorrow for his usage of you, accusing himself in the freest manner, and by *deserved* appellations, that I promised to lay before you this part of our conversation. And now you have it.

My mother, as well as Mr. Hickman, believes, from what passed on this occasion, that he is touched in conscience for the wrongs he has done you: but, by his whole behaviour, I must own, it seems to me, that nothing can touch him for half an hour together. Yet I have no doubt, that he would willingly marry you; and it piques his pride, I could see, that he should be denied; as it did mine, that such a wretch had dared to think it in his power to have such a woman whenever he pleased; and that it must be accounted a condescension, and matter of obligation, (by all his own family at least) that he would vouchsafe to think of marriage.

Now, my dear, you have before you the reason why I suspend the decisive negative to the ladies of his family. My mother, Miss Lloyd, and Miss Biddulph, who were inquisitive after the subject of

our

our retired converſation, and whoſe curioſity I thought it was right, in ſome degree, to gratify, (eſpecially as thoſe young ladies are of our ſelect acquaintance) are all of opinion, that you ſhould be his.

You will let Mr. Hickman know your whole mind; and when he acquaints me with it, I will tell you all my own.

Mean time, may the news he will bring me of the ſtate of your health, be favourable! prays, with the utmoſt fervency, *your ever-faithful and affectionate* ANNA HOWE.

LETTER VII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY JULY 27.

MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,

AFTER I have thankfully acknowledged your favour in ſending Mr. Hickman to viſit me before you ſet out upon your intended journey, I muſt chide you (in the ſincerity of that faithful love, which could not be the love it is if it would not admit of that *cementing* freedom) for ſuſpending the deciſive negative, which, upon ſuch full deliberation, I had entreated you to give to Mr. Lovelace's relations.

I am ſorry that I am obliged to *repeat* to you, my dear, who know me ſo well, that, were I ſure I ſhould live *many years*, I would not have Mr. Lovelace; much leſs can I think of him, as it is probable I may not live *one*.

As to the *world* and it's *cenſures*, you know, my dear, that however deſirous I always was of a fair fame, yet I never thought it right to give more than a *ſecond place* to the world's opinion. The challenges made to Mr. Lovelace by Miſs D'Oily, in publick company, are a freſh proof that I have loſt my reputation: and what advantage would it be to me, were it retrievable, and were I to live long, if I could not acquit myſelf to *myſelf*?

Having in my former ſaid ſo much on the freedoms you have taken with my friends, I ſhall ſay the leſs now; but *your hint*, that ſomething elſe has newly paſſed between ſome of them and you, gives me great concern, and that as well for *my own* ſake, as for *theirs*; ſince it muſt neceſſarily incenſe them againſt me. I wiſh, my dear, that I had been left to my own courſe on an occaſion ſo very intereſting to myſelf. But ſince what is done cannot be helped, I muſt abide the conſequences; yet I dread, *more than before*, what may be my ſiſter's anſwer, if an anſwer be at all vouchſafed.

Will you give me leave, my dear, to cloſe this ſubject with one remark?—It is this: That my beloved friend, in points where her own laudable *pride* is concerned, has ever ſeemed more ready to fly from the *rebuke*, than from the *fault*. If you will excuſe this freedom, I will acknowledge thus far in favour of your way of thinking, as to the conduct of ſome parents in theſe nice caſes. That *indiſcreet* oppoſition does frequently as much miſchief as *giddy* love.

As to the invitation you are ſo kind as to give me, to remove privately into your neighbourhood, I have told Mr. Hickman, that I will conſider of it; but believe, if you will be ſo good as to excuſe me, that I ſhall not accept of it, even ſhould I be able to remove. I will give you my reaſons for declining it; and ſo I ought, when both my love, and my gratitude, would make a viſit now-and-then from my dear Miſs Howe the moſt conſolatory thing in the world to me.

You muſt know then, that this great town, wicked as it is, wants not opportunities of being better; having daily prayers at ſeveral churches in it; and I am deſirous, as my ſtrength will permit, to embrace thoſe opportunities. The method I have propoſed to myſelf, (and was beginning to practiſe when that cruel arreſt deprived me both of freedom and ſtrength) is this: When I was diſpoſed to gentle exerciſe, I took a chair to St. Dunſtan's Church in Fleet Street, where are prayers at ſeven in the morning; I propoſed, *if the weather favoured*, to walk, (*if not*, to take chair) to Lincoln's Inn Chapel; where at eleven in the morning, and at five in the afternoon, are the ſame deſirable opportunities; and at other times to go no farther than Covent Garden Church, where are early morning-prayers likewiſe.

This method purſued, I doubt not, will greatly help, as it has already done, to calm my diſturbed thoughts, and to bring me to that perfect reſignation, after which I aſpire: for I muſt own, my dear, that ſometimes ſtill my griefs and my reflections are too heavy for me; and all the aid I can draw from *religious duties* is hardly ſufficient to ſupport my ſtaggering reaſon. I am a very young creature, you know, my dear, to be left to my own conduct in ſuch circumſtances as I am in.

Another reaſon why I chuſe not to go down into your neighbourhood, is, [illegible] diſpleaſure

displeasure that might arise, on my account, between your mother and you.

If indeed you were actually married, and the worthy man (who would then have a title to all your regard) were earnestly desirous of my near neighbourhood, I know not what I might do: for although I might not perhaps intend to give up my other important reasons at the *time* I should make you a congratulatory visit, yet I might not know how to deny myself the pleasure of continuing near you when there.

I send you inclosed the copy of my letter to my sister. I hope it will be thought to be written with a true penitent spirit; for indeed it is. I desire that you will not think I stoop too low in it; since there can be no such thing as *that* in a child to parents whom she has unhappily offended.

But if still (perhaps more disgusted than before at your freedom with them) they should pass it by with the contempt of silence, (for I have not yet been favoured with an answer) I must learn to think it right in them so to do; especially as it is my first direct application: for I have often censured the boldness of those, who, applying for a favour, which it is in a person's option to grant, or to refuse, take the liberty of being offended, if they are not gratified; as if the *petitioned* had not as good a right *to reject*, as the *petitioner to ask*.

But if my letter should be answered, and that in such terms as will make me loth to communicate it to so warm a friend—you must not, my dear, take upon you to censure my relations; but allow for them, as they know not what I have suffered; as being filled with *just* resentments against me; (*just* to them, if they *think* them just) and as not being able to judge of the reality of my penitence.

And after all, what can they do for me?—They can only pity me: and what will that do, but augment their own *grief*; to which at present their *resentment* is an alleviation? For can they by their pity restore to me my lost reputation? Can they by it purchase a sponge that will wipe out from the year the past fatal five months of my life?

Your account of the gay unconcerned behaviour of Mr. Lovelace, at the colonel's, does not surprize me at all, after I am told, that he had the intrepidity to go thither, knowing who were *invited* and *expected*.—Only this, my dear, I really wonder at, that Miss Howe could imagine, that I could have a thought of such a man for a husband.

Poor wretch! I pity him, to see him fluttering about; abusing talents that were given him for excellent purposes; taking inconsideration for courage, and dancing, fearless of danger, on the edge of a precipice!

But indeed his threatening to see me, most sensibly alarms and shocks me. I cannot but hope that I never, never more shall see him in this world.

Since you are so loth, my dear, to send the desired negative to the ladies of his family, I will only trouble you to transmit the letter I shall inclose for that purpose; directed indeed to yourself, because it was to you that those ladies applied themselves on this occasion; but to be sent by you to any one of the ladies, at your own choice.

I commend myself, my dearest Miss Howe, to your prayers; and conclude with repeated thanks for sending Mr. Hickman to me; and with wishes for your health and happiness, and for the speedy celebration of your nuptials; *your ever-affectionate and obliged*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER VIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

THURSDAY, JULY 27.

MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,

SINCE you seem loth to acquiesce in my determined resolution, signified to you as soon as I was able to hold a pen, I beg the favour of you, by this, or by any other way you think most proper, to acquaint the worthy ladies who have applied to you in behalf of their relation, that, although I am infinitely obliged to their generous opinion of me, yet I cannot consent to *sanctify*, as I may say, Mr. Lovelace's repeated breaches of all moral sanctions, and hazard my *future* happiness by an union with a man, through whose premeditated injuries, in a long train of the basest contrivances, I have forfeited my *temporal* hopes.

He himself, when he reflects upon his own actions, must surely bear testimony to the justice, as well as fitness of my determination. The ladies, I dare say, would, were they to know the whole of my unhappy story.

Be pleased to acquaint them, that I deceive myself, if my resolution on this head (however ungratefully, and even inhumanly

inhumanly, he has treated me) be not owing more to *principle* than *paſſion*. Nor *can* I give a ſtronger proof of the truth of this aſſurance, than by declaring, that I *can* and *will* forgive him, on this one eaſy condition, *that he will never moleſt me more*.

In whatever way you chuſe to make this declaration, be pleaſed to make my moſt reſpectful compliments to the ladies of the noble family, and to my Lord M. accompany it. And do you, my dear, believe that I ſhall be, to the laſt moment of my life, *your ever-obliged and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER IX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

FRIDAY, JULY 28.

I Have three letters of thine to take notice of, but am divided in my mind, whether to quarrel with thee, on thy unmerciful reflections, or to thank thee for thy acceptable particularity and diligence. But ſeveral of my ſweet dears have I, indeed, in my time made to cry and laugh, before the cry could go off the other: Why may I not, therefore, curſe and applaud thee in the ſame moment? So take both in one: and what follows, as it ſhall riſe from my pen.

How often have I ingenuouſly confeſſed my ſins againſt this excellent creature?—Yet thou never ſpareſt me, although as bad a man as myſelf. Since then I get ſo little by my confeſſions, I had a good mind to try to defend myſelf; and that not only from ancient and modern ſtory, but from common practice; and yet avoid repeating any-thing I have ſuggeſted before in my own behalf.

I am in a humour to play the fool with my pen: briefly then, from ancient ſtory firſt:—Doſt thou not think, that I am as much entitled to forgiveneſs on Miſs Harlowe's account, as Virgil's hero was on Queen Dido's? For what an ungrateful varlet was that vagabond to the *hoſpitable* princeſs who had *willingly* conferred upon him the laſt favour?—Stealing away (whence, I ſuppoſe, the ironical phraſe of *truſty Trojan* to this day) like a thief—Pretendedly indeed at the command of the gods; but could that be, when the errand he went upon was to rob other princes, not only of their dominions, but of their lives?—Yet this fellow is, at every word, the *pious* Æneas with the immortal bard who celebrates him.

Should Miſs Harlowe even break her heart (which Heaven forbid!) for the uſage ſhe has received, (to ſay nothing of her diſappointed pride, to which her death would be attributable, more than to reaſon) what compariſon will *her* fate hold to Queen Dido's? And have I half the obligation to her, that Æneas had to the Queen of Carthage? The latter placing a confidence, the former none, in her man?—Then, whom *elſe* have I robbed? Whom *elſe* have I injured? Her brother's worthleſs life I gave him, inſtead of taking any man's; while the Trojan vagabond deſtroyed his thouſands. Why then ſhould it not be the *pious* Lovelace, as well as the *pious* Æneas? For, doſt thou think, had a conflagration happened, and had it been in my power, that I would not have ſaved my old Anchiſes (as he did his from the Ilion bonfire) even at the expence of my Creüſa, had I had a wife of that name?

But for a more modern inſtance in my favour—Have I uſed Miſs Harlowe, as our famous maiden queen, as ſhe was called, uſed one of her own blood, a ſiſter-queen; who threw herſelf into her protection from her rebel-ſubjects; and whom ſhe detained priſoner eighteen years, and at laſt cut off her head? Yet do not honeſt proteſtants pronounce *her* pious too?—And call her particularly *their* queen?

As to *common practice*—Who, let me aſk, that has it in his power to gratify a predominant paſſion, be it what it will, denies himſelf the gratification?—Leaving it to cooler deliberation (and if he be a great man, to his flatterers) to find a reaſon for it afterwards?

Then, as to the worſt part of my treatment of this lady—How many men are there, who, as well as I, have ſought, by intoxicating liquors, firſt to inebriate, then to ſubdue? What ſignifies what the *potations* were, when the ſame end was in view?

Let me tell thee, upon the whole, that neither the Queen of Carthage, nor the Queen of Scots, would have thought they had any reaſon to complain of cruelty, had they been uſed no worſe than I have uſed the queen of my heart: and then do I not aſpire with my whole ſoul to repair by marriage? Would the *pious* Æneas, thinkeſt thou, have done ſuch a piece of juſtice by Dido, had ſhe lived?

Come, come, Belford, let people run

[illegible] pretend as they will, I am [illegible] very innocent man. And if by [illegible] and other like reasonings, I have quieted my own conscience, a great cry is answered. What have I to do with the world?

And now I sit me peaceably down to consider thy letters.

I hope thy pleas in my favour, when she gave thee (so generously gave thee) for me, my letters, were urged with an honest energy. But I suspect thee much for being too ready to give up thy client. Then thou hast such a misgiving aspect; an aspect, rather inviting rejection, than carrying persuasion with it; and art such an hesitating, such an humming and hawing caitiff, that I shall attribute my failure, if I do fail, rather to the inability and ill looks of my advocate, than to my cause. Again, thou art deprived of the force men of our cast give to arguments; for she won't let thee *swear!*—Art moreover a very heavy thoughtless fellow; tolerable only at a second rebound; a horrid dunce at the impromptu. These, encountering with such a lady, are great disadvantages.—And still a greater is thy balancing (as thou dost at present) between old rakery and new reformation: since this puts thee into the same situation with her, as they told me at Leipsic Martin Luther was in, at the first publick dispute which he held, in defence of his supposed *new* doctrines with Eckius. For Martin was then but a linsey-wolsey reformer. He retained some dogmas, which, by natural consequence, made others, that he held, untenable: so that Eckius, in some points, had the better of him. But from that time, he made clear work, renouncing all that stood in his way: and then his doctrines ran upon all-fours. He was never puzzled afterwards; and could boldly declare, that he would defend them in the face of angels and men: and to his friends, who would have dissuaded him from venturing to appear before the emperor Charles the Fifth at Spires, *That, were there as many devils at Spires, as tiles upon the houses, he would go.* An answer that is admired by every Protestant Saxon to this day.

Since then thy unhappy awkwardness destroys the force of thy arguments, I think thou hadst better (for the present, however) forbear to urge her on the subject of accepting the reparation I offer; lest the continual teasing of her to forgive me should but strengthen her in her denials of forgiveness; till for *consistency* sake, she'll be forced to adhere to a resolution so often avowed —Whereas, if left to herself, a little time, and better health, which will bring on better spirits, will give her quicker resentments; those quicker resentments will lead her into vehemence; that vehemence will subside, and turn into expostulation and parley: my friends will then interpose, and guaranty for me: and all our trouble on both sides will be over. Such is the natural course of things.

I cannot endure thee for thy hopelessness in the lady's recovery; and that in contradiction to the doctor and apothecary.

'*Time*,' in the words of Congreve, thou sayest, '*will give increase to her* '*afflictions*.' But why so? Knowest thou not, that those words (so contrary to common experience) were applied to the case of a person, while passion was in it's full vigour?—At such a time every-one in a heavy grief *thinks* the same: but as enthusiasts do by Scripture, so dost thou by the poets thou hast read: any-thing that carries the most distant allusion from *either* to the case in hand, is put down by both for gospel, however incongruous to the general scope of either, and to *that case*. So once, in a pulpit, I heard one of the former very vehemently declare himself to be a *dead dog*; when every man, woman, and child, were convinced to the contrary by his howling.

I can tell thee, that, if nothing else will do, I am determined, in spite of thy buskin-airs, and of thy engagements for me to the contrary, to see her myself.

Face to face have I known many a quarrel made up, which distance would have kept alive, and widened. Thou wilt be a madder Jack than he in the Tale of a Tub, if thou givest an *active* opposition to this interview.

In short, I cannot bear the thought, that a woman whom once I had bound to me in the silken cords of love, should slip through my fingers, and be able, while *my* heart flames out with a violent passion for her, to despise me, and to set both love and me at defiance. Thou canst not imagine how much I envy *thee*, and her *doctor*, and her *apothecary*, and every-one who I hear are admitted to her presence and conversation; and wish to be the *one* or the *other* in turn.

Wherefore, if nothing else will do, I *will* see her. I'll tell thee of an admirable

rable expedient, just come croſs me, to ſave *thy* promiſe, and *my own*.

Mrs. Lovick, you ſay, is a good woman: if the lady be worſe, ſhe ſhall advice her to ſend for a parſon to pray by her: unknown to her, unknown to the lady, unknown to *thee*, (for ſo it may paſs) I will contrive to be the man, *petticoated out*, and veſted in a gown and caſſock. I once, for a certain purpoſe, did aſſume the canonicals; and I was thought to make a fine ſleek appearance; my broad roſe-bound beaver became me *mightily*; and I was much admired upon the whole by all who ſaw me.

Methinks it muſt be charmingly apropos to ſee me kneeling down by her bed-ſide, (I am ſure I ſhall pray heartily) beginning out of the Common-Prayer Book the Sick Office for the reſtoration of the languiſhing lady, and concluding with an exhortation to charity and forgiveneſs for myſelf.

I will conſider of this matter. But, in whatever ſhape I ſhall chuſe to appear, of this thou mayeſt aſſure thyſelf, I will apprize thee before-hand of my viſit, that thou mayeſt contrive to be out of the way, and to know nothing of the matter. This will ſave *thy* word; and, as to *mine*, can the think worſe of me than ſhe does at preſent?

An indiſpenſable of true love and profound reſpect, in thy wiſe opinion, is abſurdity or aukwardneſs.—'Tis ſurprizing that *thou* ſhouldſt be one of thoſe partial mortals, who take their meaſures of right and wrong from what they find *themſelves to be*, and cannot *help being!*—So aukwardneſs is a perfection in the aukward!—At this rate, no man ever can be in the wrong. But I inſiſt upon it, that an aukward fellow will do every-thing aukwardly: and if he be like thee, will, when he has done fooliſhly, rack his unmeaning brain for excuſes as aukward as his firſt fault. Reſpectful love is an inſpirer of actions worthy of itſelf; and he who cannot ſhew it, where he moſt means it, manifeſts, that he is an unpolite, rough creature, a perfect Belford, and has it not in him.

But here thou'lt throw out that notable witticiſm, that my outſide is the beſt of *me*, thine the worſt of *thee*, and that, if I ſet about mending my mind, thou wilt mend thy appearance.

But, pr'ythee, Jack, don't ſtay for *that*; but ſet about thy amendment in dreſs when thou leaveſt off thy mourning; for why ſhouldeſt thou prepoſſeſs in thy diſfavour all thoſe who never ſaw thee before!—It is hard to remove early-taken prejudices, whether of liking or diſlike: people will *think*, as I may ſay, for reaſons to confirm their impreſſions, in compliment to their own ſagacity: nor is it every mind that has the ingenuouſneſs to confeſs itſelf miſtaken, when it finds itſelf to be wrong. Thou thyſelf art an adept in the pretended ſcience of reading men; and, whenever thou art out, wilt ſtudy to find ſome reaſons why it was more probable that thou ſhouldſt have been right; and wilt watch every motion and action, and every word and ſentiment, in the perſon thou haſt once cenſured, for proofs, in order to help thee to revive and maintain thy firſt opinion. And, indeed, as thou ſeldom erreſt on the *favourable ſide*, human nature is ſo vile a thing, that thou art likely to be right five times in ſix, on the *other*: and perhaps it is but gueſſing of others, by what thou findeſt in thy own heart, to have reaſon to compliment thyſelf on thy penetration.

Here is preachment for thy preachment: and I hope if thou likeſt thine own, thou wilt thank me for mine; the rather, as thou mayeſt be the better for it, if thou wilt, ſince it is calculated for thy own meridian.

Well, but the lady refers my deſtiny to the letter ſhe has written, already *written*, to Miſs Howe; to whom, it ſeems, ſhe has given her reaſons why ſhe will not have me. I long to know the contents of this letter; but am in great hopes that ſhe has ſo expreſſed her denials, as ſhall give room to think, ſhe only wants to be perſuaded to the contrary, in order to reconcile herſelf to herſelf.

I could make ſome pretty obſervations upon one or two places of the lady's meditation: but, wicked as I am thought to be, I never was ſo abandoned, as to turn into ridicule, or even to treat with levity, things ſacred. I think it the higheſt degree of ill-manners, to jeſt upon thoſe ſubjects which the world in general look upon with veneration, and call divine. I would not even treat the mythology of the heathen, to a heathen, with the ridicule that perhaps would fairly lie from ſome of the abſurdities that ſtrike every common obſerver. Nor, when at Rome, and in other Popiſh countries, did I ever behave indecently at thoſe ceremonies which I thought very extraordinary: for I ſaw ſome people affected, and ſeemingly edified by them: and I

contented myself to think, though they were beyond my comprehenſion, that if they anſwered any good end to the many, there was religion enough in them, or civil policy at leaſt, to exempt them from the ridicule of even a *bad* man who had common ſenſe and good manners.

For the like reaſon I have never given noiſy or tumultuous inſtances of diſlike to a new play, if I thought it ever ſo indifferent: for I concluded, firſt, that every-one was entitled to ſee quietly what he paid for: and, next, as the theatre (the epitome of the world) conſiſted of pit, boxes, and gallery, it was hard, I thought, if there could be ſuch a performance exhibited, as would not pleaſe ſomebody in that mixed multitude: and, if it did, thoſe ſomebodies had as much right to enjoy their own judgments undiſturbedly, as I had to enjoy mine.

This was my way of ſhewing my diſapprobation; I never went again. And as a man is at his option, whether he will go to a play or not, he has not the ſame excuſe for expreſſing his diſlike clamorouſly, as if he were *compelled* to ſee it.

I have ever, thou knoweſt, declared againſt thoſe ſhallow libertines, who could not make out their pretenſions to wit, but on two ſubjects, to which every man of *true* wit will ſcorn to be beholden: PROFANENESS and OBSCENITY, I mean; which muſt ſhock the ears of every man or woman of ſenſe, without anſwering any end, but of ſhewing a very low and abandoned nature. And, till I came acquainted with the brutal Mowbray, [No great praiſe to myſelf from ſuch a tutor] I was far from making ſo free as I now do, with oaths and curſes; for then I was forced to outſwear him ſometimes, in order to keep him in his allegiance to me his general: nay, I often check myſelf to myſelf, for this empty unprofitable liberty of ſpeech; in which we are outdone by the ſons of the common-ſewer.

All my vice is women, and the love of plots and intrigues; and I cannot but wonder, how I fell into thoſe ſhocking freedoms of ſpeech; ſince, generally-ſpeaking, they are far from helping forward my main end: only, now-and-then, indeed, a little novice riſes to one's notice, who ſeems to think oaths, and oaths, and curſes, the diagneſticks of the rakiſh ſpirit ſhe is inclined to favour: and indeed they are the only qualifications that ſome who are called rakes and pretty fellows have to boaſt of. But what muſt the women be, who can be attracted by ſuch *empty-ſouled* profligates! —Since wickedneſs *with* wit is hardly tolerable; but, *without*, is equally ſhocking and contemptible.

There again is preachment for thy preachment; and thou wilt be apt to think, that I am reforming too: but no ſuch matter. If this were *new light* darting in upon me, as thy morality ſeems to be to thee, ſomething of this kind might be apprehended: but this was *always* my way of thinking; and I defy thee, or any of thy brethren, to name a time, when I have either ridiculed religion, or talked obſcenely. On the contrary, thou knoweſt how often I have checked that beer in love-matters, Mowbray, and the finical Tourville, and thyſelf too, for what ye have called the double-entendre. In *love*, as in points that required a *manly reſentment*, it has always been my maxim, to *act*, rather than *talk*; and I do aſſure thee, as to the firſt, the women themſelves will excuſe the one ſooner than the other.

As to the admiration thou expreſſeſt, for the books of Scripture, thou art certainly right in it. But 'tis ſtrange to me, that thou wert ignorant of their beauty, and noble ſimplicity, till now. Their antiquity always made me reverence them: and how was it poſſible that thou couldeſt not, for that reaſon, if for no other, give them a peruſal?

I'll tell thee a ſhort ſtory, which I had from my tutor, admoniſhing me againſt expoſing myſelf by *ignorant wonder*, when I ſhould quit college, to go to town, or travel.

The firſt time Dryden's Alexander's Feaſt fell into his hands, he told me, he was prodigiouſly charmed with it: and, having never heard any-body ſpeak of it before, thought, as thou doſt of the Bible, that he had made a new diſcovery.

He haſtened to an appointment which he had with ſeveral wits, (for he was then in town) one of whom was a noted critick, who, according to him, had more merit than good fortune; for all the nibblers in wit, whoſe writings would not ſtand the teſt of criticiſm, made it, he ſaid, a common cauſe to run him down, as men would a mad dog.

The young gentleman (for young he then was) ſet forth magnificently in the praiſes of that inimitable performance; and gave himſelf airs of *ſecond hand* merit, for finding out it's beauties.

The

Mr. Hogg's New Novelist's Magazine.



The Story of the OLD BARD *and* COLLEGIAN, *and* LOVELACE, *from the Tatler.*

Published by Alex.r Hogg N.o 16 Paternoster Row, Jan.y 25. 1794.

The old bard heard him out with a ſmile, which the collegian took for approbation, till he ſpoke; and then it was in theſe mortifying words: 'Sdeath, 'Sir, where have you lived till now, or 'with what ſort of company have you 'converſed, young as you are, that you 'have never before heard of the fineſt 'piece in the Engliſh language?'

This ſtory had ſuch an effect upon *me*, who had ever a proud heart, and wanted to be thought a clever fellow, that in order to avoid the like diſgrace, I laid down two rules to myſelf. The firſt, whenever I went into company where there were ſtrangers, to hear every-one of them ſpeak, before I gave myſelf liberty to prate: the other, if I found any of them above my match, to give up all title to new diſcoveries, contenting myſelf to praiſe what they praiſed, as beauties familiar to me, though I had never heard of them before. And ſo, by degrees, I got the reputation of a wit myſelf: and when I threw off all reſtraint, and books, and learned converſation, and fell in with ſome of our brethren who are now wandering in Erebus, and with ſuch others as Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and thyſelf, I ſet up on my own ſtock; and, like what we have been told of Sir Richard, in his latter days, valued myſelf on being the emperor of the company: for, having fathomed the depth of them all, and afraid of no rival but thee, whom alſo I had got a little under, (by my gaiety and promptitude at leaſt) I proudly, like Addiſon's Cato, delighted to give laws to my little ſenate.

Proceed with thee by-and-by.

LETTER X.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

PUT now I have cleared myſelf of any *intentional* levity on occaſion of my beloved's meditation; which, as you obſerve, is finely ſuited to her caſe; (that is to ſay, as ſhe and you have drawn her caſe) I cannot help expreſſing my pleaſure, that by one or two verſes of it, [The *arrow*, Jack, and *what ſhe feared being come upon her!*] I am encouraged to hope, what it will be very ſurprizing to me if it does not happen; that is, in plain Engliſh, that the dear creature is in the way to be a mamma.

This curſed arreſt, becauſe of the ill effects the terror might have had upon her, in that hoped-for circumſtance, has concerned me more than any other account. It would be the pride of my life to prove, in this charming frontpiece, the triumph of nature over principle, and to have a young Lovelace by ſuch an angel: and then, for it's ſake, I am confident ſhe will live, and will legitimate it. And what a meritorious little cherub would it be, that ſhould lay an obligation upon both parents before it was born, which neither of them would be able to repay—Could I be ſure it was ſo, I ſhould be out of all pain for her recovery: *pain*, I ſay; ſince, were ſhe to *die*—[*Die!* abominable word! how I hate it!]—I verily think I ſhould be the moſt miſerable man in the world.

As for the earneſtneſs ſhe expreſſes for death, ſhe has found the words ready to her hand in honeſt Job; elſe ſhe would not have delivered herſelf with ſuch ſtrength and vehemence.

Her innate piety (as I have more than once obſerved) will not permit her to ſhorten her own life, either by violence or neglect. She has a mind too noble for that; and would have done it before now, had ſhe deſigned any ſuch thing: for to do it, like the Roman matron, when the miſchief is over, and it can ſerve no end; and when the man, however a Tarquin, as ſome may think me in this action, is not a Tarquin in power, ſo that no *national point* can be made of it; is what ſhe has too much good ſenſe to think of.

Then, as I obſerved in a like caſe, a little while ago, the diſtreſs, when this was written, was ſtrong upon her; and ſhe ſaw no end of it: but all was darkneſs and apprehenſion before her. Moreover, has ſhe it not in her power to *diſappoint* as much as ſhe has been *diſappointed?* Revenge, Jack, has induced many a woman to cheriſh a life, to which grief and deſpair would otherwiſe have put an end.

And, after all, death is no ſuch eligible thing, as Job, in his *calamities*, makes it. And a death deſired merely from worldly diſappointments ſhews not a right mind, let me tell this lady, whatever *ſhe* may think of it. You and I, Jack, although not afraid, in the height of paſſion or reſentment, to ruſh into thoſe dangers which might be followed by a ſudden and violent death, whenever a point of honour calls upon us, would ſhudder at his cool and deliberate approach in a lingering ſickneſs, which had debilitated the ſpirits.

So we read of a famous French general,

[I forget as well the reign of the prince, as the name of the man] who, having faced with intrepidity the ghaſtly viſage on an hundred occaſions in the field, was the moſt dejected of wretches, when, having forfeited his life for treaſon, he was led with all the cruel parade of preparation, and ſurrounding guards, to the ſcaffold.

The poets ſay well:

'Tis not the Stoick leſſon, got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant diſſertation,
That can ſupport us in the hour of terror.
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it:
But when the *trial* comes, they ſtart, and ſtand aghaſt.'

Very true: for then it is the old man in the fable, with his bundle of ſticks.

The lady is well read in Shakeſpeare, our Engliſh pride and glory; and muſt ſometimes reaſon with herſelf in his words, ſo greatly expreſſed, that the ſubject, affecting as it is, cannot produce any-thing greater.

'Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible, warm motion, to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in the fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
Or blown, with reſtleſs violence, about
The pendent worlds; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe that lawleſs and uncertain thought
Imagines howling: 'tis too horrible!
The weariſt and moſt loaded worldly life,
That pain, age, penury, and *impriſonment*,
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.'

I find, by one of thy three letters, that my beloved had ſome account from Hickman of my interview with Miſs Howe, at Colonel Ambroſe's. I had a very agreeable time of it there; although ſeverely rallied by ſeveral of the aſſembly. It concerns me, however, not a little, to find our affair ſo generally known among the *Flippanti* of both ſexes. It is all her own fault. There never, ſurely, was ſuch an odd little ſoul as this.—Not to keep her own ſecret, when the revealing of it could anſwer no poſſible good end; and when ſhe wants not (one would think) to raiſe to herſelf either pity or friends, or to me enemies, by the proclamation!—What, Jack, muſt not all her own ſex laugh in their ſleeves at her weakneſs? What would become of the peace of the world, if all women ſhould take it into their heads to follow her example?—What a fine time of it would the heads of families have? Their wives always filling their ears with *their* confeſſions; their daughters with *theirs*: ſiſters would be every day ſetting their brothers about cutting of throats, if the brothers had at heart *the honour of their families*, as it is called; and the whole world would either be a ſcene of confuſion; or cuckoldom as much the faſhion as it is in Lithuania*.

I am glad, however, that Miſs Howe (as much as ſhe hates me) kept her word with my couſins on their viſit to her, and with me at the colonel's, to endeavour to perſuade her friend to make up all matters by matrimony; which, no doubt, is the beſt, nay, the *only* method ſhe can take, for her own honour, and that of her family.

I had once thoughts of revenging myſelf on that vixen, and, particularly, as thou mayſt remember, had planned ſomething to this purpoſe on the journey ſhe is going to take, which has been talked of ſome time. But, I think—Let me ſee—Yes, I *think*, I will let this Hickman have her ſafe and entire, as thou believeſt the fellow to be a tolerable ſort of a mortal, and that I had made *the worſt of him*: and I am glad, for his own take, he has not launched out too virulently againſt me to thee.

But thou ſeeſt, Jack, by her refuſal of money from him, or Miſs Howe, that the dear extravagant takes a delight in oddneſſes, chuſing to part with her cloaths, though for a ſong. Doſt think ſhe is not a little touched at times? I am afraid ſhe is. A little ſpice of that inſanity, I doubt, runs through her, that ſhe had in a ſtronger degree, in the firſt week of my operations. Her contempt of life; her proclamations; her refuſal of matrimony; and now of money from her moſt intimate friends; are ſprinklings of this kind, and no other way, I think, to be accounted for.

Her apothecary is a good honeſt fellow. I like him much. But the ſilly dear's harping ſo continually upon one ſtring, dying, dying, dying, is what I have no patience with. I hope all this melancholy jargon is owing entirely to the way I would have her to be in. And it being as new to her, as the Bible beauties to thee, no wonder ſhe knows

* In Lithuania, the women are ſaid to have *ſo allowedly* their gallants, called *adjutores*, that the huſbands hardly ever enter upon any party of pleaſure without them.

not

not what to make of herſelf; and ſo fancies ſhe is breeding death, when the event will turn out quite the contrary.

Thou art a ſorry fellow in thy remarks on the education and qualification of ſmarts and beaus of the rakiſh order; if by thy *we's* and *us's* thou meaneſt thyſelf or me: for I preſume to ſay, that the picture has no reſemblance of us, who have read and converſed as we have done. It may, indeed, and I believe it does, reſemble the generality of the fops and coxcombs about town. But that let them look to; for, if it affects not me, to what purpoſe thy random-ſhot?—If indeed thou findeſt, by the new light darted in upon thee, ſince thou haſt had the honour of converſing with this admirable creature, that the cap fits thy own head, why then, according to the *Qui capit* rule, e'en take and clap it on: and I will add a ſtring of bells to it, to complete thee for the fore-horſe of the idiot team.

Although I juſt now ſaid a kind thing or two for this fellow Hickman; yet I can tell thee, I could (to uſe one of my noble peer's humble phraſes) *eat him up without a corn of ſalt*, when I think of his impudence to ſalute my charmer *twice* at parting: and have ſtill leſs patience with the lady herſelf for preſuming to offer her cheek or lip [Thou ſayeſt not which] to him, and to preſs his clumſy fiſt between her charming hands. An honour worth a king's ranſom; and what I would give—What would I not give!—to have!—And then he, in return, to preſs her, as thou ſayeſt he did, to his ſtupid heart; at that time, no doubt, more ſenſible than ever it was before!

By thy deſcription of their parting, I ſee thou wilt be a delicate fellow in time. My mortification in this lady's diſpleaſure, will be thy exaltation from her converſation. I envy thee as well for thy opportunities as for thy improvements: and ſuch an impreſſion has thy concluding paragraph made upon me, that I wiſh I do not get into a reformation-humour as well as thou: and then what a couple of lamentable puppies ſhall we make, howling in recitative to each other's diſcordant muſick!

Let me improve upon the thought, and imagine that, turned hermits, we have opened the two old caves at Hornſey, or dug new ones; and in each of our cells ſet up a death's-head, and an hour-glaſs, for objects of contemplation—I have ſeen ſuch a picture: but then, Jack, had not the old penitent fornicator a ſuffocating long grey beard? What figures would a couple of brocaded or lace-waiſtcoated toupets make with their ſour ſcrewed-up half-cocked faces, and more than half-ſhut eyes, in a kneeling attitude, recapitulating their reſpective rogueries? This ſcheme, were we only to make trial of it, and return afterwards to our old ways, might ſerve to the better purpoſe by far, than Horner's in the Country Wife, to bring the pretty wenches to us.

Let me ſee—The author of Hudibras has ſomewhere a deſcription that would ſuit us, when met in one of our caves, and comparing our diſmal notes together. This is it. Suppoſe *me* deſcribed—

'—He ſat upon his rump,
'His head like one in doleful dump:
'Betwixt his knees his hands apply'd
'Unto his cheeks, on either ſide:
'And by him, in another hole,
'Sat ſtupid *Belford*, cheek by jowl.'

I know thou wilt think me too ludicrous. I think myſelf ſo. It is truly, to be ingenious, a forced-put: for my paſſions are ſo wound up, that I am obliged either to laugh or cry. Like honeſt drunken Jack Daventry—[Poor fellow!—What an unhappy end was his!]—Thou knoweſt, I uſed to obſerve, that whenever he roſe from an entertainment, which he never did ſober, it was his way, as ſoon as he got to the door, to look round him like a carrier-pigeon juſt thrown up, in order to ſpy out his courſe; and then, taking to his heels, he would run all the way home, though it were a mile or two, when he could hardly ſtand, and muſt have tumbled on his noſe if he had attempted to walk moderately. This then be my excuſe, in this my unconverted eſtate, for a concluſion ſo unworthy of the concluſion to thy third letter.

What a length have I run!—Thou wilt own, that if I pay thee not in quality, I do in quantity: and yet I leave a multitude of things unobſerved upon. Indeed I hardly at this preſent know what to do with myſelf but ſcribble. Tired with Lord M. who, in his recovery, has played upon me the fable of the Nurſe, the Crying Child, and the Wolf—Tired with my couſins Montague, though charming girls, were they not ſo near of kin—Tired with Mowbray and Tourville, and their everlaſting identity—Tired with the country—Tired of myſelf—Longing for what I have not—I muſt go to town; and there have an interview with the charmer of my

my soul; for desperate diseases must have desperate remedies: and I only wait to know my doom from Miss Howe; and then, if it be rejection, I will try my fate, and receive my sentence at her feet.—But I will apprize thee of it before-hand, as I told thee, that thou mayst keep thy parole with the lady in the best manner thou canst.

LETTER XI.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS OF JULY 27. NO. VII. VIII.]

FRIDAY NIGHT, JULY 28.

I Will now, my dearest friend, write to you all my mind, without reserve, on your resolution not to have this vilest of men. You gave me, in yours of Sunday the 23d, reasons so worthy of the pure mind of my Clarissa, in support of this your resolution, that nothing but self-love, lest I should lose my ever-amiable friend, could have prevailed upon me to wish you to alter it.

Indeed, I thought it was impossible there could be (however desirable) so noble an instance given by any of our sex, of a passion conquered, when there were so many inducements to give way to it. And therefore I was willing to urge you once more to overcome your just indignation, and to be prevailed upon by the solicitations of *his* friends, before you carried your resentments to so great a height, that it would be more difficult for you, and less to your honour to comply, than if you had complied at first.

But now, my dear, that I see you fixed in your noble resolution; and that it is impossible for your pure mind to join itself with that of so perjured a miscreant; I congratulate you most heartily upon it; and beg your pardon for but seeming to doubt, that *theory* and *practice* were not the same thing with my beloved Clarissa.

I have only one thing that saddens my heart on this occasion; and that is, the bad state of health Mr. Hickman (unwillingly) owns you are in. Hitherto you have well observed the doctrine you always laid down to me, That a censured person should first seek to be justified to *herself*, and give but a *second* place to the world's opinion of her; and, in all cases where the two could not be reconciled, have preferred the *first* to the *last*; and are, of consequence, well justified to your own heart, as well as to your Anna Howe. Let me, therefore, beseech you to endeavour, by all possible means, to recover your health and spirits: and this, as what, if it *can* be effected, will crown the work, and shew the world that you were *indeed* got above the base wretch; and, though put out of your course for a little while, could resume it again, and go on blessing all within your knowledge, as well by your example, as by your precepts.

For Heaven's sake, then—for the world's sake, for the honour of our sex, and for *my* sake, once more I beseech you, try to overcome this shock: and, if you *can* overcome it, I shall then be as happy as I wish to be; for I cannot, indeed I cannot think of parting with you, for many, many years to come.

The reasons you give for discouraging my wishes to have you near us, are so convincing, that I ought at present to acquiesce in them: but, my dear, when your mind is fully settled, as (now you are so absolutely determined in it, with regard to this wretch) I hope it will soon be, I shall expect you with us, or near us: and then you shall chalk out every path that I will set my foot in; nor will I turn aside either to the right-hand, or to the left.

You wish I had not mediated for you to your friends. I wish so too; because my mediation was ineffectual; because it may give new ground for the malice of some of them to work upon; and because you are angry with me for doing so. But how, as I said in my former, could I sit down in quiet, when I knew how uneasy their implacableness made you?—But I will tear myself from the subject; for I see I shall be warm again—and displease you—And there is not one thing in the world that I would do, however agreeable to myself, if I thought it would disoblige you; nor any one that I would omit to do, if I knew it would give you pleasure. And, indeed, my dear half-severe friend, I will try if I cannot avoid the *fault* as willingly as I would the *rebuke*.

For this reason, I forbear saying anything on so nice a subject as your letter to your sister. It *must* be right, because you think it so—and if it be taken as it ought, that will shew you that it *is*. But if it begets insults and revilings, as it is but too likely—I find you don't intend to let me know it.

You were always so ready to accuse *yourself* for *other peoples faults*, and to suspect your own conduct, rather than the judgment of your relations, that I have often

often told you, I cannot imitate you in this. It is not a neceſſary point of belief with me, that all people in *years* are *therefore* wiſe; or that all *young people* are *therefore* rath and headſtrong: it may be *generally* the caſe, as far as I know: and poſſibly it may be ſo in the caſe of *my* mother and *her* girl; but I will venture to ſay, that it has not yet appeared to be ſo between the principals of Harlowe Place, and their ſecond daughter.

You are for excu ng them beforehand for their expected cruelty, as not knowing what you have ſuffered, nor how ill you are: they have *heard* of the former, and are not ſorry for it: of the latter they have been *told*, and *I* have moſt reaſon to how how they have taken it—But I ſh.ll be far from avoiding the *fault*, and as ſurely ſhall incur the *rebuke*, if I ſay any more upon this ſubject. I will therefore only add at preſent, that your reaſonings in their behalf ſhew *you* to be all excellence; their returns to you, that *they* are all—Do, my dear, let me end with a little bit of ſpiteful juſtice—But you won't I know—So I have done, quite done, however reluctantly: yet if you think of the word I would have ſaid, don't doubt the juſtice of it, and fill up the blank with it.

You intimate that were I actually married, and Mr. Hickman to *deſire* it, you would think of obliging me with a viſit on the occaſion; and that perhaps when with me, it would be difficult for you to remove far from me.

Lord, my dear, what a ſtreſs you ſeem to lay upon Mr. Hickman's *deſiring* it!—To be ſure he does, and would of all things deſire to have you *near* us, and *with* us, if we might be ſo favoured—Policy, as well as veneration for *you*, would undoubtedly make the man, if not a fool, *deſire* this. But let me tell you, that if Mr. Hickman, after marriage, ſhould pretend to diſpute with me my friendſhips, as I hope I am not quite a fool, I ſhould let him know how far his own quiet was concerned in ſuch an impertinence; eſpecially if they were ſuch friendſhips as were contracted before I knew him.

I know I always differed from you on this ſubject; for you think more highly of a *huſband's* prerogative, than moſt people do of a *royal* one. Theſe notions, my dear, from a perſon of your ſenſe and judgment, are no-way advantageous to us; inaſmuch as they juſtify that aſſuming ſex in their inſolence; when hardly one out of ten of them, their opportunities conſidered, deſerves any prerogative at all. Look through all the families we know; and we ſhall not find one-third of them have half the ſenſe of their wives. And yet theſe are to be veſted with prerogatives! And a woman of twice their ſenſe has nothing to do but hear, tremble, and obey—And for *conſcience*-ſake too, I warrant!

But Mr. Hickman and I may perhaps have a little diſcourſe upon theſe ſort of ſubjects, before I ſuffer him to talk of the day: and then I ſhall let him know what he has to truſt to; as he will me, if he be a ſincere man, what he pretends to expect from me. But let me tell you, my dear, that it is more in *your* power, than perhaps you think it, to haſten the day ſo much preſſed for by my mother, as well as wiſhed-for by you—For the very day that you can aſſure me, that you are in a tolerable ſtate of health, and have diſcharged your doctor and apothecary, at their own motions, on that account—Some day in a month, from that deſirable news, ſhall be it. So, my dear, make haſte and be well, and then this matter will be brought to effect in a manner more agreeable to your Anna Howe than it otherwiſe ever can.

I ſend this day, by a particular hand, to the Miſſes Montague, your letter of juſt reprobation of the greateſt profligate in the kingdom; and hope I ſhall not have done amiſs that I tranſcribe ſome of the paragraphs of your letter of the 23d, and ſend them with it, as you at firſt intended ſhould be done.

You are, it ſeems (and that too much for your health) employed in writing; I hope it is in penning down the particulars of your tragical ſtory. And my mother has put me in mind to preſs you to it, with a view, that one day, if it might be publiſhed under feigned names, it would be of as much uſe as honour to the ſex. My mother ſays, ſhe cannot help admiring you for the propriety of your reſentment in your refuſal of the wretch; and the would be extremely glad to have her advice of penning your ſad ſtory complied with. And then, ſhe ſays, your noble conduct throughout your trials and calamities will afford not only a ſhining example to your ſex; but at the ſame time (thoſe calamities befalling ſuch a perſon) a fearful warning to the inconſiderate young creatures of it.

On Monday we ſhall ſet out on our journey; and I hope to be back in a fortnight, and on my return will have

one pull more with my mother for a London journey: and, if the *pretence* muſt be the buying of cloaths, the *principal motive* will be that of ſeeing once more my friend, *while* I can ſay, I have not finally given conſent to the change of a viſitor into a relation, and ſo can call myſelf MY OWN, as well as YOUR

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XII.

MISS HOWE, TO THE TWO MISSES MONTAGUE.

SAT. JULY 29.

DEAR LADIES,

I Have not been wanting to uſe all my intereſt with my beloved friend, to induce her to forgive and be reconciled to your kinſman; (though he has ſo ill deſerved it) and have even *repeated* my earneſt advice to her on this head. This repetition, and the waiting for her anſwer, having taken up time, have been the cauſe, that I could not ſooner do myſelf the honour of writing to you on this ſubject.

You will ſee by the incloſed, her immoveable reſolution, grounded on noble and high-ſouled motives, which I cannot but *regret* and *applaud* at the ſame time: *applaud*, for the juſtice of her determination, which will confirm all your worthy houſe in the opinion you had conceived of her unequalled merit; and *regret*, becauſe I have but too much reaſon to apprehend, as well by that, as by the report of a gentleman juſt come from her, that ſhe is in ſuch a declining way as to her health, that her thoughts are very differently employed than on a continuance here.

The incloſed letter ſhe thought fit to ſend to me unſealed, that, after I had peruſed it, I might forward it to you; and this is the reaſon it is ſuperſcribed by myſelf, and ſealed with my ſeal. It is very full and peremptory; but as ſhe had been pleaſed, in a letter to me, dated the 23d inſtant, (as ſoon as ſhe could hold a pen) to give me more ample reaſons why ſhe could not comply with your preſſing requeſts, as well as mine, I will tranſcribe ſome of the paſſages in that letter, which will give one of the wickedeſt men in the world (if he ſees them) reaſon to think himſelf one of the moſt unhappy, in the loſs of ſo incomparable a wife as he might have gloried in, had he not been ſo *ſuperlatively* wicked. Theſe are the paſſages:

[*See for theſe paſſages, Miſs Harlowe's letter, No.* XCI. *of Vol.* VI. *dated July* 23, *marked with turned comma's thus* '']

And now, ladies, you have before you my beloved friend's reaſons for her refuſal of a man unworthy of the relation he bears to ſo many excellent perſons: and I will add (for I cannot help it) that, the merit and rank of the perſon conſidered, and the vile manner of his proceedings, there never was a greater villainy committed: and ſince ſhe thinks her firſt and *only* fault cannot be expiated but by death, I pray to God *daily*, and will *hourly* from the moment I ſhall hear of that ſad cataſtrophe, that he will be pleaſed to make him the ſubject of his vengeance in ſome ſuch way, as that all who know of his perfidious crime, may ſee the hand of Heaven in the puniſhment of it!

You will forgive me, ladies: I love not mine own ſoul better than I do Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe. And the diſtreſſes ſhe has gone through; the perſecution ſhe ſuffers from all her friends: the curſe ſhe lies under, for his ſake, from her implacable father; her reduced health and circumſtances, from high health and affluence; and that execrable arreſt and confinement, which have deepened all her other calamities, (and which muſt be laid at his door, as it was the act of his vile agents, that, whether from his immediate orders or not, naturally flowed from his preceding baſeneſs;) the ſex diſhonoured in the eye of the world, in the perſon of one of the greateſt ornaments of it; the unmanly methods, whatever they were, (for I know not all as yet) by which he compaſſed her ruin—All theſe conſiderations join to juſtify my warmth, and my execrations of a man, whom I think excluded by his crimes from the benefit even of Chriſtian forgiveneſs—And were you to ſee all ſhe writes, and to know the admirable talents ſhe is miſtreſs of, you yourſelves would join with me to admire her, and execrate him.

Believe me to be, with a high ſenſe of your merits, *dear ladies*, *your moſt obedient humble ſervant*,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XIII.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

FRIDAY, JULY 28.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,

I Have the conſolation to tell you, that my ſon is once again in an hopeful way, as to his health. He deſires his duty

duty to you. He is very low and weak. And ſo am I. But this is the firſt time that I have been able, for ſeveral days paſt, to ſit up to write, or I would not have been ſo long ſilent.

Your letter to your ſiſter is received and anſwered. You have the anſwer by this time, I ſuppoſe. I wiſh it may be to your ſatisfaction; but am afraid it will not: for, by Betty Barnes, I find they were in a great ferment on receiving yours, and much divided whether it ſhould be anſwered or not. They will not yet believe that you are ſo ill, as (to my infinite concern) I find you are. What paſſed between Miſs Harlowe and Miſs Howe, has been, as I feared it would be, an aggravation.

I ſhewed Betty two or three paſſages in your letter to me: and ſhe ſeemed moved, and ſaid, ſhe would report them favourably, and would procure me a viſit from Miſs Harlowe, if I would promiſe to ſhew the ſame to *her*. But I have heard no more of that.

Methinks, I am ſorry you refuſe the wicked man: but doubt not, nevertheleſs, that your motives for doing ſo are more commendable than my wiſhes that you would not. But as you would be reſolved, as I may ſay, on life, if you gave way to ſuch a thought; and as I have ſo much intereſt in your recovery; I cannot forbear ſhewing this regard to myſelf, and to aſk you, if you cannot get over your juſt reſentments?—But I dare ſay no more on this ſubject.

What a dreadful thing indeed was it for my deareſt tender young lady to be arreſted in the ſtreets of London!—How does my heart go over again for you, what yours muſt have ſuffered at that time!—Yet this, to ſuch a mind as yours, muſt be light, compared to what you had ſuffered before.

O my deareſt Miſs Clary, how ſhall we know what to pray for, when we pray, but that *God's will may be done*, and that we may be *reſigned to it!*—When at nine years old, and afterwards at eleven, you had a dangerous fever, how inceſſantly did we all grieve, and pray, and put up our vows to the Throne of Grace for your recovery!—For all our lives were bound up in your life—Yet *now*, my dear, as it has proved, (eſpecially if we are *ſoon* to loſe you) what a much more deſirable event, both for you and for us, would it have been, had we then loſt you.

A ſad thing to ſay! But as it is in pure love to you that I ſay it, and in full conviction that we are not always fit to be our own chuſers, I hope it may be excuſable; and the rather, as the ſame reflection will naturally lead both you and me to acquieſce under the preſent diſpenſation; ſince we are aſſured, that nothing happens by chance; and that the greateſt good may, for ought we know, be produced from the heavieſt evils.

I am glad you are with ſuch honeſt people: and that you have all your effects reſtored. How dreadfully have you been uſed, that one ſhould be glad of ſuch a poor piece of juſtice as that?

Your talent at moving the paſſions is always hinted at; and this Betty of your ſiſter's never comes near me, that ſhe is not full of it. But, as you ſay, whom has it moved that you wiſhed to move? Yet, were it not for this unhappy notion, I am ſure your mother would relent. Forgive me, my dear Miſs Clary; for I muſt try one way to be convinced if my opinion be not juſt. But I will not tell you what that is, unleſs it ſucceeds. I will try, in pure duty and love to *them*, as to *you*.

May Heaven be your ſupport in all your trials, is the conſtant prayer, my deareſt young lady, of *your ever-affectionate friend and ſervant*,

JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XIV.

MRS. NORTON, TO MRS. HARLOWE.

FRIDAY, JULY 28.

HONOURED MADAM,

BEING forbidden (without leave) to ſend you any thing I might happen to receive from my beloved Miſs Clary, and ſo ill, that I cannot attend to *aſk* your leave, I give you this trouble to let you know, that I have received a letter from her; which, I think, I ſhould hereafter be held inexcuſable, as things may happen, if I did not deſire permiſſion to communicate to you, and that as ſoon as poſſible.

Applications have been made to the dear young lady from Lord M. from the two ladies his ſiſters, and from both his nieces, and from the wicked man himſelf, to forgive and marry him. This, in noble indignation for the uſage ſhe has received from him, ſhe has abſolutely refuſed. And perhaps, Madam, if you and the honoured family ſhould be of opinion, that to comply with their wiſhes is *now* the propereſt meaſure that *can* be taken, the circumſtances of things may require your authority or advice to induce her to change her mind.

I have reaſon to believe, that one mo-

tive for her refuſal, is her full conviction that ſhe ſhall not long be a trouble to any-body; and ſo ſhe would not give a huſband a right to interfere with her family, in relation to the eſtate her grandfather deviſed to her. But of this, however, I have not the leaſt intimation from her. Nor would ſhe, I dare ſay, mention it, *as* a reaſon, having ſtill ſtronger reaſons, from his vile treatment of her, to refuſe him.

The letter I have received will ſhow how truly penitent the dear creature is; and if I have your permiſſion, I will ſend it ſealed up, with a copy of mine, to which it is an anſwer. But as I reſolve upon this ſtep without her knowledge, [and indeed I do] I will not acquaint her with it, unleſs it be attended with deſirable effects: becauſe, otherwiſe, beſides making me incur her diſpleaſure, it might quite break her already half-broken heart. I am, *honoured Madam, your dutiful and ever-obliged ſervant,*

JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XV.

MRS. HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

SUNDAY, JULY 30.

WE all know your virtuous prudence, worthy woman: we all do. But your partiality to this your raſh favourite is likewiſe known. And we are no leſs acquainted with the unhappy body's power of painting her diſtreſſes ſo as to pierce a ſtone.

Every-one is of opinion, that the dear naughty creature is working about to be forgiven and received; and for this reaſon it is, that Betty has been forbidden [Not by *me*, you may be ſure!] to mention any more of her letters: for ſhe did ſpeak to my Bella of ſome moving paſſages you read to her.

This will convince you, that nothing will be heard in her favour. To what purpoſe then ſhould I mention anything about her?—But you may be ſure that I *will*, if I can but have one ſecond. However, that is not at all likely, until we ſee what the *conſequences* of her crime will be: and who can tell that?—She may—How can I ſpeak it, and my once darling daughter unmarried!—She may be with child?—This would perpetuate her ſtain. Her brother may come to ſome harm; which God forbid!—One child's ruin, I hope, will not be followed by another's murder.

As to her grief, and her preſent miſery, whatever it be, ſhe muſt bear with it: and it muſt be ſhort of what I hourly bear for her! Indeed I am afraid nothing but her being at the laſt extremity of all will make her father, and her uncles, and her other friends, forgive her.

The eaſy pardon perverſe children meet with, when they have done the raſheſt and moſt rebellious thing they can do, is the reaſon (*as is pleaded to us every day*) that ſo *many* follow their example. They depend upon the indulgent weakneſs of their parents tempers, and, in *that* dependence, harden their own hearts: and a little humiliation, when they have brought themſelves into the foretold miſery, is to be a ſufficient atonement for the greateſt perverſeneſs.

But for ſuch a child as this [*I mention what others hourly ſay, but what* I *moſt ſorrowfully ſubſcribe to*] to lay plots and ſtratagems to deceive her parents, as well as herſelf; and to run away with a libertine: Can there be any atonement for her crime! And is ſhe not anſwerable to God, to us, to you, and to all the world who know her, for the abuſe of ſuch talents as *ſhe* has abuſed?

You ſay her heart is half-broken: is it to be wondered at? Was not her ſin committed equally againſt warning and the light of her own knowledge?

That *he* would now marry her, or that *ſhe* would refuſe him, if ſhe believed him in earneſt, as ſhe has circumſtanced herſelf, is not at all probable; and were *I* inclined to believe it, *nobody elſe* here would. He values not his relations; and would deceive them as ſoon as any others; his averſion to marriage he has always openly declared; and ſtill occaſionally declares it. But if he be now in earneſt; which every-one who knows him muſt doubt: which do you think (hating us, too, as he profeſſes to hate and deſpiſe us all) would be moſt eligible here: to hear of her death or of her marriage with ſuch a vile man?

To all of us, yet, I cannot ſay! For, Oh! my good Mrs. Norton, you know what a mother's tenderneſs for the child of her heart would make her chuſe, notwithſtanding all that child's faults, rather than loſe her for ever!

But I muſt ſail with the tide; my own judgment alſo joining with the general reſentment; or I ſhould make the unhappineſs of the more worthy ſtill greater; [my dear Mr. Harlowe's particularly] which is already more than enough

enough to make them unhappy for the remainder of their days. This I know; if I were to oppose the reſt, our ſon would fly out to find this libertine; and who could tell what would be the iſſue of *that* with ſuch a man of violence and blood, as that Lovelace is known to be?

All I can expect to prevail for her, is, that in a week, or ſo, Mr. Brand may be ſent up to enquire privately about her preſent ſtate, and way of life, and to ſee ſhe is not altogether deſtitute: for nothing ſhe writes herſelf will be regarded.

Her father indeed has, at her earneſt requeſt withdrawn the curſe, which, in a paſſion, he laid upon her, at her firſt wicked flight from us. But Miſs Howe [*It is a ſad thing, Mrs. Norton, to ſuffer ſo many ways at once*] had made matters ſo difficult by her undue liberties with us all, as well by ſpeech in all companies as by letters written to my Bella, that we could hardly prevail upon him to hear her letter read.

Theſe liberties of Miſs Howe with us; the general cry againſt us abroad, wherever we are ſpoken of; and the *viſible*, and not ſeldom *audible* diſreſpectfulneſs, which high and low treat us with to our faces, as we go to and from church, and even *at* church (for no-where elſe have we the heart to go) as if none of us had been regarded but upon her account; and as if ſhe were innocent, we all in fault; are conſtant aggravations, you muſt needs think, to the whole family.

She has made my lot heavy, I am ſure, that was far from being light before!—To tell you truth, I am enjoined not to receive any-thing of hers, from any hand, without leave. Should I therefore gratify my yearnings after her, ſo far as to receive privately the letter you mention, what would the caſe be, but to torment myſelf without being able to do her good?—And were it to be known—Mr. Harlowe is *ſo* paſſionate—And ſhould it throw his gout into his ſtomach, as her raſh flight did—Indeed, indeed, I am very unhappy!—For, Oh my good woman, ſhe is my child ſtill!—But unleſs it were more in my power—Yet do I long to ſee the letter—You ſay it tells of her preſent way and circumſtances.—The poor child, who ought to be in poſſeſſion of thouſands!—And *will!*—For her father will be a faithful ſteward for her.—But it muſt be in his own way, and at his own time.

And is ſhe *really* ill?—ſo *very* ill?—But ſhe *ought* to ſorrow.—She has given a double meaſure of it.

But does ſhe *really* believe ſhe ſhall not *long* trouble us?—But, O my Norton!—ſhe muſt, ſhe *will*, long trouble us—For can ſhe think her death, if we ſhould be deprived of her, will put an end to our afflictions?—Can it be thought, that the fall of ſuch a child will not be regretted by us to the laſt hour of our lives?

But, in the letter you have, does ſhe, without *reſerve*, expreſs her contrition? Has ſhe in it no reflecting hints? Does ſhe not aim at extenuations?—If I am to ſee it, will it not ſhock me ſo much, that my *apparent* grief may expoſe me to harſhneſſes?—Can it be contrived—

But to what purpoſe?—Don't ſend it—I charge you, don't—I dare not ſee it—

Yet—

But, alas!—

O forgive the almoſt diſtracted mother! You *can*.—You know how to allow for all this—So I will let it go.—I will not write over again this part of my letter.

But I chuſe not to know more of her, than is communicated to us all—No more than I dare *own* I have ſeen—And what ſome of them may rather communicate *to* me, than receive *from* me: and this for the ſake of my outward quiet: although my inward peace ſuffers more and more by the compelled reſerve.

I WAS forced to break off. But I will now try to conclude my long letter.

I am ſorry you are ill. But if you were well, I could not, for your own ſake, wiſh you to go up, as Betty tells us you long to do. If you *went*, nothing would be minded that came from you. As they already think you too partial in her favour, your going up would confirm it, and do yourſelf prejudice, and her no good. And as every-body values you here, I adviſe you not to intereſt yourſelf too warmly in her favour, eſpecially before my Bella's Betty, till I can let you know a *proper* time. Yet to forbid you to love the dear naughty creature, who can? O my Norton! you *muſt* love her!—And ſo muſt I!

I ſend you five guineas, to help you in your preſent illneſs, and your ſon's; for it muſt have been heavy upon you. What a ſad, ſad thing, my dear good woman, that all *your* pains, and all *my* pains, for eighteen or nineteen years together, have, in ſo few months, been rendered

rendered thus deplorably vain! Yet I muſt be always your friend, and pity you, for the very reaſon that I myſelf deſerve every one's pity.

Perhaps I may find an opportunity to pay you a viſit, as in your illneſs, and then may weep over the letter you mention, with you. But, for the future, write nothing to me about the poor girl, that you think may not be communicated to us all.

And I charge you, as you value my friendſhip, as you wiſh my peace, not to ſay any thing of a letter you have from me, either to the naughty one, or to any-body elſe. It was ſome little relief (the occaſion given) to write to you, who muſt, in ſo particular a manner, ſhare my affliction. A mother, Mrs. Norton, cannot forget her child, though that child could abandon her mother; and, in ſo doing, run away with all her mother's comforts!—As I can truly ſay, is the caſe of *your unhappy friend*,

CHARLOTTE HARLOWE.

LETTER XVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

SAT. JULY 29.

I Congratulate you, my dear Mrs. Norton, with all my heart, on your ſon's recovery; which I pray to God, with your own health, to perfect.

I write in ſome hurry, being apprehenſive of the conſequence of the hints you give of ſome method you propoſe to try in my favour: [With my relations, I preſume you mean] but you will not tell me what, you ſay, if it prove unſucceſsful.

Now I muſt beg of you, that you will not take any ſtep in my favour, with which you do not firſt acquaint me.

I have but one requeſt to make to them, beſides what is contained in my letter to my ſiſter: and I would not, methinks, for the ſake of their own future peace of mind, that they ſhould be teazed ſo, by your well-meant kindneſs, and that of Miſs Howe, as to be put upon denying me that. And why ſhould more be aſked for me than I can partake of? More than is abſolutely neceſſary for my own peace?

You ſuppoſe I ſhould have my ſiſter's anſwer to my letter, by the time yours reached my hand. I have it: and a ſevere one, a very ſevere one it is. Yet, conſidering my fault in their eyes, and the provocations I am to ſuppoſe they ſo newly had from my dear Miſs Howe, I am to look upon it as a favour, that it was anſwered at all. I will ſend you a copy of it ſoon; as alſo of mine, to which it is an anſwer.

I have reaſon to be very thankful, that my father has withdrawn that heavy malediction, which affected me ſo much—A parent's curſe, my dear Mrs. Norton! What child could die in peace under a parent's curſe! ſo literally fulfilled too as this has been in what relates to this life?

My heart is too full to touch upon the particulars of my ſiſter's letter. I can make but *one* atonement for my fault. May *that* be accepted! And may it ſoon be forgotten, by *every* dear relation, that there was ſuch an unhappy daughter, ſiſter, or niece, as Clariſſa Harlowe!

My couſin Morden was one of thoſe, who was ſo earneſt in prayer for my recovery, at nine and eleven years of age, as you mention. My ſiſter thinks he will be one of thoſe, who will wiſh I never had had a being. But pray, when he does come, let me hear of it with the firſt.

You think, that were it not for that unhappy notion of my moving talent, my mother would relent. What would I give to ſee her once more, and, although unknown to her, to kiſs but the hem of her garment!

Could I have thought, that the laſt time I ſaw her would *have been the laſt*, with what difficulty ſhould I have been torn from her embraced feet!—And when, ſcreened behind the yew-hedge, on the 5th of April laſt, I ſaw my father, and my uncle Antony, and my brother and ſiſter, how little did I think, that that would be the laſt time I ſhould ever ſee them: and, in ſo ſhort a ſpace, that ſo many dreadful evils would befal me!

But I can write nothing but what muſt give you trouble. I will therefore, after repeating my deſire that you will not intercede for me but with my previous conſent, conclude with the aſſurance, that I am, and ever will be, *your moſt affectionate and dutiful*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XVII.

MISS ARABELLA HALLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS ON FRIDAY, JULY 21. LETTER II.]

THURSDAY, JULY 27.

O MY UNHAPPY LOST SISTER!

WHAT a miſerable hand have you made of your romantick and

and giddy expedition!—I pity you at my heart.

You may *well* grieve and repent!—Lovelace has left you!—In what way or circumſtances, you know beſt.

I wiſh your conduct had made your caſe more pitiable. But 'tis your own ſeeking!

God help you!—For you have not a friend will look upon you!—Poor, wicked, undone creature!—Fallen, as you are, againſt warning, againſt expoſtulation, againſt duty!

But it ſignifies nothing to reproach you. I weep over you.

My poor mother!—Your raſhneſs and folly have made *her* more miſerable than *you* can be.—Yet ſhe has beſought my father to grant your requeſt.

My uncle joined with her; for they thought there was a little more modeſty in your letter than in the letters of your pert advocate: and my father is pleaſed to give me leave to write—but only theſe words for *him* and no more:—That he withdraws the curſe he laid upon you, at the firſt hearing of your wicked flight, ſo far as it is in his power to do it; and hopes that your preſent puniſhment may be all that you will meet with. For the reſt, he will never own you, nor forgive you; and grieves he has ſuch a daughter in the world.

All this, and more, you have deſerved from him, and from all of *us*: but what have you done to this abandoned libertine, to deſerve what you have met with at *his* hands?—I fear, I fear, ſiſter!—But no more!—A bleſſed four months work have you made of it!

My brother is now at Edinburgh, ſent thither by my father, [though he knows not this to be the motive] that he may not meet your triumphant deluder.

We are told he would be glad to marry you: but why, then, did he abandon you? He had kept you till he was tired of you, no queſtion; and it is not likely he would wiſh to have you, but upon the terms you have already, without all doubt, been *his*.

You ought to adviſe your friend Miſs Howe to concern herſelf leſs in your matters than ſhe does, except ſhe could do it with more decency. She has written three letters to me: very inſolent ones. Your favourer, poor Mrs. Norton, thinks you know nothing of the pert creature's writing. I hope you don't. But then the more impertinent the writer. But believing the fond woman, I ſat down the more readily to anſwer your letter; and I write with leſs ſeverity, I can tell you, than otherwiſe I ſhould have done, if I had anſwered it at all.

Monday laſt was your birth-day. Think, poor ungrateful wretch, as you are! how we all uſed to keep it; and you will not wonder to be told, that we ran away from one another that day. But God give you true penitence, if you have it not already! And it *will* be true, if it be equal to the ſhame and the ſorrow you have given us all. *Your afflicted ſiſter,*

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

Your couſin Morden is every day expected in England. He, as well as others of the family, when he comes to hear what a bleſſed piece of work you have made of it, will wiſh you never had had a being.

LETTER XVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SUNDAY, JULY 30.

YOU have given me great pleaſure, my deareſt friend, by your approbation of my reaſonings, and of my reſolution founded upon them, never to have Mr. Lovelace. This approbation is ſo *right* a thing, give me leave to ſay, from the nature of the caſe, and from the ſtrict honour and true dignity of mind, which I always admired in my Anna Howe, that I could hardly tell to what, but to my evil deſtiny, which of late would not let me pleaſe any body, to attribute the advice you gave me to the contrary.

But let not the ill ſtate of my health, and what that may naturally tend to, ſadden you. I have told you, that I will not run away from life, nor avoid the means that may continue it, if God ſee fit: and if he do *not*, who ſhall repine at his will?

If it ſhall be found, that I have not acted unworthy of your love, and of my own character, in my great trials, that will be a happineſs to both on reflection.

The ſhock which you ſo earneſtly adviſe me to try to get above, was a ſhock, the greateſt that I could receive. But, my dear, as it was not occaſioned by my *fault*, I hope I am already got above it. I hope I am.

I am more grieved (at times, however) for *others*, than for *myſelf*. And ſo I *ought*. For as to *myſelf*, I cannot but reflect, that I have had an eſcape, rather

rather than a loſs, in miſſing Mr. Lovelace for a huſband—Even had he *not* committed the vileſt of all outrages.

Let any-one, who knows my ſtory, collect his character from his behaviour to me, *before* that outrage; and then judge, whether it was in the leaſt probable that ſuch a man ſhould make me happy. But to collect his character from his principles with regard to the *ſex in general*, and from his enterprizes upon *many* of them, and to conſider the *cruelty of his nature*, and the *ſportiveneſs of his invention*, together with the *high opinion he has of himſelf*, it will not be doubted that a wife of his muſt have been miſerable; and more miſerable if ſhe loved him, than ſhe could have been were ſhe to be indifferent to him.

A twelvemonth might very probably have put a period to my life; ſituated as I was with my friends; perſecuted and harraſſed as I have been by my brother and ſiſter; and my very heart torn in pieces by the *wilful*, and (as it is now apparent) *premeditated* ſuſpences of the man, whoſe gratitude I wiſhed to engage, and whoſe protection I was the more entitled to expect, as he had robbed me of every other, and reduced me to an abſolute dependence upon himſelf. Indeed I once thought that it was *all* his view to bring me to this, (as he hated my family;) and uncomfortable enough for me, if it had been all.

Can it be thought, my dear, that my heart was not more than half broken (happy as I was before I knew Mr. Lovelace) by ſuch a grievous change in my circumſtances?—Indeed it was. Nor perhaps was the wicked violence *wanting* to have cut ſhort, though poſſibly not ſo very ſhort, a life that he has ſported with.

Had I been his but a *month*, he muſt have poſſeſſed the eſtate on which my relations had ſet their hearts; the more to their regret, as they hated *him* as much as he hated *them*.

Have I not reaſon, theſe things conſidered, to think myſelf happier without Mr. Lovelace than I could have been with him?—My *will too unviolated*; and and very little, nay, not any-thing as to him, to reproach myſelf with?

But with my *relations* it is *otherwiſe*. They indeed deſerve to be pitied. They are, and no doubt will long be, unhappy.

To judge of their reſentments and of their conduct, we muſt put ourſelves in their ſituation:—And while *they* think me more in fault than themſelves, (whether my favourers are of their opinion, *or* not) and have a right to judge for themſelves, they ought to have great allowances made for them; my parents eſpecially. They ſtand at leaſt *ſelf*-acquitted, (that cannot I;) and the rather, as they can recollect, to their pain, their paſt indulgences to me, and their unqueſtionable love.

Your partiality for the friend you ſo much value, will not eaſily let you come into this way of thinking. But only, my dear, be pleaſed to conſider the matter in the following light.

Here was my MOTHER, one of the moſt prudent perſons of her ſex, married into a family, not perhaps ſo happily tempered as herſelf; but every-one of which ſhe had the addreſs, for a great while, abſolutely to govern as ſhe pleaſed by her directing wiſdom, at the ſame time that they knew not but her preſcriptions were the dictates of their own hearts; ſuch a ſweet art had ſhe of conquering by ſeeming to yield. Think, my dear, what muſt be the pride and the pleaſure of ſuch a mother, that in my brother ſhe could give a *ſon* to the family ſhe diſtinguiſhed with her love, not unworthy of their wiſhes; a *daughter*, in my *ſiſter*, of whom ſhe had no reaſon to be aſhamed; and in *me a ſecond* daughter, whom every-body complimented, (ſuch was their partial favour to me) as being the ſtill more immediate likeneſs of herſelf? How, ſelf-pleaſed, could ſhe ſmile round upon a family ſhe had ſo bleſſed! What compliments were paid her upon the example ſhe had given us, which was followed with ſuch hopeful effects! With what noble confidence could ſhe look upon her dear Mr. Harlowe, as a perſon made happy by her; and he delighted to think, that nothing but purity ſtreamed from a fountain ſo pure!

Now, my dear, reverſe, as I daily do, this charming proſpect. See my dear *mother*, ſorrowing in her cloſet; endeavouring to ſuppreſs her ſorrow at her table, and in thoſe retirements where ſorrow was before a ſtranger: hanging down her penſive head: ſmiles no more beaming over her benign aſpect: her virtue made to ſuffer for faults ſhe could not be guilty of: her patience continually tried, (becauſe ſhe has more of it than any other) with repetitions of faults ſhe is as much wounded by, as thoſe can be from whom ſhe ſo often hears of them: taking to herſelf, as the fountain-head, a taint which only had infected one of the under-currents: afraid to open her lips (were ſhe willing) in my favour, leſt it ſhould be thought ſhe has any bias in

her own mind to failings that never could have been ſuſpected in her: robbed of that pleaſing merit, which the mother of well-nurtured and hopeful children may glory in: every one who viſits her, or is viſited by her, by dumb ſhew, and looks that mean more than words can expreſs, condoling where they uſed to congratulate: the affected ſilence wounding: the compaſſionating look reminding: the half ſuppreſſed ſigh in *them*, calling up deeper ſighs from *her*; and their averted eyes, while they endeavour to reſtrain the riſing tear, provoking tears from *her*, that will not be reſtrained.

When I conſider theſe things, and, added to theſe, the pangs that tear in pieces the ſtronger heart of my FATHER, becauſe it cannot relieve itſelf by thoſe tears which carry the torturing grief to the eyes of ſofter ſpirits: the over-boiling tumults of my impatient and uncontroulable BROTHER, piqued to the heart of his honour, in the fall of a ſiſter, in whom he once gloried: the pride of an ELDER SISTER, who had given unwilling way to the honours paid over her head to one born after her: and, laſtly, the diſhonour I have brought upon two UNCLES, who each contended which ſhould moſt favour their then happy niece:—When, I ſay, I reflect upon my fault in theſe ſtrong, yet juſt lights, what room can there be to cenſure any-body but my unhappy ſelf? And how much reaſon have I to ſay, '*If I juſtify myſelf, mine own heart ſhall condemn me: if I ſay I am perfect, it ſhall alſo prove me perverſe.*'

Here permit me to lay down my pen for a few moments.

You are very obliging to me, *intentionally*, I know, when you tell me, It is in my power to haſten the day of Mr. Hickman's happineſs. But yet, give me leave to ſay, that I admire this kind aſſurance leſs than any other paragraph of your letter.

In the firſt place you know it is *not* in my power to ſay *when* I can diſmiſs my phyſician; and you ſhould not put the celebration of a marriage *intended* by *yourſelf*, and ſo *deſirable* to your *mother*, upon ſo precarious an iſſue. Nor will I accept of a compliment, which muſt mean a ſlight to *her*.

If any-thing could give me a reliſh for life, after what I have ſuffered, it would be the hopes of the continuance of the more than ſiſterly love, which has, for years, uninterruptedly bound us together as one mind.—And why, my dear, ſhould you defer giving (by a tie ſtill ſtronger) another friend to one who has ſo few?

I am glad you have ſent my letter to Miſs Montague. I hope I ſhall hear no more of this unhappy man.

I had begun the particulars of my tragical ſtory: but it is ſo painful a taſk, and I have ſo many more important things to do, and, as I apprehend, ſo little time to do them in, that, could I avoid it, I would go no farther in it.

Then, to this hour, I know not by what means ſeveral of his machinations to ruin me were brought about; ſo that ſome material parts of my ſad ſtory muſt be defective, if I were to ſit down to write it. But I have been thinking of a way that will anſwer the end wiſhed for by your mother and you full as well, perhaps better.

Mr. Lovelace, it ſeems, has communicated to his friend Mr. Belford all that has paſſed between himſelf and me, as he went on. Mr. Belford has not been able to deny it. So that (as we may obſerve by the way) a poor young creature, whoſe indiſcretion has given a libertine power over her, has a reaſon *the little thinks of*, to regret her folly; ſince theſe wretches, who have no more honour in one point than in another, ſcruple not to make her weakneſs a part of their triumph to their brother libertines.

I have nothing to apprehend of this ſort, if I have the juſtice done me in his letters, which Mr. Belford aſſures me I have: and therefore the particulars of my ſtory, and the baſe arts of this vile man, will, I think, be beſt collected from thoſe very letters of his, (if Mr. Belford can be prevailed upon to communicate them;) to which I dare appeal with the ſame truth and fervor as he did, who ſays—'*Oh that one would hear me! and that mine adverſary had written a book!—Surely, I would take it upon my ſhoulders, and bind it to me as a crown. For I covered not my tranſgreſſions as Adam, by hiding mine iniquity in my boſom.*'

There is one way which may be fallen upon to induce Mr. Belford to communicate theſe letters; ſince he ſeems to have (and declares he always had) a ſincere abhorrence of his friend's baſeneſs to me: but that, you'll ſay, when you hear it, is a ſtrange one. Nevertheleſs, I am very earneſt upon it at preſent.

It is no other than this:

I think to make Mr. Belford the executor of my laſt will, [Don't be ſurpriſed:] and with this view I permit his viſits with the leſs ſcruple: and every time I

from his concern for me, am ready and more inclined to do so. If I find in the same mind, and if he accept the trust, and will communicate the materials in his power, those, joined with what you can furnish, will answer the whole end.

I know you will start at my notion of such an executor: but pray, my dear, consider, in my present circumstances, what I can do better, as I am empowered to make a will, and have considerable matters in my own disposal.

Your mother, I am sure, would not consent that *you* should take this office upon you. It might subject *Mr. Hickman* to the insults of that violent man. *Mrs. Norton* cannot, for several reasons respecting herself. My *brother* looks upon what I ought to have, as his right: my *uncle Harlowe* is already one of my trustees (to my cousin Morden is the other) for the estate my grandfather left me: but you see I could not get from my own family the few guineas I left behind me at Harlowe-place; and my *uncle Antony* once threatened to have my grandfather's will controverted. My *father!*—To be sure, my dear, I could not expect that *my father* would do all I wish should be done: and a *will* to be executed by a father for a daughter, (parts of it, perhaps absolutely against his own judgment) carries somewhat daring and prescriptive in the very *word*.

If indeed my *cousin Morden* were to come in time, and would undertake this trust—But even *him* it might subject to hazards; and the more, as he is a man of great spirit; and as the other man (of no great) looks upon me (unprotected as I have long been) as his property.

Now Mr. Belford, as I have already mentioned, knows every-thing that has passed. He is a man of spirit, and it seems, as fearless as the other, with more humane qualities. You don't know, my dear, what instances of sincere humanity this Mr. Belford has shewn, not only on occasion of the cruel arrest, but on several occasions since. And Mrs. Lovick has taken pains to enquire after his general character; and hears a very good one of him, for justice and generosity in all his concerns of *meum* and *tuum*, as they are called: he has a knowledge of law-matters; and has two executorships upon him at this time, in the discharge of which his honour is unquestioned.

All these reasons have already in a manner *determined* me to ask this favour of him, although it will have an odd found with it to make an intimate friend of Mr. Lovelace my executor.

This is certain: my brother will be more acquiescent a great deal in such a case with the articles of my will, as he will see, that it will be to no purpose to controvert some of them, which else, I dare say, he would controvert, or persuade my other friends to do so. And who would involve an executor in a law-suit, if they could help it?—Which would be the case, if any-body were left whom my brother could hope to awe or controul; since my father has possession of all, and is absolutely governed by him. [Angry spirits, my dear, as I have often seen, will be overcome by more angry ones, as well as sometimes be disarmed by the meek.]—Nor would I *wish*, you may believe, to have effects torn out of my father's hands: while Mr. Belford, who is a man of fortune, (and a good œconomist in his own affairs) would have no interest but to do justice.

Then he exceedingly presses for some occasion to shew his readiness to serve me: and he would be able to manage his violent friend, over whom he has more influence than any other person.

But, after all, I know not, if it were not more eligible by far, that my story, *and myself too*, should be forgotten as soon as possible. And of this I shall have the less doubt, if the character of my parents [You will forgive me, my dear] cannot be guarded against the unqualified bitterness, which, from your affectionate zeal for me, has sometimes mingled with your ink—A point that *ought*, and (I insist upon it) *must* be well considered of, if any-thing be done which your mother and you are desirous to have done. The generality of the world is too apt to oppose duty—And general duties, my dear, ought not to be weakened by the justification of a single person, however unhappily circumstanced.

My father has been so good as to take off the heavy malediction he laid me under. I must be now solicitous for a last blessing; and that is all I shall presume to petition for. My sister's letter, communicating this grace, is a severe one: but as she writes to me as *from everybody*, how could I expect it to be otherwise?

If you set out to-morrow, this letter cannot reach you till you get to your aunt Harman's. I shall therefore direct it thither, as Mr. Hickman instructed me.

I hope

I hope you will have met with no inconveniences in your little journey and voyage; and that you will have found in good health all whom you wish to see well.

If your relations in the little island join their solicitations with your mother's commands, to have your nuptials celebrated before you leave them, let me beg of you, my dear, to oblige them. How grateful will the notification that you have done so be to *your ever-faithful and affectionate* CL. HARLOWE.

LETTTR XIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HARLOWE.

SATURDAY, JULY 29.

I Repine not, my dear sister, at the severity you have been pleased to express in the letter you favoured me with; because that severity was accompanied with the grace I had petitioned for; and because the reproaches of mine own heart are stronger than any other person's reproaches can be: and yet I am not half so culpable as I am imagined to be: as would be allowed, if all the circumstances of my unhappy story were known; and which I shall be ready to communicate to Mrs. Norton, if she be commissioned to enquire into them; or to you, my sister, if you can have patience to hear them.

I remembered, with a bleeding heart, what day the 29th of July was. I began with the eve of it; and I passed the day itself—*as it was fit I should pass it*. Nor have I any comfort to give to my dear and ever-honoured father and mother, and to you, my Bella, but this—That, as it was the first *unhappy* anniversary of my birth, in all probability, it will be the *last*.

Believe me, my dear sister, I say not this, merely to move compassion, but from the *best* grounds. And as, on that account, I think it of the highest importance to my peace of mind to obtain one further favour, I would chuse to owe to your intercession, *as my sister*, the leave I beg, to address half a dozen lines (with the hope of having them answered as I wish) to either or to both my honoured parents, to beg their *last blessing*.

This blessing is all the favour I have now to ask: it is all I *dare* to ask: yet am I afraid to rush at once, though by *letter*, into the presence of either. And if I did not ask it, it might seem to be owing to stubbornness and want of duty, when my heart is all humility and penitence. Only, be so good as to enable me to attempt this rule—Write but this one line, 'Clary Harlowe, you are 'at liberty to write as you desire.' This will be enough—And shall, to my last hour, be acknowledged as the greatest favour, by *your truly sincere sister*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XX.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY, JULY 31.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,

I Must indeed own, that I took the liberty to write to your mother, offering to inclose to her, if she gave me leave, yours of the 24th: by which I thought she would see what was the frame of your mind; what the nature of your last troubles was, from the wicked arrest; what the people are where you lodge; what proposals were made you from Lord M.'s family; also your sincere penitence; and how much Miss Howe's writing to them, in the terms she wrote in, disturbed you—But, as you have taken the matter into your own hands, and forbid me, in your last, to act in this nice affair unknown to you, I am glad the letter was not received *of me*—And indeed it may be better that the matter lie wholly between you and them; since my affection for you is thought to proceed from partiality.

They would chuse, no doubt, that you should owe to *themselves*, and not to my humble mediation, the favour for which you so earnestly sue, and of which I would not have you despair: for I will venture to assure you, that your mother is ready to take the first opportunity to shew her maternal tenderness: and this I gather from several hints I am not at liberty to explain myself upon.

I long to be with you, now I am better, and now my son is in a fine way of recovery. But is it not hard, to have it signified to me, that at present it will not be taken well, if I go!—I suppose, while the reconciliation, which I hope will take place, is negociating by means of the correspondence so newly opened between you and your sister. But if you would have me come, I will rely upon my good intentions, and risque every-one's displeasure.

Mr. Brand has business in town; to solicit for a benefice which it is expected the incumbent will be obliged to quit

for a better preferment: and when there, he is to enquire privately after your way of life, and of your health.

He is a very officious young man; and, but that your uncle Harlowe (who has chosen him for this errand) regards him as an oracle, your mother had rather any-body else had been sent.

He is one of those puzzling, over-doing gentlemen, who think they see farther into matters than any-body else, and are fond of discovering mysteries where there are none, in order to be thought shrewd men.

I can't say I like him, either in the pulpit or out of it: I who had a father one of the soundest divines and finest scholars in the kingdom; who never made an ostentation of what he knew; but loved and venerated the gospel he taught, preferring it to all other learning; to be obliged to hear a young man depart from his text as soon as he has named it; (so contrary, too, to the example set him by his learned and worthy principal, [Dr. Lewen] when his health permits him to preach) and throwing about, to a Christian and country audience, scraps of Latin and Greek from the Pagan classicks; and not always brought in with great propriety neither; (if I am to judge, by the only way given me to judge of them, by the English he puts them into) is an indication of something wrong, either in his head, or his heart, or both; for, otherwise, his education at the university must have taught him better. You know, my dear Miss Clary, the honour I have for the cloth: it is owing to *that*, that I say what I do.

I know not the day he is to set out; and as his enquiries are to be private, be pleased to take no notice of this intelligence. I have no doubt, that your life and conversation are such, as may defy the scrutinies of the most officious enquirer.

I am just now told, that you have written a second letter to your sister: but am afraid they will wait for Mr. Brand's report, before further favour will be obtained from them; for they will not yet believe you are so ill as I fear you are.

But you would soon find, that you have an indulgent mother, were she at liberty to act according to her own inclination. And this gives me great hopes that all will end well at last: for I verily think that you are in the right way to a reconciliation. God give a blessing to it, and restore your health, and you to all your friends, prays your ever-affectionate

JUDITH NORTON.

Your good mother has privately sent me five guineas: she is pleased to say, to help us in the illness we have been afflicted with; but, more likely, that I might send them to you, as from myself. I hope, therefore, I may send them up, with ten more I have still left.

I will send you word of Mr. Morden's arrival, the moment I know it.

If agreeable, I should be glad to know all that passes between your relations and you.

LETTER XXI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2.

YOU give me, my dear Mrs. Norton, great pleasure in hearing of yours and your son's recovery. May you continue, for many, many years, a blessing to each other!

You tell me, that you did actually write to my mother, *offering* to inclose to her mine of the 24th past: and you say, It was not *required* of you. That is to say, although you cover it over as gently as you could, that your offer was rejected; which makes it evident, that no plea will be made for me. Yet, you bid me hope, that the grace I sued for would, *in time*, be granted.

The grace I then sued for was indeed granted: but you are afraid, you say, that they will wait for Mr. Brand's report, before favour will be obtained in return to the second letter which I wrote to my sister: and you add, That I have an indulgent mother, were she at liberty to act according to her own inclination; and that all will end well at last.

But what, my dear Mrs. Norton, what is the grace I sue for in my second letter?—It is not that they will receive me into favour—If they think it is, they are mistaken. I do not, I cannot expect that: nor, as I have often said, should I, if they *would* receive me, bear to live in the eye of those dear friends whom I have so grievously offended. 'Tis only, simply, a blessing I ask: a blessing to *die* with, not to *live* with.—Do they know that? And do they know, that their unkindness will perhaps shorten my date? So that their favour, if ever they intend to grant it, may come too late.

Once more, I desire you not to think of

of coming to me. I have no uneasiness now, but what proceeds from the apprehension of seeing a man I would not see for the world, if I could help it; and from the severity of my nearest and dearest relations: a severity *entirely their own*, I doubt; for you tell me, that my *brother is at Edinburgh!* You would therefore heighten their severity, and make yourself enemies besides, if you were to come to me—Don't you see that you would?

Mr. Brand may come, if he will. He is a clergyman, and *must mean well*; or I must think so, let him say of me what he will. All my fear is, that, as he knows I am in disgrace with a family whose esteem he is desirous to cultivate; and as he has obligations to my uncle Harlowe, and to my father; he will be but a languid acquitter—Not that I am afraid of what he, or any-body in the world, can hear as to my conduct. You may, my revered and dear friend, indeed you may, rest satisfied, that that is such as may warrant me to challenge the enquiries of the most officious.

I will send you copies of what passes, as you desire, when I have an answer to my second letter. I now begin to wish, that I had taken the heart to write to my father himself; or to my mother, at least; instead of to my sister! and yet I doubt my poor mother can do nothing for me of *herself*. A strong confederacy, my dear Mrs. Norton, (a strong confederacy, indeed!) against a poor girl, their daughter, sister, niece!—My brother, perhaps, got it renewed before he left them. He needed not—His work is done; and more than done.

Don't afflict yourself about money-matters on my account. I have no occasion for money. I am glad my mother was so considerate to you. I was in pain for you, on the same subject. But Heaven will not permit so good a woman to want the humble blessings she was always satisfied with. I wish every individual of our family were but as rich as you!—O my mamma Norton, you are rich! You are rich indeed!—The true riches are such content as you are blessed with.—And I hope in God, that I am in the way to be rich too.

Adieu, my ever-indulgent friend. You say, all will be at last happy—And I *know* it will—I confide that it will, with as much security, as you may, that I will be to my last hour *your ever-grateful and affectionate*

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, APRIL 4.

I Am most confoundedly chagrined and disappointed: for here, on Saturday, arrived a messenger from Miss Howe, with a letter to my cousins; which I knew nothing of till yesterday; when Lady Sarah and Lady Betty were procured to be here, to sit in judgment upon it with the old peer, and my two kinswomen. And never was bear so miserably baited as thy poor friend!—And for what?—Why, for the cruelty of Miss Harlowe: for have I committed any *new* offence? And would I not have reinstated myself in her favour upon her own terms, if I could? And is it fair to punish me for what is my misfortune, and not my fault? Such *event-judging* fools! as I have for my relations! I am ashamed of them all.

In that of Miss Howe was inclosed one to *her* from Miss Harlowe, to be transmitted to my cousins, containing a final rejection of me; and that in very vehement and positive terms; yet she pretends, that in this rejection she is governed more by *principle* than *passion*—[Damn'd lye, as ever was told!] And, as a proof that she is, says, that she *can* forgive me, and *does*, on this one condition, That I will never molest her more—The whole letter so written, as to make *herself* more admired, me more detested.

What we have been told of the agitations and workings, and sighings, and sobbings, of the French prophets among us formerly, was nothing at all to the scene exhibited by these maudlin fools, at the reading of these letters; and of some affecting passages extracted from another of my fair implacable's to Miss Howe—Such lamentations for the loss of so charming a relation! Such applaudings of her virtue, of her exalted-ness of soul and sentiment! Such execrations of dis-inheritions! I, not needing *their* reproaches to be flung to the heart with my own reflections, and with the rage of disappointment; as sincerely as any of them admiring her—'What the 'devil,' cried I, 'is all this for? Is it 'not enough to be despised and rejected? Can I help her implacable spirit? '—Would I not repair the evils I have 'made her suffer?'—Then was I ready to curse them all, herself and Miss

Howe

house, his company: and heartily I desire that she should yet be mine.

Once more, it, over again to thee—Were her death to follow in a week after the knot is tied, by the Lord of Heaven, it *shall* be tied, and she shall die a Lovelace! Tell her so, if thou wilt: but, at the same time, tell her, that I have *no view to her fortune*; and that I will solemnly resign that, and all pretensions to it, in whose favour she pleases, if she resign life itself.—I am not so low-minded a wretch as to be guilty of any sordid views to her fortune.—Let her judge for herself then, whether it be not for her honour rather to leave this world a Lovelace than a Harlowe.

But do not think I will entirely rest a cause so near my heart, upon an advocate, who so much more admires his client's adversary, than his client. I will go to town in a few days, in order to throw myself at her feet: and I will carry with me, or have at hand, a *resolute, well-prepared* parson; and the ceremony shall be performed, let what will be the consequence.

But if she will permit me to attend her for this purpose at either of the churches mentioned in the licence; (which she has by her, and, thank Heaven! has not returned me with my letters) then will I not disturb her; but meet her at the altar in either church, and will engage to bring my two cousins to attend her, and even Lady Sarah and Lady Betty; and my Lord M. in person shall give her to me.

Or, if it will be still more agreeable to her, I will undertake, that either Lady Sarah or Lady Betty, or both, shall go to town, and attend her down; and the marriage shall be celebrated in their presence, and in that of Lord M. either here or elsewhere, at her own choice.

Do not play me booty, Belford; but sincerely and warmly use all the eloquence thou art master of, to prevail upon her to chuse one of these three methods. One of them she *must* chuse —By my soul, she must.

Here is Charlotte tapping at my closet door for admittance. What a devil wants Charlotte!—I will hear no more reproaches!—'Come in, girl!'

My cousin Charlotte, finding me writing on with too much earnestness to have any regard for politeness to her, and guessing at my subject, besought me to let her see what I had written.

I obliged her, and she was so highly pleased on seeing me so much in earnest, that *she* offered, and I accepted her offer, to write a letter to Miss Harlowe; with permission to treat me in it as she thought fit.

I shall inclose a copy of her letter.

When she *had* written it, she brought it to me, with apologies for the freedom taken with me in it: but I excused it; and she was ready to have given me a kiss for joy of my approbation: and I gave her two for writing it; telling her, I had hopes of success from it; and that I thought she had luckily hit it off.

Every-one approves of it, as well as I; and is pleased with me for so patiently submitting to be abused, and undertaken for.—If it do not succeed, all the blame will be thrown upon the dear creature's perverseness: her charitable or forgiving disposition, about which she makes so much parade, will be justly questioned; and the pity of which she is now in full possession, will be transferrred to me.

Putting, therefore, my whole confidence in this letter, I postpone all my other alternatives, as also my going to town, till my empress send an answer to my cousin Montague.

But if she persist, and will not promise to take time to *consider* of the matter, thou mayest communicate to her what I had written, as above, before my cousin entered; and if she be still perverse, assure her, that I *must* and *will* see her.—But this with all honour, all humility: and, if I cannot move her in my favour, I will then go abroad, and perhaps never more return to England.

I am sorry thou art, at *this critical time*, so busily employed, as thou informest me thou art, in thy Watford affairs, and in preparing to do Belton justice. If thou wanteſt my assistance in the latter, command me. Though engrossed by this perverse beauty, and plagued as I am, I will obey thy first summons.

I have great dependence upon thy zeal and thy friendship: hasten back to her, therefore, and resume a task *so* interesting to me, that it is equally the subject of my dreams, as of my waking hours.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS MONTAGUE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, AUG. 1.

DEAREST MADAM,

ALL our family is deeply sensible of the injuries you have received at the

the hands of one of it, whom you only can render in any manner worthy of the relation he ſtands in to us all: and if, as an act of mercy and charity, the greateſt your pious heart can ſhew, you will be pleaſed to look over his paſt wickedneſs and ingratitude, and ſuffer yourſelf to be our kinſwoman, you will make us the happieſt family in the world: and I can engage that Lord M. and Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance, and my ſiſter, who are all admirers of your virtues, and of your nobleneſs of mind, will for ever love and reverence you, and do every-thing in all their powers to make you amends for what you have ſuffered from Mr Lovelace. This, Madam, we ſhould not, however, dare to petition for, were we not aſſured, that Mr. Lovelace is moſt ſincerely ſorry for his paſt vileneſs to you; and that he will, on his knees, beg your pardon, and vow eternal love and honour to you.

Wherefore, *my deareſt couſin*, [How you will charm us all, if this agreeable ſtile may be permitted!] for *all* our ſakes, for his *ſoul's* ſake, [You muſt, I am ſure, be ſo good a lady, as to wiſh to ſave a ſoul!] and allow me to ſay, for your own fame's ſake, condeſcend to our joint requeſt: and if, by way of encouragement, you will but ſay, you will be glad to ſee, and to be as much known perſonally, as you are by fame, to Charlotte Montague, I will, in two days time from the receipt of your permiſſion, wait upon you, *with* or *without* my ſiſter, and receive your further commands.

Let me, *our deareſt couſin*, [We cannot deny ourſelves the pleaſure of calling you ſo; let me] entreat you to give me your permiſſion for my journey to London; and put it in the power of Lord M. and of the ladies of the family, to make you what reparation they *can* make you, for the injuries which a perſon of the greateſt merit in the world has received from one of the moſt audacious men in it; and you will infinitely oblige us; and particularly her, who repeatedly preſumes to ſtile herſelf, *your affectionate* couſin, *and obliged ſervant*, CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUG. 3. SIX O'CLOCK.

I Have been ſo much employed in my own and Belton's affairs, that I could not come to town till laſt night; having contented myſelf with ſending to Mrs. Lovick, to know, from time to time, the ſtate of the lady's health, of which I received but very indifferent accounts, owing, in a great meaſure, to letters or advices brought her from her implacable family.

I have now completed my own affairs; and, next week, ſhall go to Epſom, to endeavour to put Belton's affairs into poſſeſſion of his own houſe, for him: after which, I ſhall devote myſelf wholly to your ſervice, and to that of the lady.

I was admitted to her preſence laſt night; and found her viſibly altered for the worſe. When I went home, I had your letter of Tueſday laſt put into my hands. Let me tell thee, Lovelace, that I inſiſt upon the performance of thy engagement to me, that thou will not perſonally moleſt her.

Mr. Belford dates again on Thurſday morning ten o'clock, and gives an account of a converſation which he had juſt held with the lady upon the ſubject of Miſs Montague's letter to her, preceding, and upon Mr. Lovelace's alternatives, as mentioned in Letter XXII. *which Mr. Belford ſupported with the utmoſt earneſtneſs. But, as the reſult of this converſation will be found in the ſubſequent letters, Mr. Belford's pleas and arguments in favour of his friend, and the lady's anſwer, are omitted.*

LETTER XXV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS MONTAGUE.

THURSDAY, AUG. 3.

DEAR MADAM,

I Am infinitely obliged to you for your kind and condeſcending letter. A letter, however, which heightens my regrets, as it gives me a new inſtance of what a happy creature I might have been in an alliance ſo much approved of by ſuch worthy ladies; and which, on their accounts, and on that of Lord M. would have been ſo reputable to myſelf, and was once ſo deſirable.

But, indeed, indeed, Madam, my heart ſincerely repulſes the man, who, deſcended from ſuch a family, could be guilty, *firſt*, of ſuch premeditated violence as he has been guilty of; and, as *he* knows, *further* intended me, on the night previous to the day he ſet out for Berkſhire; and, *next*, pretending no ſpirit, could be ſo mean, as to wiſh to lift into that family a perſon he was en-

gable

public of shaking into a companionship with the most abandoned of her sex.

Allow me then, dear Madam, to declare with fervour, that I think I never could deserve to be ranked with the ladies of a family so splendid and so noble, if, by vowing love and honour at the altar to such a violator, I could *sanctify*, as I may say, his unprecedented and elaborate wickedness.

Permit me, however, to make one request to my good Lord M. and to Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, and to your kind self, and your sister—It is, That you will all be pleased to join your authority and interests to prevail upon Mr. Lovelace not to molest me further.

Be pleased to tell him, That, if I am designed for *life*, it will be very cruel in him to attempt to hunt me out of it; for I am determined never to see him more, if I can help it. The more cruel, because he knows, that I have nobody to defend me from him: nor do I wish to engage any-body to *his* hurt, or to their own.

If I am, on the other hand, destined for *death*, it will be no less cruel, if he will not permit me to die in peace—Since a peaceable and happy end I wish him. Indeed I do.

Every worldly good attend you, dear Madam, and every branch of the honourable family, is the wish of one, whose misfortune it is, that she is obliged to disclaim any other title, than that of *dear Madam, your and their obliged and faithful servant*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 3.

I Am just now agreeably surprized by the following letter, delivered into my hands by a messenger from the lady. The letter she mentions, as inclosed, I have returned, without taking a copy of it. The contents of it will soon be communicated to you, I presume, by other hands. They are an absolute rejection of thee—*Poor Lovelace!*

'TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

'SIR, 'AUG. 3.

'YOU have frequently offered to 'oblige me in any-thing that shall be 'within your power: and I have such 'an opinion of you as to be willing to 'hope, that at the times you made 'these offers, you meant more than 'mere compliment.

'I have therefore two requests to 'make to you: the first I will now 'mention; the other, if this shall be 'complied with, otherwise not.

'It behoves me to leave behind me 'such an account as may clear up my 'conduct to several of my friends who 'will not at present concern themselves 'about me: and Miss Howe, and her 'mother, are very solicitous that I will 'do so.

'I am apprehensive that I shall not 'have time to do this; and you will not 'wonder that I have less and less inclination to set about such a painful task; 'especially as I find myself unable to 'look back with patience on what I 'have suffered; and shall be too much 'disposed by the retrospection, were I 'obliged to make it, to proceed with 'the requisite temper in a task of *still 'greater* importance which I have before me.

'It is very evident to me, that your 'wicked friend has given you, from 'time to time, a circumstantial account 'of all his behaviour *to* me, and devices *against* me; and you have more 'than once assured me, that he has done 'my character all the justice I could 'wish for, both by writing and speech.

'Now, Sir, if I may have a fair, a 'faithful specimen from his letters or 'accounts to you, written upon some 'of the most interesting occasions, I 'shall be able to judge, whether there 'will or will not be a necessity for me, 'for my honour's sake, to enter upon 'the solicited task.

'You may be assured, from my in-'*closed* answer to the letter which Miss 'Montague has honoured me with, '(and which you'll be pleased to re-'turn me as soon as read) that it is im-'possible for me ever to think of your 'friend in the way I am importuned to 'think of him: he cannot, therefore, 'receive any detriment from the re-'quested specimen: and I give you my 'honour, that no use shall be made of 'it to his prejudice, in law, or other-'wise. And that it may *not*, after I 'am no more, I assure you that it is a '*main part of my view* that the passages 'you shall oblige me with shall be always 'in your own power, and not in that of 'any other person.

'If, Sir, you think fit to comply with 'my request, the passages I would wish 'to be transcribed (making neither bet-'ter nor worse of the matter) are those 'which

'which he has written to you, on or 'about the 7th and 8th of June, when 'I was alarmed by the wicked pretence 'of a fire; and what he has written 'from Sunday June 11, to the 19th. 'And in doing this you will much 'oblige *your humble servant*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

Now, Lovelace, Since there are no hopes for thee of her returning favour—Since some praise may lie for thy ingenuousness, having never offered [*as more diminutive minded libertines would have done*] to palliate thy crimes by aspersing the lady, or her sex—Since she may be made easier by it—Since thou must fare better from thine own pen, than from hers—And, finally, Since thy actions have manifested, that thy letters are not the most guilty part of what she *knows* of thee—I see not why I may not oblige her, upon her honour, and under the restrictions, and for the reasons she has given; and this without breach of the confidence due to friendly communications; especially, as I might have added, *Since thou glorieſt in thy pen, and in thy wickedneſs, and canſt not be aſhamed.*

But, be this as it may, she *will* be obliged before thy remonstrances or clamours against it can come: so, pr'ythee, now, make the best of it, and rave not; except for the sake of a pretence against me, and to exercise thy talent at execration:—And, if thou likest to do so for these reasons, rave and welcome.

I long to know what the second request is: but this I know, that if it be any-thing less than cutting *thy* throat, or endangering *my* own neck, I will certainly comply, and be proud of having it in my power to oblige her.

And now I am actually going to be busy in the extracts.

LETTER XXVII.

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MADAM, AUG. 3, 4

YOU have engaged me to communicate to you, upon honour, (making neither better nor worse of the matter) what Mr. Lovelace has written to me, in relation to yourself, in the period preceding your going to Hampstead, and in that between the 11th and 19th of June: and you assure me, you have no view in this request, but to see if it be necessary for you, from the account he gives, to touch the pistol subject yourself, for the sake of your own character.

Your commands, Madam, are of a very delicate nature, as they may seem to affect the *secrets of private friendſhip*: but as I know you are not capable of a view, the motives to which you will not own; and as I think the communication may do some credit to my unhappy friend's character, as an *ingenuous* man; though his actions by the most excellent woman in the world have lost him all title to that of an *honourable* one; I obey you with the greater cheerfulness.

He then proceeds with his extracts, and concludes them with an address to her in his friend's behalf in the following words:

'And now, Madam, I have fulfilled 'your commands; and, I hope, have 'not dis-served my friend with you; 'since you will hereby see the justice 'he does to your virtue in every line 'he writes. He does the same in all 'his letters, though to his own con-'demnation: and give me leave to add, 'that if this ever-amiable sufferer can 'think it in any manner consistent with 'her honour to receive his vows at the 'altar, on his truly penitent turn of 'mind, I have not the least doubt, but 'that he will make her the best and 'tenderest of husbands. What obliga-'tion will not the admirable lady here-'by lay upon all *his* noble family, who 'so greatly admire her! and, I will pre-'sume to say upon *her own*, when the 'unhappy family-aversion (which cer-'tainly has been carried to an unrea-'sonable height against him) shall be 'got over, and a general reconciliation 'takes place! For who is it, that would 'not give these two admirable persons 'to each other, were not his morals an 'objection?'

However this be, I would humbly refer to you, Madam, whether, as you will be mistress of very delicate particulars from *me* his friend, you should not in honour think yourself concerned to pass them by, as if you had never seen them; and not to take any advantage of the communication, not even in argument, as some perhaps might lie, with respect to the *premeditated* design he seems to have had, not against you, *as* you; but as against the *sex*; over whom (I am sorry I can bear witness myself) it is the villainous aim of all libertines to triumph; and I would not, if any misunderstanding should arise between him and me, give him room

to reproach me, that his loſing of you, and (through his uſage of you) of his own friends, were owing to what perhaps he would call a breach of truſt, were he to judge rather by the event than by my intention.

I am, Madam, with the moſt profound veneration, *your moſt faithful humble ſervant*,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SIR, FRIDAY, AUG. 4.

I Hold myſelf extremely obliged to you for your communications. I will make no uſe of them, that you ſhall have reaſon to reproach either yourſelf or me with. I wanted no new lights to make the unhappy man's premeditated baſeneſs to me unqueſtionable, as my anſwer to Miſs Montague's letter might convince you.

I muſt own in his favour, that he has obſerved ſome decency in his accounts to you of the moſt indecent and ſhocking actions. And if all his ſtrangely communicative narrations are equally decent, nothing will be rendered criminally odious by them, but the vile heart that could meditate ſuch contrivances as were much ſtronger evidences of his inhumanity, than of his wit: ſince men of very contemptible parts and underſtanding may ſucceed in the vileſt attempts, if they can once bring themſelves to trample on the ſanctions which bind man to man: and ſooner upon an innocent perſon than upon any other: becauſe ſuch a one is apt to judge of the integrity of other hearts, by it's own.

I find I have had great reaſon to think myſelf obliged to your intention in the whole progreſs of my ſufferings. It is, however, impoſſible, Sir, to miſs the natural inference on this occaſion, that lies againſt his predetermined baſeneſs. But I ſay the leſs, becauſe you ſhall not think I borrow, from what you have communicated, aggravations that are not needed.

And now, Sir, that I may ſpare you the trouble of offering any future arguments in his favour, let me tell you, that I have weighed every-thing thoroughly—All that human vanity could ſuggeſt—All that a deſirable reconciliation with my friends and the kind reſpects of his own, could bid me to hope for—The enjoyment of Miſs Howe's friendſhip, the deareſt conſideration to me, now, of all worldly ones—All theſe I have weighed: and the reſult is, and *was* before you favoured me with theſe communications, that I have more ſatisfaction in the hope, that in one month, there will be an end of all with me, than in the moſt agreeable things that could happen from an alliance with Mr. Lovelace, although I were to be aſſured he would make the beſt and tendereſt of huſbands. But as to the reſt; if, ſatisfied with the evils he has brought upon me, he will forbear all further perſecutions of me, I will, to my laſt hour, wiſh him good: although *he hath overwhelmed the fatherleſs, and digged a pit for his friend*: fatherleſs may *ſhe* well be called, and motherleſs too, who has been denied all paternal protection, and motherly forgiveneſs.

AND now, Sir, acknowledging gratefully your favour in the extracts, I come to the ſecond requeſt I had to make you; which requires a great deal of courage to mention: and which courage nothing but a great deal of diſtreſs, and a very deſtitute condition, can give. But, if improper, I can but be denied; and dare to ſay, I ſhall be at leaſt excuſed. Thus, then, I preface it:

You ſee, Sir, that I am thrown abſolutely into the hands of ſtrangers, who, although as kind and compaſſionate as ſtrangers can be wiſhed to be, are nevertheleſs perſons from whom I cannot expect any thing more than pity and good wiſhes; nor can my memory receive from them any more protection than my perſon, if either ſhould need it.

If then I requeſt it, of the *only* perſon poſſeſſed of materials that will enable him to do my character juſtice;

And who has courage, independence, and ability to oblige me;

To be the protector of my memory, as I may ſay;

And to be my *executor*; and to ſee ſome of my dying requeſts performed;

And if I leave it to him to do the whole in his own way, manner, and time: conſulting, however, in requiſite caſes, my deareſt Miſs Howe;

I preſume to hope, that this my ſecond requeſt may be granted.

And if it may, theſe ſatisfactions will accrue to me from the favour done me, and the office undertaken:

It will be an honour to my memory, with all thoſe who ſhall know, that I

was

was ſo well ſatisfied of my innocence, that having not time to write my own ſtory, I could entruſt it to the relation which the deſtroyer of my fame and fortunes has given of it.

I ſhall not be apprehenſive of involving any one in troubles or hazards by this taſk, either with my own relations, or with your friend; having diſpoſitions to make, which perhaps my own friends will not be ſo well pleaſed with as it were to be *wiſhed* they would be; as I intend not unreaſonable ones; but you know, Sir, where *ſelf* is judge, matters, even with *good people*, will not always be rightly judged of.

I ſhall alſo be freed from the pain of recollecting things, that my ſoul is vexed at; and this at a time when it's tumults ſhould be allayed; in order to make way for the moſt important preparation.

And who knows, but that Mr. Belford, who already, from a principle of humanity, is touched at my misfortunes, when he comes to revolve the whole ſtory, placed before him in one ſtrong light; and when he ſhall have the cataſtrophe likewiſe before him; and ſhall become in a manner intereſted in it; who knows, but that, *from a ſtill higher principle*, he may ſo regulate his future actions as to find his own reward in the everlaſting welfare which is wiſhed him by his *obliged ſervant*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE?

LETTER XXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MADAM, FRIDAY, AUG. 4.

I Am ſo ſenſible of the honour done me in yours of this day, that I would not delay for one moment the anſwering of it. I hope you will live to ſee many happy years; and be your own executrix in thoſe points which your heart is moſt ſet upon. But, in caſe of ſurvivorſhip, I moſt cheerfully accept of the ſacred office you are pleaſed to offer me: and you may abſolutely rely upon my fidelity, and if poſſible, upon the literal performance of every article you ſhall enjoin me.

The effect of the kind wiſh you conclude with, has been my concern ever ſince I have been admitted to the honour of your converſation. It ſhall be my whole endeavour that it be not in vain. The happineſs of approaching you, which this truſt, as I preſume, will give me frequent opportunities of doing, muſt neceſſarily promote the deſirable end: ſince it will be impoſſible to be a witneſs of your piety, equanimity, and other virtues, and not aſpire to emulate you. All I beg is, that you will not ſuffer any future candidate, or event, to diſplace me; unleſs ſome new inſtances of unworthineſs appear either in the morals or behaviour of, *Madam, your moſt obliged and faithful ſervant*,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY NIGHT, AUG. 4.

I Have actually delivered to the lady the extracts ſhe requeſted me to give her from your letters. I do aſſure you that I have made the very beſt of the matter for you, *not* that conſcience, but that friendſhip, could oblige me to make. I have changed or omitted ſome free words. The warm deſcription of her perſon in the *fire-ſcene*, as I may call it, I have omitted. I have told her, that I have done juſtice to you, in the juſtice you have done to her unexampled virtue. But take the very words which I wrote to her immediately following the extracts:

'And now, Madam,'— *See the paragraph marked with inverted commas* ['thus] p. 981.

The lady is extremely uneaſy at the thoughts of your attempting to viſit her. For Heaven's ſake, (your word being given) and for pity's ſake, (for ſhe is really in a very weak and languiſhing way) let me beg of you not to think of it.

Yeſterday afternoon ſhe received a cruel letter (as Mrs. Lovick ſuppoſes it to be, by the effect it had upon her) from her ſiſter, in anſwer to one written laſt Saturday, entreating a bleſſing and forgiveneſs from her parents.

She acknowledges, that if the ſame decency and juſtice are obſerved in all your letters as in the extracts I have obliged her with, (as I have aſſured her they are) ſhe ſhall think herſelf freed from the neceſſity of writing her own ſtory: and this is an advantage to thee which thou oughteſt to thank me for.

But what thinkeſt thou is the ſecond requeſt ſhe had to make to me? No

other than that I would be her executor? —Her motives will appear before thee in proper time; and then, I dare to answer, will be satisfactory.

You cannot imagine how proud I am of this trust. I am afraid I shall too soon come into the execution of it. As she is always writing, what a melancholy pleasure will the perusal and disposition of her papers afford me! Such a sweetness of temper, so much patience and resignation, as she seems to be mistress of; yet writing of, and in the midst of *present* distresses! How much *more* lively and affecting, for that reason must her style be; her mind tortured by the pangs of uncertainty, (the events then hidden in the womb of fate) than the dry, narrative, unanimated style of persons, relating difficulties and dangers surmounted; the relator perfectly at ease; and if himself unmoved by his own story, not likely to affect the reader!

SATURDAY MORNING, AUG. 5.

I AM just returned from visiting the lady, and thanking her in person for the honour she has done me; and assuring her, if called to the sacred trust, of the utmost fidelity and exactness.

I found her very ill. I took notice of it. She said, she had received a second hard-hearted letter from her sister; and she had been writing a letter (and that on her knees) directly to her mother; which, *before*, she had not had the courage to do. It was for a last blessing, and forgiveness. No wonder, she said, that I saw her affected. Now that I had accepted of the last charitable office for her, (for which, as well as for complying with her other request, she thanked me) I should one day have all these letters before me: and could she have a *kind one* in return to that she had been now writing, to *counterbalance* the unkind one she had from her sister, she might be induced to shew me both together—otherwise, for her sister's sake, it were no matter how few saw the poor Bella's letter.

I knew she would be displeased if I had censured the cruelty of her relations. I therefore only said, That surely she must have enemies, who hoped to find their account in keeping up the resentments of her friends against her.

'It may be so, Mr. Belford,' said she: 'the unhappy never want enemies. 'One fault, wilfully committed, au'thorizes the imputation of many more. 'Where the ear is opened to accusations, accusers will not be wanting; 'and every-one will officiously come 'with stories against a disgraced child, 'where nothing dare be said in her favour. I should have been wise in 'time, and not have needed to be convinced, by my own misfortunes, of 'the truth of what common experience 'daily demonstrates. Mr. Lovelace's 'baseness, my father's inflexibility, my 'sister's reproaches, are the natural 'consequences of my own rashness; so 'I must make the best of my hard lot. 'Only, as these consequences follow 'one another so closely, while they are 'new, how can I help being a-new affected?'

I asked if a letter written by myself, by her doctor or apothecary, to any of her friends, representing her low state of health, and great humility, would be acceptable? Or if a journey to any of them would be of service, I would gladly undertake it in person, and strictly conform to her orders, to whomsoever she should direct me to apply.

She earnestly desired, that nothing of this sort might be attempted, especially without her knowledge and consent. Miss Howe, she said, had done harm by her kindly intended zeal; and if there were room to expect favour by mediation, she had ready at hand a kind friend, Mrs. Norton, who for piety and prudence, had few equals; and who would let slip no opportunity to endeavour to do her service.

I let her know, that I was going out of town till Monday: she wished me pleasure; and said she should be glad to see me on my return.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXI.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS OF JULY 29. SEE NO. XIX.]

THURSDAY MORN. AUG. 3.

SISTER CLARY,

I Wish you would not trouble me with any more of your letters. You had always a knack at writing; and depended upon making every-one do what you would when you wrote. But your wit and your folly have undone you. And now, as all naughty creatures do, when they can't help themselves, you come begging and praying, and make others as unhappy as yourself.

When I wrote last to you, I *expected* that I should not be at rest.

And so you'd creep on, by little and little, till you'll want to be received again.

But you only hope for *forgiveness*, and a *blessing*, you say. A blessing for what, sister Clary? Think for what! —However, I re'd your letter to my father and mother.

I won't tell you what my father said —One who has the true sense you boast to have of your misdeeds, may guess, without my telling you, what a justly-incensed father would say on such an occasion.

My poor mother—O wretch! What has not your ungrateful folly cost my poor mother!—Had you been less a darling, you would not, perhaps, have been so graceless; but I never in my life saw a cockered favourite come to good.

My heart is full, and I cant't help writing my mind; for your crimes have disgraced us all; and I am afraid and ashamed to go to any publick or private assembly or diversion: and why?—I *need* not say why, when your actions are the subject either of the open talk, or of the affronting whispers of both sexes at all such places.

Upon the whole, I am sorry I have no more comfort to send you: but I find nobody willing to forgive you.

I don't know what *time* may do for you; and when it is seen that your penitence is not owing more to disappointment than to true conviction: for it is too probable, Miss Clary, that, had you gone on as swimmingly as you expected, and had not your feather-headed villain abandoned you, we should have heard nothing of these moving supplications; nor of anything but defiances from *him*, and a guilt gloried in from *you*. And this is every-one's opinion as well as that of *your afflicted sister*,

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

I send this by a particular hand, who undertakes to give it you or leave it for you by to-morrow night.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO HER MOTHER.

SAT. AUG. 5.

HONOURED MADAM,

NO self-convicted criminal ever approached her angry and just judge with greater awe, not with a truer contrition, than I do you by these lines.

Indeed I must say, that if the matter of my humble prayer had not respected my future welfare, I had not dared to take this liberty. But my heart is set upon it, as upon a thing next to God Almighty's forgiveness necessary for me.

Had my happy sister known my distresses, she would not have wrung my heart, as she has done by a severity, which I must needs think unkind and unsisterly.

But complaint of any unkindness from her belongs not to me: yet as she is pleased to write, that it must be seen that my penitence is less owing to disappointment, than to true conviction, permit me, Madam, to insist upon it, that, if such a plea can be allowed me, I am actually *entitled* to the blessing I sue for; since my humble prayer is founded upon a true and unfeigned repentance: and this you will the readier believe, if the creature who never, to the best of her remembrance, told her mamma a wilful falsehood, may be credited, when she declares, as she does in the most solemn manner, that she met the seducer, with a determination not to go off with him: that the rash step was owing more to compulsion than to infatuation; and that her heart was so little in it, that she repented and grieved from the moment she found herself in his power; and for every moment after, for several weeks *before* she had any cause from him to apprehend the usage she met with.

Wherefore, on my knees, my ever-honoured mamma, (for on my knees I write this letter) I do most humbly beg your blessing: say but, in so many words, (I ask you not, Madam, to call me your daughter) —'*Lost, unhappy* '*wretch, I forgive you! and may God bless* '*you!*'—This is all! Let me, on a blessed scrap of paper, but see one sentence to this effect, under your dear hand, that I may hold it to my heart in my most trying struggles, and I shall think it a passport to Heaven. And if I do not too much presume, and it were WE instead of I, and both your honoured names subjoined to it, I should then have nothing more to wish. Then would I say, 'Great and merciful God! 'thou seest here in this paper the poor 'unworthy creature absolved by her 'justly-offended parents; O join, for 'my Redeemer's sake, thy all-gracious 'fiat, and receive a repentant sinner to 'the arms of thy mercy!'

I can

I can conjure you, Madam, by no ſubject of motherly tenderneſs, that will not, in the opinion of my ſevere cenſurers, (before whom this humble addreſs muſt appear) add to my reproach; let me therefore, for God's ſake, prevail upon you to pronounce me bleſt and forgiven, ſince you will thereby ſprinkle comfort through the laſt hours of *your*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIII.

MISS MONTAGUE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS OF AUG. 3. See NO. XXV.]

MONDAY, AUG. 7.

DEAR MADAM,

WE were all of opinion *before* your letter came, that Mr. Lovelace was utterly unworthy of you, and deſerved condign puniſhment, rather than to be bleſſed with ſuch a wife: and hoped far *more* from your kind conſideration for *us*, than any we ſuppoſed you could have for ſo baſe an *injurer*. For we were all determined to love you, and admire you, let *his* behaviour to you be what it would.

But, after your letter, what can be ſaid?

I am, however, commanded to write in all the ſubſcribing names, to let you know how greatly your ſufferings have affected us: to tell you, that my Lord M. has forbid him ever more to enter the doors of the apartments where he ſhall be: and as you labour under the unhappy effects of your friends diſpleaſure, which may ſubject you to inconveniences, his lordſhip, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, beg of you to accept for your life, or, at leaſt, till you are admitted to enjoy your own eſtate, of one hundred guineas *per* quarter, which will be regularly brought you by an eſpecial hand, and of the incloſed Bank bill for a beginning. And do not, deareſt Madam, we all beſeech you, do not think you are beholden (for this token of Lord M's and Lady Sarah's and Lady Betty's love to you) to the *friends of this vile man*; for he has not one friend left among us.

We each of us deſire to be favoured with a place in your eſteem; and to be conſidered upon the ſame foot of relationſhip, as if what was once ſo much our pleaſure to hope *would* be, *had* been.

And it ſhall be our united prayer, that you may recover health and ſpirits, and live to ſee many happy years: and, ſince this wretch can no more be pleaded for, that, when he is gone abroad, as he is now preparing to do, we may be permitted the honour of a perſonal acquaintance with a lady who has no equal. Theſe are the earneſt requeſts, deareſt young lady, of *your affectionate friends and moſt faithful ſervants*,

M.
SARAH SADLEIR.
ELIZ. LAWRANCE.
CHARL. MONTAGUE.
MARTH. MONTAGUE.

You will break the hearts of the three firſt-named more particularly, if you refuſe them your acceptance. Deareſt young lady, puniſh not *them* for *his* crimes. We ſend by a particular hand, which will bring us, we hope, your accepting favour.

Mr. Lovelace writes by the ſame hand; but he knows nothing of our letter, nor we of his: for we ſhun each other; and one part of the houſe holds *us*, another *him*, the remoteſt from each other.

LETTER XXXIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SAT. AUG. 23.

I Am ſo exceſſively diſturbed at the contents of Miſs Harlowe's anſwer to my couſin Charlotte's letter of Tueſday laſt, (which was given her by the ſame fellow that gave me yours) that I have hardly patience or conſideration enough to weigh what you write.

She had need indeed to cry out for mercy for herſelf from *her* friends, who knows not how to ſhew any! She is a true daughter of the Harlowes—By my ſoul, Jack, ſhe is a true daughter of the Harlowes! Yet has ſhe ſo many excellences, that I muſt love her; and, fool that I am, love her the more for her deſpiſing me.

Thou runneſt on with thy curſed nonſenſical *reformado* rote, of dying, dying, dying! and, having once got the word by the end, canſt not help ſoiſting it in at every period! The devil take me, if I don't think thou wouldſt give her poiſon with thy own hands rather than ſhe ſhould recover, and rob thee of the merit of being a conjuror!

But no more of thy curſed knell; thy changes upon death's candleſtick turned bottom-upwards: ſhe'll live to bury me; I ſee that: for, by my ſoul, I can neither

neither eat, drink, nor ſleep; nor, what is ſtill worſe, love any woman in the world but her. Nor care I to look upon a woman now: on the contrary, I turn my head from every-one I meet: except by chance an eye, an air, a feature, ſtrikes me, reſembling hers in ſome glancing-by face; and then I cannot forbear looking again; though the ſecond look recovers me, for there can be nobody like her.

But, ſurely, Belford, the devil's in this woman! The more I think of her nonſenſe and obſtinacy, the leſs patience I have with her. Is it poſſible ſhe can do herſelf, her family, her friends, ſo much *juſtice* any *other* way, as by marrying me? Were ſhe ſure ſhe ſhould live but a day, ſhe ought to die a wife. If her *Chriſtian revenge* will not let her wiſh to do ſo for her *own* ſake, ought ſhe not for the ſake of her family, and of her ſex, which ſhe pretends ſometimes to have ſo much concern for? And if no *ſake* is dear enough to move her Harlowe-ſpirit in my favour, has ſhe any title to the pity that thou ſo pitifully art always beſpeaking for her?

As to the difference which her letter has made between me and the ſtupid family here, [And I muſt tell thee we are all broke in pieces] I value not that of a button. They are fools to anathematize and curſe me, who can give them ten curſes for one, were they to hold it for a day together.

I have one half of the houſe to myſelf; and that the beſt; for the great enjoy that leaſt which coſts them moſt: *grandeur* and *uſe* are two things: the common part is theirs; the ſtate part is mine: and here I lord it, and *will* lord it, as long as I pleaſe; while the two purſy ſiſters, the old gouty brother, and the two muſty nieces, are ſtived up in the other half, and dare not ſtir for fear of meeting me: whom (that's the jeſt of it) they have forbidden coming into their apartments, as I have them into mine. And ſo I have them all priſoners, while I range about as I pleaſe. Pretty dogs and *doggeſſes*, to quarrel and bark at me, and yet, whenever I appear, afraid to pop out of their kennels; or if out before they ſee me, at the ſight of me run growling in again, with their flapt ears, their ſweeping dewlaps, and their quivering tails curling inwards.

And here, while I am thus worthily waging war with beetles, drones, waſps, and hornets, and am all on fire with the rage of ſlighted love, thou art regaling thyſelf with phlegm and rock-water, and art going on with thy reformation-ſcheme and thy exultations in my misfortunes!

The devil take thee for an inſenſible dough-baked varlet! I have no more patience with thee than with the lady; for thou knoweſt nothing either of love or friendſhip, but art as unworthy of the one, as incapable of the other; elſe wouldeſt thou not rejoice, as thou doſt, under the *grimace of pity*, in my diſappointments.

And thou art a pretty fellow, art thou not? to engage to tranſcribe for her ſome parts of my letters written to thee in confidence? Letters that thou ſhouldeſt ſooner have parted with thy curſed tongue, than have owned thou ever hadſt received ſuch: yet theſe are now to be communicated to *her!* But I charge thee, and woe be to thee if it be too late! that thou do not oblige her with a line of mine.

If thou *haſt* done it, the leaſt vengeance I will take, is to break through *my* honour given to thee not to viſit her, as thou wilt have broken through *thine* to me, in communicating letters written under the ſeal of friendſhip.

I am now convinced, too ſadly for my hopes, by her letter to my couſin Charlotte, that ſhe is determined never to have me.

Unprecedented wickedneſs, ſhe calls mine to her. But how does *ſhe* know what love, in it's flaming ardour, will ſtimulate men to do? How does *ſhe* know the requiſite diſtinctions of the words ſhe uſes in this caſe?—To think the *worſt*, and to be able to *make compariſons* in theſe *very* delicate ſituations, muſt ſhe not be leſs delicate than I had imagined her to be?—But ſhe has heard, that the devil is black; and having a mind to make one of me, brays together, in the mortar of her wild fancy, twenty chimney-ſweepers, in order to make one ſootier than ordinary riſe out of the dirty maſs.

But what a whirlwind does ſhe raiſe in my ſoul, by her proud contempts of me! Never, never, was mortal man's pride ſo mortified! How does ſhe ſink me, even in my own eyes!—*Her heart* ſincerely repulſes me, ſhe ſays, for my MEANNESS.—Yet ſhe intends to reap the benefit of what ſhe calls ſo!—Curſe upon her *haughtineſs*, and her *meanneſs*, at the ſame time!—Her haughtineſs to *me*, and her meanneſs to *her own relations*; more unworthy of kindred with her, than I can be, or I am *mean* indeed.

Yet

Yet who but muſt admire, who but muſt adore her? O that curſed, curſed, blaſted! But for the women of that!—Then their damn'd potion! But for ſtyle, and her *unimpaired* intellects, and the *majeſty of her virtue*, ſaved her, as once it did by her humble eloquence, another time by her terrifying menaces againſt her own life.

Yet in both theſe to find her power over me, and my love for her, and to hate, to deſpiſe, and to refuſe me!—She might have done this with ſome ſhew of juſtice, had the laſt intended violation been perpetrated: but to go away conquereſs and triumphant in every light!—Well may ſhe deſpiſe me for ſuffering her to do ſo.

She left me *low* and *mean* indeed!—And the impreſſion holds with her.—I could tear my fleſh, that I gave her not cauſe—that I humbled her not *indeed*;—or that I ſtaid not in town to attend her motions inſtead of Lord M.'s, till I could have exalted myſelf, by giving to myſelf a wife ſuperior to all trial, to all temptation.

I will venture one more letter to her, however; and if that don't do, or procure me an anſwer, then will I endeavour to ſee her, let what *will* be the conſequence. If ſhe get out of my way, I will do ſome noble miſchief to the vixen girl whom ſhe moſt loves, and then quit the kingdom for ever.

And now, Jack, ſince thy hand is in at communicating the contents of private letters, tell her this, if thou wilt. And add to it, That if SHE abandon me, GOD will: and what then will be the fate of *her*

LOVELACE!

LETTER XXXV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO HIS OF AUG. 4. See No. XXX.]

MONDAY, AUG. 7.

AND ſo you have actually delivered to the fair implacable extracts of letters written in the confidence of friendſhip! Take care—Take care, Belford—I do indeed love you better than I love any man in the world: but this is a very delicate point. The matter is grown very ſerious to me. My heart is bent upon having her. And have her I will, though I marry her in the agonies of death.

She is very earneſt, you ſay, that I will not offer to moleſt her. *That*, let me tell her, will abſolutely depend upon herſelf, and the anſwer ſhe returns, whether by pen and ink, or the contemptuous one of ſilence, which ſhe beſtowed upon my laſt four to her: and I will write it in ſuch humble, and in ſuch reaſonable terms, that, if ſhe be not a true Harlowe, ſhe *ſhall* forgive me. But as to the *executorſhip* which ſhe is for conferring upon thee—Thou ſhalt not be her *executor:* let me periſh if thou ſhalt.—Nor ſhall ſhe die. Nobody ſhall be any-thing, nobody ſhall *dare* to be any-thing, to her, but I.—Thy happineſs is already too great, to be admitted daily to her preſence; to look upon her, to talk to her, to hear her talk, while I am forbid to come within view of her window—What a reprobation is this, of the man who was once more dear to her than all the men in the world!—And now to be able to look down upon me, while her exalted head is hid from me among the ſtars, ſometimes with ſcorn, at other times with pity, I cannot bear it.

This I tell thee, that if I have not ſucceſs in my effort by letter, I will overcome the creeping folly that has found it's way to my heart, or I will tear it out in her preſence, and throw it at hers, that ſhe may ſee how much more tender than her own that organ is, which ſhe, and you, and every-one elſe, have taken the liberty to call callous.

Give notice to the people who live back and edge, and on either hand, of the curſed mother, to remove their beſt effects if I am rejected: for the firſt vengeance I ſhall take, will be to ſet fire to that den of ſerpents. Nor will there be any fear of taking them when they are in any act that has *the reliſh of ſalvation in it*, as Shakeſpeare ſays—So that my revenge, if they periſh in the flames I ſhall light up, will be complete as to them.

LETTER XXXVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY, AUG. 7.

LITTLE as I have reaſon to expect either your patient ear, or forgiving heart, yet cannot I forbear to write to you once more, (as a more pardonable intruſion, perhaps, than a viſit would be) to beg of you to put it in my power to atone, as far as it is poſſible to atone, for the injuries I have done you.

Your angelick purity, and my awakened

guilty conscience, are standing records of your exalted merit and of my detestable baseness: but your forgiveness will lay me under an eternal obligation to you.—Forgive me then, my dearest life, my earthly good, the visible anchor of my future hope!—As you (who believe you have something to be forgiven for) hope for pardon yourself, forgive me, and consent to meet me, upon your own conditions, and in whose company you please, at the holy altar, and to give yourself a title to the most repentant and affectionate heart that ever beat in a human bosom.

But perhaps a time of probation may be required. It may be impossible for you, as well from *indisposition* as *doubt*, so soon to receive me to absolute favour as my heart wishes to be received. In this case, I will submit to your pleasure; and there shall be no penance which you can impose, that I will not cheerfully undergo, if you will be pleased to give me hope, that, after an expiation, suppose of months, wherein the regularity of my future life and actions shall convince you of my reformation, you will at last be mine.

Let me beg the favour, then, of a few lines, encouraging me in this *conditional* hope, if it must not be a still *nearer* hope, and a more generous encouragement.

If you refuse me this, you will make me desperate. But even then I must, at all events, throw myself at your feet, that I may not charge myself with the omission of any earnest, any humble effort, to move you in my favour: for in YOU, Madam, in YOUR *forgiveness*, are centered my hopes as to *both worlds*: since to be reprobated finally by *you*, will leave me without expectation of mercy from *above*!—For I am now awakened enough to think, that to be forgiven by injured innocence is *necessary* to the Divine pardon; the Almighty putting into the power of such (as is reasonable to believe) the wretch who causelessly and capitally offends them. And who can be entitled to this power, if YOU are not?

Your cause, Madam, in a word, I look upon to be the *cause of virtue*, and, as such, the *cause of God*. And may I not expect, that he will assert it in the perdition of a man, who has acted by a person of the most spotless purity, as I have done, if *you*, by rejecting me, shew that I have offended beyond the possibility of forgiveness?

I do most solemnly assure you, that no temporal or worldly views induce me to this earnest address. I disclaim forgiveness from you. Nor do my Lord M. and his sisters from me. I despise them from my heart, for presuming to imagine, that I will be commanded by the prospect of any benefits in their power to confer. There is not a person breathing, but yourself, who shall prescribe to me. Your whole conduct, Madam, has been so nobly principled, and your resentments are so admirably just, that you appear to me even in a divine light; and in an infinitely more amiable one at the same time, than you could have appeared in, had you not suffered the barbarous wrongs, that now fill my mind with anguish and horror at my own recollected villainy to the most excellent of women.

I *repeat*, that all I beg for the present, is a few lines, to guide my doubtful steps; and (if possible for you so far to condescend) to encourage me to hope, that, if I can justify my present vows by my future conduct, I may be permitted the honour to style myself *eternally yours*,

R. LOVELACE.

LETTER XXXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO LORD M. AND TO THE LADIES OF HIS HOUSE.

[IN REPLY TO MISS MONTAGUE'S OF AUG. 7. See No. XXXIII.]

TUESDAY, AUG. 8.

EXCUSE me, my good lord, and my ever-honoured ladies, from accepting of your noble quarterly bounty; and allow me to return, with all grateful acknowledgment, and true humility, the inclosed earnest of your goodness to me. Indeed I have no need of the one, and cannot possibly want the other: but, nevertheless, have such a sense of your generous favour, that, to my last hour, I shall have pleasure in contemplating upon it, and be proud of the place I hold in the esteem of such venerable persons, to whom I once had the ambition to hope to be related.

But give me leave to express my concern that you have banished your kinsman from your presence and favour: since now, perhaps, he will be under less restraint than ever; and since I, in particular, who had hoped, by your influences to remain unmolested for the remainder of my days, may be again subjected to his persecutions.

He has not, my good lord, and my

dear ladies, offended againſt *you*, as he has againſt *me*; and yet you could all very generouſly intercede for him with me: and ſhall I be *very* improper, if I decline, for my own peace ſake; for the ſake of other poor creatures, who may be ſtill injured by him, if he be made quite deſperate; and for the ſake of all your worthy family, that you will extend to *him* that forgiveneſs which you hoped for from *me*? And this the rather, as I preſume to think, that his daring impetuous ſpirit will not be ſubdued by violent methods; ſince I have no doubt, that the gratifying of a preſent paſſion will be always more prevalent with him, than any future proſpects, however unwarrantable the one or beneficial the other.

Your reſentments on my account are extremely generous, as your goodneſs to me is truly noble: but I am not without hope, that he will be properly affected by the evils he has made me ſuffer; and that, when I am laid low and forgotten, your whole honourable family will be enabled to rejoice in his reformation; and ſee many of thoſe happy years together, which, my good lord, and my dear ladies, you ſo kindly wiſh to *your ever-grateful and obliged*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, AUG. 10.

YOU have been informed by Tourville, how much Belton's illneſs and affairs have engaged *me*, as well as Mowbray and him, ſince my former. I called at Smith's on Monday, in my way to Epſom.

The lady was gone to chapel: but I had the ſatisfaction to hear ſhe was not worſe; and left my compliments, and an intimation that I ſhould be out of town for three or four days.

I refer myſelf to Tourville, who will let you know the difficulty we had to drive out this *meek* miſtreſs, and *frugal* manager, with her cubs, and to give the poor fellow's ſiſter poſſeſſion for him of his own houſe; he ſkulking meanwhile at an inn at Croydon, too diſpirited to appear in his own cauſe.

But I muſt obſerve, that we were probably but juſt in time to ſave the ſhattered remains of his fortune from this rapacious woman, and her accomplices: for as he cannot live long, and ſhe thinks ſo, we found ſhe had certainly taken meaſures to ſet up a marriage, and keep poſſeſſion of all for herſelf and her ſons.

Tourville will tell you how I was forced to chaſtiſe the quondam hoſtler in her ſight, before I could drive him out of the houſe. He had the inſolence to lay hands on me: and I made him take but one ſtep from the top to the bottom of a pair of ſtairs. I thought his neck and all his bones had been broken. And then, he being carried out neck-and-heels, Thomaſine thought fit to walk out after him.

Charming conſequences of *keeping*; the ſtate we have been ſo fond of extolling!—Whatever it may be thought of in ſtrong health, *ſickneſs* and *declining ſpirits* in the keeper, will bring him to ſee the difference.

She ſhould ſoon have him, ſhe told a confident, in the ſpace of ſix feet by five; meaning his bed: and then ſhe would let nobody come near him but whom ſhe pleaſed. The hoſtler-fellow, I ſuppoſe, would then have been his phyſician; his will ready made for him; and widows weeds probably ready provided; who knows, but ſhe to appear in them in his own ſight? As once I knew an inſtance in a wicked wife; inſulting a huſband ſhe hated, when ſhe thought him paſt recovery: though it gave the man ſuch ſpirits, and ſuch a turn, that he got over it, and lived to ſee *her* in her coffin, dreſſed out in the very weeds ſhe had inſulted him in.

So much, for the preſent, for Belton, and his Thomaſine.

I BEGIN to pity thee heartily, now I ſee thee in earneſt, in the fruitleſs love thou expreſſeſt to this angel of a woman; and the rather, as, ſay what thou wilt, it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould get over her illneſs, and her friends implacableneſs, of which ſhe has had freſh inſtances.

I hope thou art not indeed diſpleaſed with the extracts I have made from thy letters for her. The letting her know the juſtice thou haſt done to her virtue in them, is ſo much in favour of thy ingenuouſneſs, (a quality, let me repeat, that gives thee a ſuperiority over common libertines) that I think in my heart I was right; though to any other woman, and to one who had not known the worſt of thee that ſhe could know, it might have been wrong.

If the *end* will juſtify the *means*, it is plain, that I have done well with regard to ye both; ſince I have made *her* eaſier, and *thee* appear in a better light to her,

than

than otherwiſe thou wouldſt have done.

But if, nevertheleſs, thou art diſſatisfied with my having obliged her in a point, which I acknowledge *to be delicate*, let us canvas this matter at our firſt meeting: and then I will ſhew thee what the extracts *were*, and what connexions I gave them in thy favour.

But ſurely thou doſt not pretend to ſay what I ſhall, or ſhall not do, as to the executorſhip.

I am my own man, I hope. I think thou ſhouldſt be glad to have the juſtification of her memory left to one, who, at the ſame time, thou mayſt be aſſured, will treat thee, and thy actions, with all the lenity the caſe will admit.

I cannot help expreſſing my ſurprize at one inſtance of thy ſelf-partiality; and that is, where thou ſayeſt, 'She 'had need, indeed, to cry out for mercy 'herſelf from *her* friends, who knows 'not how to ſhew any.'

Surely thou canſt not think the caſes alike—For ſhe, as I underſtand, deſires but a laſt bleſſing, and a laſt forgiveneſs, for a fault in a manner *involuntary*, if a fault at all; and does not ſo much as *hope* to be *received*; thou, to be forgiven *premeditated* wrongs; (which, nevertheleſs, ſhe forgives, on condition to be no more moleſted by thee) and hopeſt to be *received into favour*, and to make the fineſt jewel in the world thy abſolute property in conſequence of that forgiveneſs.

I will now briefly proceed to relate what has paſſed ſince my laſt, as to the excellent lady. By the account I ſhall give thee, thou wilt ſee, that ſhe has troubles enough upon her, all ſpringing originally from thyſelf, without needing to add more to them by new vexations. And as long as thou canſt exert thyſelf ſo very cavalierly at M. Hall, where every-one is thy priſoner, I ſee not but the bravery of thy ſpirit may be as well gratified in domineering there over half a dozen perſons of rank and diſtinction, as it could be over an helpleſs orphan, as I may call this lady, ſince ſhe has not a ſingle friend to ſtand by her, if I do not; and who will think herſelf happy, if ſhe can refuge herſelf from thee, and from all the world, in the arms of death.

My laſt was dated on Saturday.

On Sunday, in compliance with the doctor's advice, ſhe took a little airing. Mrs. Lovick, and Mr. Smith and his wife were with her. After being at Highgate chapel at divine ſervice, ſhe treated them with a little repaſt; and in the afternoon was at Iſlington church, in her way home; returning tolerably cheerful.

She had received ſeveral letters in my abſence, as Mrs. Lovick acquainted me, beſides yours. Yours, it ſeems, much diſtreſſed her; but ſhe ordered the meſſenger, who preſſed for an anſwer, to be told, that it did not require an immediate one.

On Wedneſday ſhe received a letter from her uncle Harlowe, in anſwer to one ſhe had written to her mother on Saturday on her knees. It muſt be a very cruel one, Mrs. Lovick ſays, by the effects it had upon her: for, when ſhe received it, ſhe was intending to take an afternoon airing in a coach; but was thrown into ſo violent a fit of hyſterics upon it, that ſhe was forced to lie down; and (being not recovered by it) to go to bed about eight o'clock.

On Thurſday morning ſhe was up very early; and had recourſe to the Scriptures to calm her mind, as ſhe told Mrs. Lovick: and weak as ſhe was, would go in a chair to Lincoln's Inn Chapel, about eleven. She was brought home a little better; and then ſat down to write to her uncle. But was obliged to leave off ſeveral times—To ſtruggle, as ſhe told Mrs. Lovick, for an humble temper.—'My heart,' ſaid ſhe to the good woman, 'is a proud heart, and 'not yet, I find, enough mortified to 'my condition; but, do what I can, 'will be for preſcribing reſenting things 'to my pen.'

I arrived in town from Belton's this Thurſday evening; and went directly to Smith's. She was too ill to receive my viſit. But on ſending up my compliments, ſhe ſent me down word, that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee me in the morning.

Mrs. Lovick obliged me with the copy of a Meditation collected by the lady from the Scriptures. She has entitled it, '*Poor Mortals the Cauſe of their 'own Miſery*;' ſo entitled, I preſume, with intention to take off the edge of her repinings at hardſhips ſo diſproportioned to her fault, were her fault even as great as ſhe is inclined to think it. We may ſee by this, the method ſhe takes to fortify her mind, and to which ſhe owes, in a great meaſure, the magnanimity with which ſhe bears her undeſerved perſecutions.

'MEDITATION.

'POOR MORTALS THE CAUSE OF THEIR 'OWN MISERY.

'*SAY not thou, It is through the Lord that 'I fell away; for thou oughteſt not to 'do the thing that he hateth.*

Wash me clean, He hath caused me to err;
for he hath no need of the sinful man.
He himself made man from the beginning,
and left him in the hand of his own coun-
sel.
If thou wilt, to keep the commandments,
and to perform acceptable faithfulness.
He hath set fire and water before thee:
stretch forth thine hand to whether thou
wilt.
He hath commanded no man to do wick-
edly; neither hath he given any man licence
to sin.
And now, Lord, what is my hope?
Truly my hope is only in thee.
Deliver me from all my offences: and
make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.
When thou with rebuke doth chasten man
for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume
away, like as it were a moth fretting a
garment: every man therefore is vanity.
Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon
me; for I am desolate and afflicted.
The troubles of my heart are enlarged.
O bring thou me out of my distresses!"

Mrs. Smith gave me the following particulars of a conversation that passed between herself and a young clergyman, on Tuesday afternoon, who, as it appears, was employed to make enquiries about the lady by her friends.

He came into the shop in a riding-habit, and asked for some Spanish snuff; and finding only Mrs. Smith there, he desired to have a little talk with her in the back-shop.

He beat about the bush in several distant questions, and at last began to talk more directly about Miss Harlowe.

He said, he knew her before her *fall*, [That was his impudent word;] and gave the substance of the following account of her, as I collected it from Mrs. Smith.

She was then, he said, the admiration and delight of every-body: he lamented, with great solemnity her *backsliding*; another of his phrases. Mrs. Smith said, he was a fine scholar: for he spoke several things *she understood not*; and either in Latin or Greek, she could not tell which; but was so good as to give her the English of them without asking. A fine thing, she said, for a scholar to be so condescending!

He said, Her going off with so vile a rake had given great scandal and offence to all the neighbouring ladies, as well as to her friends.

He told Mrs. Smith how much she used to be followed by every-one's eye, however she went abroad, or to church; and praised and blessed by every tongue, as she passed; especially by the poor; that she gave the fashion to the fashionable, without seeming herself to intend it, or to know she did: that, however, it was pleasant to see ladies imitate her in dress and behaviour, who, being unable to come up to her in grace and ease, exposed but their own affectation and awkwardness, at the time that they thought themselves secure of a general approbation because they wore the same things, and put them on in the same manner that *she* did, who had every-body's admiration; little considering, that were *her* person like *theirs*, or if she had had *their* defects, she would have brought up a very different fashion; for that *nature* was her guide in every-thing, and *ease* her study; which, joined with a mingled dignity and condescension in her air and manner, whether she received or paid a compliment, distinguished her above all her sex

He spoke not, he said, his own sentiments only on this occasion, but those of every-body: for that the praises of Miss Clarissa Harlowe were such a favourite topick, that a person who could not speak well upon any other subject, was sure to speak well upon that; because he could say nothing but what he had heard repeated and applauded twenty times over.

Hence it was, perhaps, that this novice accounted for the best things he said himself; though I must own that the personal knowledge of the lady which I am favoured with, made it easy to me to lick into shape what the good woman reported to me, as the character given her by the young Levite: for who, even now, in her decline of health, sees not that all these attributes belong to her?

I suppose he has not been long come from college, and now thinks he has nothing to do but to blaze away for a scholar among the *ignorant*; as such young fellows are apt to think those who cannot cap verses with them, and tell us how an ancient author expressed himself in Latin on a subject, upon which, however, they may know how, as well as that author, to express themselves in English.

Mrs. Smith was so taken with him, that she would fain have introduced him to the lady, not questioning but it would be very acceptable to her to see one who knew her and her friends so well: but this he declined for several *reasons*, as he called them; which he gave. One was, that persons of his cloth

cloth, should be very cautious of the company they were in, especially where sex was concerned, and where a woman had *slurred her reputation*—[I wish I had been there when he gave himself these airs.]—Another, that he was desired to inform himself of her present way of life, and who her visitors were; for, as to the praises Mrs. Smith gave the lady, he hinted, that *she* seemed to be a good-natured woman, and might (though for the ladies sake he hoped not) be too partial and short-sighted to be trusted to, absolutely, in a concern of so high a nature as he intimated the task was which he had undertaken; nodding out words of doubtful import; and assuming airs of great significance, (as I could gather) throughout the whole conversation. And when Mrs. Smith told him, that the lady was in a very bad state of health, he gave a careless shrug—'She may be 'very ill,' says he: 'her disappoint-'ments must have touched her to the 'quick: but she is not bad enough, I 'dare say, yet, to atone for her very 'great lapse, and to expect to be for-'given by those whom she has so much 'disgraced.'

A starched, conceited coxcomb!—What would I give he had fallen in my way!

He departed, highly satisfied with himself, no doubt, and assured of Mrs. Smith's great opinion of his sagacity and learning: but bid her not say any-thing to the lady about him, or his enquiries. And I, for very different reasons, enjoined the same thing.

I am glad, however, for her peace of mind's sake, that they begin to think it behoves them to enquire about her.

LETTER XXXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY, AUG. 11.

MR. Belford acquaints his friend with the generosity of Lord M. and the ladies of his family; and with the lady's grateful sentiments upon the occasion.

He says, that in hopes to avoid the pain of seeing him, [*Mr. Lovelace*] *she intends to answer his letter of the 7th, though much against her inclination.*

'She took great notice,' *says Mr. Belford*, 'of that passage in yours, which 'makes necessary to the *Divine* pardon, 'the forgiveness of a person causelessly 'injured.

'Her grandfather, I find, has en-'abled her, at eighteen years of age, to 'make her will, and to devise [illegible] 'part of his estate to whom she pleases 'in the family, and the rest out of it, '(if she die single) at her own disposi-'tion; and this to create respect to her, 'as he apprehended that she would be 'envied: and she now resolves on the 'about making her will out of hand.'

Mr. Belford insists upon the promise he had made him, not to molest the lady: and gives him the contents of her answer to Lord M. and the ladies of his family, declining their generous offers. See Letter XXXVII.

LETTER XL.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY, AUG. 11.

IT is a cruel alternative, to be either forced to see you, or to write to you. But a will of my own has been long denied me; and to avoid a greater evil, nay, now I may say, the greatest, I write.

Were I capable of disguising or concealing my real sentiments, I might safely, I dare say, give you the remote hope you request, and yet keep all my resolutions. But I must tell you, Sir, (it becomes my character to tell you) that, were I to live more years than perhaps I may weeks, and there were not another man in the world, I could not, I would not, be yours.

There is no *merit* in performing a *duty*.

Religion enjoins me, not only to forgive injuries, but to return good for evil. It is all my consolation, and I bless God for giving me that, that I am now in such a state of mind with regard to you, that I can cheerfully obey its dictates. And accordingly I tell you, that, wherever you go, I wish you happy. And in this I mean to include every good wish.

And now having, with great reluctance I own, complied with one of your compulsatory alternatives, I expect the fruits of it. CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLI.

MR. JOHN HARLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS TO HER MOTHER. See NO. XXXII.]

MONDAY, AUG. 7.

POOR UNGRATEFUL NAUGHTY KINSWOMAN,

YOUR mother neither caring, nor being *permitted*, to write, I am desired

averse to set pen to paper, though I resolved against it.

And so I aim to tell you, that your letters, joined to the occasion of them, almost break the hearts of us all.

Were we sure you had seen your folly, and were *truly* penitent, and, at the same time, that you were so very ill as you pretend, I know not what might be done for you. But we are all acquainted with your moving ways, when you want to carry a point.

Unhappy girl! how miserable have you made us all! We, who used to visit with so much pleasure, now cannot endure to look upon one another.

If you had not known, upon an hundred occasions, how dear you once was to us, you might judge of it now, were you to know how much your folly has unhinged us all.

Naughty, naughty girl! You see the fruits of preferring a rake and libertine to a man of sobriety and morals. Against full warning, against better knowledge. And such a modest creature, too, as you were! How could you think of such an unworthy preference!

Your mother *can't* ask, and your sister knows not in modesty *how* to ask; and so *I* ask you, If you have any reason to think yourself with child by this villain? —You *must* answer this, and answer it truly, before any-thing can be resolved upon about you.

You may well be touched with a deep remorse for your misdeeds. Could I ever have thought that my doating-piece, as every-one called you, would have done thus? To be sure I loved you too well. But that is over now. Yet, though I will not pretend to answer for any-body but myself, for my own part I say, God forgive you! And this is all from *your afflicted uncle*,

JOHN HARLOWE.

THE FOLLOWING MEDITATION WAS STITCHED TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS LETTER, WITH BLACK SILK.

'MEDITATION.

'*O That thou wouldst hide me in the grave!*

'*That thou wouldst keep me secret, till thy wrath be past!*

'*My face is foul with weeping; and on my eye lid is the shadow of death.*

'*My friends scorn me; but mine eye poureth out tears unto God.*

'*A dreadful sound is in my ears; in prosperity the destroyer came upon me!*

'*I have sinned! What shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of men! Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee; so that I am a burden to myself!*

'*When I say, My bed shall comfort me; my couch shall ease my complaint;*

'*Then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions;*

'*So that my soul chuseth strangling, and death rather than life.*

'*I loath it! I would not live always!—Let me alone; for my days are vanity!*

'*He hath made me a bye-word of the people; and aforetime I was as a tabret.*

'*My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart.*

'*When I looked for good, then evil came unto me; and when I waited for light, then came darkness.*

'*And where now is my hope?—*

'*Yet all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.*'

LETTER XLII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ.

THURSDAY AUG. 10.

HONOURED SIR,

IT was an act of charity I begged: only for a last blessing, that I might die in peace. I ask not to be received again, as my severe sister [O! that I had not written to her!] is pleased to say, is my view. Let that grace be denied me when I do.

I could not look forward to my last scene with comfort, without seeking, at least, to obtain the blessing I petitioned for; and that with a contrition so deep, that I deserved not, were it known, to be turned over from the tender nature of a mother, to the upbraiding pen of an uncle! and to be wounded by a cruel question, put by him in a shocking manner; and which a little, a very little time, will better answer than I can: for I am not either a hardened or shameless creature; if I were, I should not have been so solicitous to obtain the favour I sued for.

And permit me to say, that I asked it, as well for my father and mother's sake, as for my own; for I am sure, *they* at least will be uneasy, after I am gone, that they refused it to me.

I should still be glad to have theirs and yours, Sir, and all your blessings, and your prayers: but denied in such a manner, I will not presume again to ask it: relying entirely on the Almighty's; which is never denied, when supplicated for with such true penitence as I hope mine is.

God preserve my dear uncle, and all my

my honoured friend: I prays *your unhappy*

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, MONDAY, AUG. 7.

MY DEAREST CREATURE,

I Can write but juſt now a few lines. I cannot tell how to bear the *ſound* of that Mr. Belford for your executor, cogent as your reaſons for that meaſure are: and yet I am firmly of opinion, that none of your relations ſhould be named for the truſt. But I dwell the leſs upon this ſubject, as I hope (and cannot bear to apprehend the contrary) that you will ſtill live many, many years.

Mr. Hickman, indeed, ſpeaks very handſomely of Mr. Belford. But he, poor man! has not much penetration.—If he had, he would hardly think ſo well of *me* as he does.

I have a particular opportunity of ſending this by a friend of my aunt Harman's; who is ready to ſet out for London, (and this occaſions my hurry) and is to return out of hand. I expect, therefore, by him a large packet from you; and hope and long for news of your amended health: which Heaven grant to the prayers of *your ever-affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY AUG. 11.

I Will ſend you a large packet, as you deſire and expect; ſince I can do it by ſo ſafe a conveyance: but not all that is come to my hand—For I muſt own that my friends are very ſevere;—too ſevere for any-body who loves them not, to ſee their letters. You, my dear, would not call them my *friends*, you ſaid, long ago; but my relations: indeed I cannot call them my relations, I think!—But I am ill; and therefore perhaps more peeviſh than I ſhould be. It is difficult to go out of ourſelves, to give a judgment againſt ourſelves; and yet, oftentimes, to paſs a *juſt* judgment, we ought.

I thought I ſhould alarm you in the choice of my executor. But the ſad neceſſity I am reduced to muſt excuſe me.

I ſhall not repeat any-thing I have ſaid before on that ſubject: but if your objections will not be anſwered to your ſatisfaction by the papers and letters I ſhall incloſe, marked 1, 2, 3, 4, to 9, I muſt think myſelf in another inſtance unhappy; ſince I am engaged too far (and with my own judgment too) to recede.

As Mr. Belford has tranſcribed for me, in confidence, from his friend's letters, the paſſages which accompany this, I muſt inſiſt, that you ſuffer no ſoul but yourſelf to peruſe them; and that you return them by the very firſt opportunity; that ſo no uſe may be made of them that may do hurt either to the original writer, or to the communicator. You'll obſerve I am bound by promiſe to this care. If through my means any miſchief ſhould ariſe, between this *inhumane* and that *inhuman* libertine, I ſhould think myſelf utterly inexcuſeable.

I ſubjoin a liſt of the papers or letters I ſhall incloſe. You muſt return them all when peruſed*.

I am very much tired and fatigued—with—I don't know what—with writing, I think—But moſt with myſelf, and with a ſituation I cannot help aſpiring to get out of, and above!

O my dear! the world we live in is a ſad, a very ſad world!—While under our parents protecting wings, we know nothing at all of it. Book-learned and a ſcribbler, and looking at people as I ſaw them as viſitors or viſiting, I thought I knew a great deal of it. Pitiable ignorance!—Alas! I knew nothing at all!

* 1. A letter from Miſs Montague, dated - - - - - - - - - - Aug. 1.
2. A copy of my anſwer - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Aug. 3.
3. Mr. Belford's letter to me, which will ſhew you what my requeſt was to him, and his compliance with it; and the deſired extracts from his friend's letters - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

With studious wishes for happiness, and the happiness of every one dear to you, I am, and will ever be, *your gratefully affectionate,&c.* CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLV.

MR. ANTONY HARLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN REPLY TO HERS TO HER UNCLE HARLOWE, OF THURSDAY, AUG. 10.]

AUG. 12.

UNHAPPY GIRL!

AS your uncle Harlowe chuses not to answer your pert letter to him; and as mine written to you before, was written as if it were in the spirit of prophecy, as you have found to your sorrow; and as you are now making yourself worse than you are in your health, and better than you are in your penitence, *as we are very well assured*, in order to move compassion; which you do not deserve, having had so much warning: for all these reasons, I take up my pen once more; though I had told your *brother, at his going to Edinburgh*, that I would not write to you, even were you to write to me, without letting him know. So indeed *had we all*; for he prognosticated what would happen, as to your applying to us, when you knew not how to help it.

Brother John has hurt your niceness, it seems, by asking you a plain question, which your mother's heart is too full of grief to let her ask; and modesty will not let your sister ask, though but the consequence of your actions—And yet it *must* be answered, before you'll obtain from your father and mother, and us, the notice you hope for, I can tell you that.

You lived several guilty weeks with one of the vilest fellows that ever drew breath, at bed, as well as board, no doubt, (for is not his character known?) and pray don't be ashamed to be asked after what may naturally come of such free living. This modesty, indeed, would have become you for eighteen years of your life—You'll be pleased to mark that—But makes no good figure compared with your behaviour since the beginning of April last. So pray don't take it up, and wipe your mouth upon it, as if nothing had happened.

But, may-be, I likewise am too shocking to your niceness!—O girl, girl! your modesty had better been shewn at the right time and place!—Every-body but you believed what the rake was. But you would believe nothing bad of him—What think you now?

Your folly has ruined all our peace. And who knows where it may yet end? Your poor father but yesterday shewed me this text—With bitter grief he shewed it me, poor man:—and do you lay it to your heart:

'A father waketh for his daughter, 'when no man knoweth; and the care 'for her taketh away his sleep—When 'she is young, lest she pass away the 'flower of her age:'—[*and you know what proposals were made to you at different times*]—'and, being married, lest she should 'be hated: in her virginity, lest she 'should be defiled, and gotten with child 'in her father's house:'—[*I don't make 'the words, mind that*]—'and, having an 'husband, lest she should misbehave her-'self.'—*And what follows?*—'Keep a sure 'watch over a shameless daughter,'—[*yet no watch could hold you!*]—'lest she 'make thee a laughing stock to thine 'enemies,' [*as you have made us all to this cursed Lovelace*] 'and a bye-word in the 'city, and a reproach among the people, 'and make thee ashamed before the mul-'titude.' *Ecclus.* xlii. 9, 10, *&c.*

Now will you wish you had not written pertly. Your sister's severities!—Never, girl, say that is *severe*, that is *deserved*. You know the meaning of words. Nobody better. Would to the Lord you had acted up but to one half of what you know! Then had we not been disappointed and grieved, as we all have been: and nobody more than him who was *your loving uncle*,

ANTONY HARLOWE.

This will be with you to-morrow. Perhaps you may be suffered to have some part of your estate, after you have smarted a little more. Your pertly-answered uncle John, who is your trustee, will not have you be destitute. But we hope all is not true *that we hear of you*.—Only take care, I advise you, that, bad as you have acted, you act not still worse, if it be possible to act worse. *Improve upon the hint.*

LETTER XLVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO ANTONY HARLOWE, ESQ.

SUNDAY AUG. 13.

HONOURED SIR,

I Am very sorry for my pert letter to my uncle Harlowe. Yet I did not intend it to be pert. People *new* to misfortune

fortune may be too eaſily moved to impatience.

The fall of a regular perſon, no doubt, is dreadful and inexcuſable. It is like the ſin of apoſtaſy. Would to Heaven, however, that I had had the circumſtances of mine enquired into!

If, Sir, I make myſelf worſe than I am in my health, and better than I am in my penitence, it is fit I ſhould be puniſhed for my double diſſimulation: and *you* have the pleaſure of being one of my puniſhers. My ſincerity, in both reſpects, will, however, be beſt juſtified by the event. To *that* I refer.—May Heaven give you always as much comfort in reflecting upon the reprobation I have met with, as you ſeem to have pleaſure in mortifying a poor creature, *extremely* mortified; and that from a *right* ſenſe, as ſhe preſumes to hope, of her own fault!

What you have *heard of me* I cannot tell. When the neareſt and deareſt relations give up an unhappy wretch, it is not to be wondered at, that thoſe who are *not* related to her are ready to take up and propagate ſlanders againſt her. Yet I think I may defy calumny itſelf, and (excepting the fatal, though involuntary ſtep of *April* 10) wrap myſelf in my own innocence, and be eaſy. I thank you, Sir, nevertheleſs, for your *caution*, mean it what it will.

As to the queſtion required of me to anſwer, and which is allowed to be too ſhocking either for a mother to put to a daughter, or a ſiſter to a ſiſter; and which, however, *you* ſay I *muſt* anſwer—O Sir!—And *muſt* I anſwer?—This then be my anſwer:—'A *little* time, a much 'leſs time than is imagined, will afford 'a more ſatisfactory anſwer to my whole 'family, and even to my *brother* and *ſiſter*, 'than I can give in words.'

Nevertheleſs, be pleaſed to let it be remembered that I did not petition for a reſtoration to favour. I could not hope for that. Nor yet to be put in poſſeſſion of any part of my own eſtate. Nor even for means of neceſſary ſubſiſtence from the produce of that eſtate—But only for a bleſſing; for a *laſt* bleſſing!

And this I will further add, becauſe it is *true*, that I have no wilful crime to charge againſt myſelf: no free living at bed and at board, as you phraſe it!

Why, why, Sir, were not *other* enquiries made of me, as well as this ſhocking one?—Enquiries that modeſty would have permitted a mother or a ſiſter to make; and, which, if I may be excuſed to ſay ſo, would have been [illegible] proper, and more charitable, to [illegible] been made by *them*, (were the matter *forbidden*, or the ſiſter *not* [illegible] to make them) than thoſe they have made.

Although my humble application has brought upon me ſo much ſevere reproach, I repent not that I have written to my mother; (although I cannot but wiſh that I had not written to my ſiſter) becauſe I have ſatisfied a dutiful conſciouſneſs by it, however unanſwered by the wiſhed-for ſucceſs. Nevertheleſs, I cannot help ſaying, that mine is indeed a hard fate, that I cannot beg pardon for my capital error, without doing it in ſuch terms, as ſhall be an aggravation of the offence.

But I had beſt leave off, leſt, as my full mind, I find, is riſing to my pen, I have other pardons to beg as I multiply lines, where none will be given.

God Almighty bleſs, preſerve, and comfort my dear ſorrowing and grievouſly offended father and mother!—And continue in honour, favour, and merit, my happy ſiſter! May God forgive my brother, and protect him from the violence of his own temper, as well as from the deſtroyer of his ſiſter's honour!—And may you, my dear uncle, and you no leſs now than ever dear brother, my ſecond papa, as he uſed to bid me call him, be bleſſed and happy in them, and in each other!—And, in order to this, may you all ſpeedily baniſh from your remembrance for ever *the unhappy*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVII.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MONDAY AUG. 14.

ALL your friends here, my dear young lady, now ſeem ſet upon propoſing to you to go to one of the plantations. This, I believe, is owing to ſome miſrepreſentations of Mr. Brand; from whom they have received a letter.

I wiſh, with all my heart, that you could, conſiſtently with your own notions of honour, yield to the preſſing requeſt of all Mr. Lovelace's family in his behalf. This, I think, would ſtop every mouth, and, in time, reconcile everybody to you. For your own friends will not believe that he is in earneſt to marry you; and the hatred between the families is ſuch, that they will not condeſcend to inform themſelves better; nor would believe *him*, if he *were* ever ſo ſolemnly to avow that he is.

I ſhould be very glad to have in readineſs, upon occaſion, ſome brief particulars of your ſad ſtory under your own hand. But let me tell you, at the ſame time, that no miſrepreſentation, nor even your own confeſſion, ſhall leſſen my opinion either of your piety, or of your prudence in eſſential points; becauſe I know it was always your humble way to make lighe faults heavy againſt yourſelf: and well might you, my deareſt young lady, aggravate your own failings, who ever had ſo few; and thoſe few ſo ſlight, that your ingenuouſneſs has turned moſt of them into excellences.

Nevertheleſs, let me adviſe you, my dear Miſs Clary, to diſcountenance any viſits, which, with the cenſorious, may affect your character. As *that* has not hitherto ſuffered by your *wilful* default, I hope you will not, in a deſponding negligence, (ſatisfying yourſelf with a conſciouſneſs of your own innocence) permit it to ſuffer. Difficult ſituations, you know, my dear young lady, are the teſts not only of prudence, but of virtue.

I think, I *muſt* own to you, that, ſince Mr. Brand's letter has been received, I have a renewed prohibition to attend you. However, if you will give me leave, that ſhall not detain me from you. Nor would I ſtay for that leave, if I were not in hopes, that in this critical ſituation I may be able to do you ſervice here.

I have often had meſſages and enquiries after your health from the truly reverend Dr. Lewen, who has always expreſſed, and ſtill expreſſes, infinite concern for you. He entirely diſapproves of the meaſures of the family with regard to you. He is too much indiſpoſed to go abroad. But, were he in good health, he would not, as I underſtand, viſit at Harlowe Place; having ſome time ſince been unhandſomely treated by your brother, on his offering to mediate for you with your family.

I AM juſt now informed, that your couſin Morden is arrived in England. He is at Canterbury, it ſeems, looking after ſome concerns he has there; and is ſoon expected in theſe parts. Who knows what may ariſe from his arrival?—God be with you, my deareſt Miſs Clary, and be your comforter and ſuſtainer. And never fear but he will; for I am ſure, I am very ſure, that you put your whole truſt in Him.

And what, after all, is this world, on which we ſo much depend for durable good, poor creatures that we are!—When all the joys of it, and (what is a balancing comfort) all the *troubles* of it, are but momentary, and vaniſh like a morning dream!

And be this remembered, my deareſt young lady, that worldly joys claim no kindred with the joys we are bid to aſpire after. Theſe latter we muſt be fitted for by affliction and diſappointment. You are therefore in the direct road to glory, however thorny the path you are in. And I had almoſt ſaid, that it depends upon yourſelf, by your patience, and by your reſignedneſs to the diſpenſation, (God enabling you, who never fails the true penitent, and ſincere invoker) to be an heir of a bleſſed immortality.

But this glory, I humbly pray, that you may not be permitted to enter into, ripe as you are ſo ſoon likely to be for it, till with your gentle hand (a pleaſure I have ſo often, as you know, promiſed to myſelf) you have cloſed the eyes of *your maternally affectionate*

JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XLVIII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON.

THURSDAY, AUG. 17.

WHAT Mr. Brand, or any-body can have written or ſaid to my prejudice, I cannot imagine; and yet ſome evil reports have gone out againſt me; as I find by ſome hints, in a very ſevere letter written to me by my uncle Antony. Such a letter as I believe was never written to any poor creature, who, by ill health of body, as well as mind, was before tottering on the brink of the grave. But my friends may poſſibly be better juſtified than the reporters—For who knows what they may have heard?

You give me a kind caution, which ſeems to imply *more* than you expreſs, when you adviſe me againſt countenancing viſitors that may diſcredit me. You ſhould, in ſo tender a point, my dear Mrs. Norton, have ſpoken quite out. Surely, I have had afflictions enough to ſtrengthen my mind, and to enable it to bear the worſt that can now happen. But I will not puzzle myſelf by *conjectured evils*; as I *might* perhaps do, if I had not enough that were *certain*. I ſhall hear all, when it is thought proper that I ſhould. Mean time, let

me

me ſay, for your ſatisfaction, that I know not that I have any-thing criminal or diſreputable to anſwer for, either in word or deed, ſince the fatal 10th of April laſt.

You deſire an account of what paſſes between me and my friends; and alſo particulars, or brief heads, of my ſad ſtory, in order to ſerve me as occaſions ſhall offer. My dear good Mrs. Norton, you ſhall have a whole packet of papers, which I have ſent to my Miſs Howe, when ſhe returns them; and you ſhall have likewiſe another packet, (and that with this letter) which I cannot at preſent think of ſending to that dear friend, for the ſake of my *own relations*; whom, without ſeeing that packet, ſhe is but too ready to cenſure heavily. From theſe you will be able to collect a great deal of my ſtory. But for what is previous to theſe papers, and which more particularly relates to what I have ſuffered from Mr. Lovelace, you muſt have patience; for at preſent I have neither head nor heart for ſuch ſubjects. The papers I ſend you with this, will be thoſe mentioned in the margin*. You muſt reſtore them to me as ſoon as peruſed; and upon your honour make no uſe of them, or of any intelligence you have from me, but by my previous conſent.

Theſe communications you muſt not, my good Mrs. Norton, look upon as appeals againſt my relations. On the contrary, I am heartily ſorry, that they have incurred the diſpleaſure of ſo excellent a divine as Dr. Lewen. But you deſire to have every thing before you: and, I think you *ought*; for who knows, as you ſay, but you may be applied to at laſt to adminiſter comfort from their conceding hearts, to one that wants it; and who ſometimes judging by what ſhe knows of her own heart, thinks herſelf entitled to it?

I know that I have a moſt indulgent and ſweet-tempered mother; but having to deal with violent ſpirits, ſhe has too often forfeited that peace of mind which ſhe ſo much prefers, by her over-concern to preſerve it.

I am ſure ſhe would not have turned me over for an anſwer to a letter written with ſo contrite and ſervent a ſpirit, as was mine to her, to a moſtuſing ſpirit, had ſhe been left to herſelf.

But, my dear Mrs. Norton, might not, think you, the revered lady have favoured me with one *private* line? If not, might not *you* have written by her order, or connivance, one ſoftening, one *motherly* line, when ſhe ſaw her poor girl, whom once ſhe dearly loved, borne ſo hard upon?

O no, ſhe might not!—Becauſe her heart, to be ſure, is in their meaſures!—And if *ſhe* think them right, perhaps they *muſt be right*!—At leaſt knowing only what *they* know, they muſt!—And yet they *might* know all, if they would!—And poſſibly, in their own good time, they think to make proper enquiry.—My application was made to them but *lately*.—Yet how deeply will it afflict them, if *their* time ſhould be *out of time!*

When you have before you the letters I have ſent to Miſs Howe, you will ſee, that Lord M. and the ladies of his family, jealous as they are of the honour of *their houſe*, (to expreſs myſelf in their language) think better of me than my own relations do. You will ſee an inſtance of their generoſity to me, which, at the time, extremely affected me, and indeed ſtill affects me. Unhappy man! gay, inconſiderate, and cruel! What has been his gain, by making unhappy a creature who hoped to make him happy! And who was determined to deſerve the love of all to whom he is related!—Poor man!—But you will miſtake a compaſſionate and placable nature, for love!—He took care, great care, that I ſhould rein-in betimes any paſſion that I might have had for him, had he known how to be but commonly grateful or generous!—But the Almighty knows what is beſt for his poor creatures.

Some of the letters in the ſame packet will alſo let you into the knowledge of a ſtrange ſtep which I have taken, (ſtrange you will think it;) and at the ſame time, give you my reaſons for taking it.

It muſt be expected, that ſituations uncommonly difficult, will make ne-

* 1. A copy of mine to my ſiſter, begging off my father's malediction dated July 22.
2. My ſiſter's anſwer - - - - - - - - - dated July 27.
3. Copy of my ſecond letter to my ſiſter - - - - dated July 29.
4. My ſiſter's anſwer - - - - - - - dated Aug. 3.
5. Copy of my letter to my mother - - - - - dated Aug. 5.
6. My uncle Harlowe's letter - - - - - - dated Aug. 7.
7. Copy of my anſwer to it - - - - - - - dated the 10th.
8. Letter from my uncle Antony - - - - - dated the 12th.
And, laſtly, the copy of my anſwer to it. - - - - dated the 13th.

ceſſary ſome extraordinary ſteps, which, but for thoſe ſituations, would be hardly excuſeable. It will be very happy indeed, and ſomewhat wonderful, if all the meaſures I have been driven to take ſhould be right. A pure intention, void of all undutiful reſentment, is what muſt be my conſolation, whatever others may think of thoſe meaſures, when they come to know them: which, however, will hardly be, till it is out of my power to juſtify them, or to anſwer for myſelf.

I am glad to hear of my couſin Morden's ſafe arrival. I ſhould wiſh to ſee him, methinks; but I am afraid, that he will ſail with the ſtream, as it muſt be expected, that he will hear what they have to ſay firſt.—But what I moſt fear, is, that he will take upon himſelf to avenge me—Rather than he ſhould do ſo, I would have him look upon me as a creature utterly unworthy of his concern; at leaſt of his *vindictive* concern.

How ſoothing to the wounded heart of your Clariſſa, how balmy, are the aſſurances of your continued love and favour!—love me, my dear mamma Norton, continue to love me, to the end!—I now think that I may, without preſumption, promiſe to *deſerve* your love to the end. And when I am gone, cheriſh my memory in your worthy heart; for in ſo doing you will cheriſh the memory of one who loves and honours you more than ſhe can expreſs.

But when I am no more, get over, I charge you, as ſoon as you can, the ſmarting pangs of grief that will attend a recent loſs; and let all be early turned into that ſweetly melancholy regard to MEMORY, which, engaging us to forget all faults, and to remember nothing but what was thought amiable, gives more pleaſure than pain to ſurvivors—Eſpecially if they can comfort themſelves with the humble hope, that Divine mercy has taken the dear departed to itſelf.

And what is the ſpace of time to look backward upon, between an early departure, and the longeſt ſurvivance!—And what the conſo ation attending the ſweet hope of meeting again, never more to be ſeparated, never more to be pained, grieved, or aſperſed;—but mutually bleſſing, and being bleſſed, to all eternity!

In the contemplation of this happy ſtate, in which I hope, in God's good time, to rejoice with you, my beloved Mrs. Norton, and alſo with my dear relations, all reconciled to, and bleſſing the child againſt whom they are now ſo much incenſed, I conclude myſelf *your ever-dutiful and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY, AUG. 15.

I Don't know what a devil ails me; but I never was ſo much indiſpoſed in my life. At firſt, I thought ſome of my bleſſed relations here had got a doſe adminiſtered to me, in order to get the whole houſe to themſelves. But, as I am the hopes of the family, I believe they would not be ſo wicked.

I muſt lay down my pen. I cannot write with any ſpirit at all. What a plague can be the matter with me!

LORD M. paid me juſt now a curſed gloomy viſit, to aſk how I do after bleeding. His ſiſters both drove away yeſterday, God be thanked. But they aſked not my leave; and hardly bid me good-bye. My lord was more tender, and more dutiful, than I expected. Men are leſs unforgiving than women. I have reaſon to ſay ſo, I am ſure. For, beſid s implacable Miſs Harlowe, and the old ladies, the two Mantague apes han't been near me yet.

NEITHER eat, drink, nor ſleep!—A piteouſe caſe, Jack! If I ſhould die like a fool now, people would ſay Miſs Harlowe had broken my heart.—That ſhe *vexes* me to the heart, is certain.

Confounded ſqueamiſh! I would fain write it off. But muſt lay down my pen again. It won't do. Poor Lovelace!—What a devil ails thee?

WELL, but now let's try for't—Hoy—Hoy—Hoy! Confound me for a gaping puppy, how I yawn!—Where ſhall I begin? At thy executorſhip—Thou ſhalt have a double office of it: for I really think thou mayſt ſend me a coffin and a ſhroud. I ſhall be ready for them by the time they can come down.

What a little fool is this Miſs Harlowe! I warrant ſhe'll now repent that ſhe refuſed me. Such a lovely young widow—What a charming widow would ſhe have made! How would ſhe have adorned the weeds! To be a widow in the firſt twelve months is one of the greateſt felicities that can befal a fine woman. Such pretty employment in *new diſmals*, when ſhe had hardly worn round her

her *blazing joyfuls!* Such lights, and such shades! how would they set off one another, and be adorned by the wearer!

'Go to the devil!—I *will* write!—'Can I do any-thing else?'

They would not have me write, Belford.—I must be ill indeed, when I can't write.

But thou seemest nettled, Jack! Is it because I was stung? It is not for two friends, any more than for man and wife, to be out of patience at one time.—What must be the consequence if they are?—I am in no fighting mood just now: but as patient and passive as the chickens that are brought me in broth—For I am come to that already.

But I can tell thee, for all this, be *thy own man*, if thou wilt, as to the executorship, I will never suffer thee to expose my letters. They are too ingenuous by half to be seen. And I absolutely insist upon it, that, on receipt of this, thou burn them all.

I will never forgive thee that impudent and unfriendly reflection, of my *cavaliering* it here over half a dozen persons of distinction: remember, to, thy words *poor helpless orphan*—These reflections are too serious, and thou art also too serious, for me to let these things go off as jesting; notwithstanding the Roman style is preserved; and, indeed, but just preserved. But by my soul, Jack, if I had not been taken thus egregiously cropsick, I would have been up with thee, and the lady too, before now.

But write on, however: and send me copies, if thou canst, of all that passes between our Charlotte and Miss Harlowe. I'll take no notice of what thou communicatest of that sort. I like not the *people here* the worse for their generous offer to the lady. But you see she is as proud, as implacable. There's no obliging her. She'd rather sell her cloaths, than be beholden to any-body, although she would oblige by permitting the obligation.

Oh Lord! Oh Lord!—Mortal ill—Adieu, Jack!

I WAS forced to leave off, I was so ill, at this place. And what dost think! Why Lord M. brought the parson of the parish to pray by me; for his chaplain is at Oxford. I was lain down in my night-gown over my waistcoat, and in a doze: and, when I opened my eyes, who should I see, but the parson, kneeling on one side the bed; Lord M. on the other; Mrs. Greme, who had been sent for to *nurse me*, as they call it, at the feet! 'God 'be thanked, my lord!' said I, in an extasy.—'Where's Miss!'—For I supposed they were going to marry me.

They thought me delirious, at first, and prayed louder and louder.

This rouzed me: off the bed I started; slid my feet into my slippers; put my hand in my waistcoat pocket, and pulled out thy letter with my beloved's meditation in it: 'My lord — Dr. 'Wright — Mrs. Greme — you have 'thought me a very wicked fellow: 'but see! I can read you as good as 'you can read me.'

They stared at one another. I gaped, and read, 'Poor mo-or-tals the cau-o-'ause of their own—their own mis-fer-'ry.'

It is as suitable to my case, as to the lady's, as thou'lt observe, if thou readest it again. At the passage where it is said, That *when a man is chastened for sin, his beauty consumes away*, I stept to the glass, 'A poor figure, by Jupiter!' cried I.—And they all praised and admired me; lifted up their hands and their eyes: and the doctor said, he always thought it impossible, that a man of my sense could be so wild as the world said I was. My lord chuckled for joy; congratulated me; and, thank my dear Miss Harlowe, I got high reputation among good, bad, and indifferent. In short, I have established myself for ever with all here.—But, O Belford, even this will not do!—I must leave off again.

A VISIT from the Montague sisters, led in by the hobbling peer to congratulate my amendment and reformation both in one. What a lucky event this illness with this meditation in my pocket; for we were all to pieces before! Thus, when a boy, have I joined with a crowd coming out of church, and have been thought to have been there myself.

I am incensed at the insolence of the young Levite. Thou wilt highly oblige me, if thou'lt find him out, and send me his ears in the next letter.

My beloved mistakes me, if she thinks I proposed her writing to me as an alternative that should dispense with my attendance upon her. That it shall *not* do, nor did I intend it should, unless she had pleased me better in the contents of her letter than she has done.

Bid

bid her read again. I gave no such leave. I would have been with her in spite of you both, by to-morrow, at farthest, had I not been laid by the heels thus, like a helpless miscreant.

But I grow better and better every hour, I say: the *doctor* says not? but I am sure I know best: and I will soon be in London, depend on't. But say nothing of this to my dear, cruel, and implacable Miss Harlowe.

A—dieu—u, Ja—aack—What a gaping puppy (Yaw—n! yaw—n! yaw—n!) ails

LOVELACE!

LETTER L.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY, AUG. 14.

I Am extremely concerned for thy illness. I should be very sorry to lose thee. Yet, if thou dieſt ſo ſoon, I could wiſh, from my ſoul, it had been before the beginning of laſt April: and this as well for thy ſake, as for the ſake of the moſt excellent woman in the world: for then thou wouldſt not have had the moſt crying ſin of thy life to anſwer for.

I was told on Saturday, that thou wert very much out of order; and this made me forbear writing till I heard further. Harry, on his return from thee, confirmed the bad way thou art in. But I hope Lord M. in his unmerited tenderneſs for thee, thinks the worſt of thee. What can it be, Bob? A violent fever, they ſay; but attended with odd and ſevere ſymptoms.

I will not trouble thee, in the way thou art in, with what paſſes here with Miſs Harlowe. I wiſh thy repentance as ſwift as thy illneſs: and as efficacious, if thou dieſt; for it is elſe to be feared, that ſhe and you will never meet in one place.

I told her how ill you are. 'Poor 'man!' ſaid ſhe. '*Dangerouſly* ill, ſay 'you?'

'Dangerouſly *indeed*, Madam!—So 'Lord M. ſends me word!'

'God be merciful to him, if he die!' —ſaid the admirable creature.—Then, after a pauſe, 'Poor wretch!—May 'he meet with the mercy he has not 'ſhewn!'

I ſend this by a ſpecial meſſenger: for I am impatient to hear how it goes with thee.—If I have received thy *laſt* letter, what melancholy reflections will that laſt, ſo full of ſhocking levity, give to *thy true friend*,

JOHN BELFORD!

LETTER LI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, AUG. 15.

THANK thee, Jack; moſt heartily I thank thee, for the ſober concluſion of thy laſt!—I have a good mind, for the ſake of it, to forgive thy till-now abſolutely unpardonable extracts.

But doſt think I will loſe ſuch an angel, ſuch a *forgiving* angel, as this?—By my ſoul, I will not!—To pray for mercy for ſuch an ungrateful miſcreant!—How ſhe wounds me, how ſhe cuts me to the ſoul, by her exalted generoſity!—But SHE muſt have mercy upon me firſt!—Then will ſhe teach me a reliance for the ſake of which her prayer for me will be anſwered.

But haſten, haſten to me, particulars of her health, of her employments, of her converſation.

I am ſick only of love!—O that I could have called her mine!—It would then have been worth while to be ſick!—To have ſent for her down to me from town; and to have had her, with healing in her dove-like wings, flying to my comfort; her duty and her choice to pray for me, and to bid me live for her ſake!—O Jack! what an angel have I—

But I *have not* loſt her!—I *will not* loſe her! I am almoſt well; ſhould be quite well, but for theſe preſcribing raſcals, who to do credit to their ſkill, will make the diſeaſe of importance.—And I will make her mine!—And be ſick again; to entitle myſelf to her *dutiful* tenderneſs, and *pious* as well as *perſonal* concern!

God for ever bleſs her!—Haſten, haſten particulars of her!—I am ſick of love!—Such generous goodneſs!—By all that's great and good I will not loſe her!—So tell her!—She ſays, that ſhe could not pity me, if ſhe thought of being mine! This, according to Miſs Howe's tranſcriptions to Charlotte.—But bid her hate me, and have me: and my behaviour to her ſhall ſoon turn that hate to love!—For, body and mind, I will be wholly hers.

LETTER

LETTER LII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, AUG. 17.

I Am ſincerely rejoiced to hear that thou art already ſo much amended, as thy ſervant tells me thou art. Thy letter looks as if thy morals were mending with thy health. This was a letter I *could* ſhew, as I *did*, to the lady.

She is very ill: (Curſed letters received from her implacable family!) ſo I could not have much converſation with her, in thy favour, upon it.—But what paſſed will make thee more and more adore her.

She was very attentive to me, as I read it; and, when I had done, 'Poor 'man!' ſaid ſhe, 'what a letter is this! 'He had timely inſtances, that my tem- 'per was not ungenerous, if generoſity 'could have obliged him! But his re- 'morſe, and that for *his own* ſake, is all 'the puniſhment I wiſh him.—Yet I 'muſt be more reſerved, if you write to 'him every-thing I ſay!'

I extolled her unbounded goodneſs —How could I help it, though to her face!

No goodneſs in it! ſhe ſaid—It was a frame of mind ſhe had endeavoured after, for *her own ſake*. She ſuffered too much in want of mercy, not to wiſh it to a penitent heart.—'He *ſeems* to be 'penitent,' ſaid ſhe; 'and it is not for 'me to judge beyond appearances.—If 'he be not, he deceives himſelf more 'than any-body elſe.'

She was ſo ill, that this was all that paſſed on the occaſion.

What a fine ſubject for tragedy would the injuries of this lady, and her behaviour under them, both with regard to her implacable friends, and to her perſecutor, make! What a grand objection as to the moral, nevertheleſs; for here virtue is puniſhed! Except indeed we look forward to the rewards of HEREAFTER, which morally, *ſhe* muſt be ſure of, or who can? Yet, after all, I know not, ſo ſad a fellow art thou, and ſo vile an huſband mighteſt thou have made, whether her virtue is not rewarded in miſſing thee: for things the moſt grievous to human nature, when they happen, as this charming creature once obſerved, are often the happieſt for us in the event.

I have frequently thought, in my attendance on this lady, That if Belton's admired author, Nick Rowe, had had ſuch a character before him, he would have drawn another ſort of a Penitent than he *has* done, or given his play, which he calls *The Fair Penitent*, a better title. Miſs Harlowe is a penitent indeed! I think, if I am not guilty of a contradiction in terms; a penitent without a fault; her parents conduct towards her from the firſt conſidered.

The whole ſtory of the other is a pack of damned ſtuff. Lothario, 'tis true, ſeems ſuch another wicked ungenerous varlet as thou knoweſt who: the author knew how to draw a rake; but not to paint a penitent. Califta is a deſiring luſcious wench, and her penitence is nothing elſe but rage, inſolence, and ſcorn. Her paſſions are all ſtorm and tumult; nothing of the finer paſſions of the ſex, which, if naturally drawn, will diſtinguiſh themſelves from the maſculine paſſions, by a ſoftneſs that will even ſhine through rage and deſpair. Her character is made up of deceit and diſguiſe. She has no virtue; is all pride; and her devil is as much *within* her, as *without* her.

How then can the fall of ſuch a one create a proper diſtreſs, when all the circumſtances of it are conſidered? For does ſhe not brazen out her crime, even after detection? Knowing her own guilt, ſhe calls for Altamont's vengeance on his beſt friend, as if he had traduced her; yields to marry Altamont, though criminal with another; and actually beds that whining puppy, when ſhe had given up herſelf body and ſoul to Lothario; who, nevertheleſs, refuſed to marry her.

Her penitence, when begun, ſhe juſtly ſtiles *The phrenzy of her ſoul*; and, as I ſaid, after having, as long as ſhe could, moſt audaciouſly brazened out her crime, and done all the miſchief ſhe could do, (occaſioning the death of Lothario, of her father, and others) ſhe ſtabs herſelf.

And can this be an act of penitence?

But, indeed, our poets hardly know how to create a diſtreſs without horror, murder, and ſuicide; and muſt ſhock your ſoul, to bring tears from your eyes.

Altamont, indeed, who is an amorous blockhead, a credulous cuckold, and (though painted as a brave fellow, and a ſoldier) a mere Tom Eſſence, and a quarreller with his beſt friend, dies like a fool, (as we are led to ſuppoſe at the concluſion of the play) without either ſword or pop-gun, of mere grief and nonſenſe, for one of the vileſt of her ſex: but the *Fair Penitent*, as ſhe is called, periſhes by her own hand; and, having

having all their past crimes to *laudable piety*, forfeits all claim to *true* penitence, and, in all probability, to future mercy.

But here is Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, a virtuous, noble, wise, and pious young lady; who being ill-used by her friends, and unhappily ensnared by a vile libertine, whom she believes to be a man of honour, is in a manner *forced* to throw herself upon his protection. And he, in order to obtain her confidence, never scruples the deepest and most solemn protestations of honour.

After a series of plots and contrivances, all baffled by her virtue and vigilance, he basely has recourse to the vilest of arts, and to rob her of her honour, is forced first to rob her of her senses.

Unable to bring her, notwithstanding, to his ungenerous views of cohabitation, she over-awes him in the very entrance of a fresh act of premeditated guilt, in presence of the most abandoned of women assembled to assist his devilish purpose; triumphs over them all, by virtue only of her innocence; and escapes from the vile hands he had put her into.

She nobly, not frantickly, resents: refuses to see, or to marry the wretch; who, repenting his usage of so divine a creature, would fain move her to forgive his baseness, and make him her husband: and this, though persecuted by all her friends, and abandoned to the deepest distress, being obliged, from ample fortunes, to make away with her apparel for subsistence; surrounded also by strangers, and forced (in want of others) to make a friend of the friend of her seducer.

Though longing for death, and making all proper preparations for it, convinced that grief and ill-usage have broken her noble heart, she abhors the impious thought of shortening her allotted period; and, as much a stranger to revenge as despair, is able to forgive the author of her ruin; wishes his repentance, and that she may be the last victim to his barbarous perfidy: and is solicitous for nothing so much in this life, as to prevent vindictive mischief *to* and *from* the man who used her basely.

This is penitence!—This is piety!—And hence a distress naturally arises, that must *earthly* affect every heart.

Whatever the ill-usage of this excellent woman is from her relations, she breaks not out into excesses: she strives, on the contrary, to find reason to justify them at her expence; and seems more concerned for their cruelty to her for their sakes hereafter, when she shall be no more, than for her own: for, as to herself, she is sure, she says, God will forgive her, though no one on earth will.

On every extraordinary provocation she has recourse to the Scriptures, and endeavours to regulate her vehemence by sacred precedents. Better people, she says, have been more afflicted than she, grievous as she sometimes thinks her afflictions: and shall she not bear what less faulty persons have borne?—On the very occasion I have mentioned, (some new instances of implacableness from her friends) the inclosed meditation will shew, how mildly, and yet how forcibly she complains. See if thou, in the wicked levity of thy heart, canst apply it to thy case, as thou didst the other. If thou canst not, give way to thy conscience, and that will make the properest application.

'MEDITATION.

'*HOW long will ye vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words!*

'*Be it indeed that I have erred, mine error remaineth with myself.*

'*To her that is afflicted, pity should be shewn from her friend.*

'But she *that is ready to slip with* her *feet, is as a lamp despised in the thought* of them *that are at ease.*

'*There is a shame which bringeth sin, and there is a shame which bringeth glory and grace.*

'*Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me.*

'*If your soul were in my soul's stead, I also could speak as ye do, I could heap up words against you.*

'*But I would strengthen you with my mouth, and the moving of my lips should assuage your grief.*

'Why will ye *break a leaf driven to and fro?* Why will ye *pursue the dry stubble?*

'Why will ye *write bitter words against me, and make me possess the iniquities of my youth?*

'*Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought.*

'*Are not my days few? Cease, then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little—Before I go whence I shall not return; even to the land of darkness, and shadow of death!*'

Let me add, that the excellent lady

is informed by a letter from Mrs. Norton, that Colonel Morden is juſt arrived in England. He is now the only perſon ſhe wiſhes to ſee.

I expreſſed ſome jealouſy upon it, leſt he ſhould have place given over me in the executorſhip. She ſaid, That ſhe had no thoughts to do ſo now; becauſe ſuch a truſt, were he to accept of it, (which ſhe doubted) might, from the nature of ſome of the papers which in that caſe would neceſſarily paſs through his hands, occaſion miſchiefs between my friend and him, that would be worſe than death for her to think of.

Poor Belton, I hear, is at death's door. A meſſenger is juſt come from him, who tells me, He cannot die till he ſees me. I hope the poor fellow will not go off yet; ſince neither his affairs in this world, nor for the other, are in tolerable order. I cannot avoid going to the poor man. Yet am unwilling to ſtir, till I have an aſſurance from you, that you will not diſturb the lady: for I know he will be very loth to part with me, when he gets me to him.

Tourville tells me how faſt thou mendeſt: let me conjure thee not to think of moleſting this incomparable woman. For thy own ſake I requeſt this, as well as for hers, and for the ſake of thy given promiſe: for, ſhould ſhe die within a few weeks, as I fear ſhe will, it will be ſaid, and perhaps too juſtly, that thy viſit has haſtened her end.

In hopes thou wilt not, I wiſh thy perfect recovery: elſe that thou mayeſt relapſe, and be confined to thy bed.

LETTER LIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

SAT. MORN. AUG. 19.

MADAM,

I Think myſelf obliged in honour to acquaint you, that I am afraid Mr. Lovelace will try his fate by an interview with you.

I wiſh to Heaven you could prevail upon yourſelf to receive his viſit. All that is reſpectful, even to veneration, and all that is penitent, will you ſee in his behaviour, if you can admit of it. But as I am obliged to ſet out directly for Epſom, (to perform, as I apprehend, the laſt friendly offices for poor Mr. Belton, whom once you ſaw) and as I think it more likely, that Mr. Lovelace will not be prevailed upon, than that he will, I thought fit to give you this intimation, leſt, if he ſhould come, you ſhould be too much ſurprized.

He flatters himſelf, that you are not ſo ill as I repreſent you to be. When he ſees you, he will be convinced, that the moſt obliging things he can do, will be as proper to be done for the ſake of his own future peace of mind, as for your health-ſake; and, I dare ſay, in fear of hurting the latter, he will forbear the thoughts of any further intruſion; at leaſt, while you are ſo much indiſpoſed: ſo that *one half hour's ſhock*, if it *will* be a ſhock to ſee the unhappy man, (but juſt got up himſelf from a dangerous fever) will be all you will have occaſion to ſtand.

I beg you will not too much hurry and diſcompoſe yourſelf. It is impoſſible he can be in town till Monday, at ſooneſt. And if he reſolves to come, I hope to be at Mr. Smith's before him.

I am, Madam, with the profoundeſt veneration, *your moſt faithful and moſt obedient ſervant*,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO HIS OF AUGUST 17. See LETTER LII.]

SUNDAY, AUG. 20.

WHAT an unmerciful fellow art thou!—A man has no need of a conſcience, who has ſuch an impertinent monitor. But if Nic Rowe wrote a play that anſwers not his title, am I to be reflected upon for that!—I have ſinned; I repent; I would repair—She forgives my ſin; ſhe accepts my repentance: but ſhe won't let me repair—What wouldſt have me to do?

But get thee gone to Belton, as ſoon as thou canſt. Yet whether thou goeſt or not, up I *muſt* go, and ſee what I can do with the *ſweet* oddity myſelf. The moment theſe *proſcribing* varlets will let me, depend upon it, I go. Nay, Lord M. thinks ſhe ought to permit me one interview. His opinion has great authority with me—when it ſquares with my own: and I have aſſured him, and my two couſins, that I will behave with all the decency and reſpect that man can behave with to the perſon whom he moſt reſpects. And ſo I will. Of this, if thou chuſeſt not to go to Belton, meaſn time, thou ſhalt be witneſs.

Colonel Morden, thou haſt heard me

he, is a man of honour and bravery:—But Colonel Morden has had his girls, as well as you and I. And, indeed, either openly or secretly, who has not? The devil always baits with a pretty wench, when he angles for a man, be his age, rank, or degree, what it will.

I have often heard my beloved speak of the colonel with great distinction and esteem. I wish he could make matters a little easier, for her mind's-sake, between the rest of the implacables and herself.

Methinks I am sorry for honest Belton. But a man cannot be ill, or vapourish, but thou liftest up thy shriek-owl note, and killest him immediately. None but a fellow, who is fit for a drummer in Death's forlorn-hope, could take so much delight, as thou dost, in beating a dead march with thy goose-quills.

Whereas didst thou but know thine own talents, thou art formed to give mirth by thy very appearance; and wouldst make a better figure by half, leading up thy brother-bears at Hockley in the Hole, to the musick of a Scots bagpipe. Methinks I see thy clumsy sides shaking (and shaking the sides of all beholders) in these attitudes; thy fat head archly beating time on thy porterly shoulders, right and left by turns, as I once beheld thee practising to the hornpipe at Preston. Thou remembrest the frolick, as I have done an hundred times; for I never before saw thee appear so much in character.

But I know what I shall get by this—Only that notable observation repeated, That thy outside is the worst of thee, and mine the best of me. And so let it be. Nothing thou writest of *this sort* can I take amiss.

But I shall call thee seriously to account, when I see thee, for the extracts thou hast given the lady from my letters, notwithstanding what I said in my last; especially if she continue to refuse me. An hundred times have I myself known a woman deny, yet comply at last; but, by these extracts, thou hast, I doubt, made her bar up the door of her heart, as she used to do her chamber-door, against me.—This, therefore, is a disloyalty that friendship cannot bear, nor honour allow me to forgive.

LETTER LV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

LONDON, AUG. 21, MONDAY.

I believe I am bound to curse thee, Jack. Nevertheless I won't anticipate, but proceed to write thee a longer letter, than thou hast had from me for some time past. So here goes.

That thou mightest have as little notice as possible of the time I was resolved to be in town, I set out in my lord's chariot-and-six yesterday, as soon as I had dispatched my letter to thee, and arrived in town last night: for I knew I could have no dependence on thy friendship where Miss Harlowe's humour was concerned.

I had no other place so ready, and so was forced to go to my old lodgings, where also my wardrobe is; and there I poured out millions of curses upon the whole crew, and refused to see either Sally or Polly; and this not only for suffering the lady to escape, but for the villainous arrest, and for their detestable insolence to her at the officer's house.

I dressed myself in a never-worn suit, which I had intended for one of my wedding suits; and liked myself so well, that I began to think with thee, that my outside was the best of me.

I took a chair to Smith's, my heart bounding in almost audible thumps to my throat, with the assured expectation of seeing my beloved. I clasped my fingers as I was danced along: I charged my eyes to languish and sparkle by turns: I talked to my knees, telling them how they must bend; and, in the language of a charming describer, acted my part in fancy, as well as spoke it to myself—

'Tenderly kneeling, *thus* will I complain:
'*Thus* court her pity; and *thus* plead my pain;
'*Thus* sigh for fancy'd frowns, if frowns
'should rise;
'And *thus* meet favour in her soft'ning eyes.'

In this manner entertained I myself, till I arrived at Smith's; and there the fellows set down their gay burden. Off went their hats; Will, ready at hand in a new livery; up went the head; out rushed my honour; the woman behind the compter all in flutters—respect and fear giving due solemnity to her features; and her knees, I doubt not, knocking against the inside of a wainscot-fence.

'Your servant, Madam—Will, let 'the fellows move to some distance, and 'wait.

'You have a young lady lodges here; 'Miss Harlowe, Madam: is she above?'

'Sir, Sir, and please your honour!' [The woman is struck with my figure,' thought I] 'Miss Harlowe, Sir! There 'is,

'is, indeed, such a young lady lodges 'here.—But, but—'

'But what, Madam?—I must see her. '—One pair of stairs; is it not?—Don't 'trouble yourself—I shall find her apart- 'ment.' And was making towards the stairs.

'Sir, Sir, the lady, the lady is not at 'home—She is abroad—She is in the 'country.'

'In the country! not at home!—Im- 'possible! You will not pass this story 'upon me, good woman. I *must* see her. 'I have business of life and death with 'her.'

'Indeed, Sir, the lady is not at home! 'Indeed, Sir, she is abroad!'

She then rung a bell: 'John,' cried she, 'pray step down!—Indeed, Sir, the 'lady is not at home.'

Down came John, the good man of the house, when I expected one of his journeymen, by her saucy familiarity.

'My dear,' said she, 'the gentleman will not believe Miss Harlowe is 'abroad.'

John bowed to my fine cloaths: 'Your 'servant, Sir—Indeed the lady is a- 'broad. She went out of town this morn- 'ing by six o'clock—into the country— 'By the doctor's advice.'

Still I would not believe either John or his wife. 'I am sure,' said I, 'she can- 'not be abroad. I heard she was very 'ill—She is not able to go out in a 'coach. Do you know Mr. Belford, 'friend?'

'Yes, Sir; I have the honour to 'know Squire Belford. He is gone into 'the country to visit a sick friend; he 'went on Saturday, Sir.'

This had also been told from thy lodg- ings to Will, whom I sent to desire to see thee on thy first coming to town.

'Well, and Mr. Belford wrote me 'word that she was exceeding ill. How 'then can she be gone out?'

'O, Sir, she is very ill; very ill, in- 'deed—She could hardly walk to the 'couch.'

'Belford,' thought I, '*himself* knew 'nothing of the time of my coming; 'neither can he have received my letter 'of yesterday: and so ill, 'tis impossible 'she should go out.

'Where is her servant? Call her ser- 'vant to me.'

'Her servant, Sir, is her nurse: she 'has no other. And *she* is gone with her.'

'Well, friend, I must not believe 'you. You'll excuse me; but I must 'go up stairs myself.' And was step- ping up.

John hereupon put on a serious, and a less respectful face—'Sir, this house 'is mine; and—'

'*And* what, friend?' not doubting then but she was above.—'I must and will see 'her. I have authority for it. I am 'a justice of peace. I have a search- 'warrant.'

And up I went; they following me, muttering, and in a plaguy flutter.

The first door I came to was locked, I tapped at it.

'The lady, Sir, has the key of her 'own apartment.'

'On the inside, I question not, my 'honest friend;' tapping again. And being assured, if she heard my voice that her timorous and soft temper would make her betray herself by some flutter, to my listening ear, I said aloud, 'I am 'confident Miss Harlowe is here;'—'dearest Madam, open the door: ad- 'mit me, but for one moment, to your 'presence.'

But neither answer nor fluttering sa- luted my ear; and the people being very quiet, I led on to the next apartment; 'and the key being on the outside, I opened it, and looked all round it, and into the closet.

The man said he never saw so uncivil a gentleman in his life.

'Hark thee, friend,' said I; 'let me 'advise thee to be a little decent; or I 'shall teach thee a lesson thou never 'learnedst in all thy life.'

'Sir,' said he, 'tis not like a gentle- 'man, to affront a man in his own house.'

'Then pr'ythee, man,' replied I, 'don't 'crow upon thine own dunghill.'

I stepped back to the locked door: 'My 'dear Miss Harlowe, I beg of you to 'open the door, or I'll break it open;'—pushing hard against it, that it crack- ed again.

The man looked pale; and trembling with his fright, made a plaguy long face; and called to one of his bodice- makers above, '*Joseph, come down quickly.*'

Joseph came down: a lion's-face grin- ning fellow; thick, and short, and bushy- headed, like an old oak-pollard. Then did master John put on a sturdier look. But I only hummed a tune, traversed all the other apartments, sounded the pas- sages with my knuckles, to find whether there were private doors, and walked up the next pair of stairs singing all the way; John and Joseph, and Mrs. Smith, following me trembling.

I looked round me there, and went into two open-door bed-chambers; searched the closets, the passages, and

peeped through the key-hole of another? Miss Harlowe, by Jupiter! 'What 'shall I do!—What shall I do!' as the 'play-boy says.—Now will she be grieved that 'she is out of the way.'

I said this on purpose to find out whether these people knew the lady's story; and had the answer I expected from Mrs. Smith—'I believe not, Sir.'

'Why so, Mrs. Smith? Do you know 'who I am?'

'I can guess, Sir.'

'Whom do you guess me to be?'

'Your name is Mr. Lovelace, Sir, I 'make no doubt.'

'The very same. But how came 'you to guess so well, dame Smith? You 'never saw me before—Did you?'

Here, Jack, I laid out for a compliment, and missed it.

'Tis easy to guess, Sir; for there 'cannot be two such gentlemen as you.'

'Well said, dame Smith—But mean 'you *good* or *bad*?'—*Handsome* was the least I thought she would have said.'

'I leave you to guess, Sir.'

'Condemned,' thought I, 'by myself, on this appeal.'

'Why, father Smith, thy wife is a 'wit, man!——Didst thou ever find 'that out before?—But where is widow 'Lovick, dame Smith? My cousin John 'Belford says she is a very good woman. Is she within? Or is she gone 'with the lady too?'

'She will be within by-and-by, Sir. 'She is not with the lady.'

'Well, but my good dear Mrs. 'Smith, whither is the lady gone? And 'when will she return?'

'I can't tell, Sir.'

'Don't tell fibs, Dame Smith; don't 'tell fibs,' chucking her under the chin: which made John's upper-lip, with chin shortened, rise to his nose,—'I am sure 'you know!—But here's another pair 'of stairs: let us see; who lives up there? '—But hold, here's another room locked up,' tapping at the door—'Who's 'at home?' cried I.

'That's Mrs. Lovick's apartment. 'She is gone out, and has the key with 'her.'

'Widow Lovick!' rapping again, 'I 'believe you are at home: pray open 'the door.'

John and Joseph muttered and whispered together.

'No whispering, honest friends: 'tis 'not manners to whisper.—Joseph, 'what said John to thee?'

'John, Sir!' disdainfully repeated the good woman.

'I beg pardon, Mrs. Smith: but you 'see the force of example. Had you 'shewed your husband more respect, I 'should. Let me give you a piece of 'advice—Women who treat their husbands irreverently, teach strangers to 'use them with contempt.—There, honest master John; why dost not pull 'off thy hat to me?—O, so thou wouldst, 'if thou hadst it on: but thou never 'wearest thy hat in thy wife's presence, 'I believe; dost thou?'

'None of your fleers and your jeers, 'Sir,' cried John; 'I wish every married pair lived as happily as we do.'

'I wish so, too, honest friend. But 'I'll be hanged if thou hast any children.'

'Why so, Sir?'

'Hast thou?—Answer me, man: hast 'thou, or not?'

'Perhaps not, Sir. But what of that?'

'What of that?—Why I'll tell thee; 'the man who has no children by his 'wife must put up with plain John. 'Hadst thou a child or two, thou'dst 'be called Mr. Smith, with a curtsey, 'or a smile at least, at every word.'

'You are very pleasant, Sir,' replied my dame. 'I fancy, if either my husband or I had as much to answer for 'as I know whom, we should not be so 'merry.'

'Why then, dame Smith, so much 'the worse for those who were obliged 'to keep you company.—But I am not 'merry—I am sad!—Hey-ho!—Where 'shall I find my dear Miss Harlowe?

'My beloved Miss Harlowe!' [calling at the foot of the third pair of stairs] 'if you are above, for Heaven's sake 'answer me. I am coming up.'

'Sir,' said the good man, 'I wish 'you'd walk down. The servants rooms, 'and the working rooms, are up those 'stairs, and another pair; and nobody's 'there that you want.'

'Shall I go up and see if Miss Harlowe be there, Mrs. Smith?'

'You may, Sir, if you please.'

'Then I won't go; for, if she was, 'you would not be so obliging.

'I am ashamed to give you all this 'attendance: you are the politest traders 'I ever knew.—Honest Joseph,' slapping him upon the shoulders on a sudden, which made him jump, 'didst 'ever grin for a wager, man?' For the rascal seemed not displeased with me; and, cracking his flat face from ear to ear, with a distended mouth, shewed his teeth, as broad and as black as his thumb nails.—'But don't I hinder thee?

'What

'What canst earn a-day, man?'

'Half-a-crown, I can earn a-day;' with an air of pride and petulance, at being ſtartled.

'There, then, is a day's wages for 'thee. But thou needeſt not attend me 'farther.

'Come, Mrs. Smith—Come, John, '(Maſter Smith I ſhould ſay) let's walk 'down, and give me an account where 'the lady is gone, and when ſhe will 'return.'

So down ſtairs led I. John and Joſeph, (though I had diſcharged the latter) and my dame, following me, to ſhew their complaiſance to a ſtranger.

I re-entered one of the firſt-floor rooms. 'I have a great mind to be your 'lodger: for I never ſaw ſuch obliging 'folks in my life. What rooms have 'you to lett?'

'None at all, Sir.'

'I am ſorry for that. But whoſe is 'this?'

'Mine, Sir,' chuffily ſaid John.

'Thine, man! Why then I will take 'it of thee. This, and a bed-chamber, 'and a garret for one ſervant, will con-'tent me. I will give thee thine own 'price, and half a guinea a day over, 'for thoſe conveniences.'

'For ten guineas a day, Sir—'

'Hold, John! (Maſter Smith I ſhould 'ſay)—Before thou ſpeakeſt, conſider—'I won't be affronted, man.'

'Sir, I wiſh you'd walk down,' ſaid the good woman. 'Really, Sir, you 'take—'

'Great liberties, I hope you would 'not ſay, Mrs. Smith?'

'Indeed, Sir, I was going to ſay ſome-'thing like it.'

'Well, then, I am glad I prevented 'you; for ſuch words better become 'my mouth than yours. But I muſt 'lodge with you till the lady returns. 'I *believe* I muſt. However, you may 'be wanted in the ſhop; ſo we'll talk 'that over there.'

Down I went, they paying diligent attendance on my ſteps.

When I came into the ſhop, ſeeing no chair or ſtool, I went behind the compter, and ſat down under an arched kind of canopy of carved work, which theſe proud traders, emulating the *royal nich ſitters*, often give themſelves, while a joint-ſtool, perhaps, ſerves thoſe, by whom they get their bread: ſuch is the dignity of trade in this mercantile nation!

I looked about me, and above me; and told them, I was very proud of my ſeat; aſking, if John were ever permitted to ſit this ſuperb nich?

Perhaps he was, he ſaid, very ſurlily.

'That is it, that makes thee look ſo 'like a ſtatue, man.'

John looked plaguy glum upon me. But his man Joſeph and my mate Will, turned round with their backs to us, to hide their grinning, with each his fiſt in his mouth.

I aſked, What it was they ſold?

'Powder, and waſh-balls, and ſnuff,' they ſaid; 'and gloves and ſtockings.'

'O, come, I'll be your cuſtomer.—'Will, do I want waſh-balls?'

'Yes, and pleaſe your honour, you 'can diſpenſe with one or two.'

'Give him half a dozen, dame Smith.'

She told me ſhe muſt come where I was, to ſerve them.—'Pray, Sir, walk 'from behind the compter.'

'Indeed, but I won't. The ſhop 'ſhall be mine. Where are they, if a 'cuſtomer ſhould come in?'

She pointed over my head, with a purſe-mouth, as if ſhe would not have ſimpered, could ſhe have helped it. I reached down the glaſs, and gave Will ſix. 'There—put 'em up, ſirrah.'

He did, grinning with his teeth out before; which touching my conſcience; as the loſs of them was owing to me; 'Joſeph,' ſaid I, 'come hither. Come 'hither, man, when I bid thee.'

He ſtalked towards me, his hands behind him, half willing, and half unwilling.

I ſuddenly wrapped my arm round his neck. 'Will, thy penknife, this mo-'ment. D—n the fellow, where's thy 'penknife?'

'O Lord!' ſaid the pollard headed dog, ſtruggling to get his head looſe from under my arm, while my other hand was muzzling about his curſed chaps, as if I would take his teeth out.

'I will pay thee a good price, man: 'don't ſtruggle thus!—The penknife, 'Will!'

'O Lord,' cried Joſeph, ſtruggling ſtill more and more: and out comes Will's pruning knife; for the raſcal is a gardener in the country. 'I have 'only this, Sir.'

'The beſt in the world to lance a 'gum.—D—n the fellow, why doſt 'ſtruggle thus?'

Maſter and Miſtreſs Smith being afraid, I ſuppoſe, that I had a deſign upon Joſeph's throat becauſe he was their champion, (and this, indeed, made me take the more notice of him) coming towards me

me with countenances tragi-comical, I laughed.

'I only wanted,' said I, 'to take out 'two or three of this rascal's broad 'teeth, to put them into my servant's 'jaws—And I would have paid him his 'price for them.—I would, by my soul, 'Joseph.'

Joseph shook his ears; and with both hands stroaked down, smooth as it would lie, his bushy hair; and looked at me, as if he knew not whether he should laugh or be angry: but, after a stupid stare or two, stalked off to the other end of the shop, nodding his head at me as he went, still stroaking down his hair; and took his stand by his master; facing about, and muttering, that I was plaguy strong in the arms, and he thought would have throttled him. Then folding his arms, and shaking his bristled head, added, 'Twas well I was a gentleman, or he would not have taken such an affront.

I demanded where their rappee was? The good woman pointed to the place; and I took up a scollop shell of it, refusing to let her weigh it, and filled my box. 'And now, Mrs. Smith,' said I, 'where are your gloves?'

She shewed me; and I chose four pair of them, and set Joseph, who looked as if he wanted to be taken notice of again, to open the fingers.

A female customer, who had been gaping at the door, came in for some Scots snuff; and I would serve her. The wench was plaguy homely; and I told her so; or else, I said, I would have treated her. She in anger [No woman is homely in her own opinion] threw down her penny; and I put it in my pocket.

Just then, turning my eye to the door, I saw a pretty, genteel lady, with a footman after her, peeping in with a 'What's the matter, good folks?' to the starers; and I ran to her from behind the compter, and, as she was making off, took her hand, and drew her into the shop, begging that she would be my customer; for that I had but just begun trade.

'What do you sell, Sir?' said she, smiling; but a little surprized.

'Tapes, ribbands, silk-laces, pins, 'and needles; for I am a pedlar: pow-'der, patches, wash-balls, stockings, 'garters, snuffs, and pin-cushions—'Don't we, Goody Smith?'

So in I gently drew her to the compter, running behind it myself, with an air of great diligence and obligingness,

'I have excellent gloves and wash-balls, 'Madam; Rappee, Scots, Portugal, 'and all sorts of snuff.'

'Well,' said she, in a very good humour, 'I'll encourage a young beginner for once.—Here, Andrew,' [to her footman] 'you want a pair of 'gloves, don't you?'

I took down a parcel of gloves, which Mrs. Smith pointed to, and came round to the fellow to fit them on myself.

'No matter for opening them,' said I: 'thy fingers, friend, are as stiff as 'drum-sticks. Push!—Thou'rt an 'awkward dog; I wonder such a pretty 'lady will be followed by such a clumsy 'varlet.'

The fellow had no strength for laughing: and Joseph was mightily pleased, in hopes, I suppose, I would borrow a few of Andrew's teeth, to keep him in countenance! and, father and mother Smith, like all the world, as the jest was turned from themselves, seemed diverted with the humour.

The fellow said, the gloves were too little.

'Thrust, and be d—n'd to thee,' said I: why, fellow, thou hast not the 'strength of a cat.'

'Sir, Sir,' said he, laughing, 'I 'shall hurt your honour's side.'

'D—n thee, thrust, I say.'

He did; and burst out the sides of the glove.

'Will,' said I, 'where's thy pruning-'knife?—By my soul, friend, I have a 'good mind to pare thy cursed paws. 'But come, here's a larger pair: try 'them, when thou gettest home; and 'let thy sweetheart, if thou hast one, 'mend the other, so take both.'

The lady laughed at the humour; as did my fellow and Mrs. Smith, and Joseph: even John laughed, though he seemed, by the force put upon his countenance, to be but half pleased with me neither.

'Madam,' said I, and stept behind the compter, bowing over it, 'now I 'hope you will buy something for your-'self. Nobody shall use you better, nor 'sell you cheaper.'

'Come,' said she, 'give me six-pen-'ny-worth of Portugal snuff.'

They shewed me where it was, and I served her; and said, when she would have paid me, I took nothing at my opening.

If I treated her footman, she told me, I should not treat her.

'Well, with all my heart,' said I: 'Tis not for us tradesmen to be saucy

'—is

'—Is it, Mrs. Smith?'

I put her tixpence in my pocket; and, seizing her hand, took notice to her of the crowd that had gathered about the door, and beſought her to walk into the back-ſhop with me.

She ſtruggled her hand out of mine, and would ſtay no longer.

So I bowed, and bid her kindly welcome, and thanked her, and hoped I ſhould have her cuſtom another time.

She went away ſmiling; and Andrew after her; who made me a fine bow.

I began to be out of countenance at the crowd, which thickened apace; and bid Will order the chair to the door.

'Well, Mrs. Smith,' with a grave air, 'I am heartily ſorry Miſs Harlowe 'is abroad. You don't tell me where 'ſhe is?'

'Indeed, Sir, I cannot.'

'You *will* not, you mean.—She could 'have no notion of my coming. I came 'to town but laſt night. I have been 'very ill. She has almoſt broken my 'heart by her cruelty. You know my 'ſtory, I doubt not. Tell her, I muſt 'go out of town to-morrow morning. 'But I will ſend my ſervant, to know if 'ſhe will favour me with one half-hour's 'converſation; for as ſoon as I get 'down, I ſhall ſet out for Dover, in my 'way to France, if I have not a coun-'termand from *her* who has the ſole diſ-'poſal of my fate.'

And ſo, flinging down a Portugal ſix-and-thirty, I took Mr. Smith by the hand, telling him, I was ſorry we had not more time to be better acquainted; and bidding farewel to honeſt Joſeph, (who purſed up his mouth as I paſſed by him, as if he thought his teeth ſtill in jeopardy) and Mrs. Smith adieu, and to recommend me to her fair lodger, hummed an air, and, the chair being come, whipt into it; the people about the door ſeeming to be in good-humour with me; one crying 'A pleaſant gentleman, I 'warrant him!' And away I was carried to White's according to direction.

As ſoon as I came thither, I ordered Will to go and change his cloaths, and to diſguiſe himſelf by putting on his black wig, and keeping his mouth ſhut; and then to dodge about Smith's, to inform himſelf of the lady's motions.

I GIVE thee this impudent account of myſelf, that thou mayeſt rave at me, and call me hardened, and what thou wilt. For, in the firſt place, I, who had been ſo lately ill, was glad I was alive; and then I was ſo baulked by my charmer's unexpected abſence, and ſo ruffled by that, and by the bluff treatment of father John, that I had no other way to avoid being out of humour with all I met with. Moreover I was rejoiced to find, by the lady's abſence, and by her going out at ſix in the morning, that it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould be ſo ill as they repreſented her to be; and this gave me ſtill higher ſpirits. Then I know the ſex always love cheerful and humorous fellows. The dear creature herſelf uſed to be pleaſed with my gay temper and lively manner; and had ſhe been told, that I was blubbering for her in the back-ſhop, ſhe would have deſpiſed me ſtill more than ſhe does.

Furthermore, I was ſenſible, that the people of the houſe muſt needs have a terrible notion of me, as a ſavage, bloody-minded, obdurate fellow; a perfect woman-eater; and, no doubt, expected to ſee me with the claws of a lion, and the fangs of a tyger; and it was but policy to ſhew them, what a harmleſs, pleaſant fellow, I am, in order to familiarize the John's and the Joſeph's to me. For it was evident to me, by the good woman's calling them down, that ſhe thought me a dangerous man. Whereas now, John and I have ſhaken hands together, and dame Smith having ſeen that I have the face, and hands, and looks of a man, and walk upright, and prate, and laugh, and joke, like other people; and Joſeph, that I can talk of taking his teeth out of his head, without doing him the leaſt hurt; they will all, at my next viſit, be much more eaſy and pleaſant to me than Andrew's gloves were to him; and we ſhall be as thoroughly acquainted, as if we had known one another a twelve-month.

When I returned to our mother's, I again curſed her, and all her nymphs together; and ſtill refuſed to ſee either Sally or Polly. I raved at the horrid arreſt; and told the old dragon, that it was owing to her and hers, that the faireſt virtue in the world was ruined, my reputation for ever blaſted; and that I was not married, and happy in the love of the moſt excellent of her ſex.

She, to pacify, ſaid, ſhe would ſhew me a new face that would pleaſe me; hence I would not ſee my Sally, who was dying for grief.

'Where is this new face?' cried I: 'let me ſee her, though I ſhall never 'ſee any face with pleaſure but Miſs 'Harlowe's.'

'She won't come down,' replied ſhe. 'She

'She will not be at the word of com-
'mand yet. She is but just in the
'trammels: and must be waited upon,
'I'll assure you; and courted much
'besides.'

'Aye,' said I, 'that looks well.
'Lead me to her this instant.'

I followed her up: and who should she be, but that little toad Sally!

'O curse you,' said I, 'for a devil!
'Is it you? Is yours the new face?'

'O my dear, dear Mr. Lovelace!' cried she, 'I am glad any-thing will
'bring you to me!'—And so the little beast threw herself about my neck, and there clung like a cat. Come,' said she, 'what will you give me, and I'll
'be virtuous for a quarter of an hour,
'and mimick your Clarissa to the life.'

I was *Belforded* all over. I could not bear such an insult upon the dear creature; (for I have a soft and generous nature in the main, whatever thou thinkest) and cursed her most devoutly for taking my beloved's name in her mouth in such a way. But the little devil was not to be baulked; but fell a crying, sobbing, praying, begging, exclaiming, fainting, that I never saw my lovely girl so well aped. Indeed I was almost taken in; for I could have fancied I had her before me once more.

O this sex! this artful sex! There's no minding them. At first, indeed, their grief, and their concern may be real: but give way to the hurricane, and it will soon die away in soft murmurs, trilling upon your ears like the notes of a well-tuned viol. And, by Sally, one sees, that art will generally so well supply the place of nature, that you shall not easily know the difference. Miss Clarissa Harlowe indeed is the only woman in the world I believe that can say, in the words of her favourite Job, (for I can quote a text as well as she) '*But it is not so with me.*'

They were very inquisitive about my fair-one. They told me, that you seldom came near them; that, when you did, you put on plaguy grave airs; would hardly stay five minutes; and did nothing but praise Miss Harlowe, and lament her hard fate. In short, that you despised them; was full of sentences; and they doubted not, in a little while, would be a lost man, and marry.

A pretty character for thee, is it not? Thou art in a blessed way; yet hast nothing to do but to *go on in it*; and then what a work hast thou to go through! If thou turnest back, these sorceresses will be like the Czar's cossacks, [at Pultowa, I think it was] who were planted with ready primed and cocked pistols, behind the regulars, in order to shoot them dead, if they did not push on and conquer; and then wilt thou be most lamentably despised by every harlot thou hast made—And, O Jack, how formidable, in that case, will be the number of thy enemies!

I intend to regulate my motions by Will's intelligence; for see this dear creature I must and will. Yet I have promised Lord M. to be down in two or three days, at fartheſt; and he is grown plaguy fond of me since I was ill.

I am in hopes, that the word I left, that I am to go out of town to-morrow morning, will soon bring the lady back again.

Mean time I thought I would write to divert thee, while thou art of such importance about the dying; and as thy servant, it seems, comes backward and forward every day, perhaps I may send thee another letter to-morrow, with the particulars of the interview between the dear creature and me, after which my soul thirsteth.

LETTER LVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

I Must write on to divert myself: for I can get no rest; no refreshing rest. I awaked just now in a curst fright. How a man may be affected by dreams!

Methought I had an interview with my beloved. I found her all goodness, condescension, and forgiveness. She suffered herself to be overcome in my favour by the joint intercessions of Lord M. Lady Sarah, Lady Betty, and my two cousins Montague, who waited upon her in deep mourning; the ladies in long trains sweeping after them; Lord M. in a long black mantle trailing after *him*. They told her, they came in these robes to express their sorrow for my sins against her, and to implore her to forgive me.

I myself, I thought, was upon my knees, with a sword in my hand, offering either to put it up in the scabbard, or to thrust it into my heart, as she should command the one or the other.

At that moment her cousin Morden, I thought, all of a sudden, flashed in through a window, with his drawn sword —'Die, Lovelace!' said he; 'this in-
'stant die, and be damned, if in earnest
'thou

'thou repairest not by marriage my
'cousin's wrongs!'

I was rising to resent this insult, I thought, when Lord M. ran between us with his great black mantle, and threw it over my face: and instantly, my charmer, with that sweet voice which has so often played upon my ravished ears, wrapped her arms round me, muffled as I was in my lord's mantle: 'O, 'spare, spare my Lovelace!—And spare, 'O Lovelace, my beloved cousin Mor-'den!—Let me not have my distresses 'augmented by the fall of either or both 'of those who are so dear to me!'

At this, charmed with her sweet mediation, I thought I would have clasped her in my arms: when immediately the most angelick form I had ever beheld, all clad in transparent white, descended in a cloud, which opening, discovered a firmament above it, clouded with golden cherubs, and glittering seraphs, all addressing her with, 'Welcome, 'welcome, welcome!' and, encircling my charmer, ascended with her to the region of seraphims; and instantly, the opened cloud closing, I lost sight of *her*, and of the *bright form* together, and found wrapt in my arms her azure robe, (all stuck thick with stars of embossed silver) which I had caught hold of in hopes of detaining her; but was all that was left me of my beloved Clarissa. And then (horrid to relate!) the floor sinking under *me*, as the firmament had opened for *her*, I dropt into a hole more frightful than that of Elden; and, tumbling over and over down it, without view of a bottom, I awaked in a panick; and was as effectually disordered for half an hour, as if my dream had been a reality.

Wilt thou forgive me troubling thee with such visionary stuff? Thou wilt see by it, only, that, sleeping or waking, my Clarissa is always present with me.

But here this moment is Will come running hither to tell me, that his lady actually returned to her lodgings last night between eleven and twelve; and is now there, though very ill.

I hasten to her. But, that I may not add to her indisposition, by any rough or boisterous behaviour, I will be as soft and as gentle as the dove herself in my addresses to her.

'That I do love her, O all ye host of Heaven
'Be witness—That she is dear to me!
'Dearer than day, to one whom sight must
'leave;
'Dearer than life, to one who fears to die.'

The chair is come. I fly to my beloved.

LETTER LVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

CURSE upon my stars!—Disappointed again!—It was about eight when I arrived at Smith's.—The bedman was in the shop.

'So, old acquaintance, how do you 'now? I know my love is above.—'Let her be acquainted that I am here, 'waiting for admission to her presence, 'and can take no denial. Tell her, 'that I will approach her with the most 'respectful duty, and in whose company 'she pleases; and I will not touch 'the hem of her garment, without her 'leave.'

'Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken. The 'lady is not in this house, nor near it.'

'I'll see that.—Will!'—beckoning 'him to me, and whispering—'See if 'thou canst any way find out (without 'losing sight of the door, lest she should 'be below-stairs) if she be in the neigh-'bourhood, if not within.'

Will bowed, and went off. Up went I, without further ceremony; attended now only by the good woman.

I went into each apartment, except that which was locked before, and was now also locked: and I called to my Clarissa in the voice of love; but by the still silence was convinced she was not there. Yet, on the strength of my intelligence, I doubted not but she was in the house.

I then went up two pair of stairs, and looked round the first room: but no Miss Harlowe.

'And who, pray, is in this room?' stopping at the door of another.

'A widow gentlewoman, Sir.—Mrs. 'Lovick.'

'O my dear Mrs. Lovick!' said I, 'I am intimately acquainted with Mrs. 'Lovick's character, from my cousin 'John Belford. I must see Mrs. Lovick 'by all means.—Good Mrs. Lovick, 'open the door.'

She did.

'Your servant, Madam. Be so good 'as to excuse me.—You have heard my 'story. You are an admirer of the most 'excellent woman in the world.—Dear 'Mrs. Lovick, tell me what is become 'of her?'

'The poor lady, Sir, went out yester-'day, on purpose to avoid you.'

'How

'How so? She knew not that I would be here.'

'She was afraid you would come, when she heard you were recovered from your illness.—Ah, Sir! what spirit is it that so fine a gentleman should make such ill returns for God's goodness to him!'

'You are an excellent woman, Mrs. Lovick: I know that, by my cousin John Belford's account of you: and Miss Clarissa Harlowe is an angel.'

'Miss Harlowe is indeed an angel,' replied she; 'and soon will be company for angels.'

No jesting with such a woman as this, Jack.

'Tell me of a truth, good Mrs. Lovick, where I may see this dear lady. Upon my soul, I will neither fright nor offend her. I will only beg of her to hear me speak for one half-quarter of an hour; and, if she will have it so, I will never trouble her more.'

'Sir,' said the widow, 'it would be death for her to see you. She was at home last night; I'll tell you truth: but fitter to be in bed all day. She came home, she said, to die; and, if she could not avoid your visit, she was unable to fly from you; and believed she should die in your presence.'

'And yet go out again this morning early! How can that be, widow?'

'Why, Sir, she rested not two hours, for fear of you. Her fear gave her strength, which she'll suffer for, when that fear is over. And finding herself, the more she thought of your visit, the less able to stay to receive it, she took chair, and is gone nobody knows whither. But, I believe, she intended to be carried to the water-side, in order to take boat; for she cannot bear a coach. It extremely incommoded her yesterday.'

'But before we talk any further,' said I, 'if she be gone abroad, you can have no objection to my looking into every apartment above and below; because I am told she is actually in the house.

'Indeed, Sir, she *is not*. You may satisfy yourself, if you please: but Mrs. Smith and I waited on her to her chair. We were forced to support her, she was so weak. She said, "Whither *can* I go, Mrs. Lovick?—Whither *can* I go, Mrs. Smith?—Cruel, cruel man!—Tell him I called him so, if he come again!—God give him that peace which he denies me!"

'Sweet creature!' cried I, and looked down, and took out my handkerchief.

The widow wept. 'I wish,' said she, 'I had never known so excellent a lady, 'and so great a sufferer! I love her as 'my own child!'

Mrs. Smith wept.

I then gave over the hope of seeing her for this time. I was extremely chagrined at my disappointment, and at the account they gave of her ill health.

'Would to Heaven,' said I, 'she 'would put it in my power to repair her 'wrongs! I have been an ungrateful 'wretch to her. I need not tell you, 'Mrs. Lovick, how much I have in-'jured her, nor how much she suffers 'by her relations implacableness. 'Tis 'that, Mrs. Lovick—'tis that implaca-'bleness, Mrs. Smith—that cuts her to 'the heart. Her family is the most 'implacable family on earth; and the 'dear creature, in refusing to see me, 'and to be reconciled to me, shews *her* 'relationship to them a little too 'plainly.'

'O Sir!' said the widow, 'not one 'syllable of what you say belongs to this 'lady. I never saw so sweet a crea-'ture; so edifying a piety! and one of 'so forgiving a temper: she is always 'accusing herself, and excusing her re-'lations. And, as to you, Sir, she for-'gives you: she wishes you well, and 'happier than you will let her be. Why 'will you not, Sir, why will you not let 'her die in peace? 'Tis all she wishes 'for. You don't look like a hard-heart-'ed gentleman!—How can you thus 'hunt and persecute a poor lady, whom 'none of her relations will look upon? '—it makes my heart bleed for her.'

And then she wept again. Mrs. Smith wept also. My seat grew uneasy to me. I shifted to another several times; and what Mrs. Lovick farther said, and shewed me, made me still more uneasy.

'Bad as the poor lady was last night,' said she, 'she transcribed into her book 'a meditation on your persecuting her 'thus. I have a copy of it. If I thought 'it would have any effect, I would read 'it to you.'

'Let me read it myself, Mrs. Lovick.'

She gave it to me. It has an Harlowe-spirited title: and from a forgiving spirit, intolerable. I desired to take it with me. She consented, on condition that I shewed it to Squire Belford. So here, Mr. Squire Belford, thou mayest read it, if thou wilt.

'on

'OR BEING HUNTED AFTER BY THE 'ENEMY OF MY SOUL.

MONDAY, AUG. 21.

'*DELIVER me, O Lord, from the evil* 'man,

'*Preserve me from the violent man,*

'Who *imagines miſchief in his heart.*

'*He hath ſharpened his tongue like a ſer-* 'pent. *Adders poiſon is under* his *lips.*

'*Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the* 'wicked. *Preſerve me from the violent* 'man *who has purpoſed to overthrow my go-* 'ings.

'He hath *hid a ſnare for me.* He hath 'ſpread *a net by the way-ſide.* He hath 'ſet *gins for me in the way wherein I* 'walked.

'*Keep me from the ſnares which* he hath 'laid *for me, and the gins of this worker of* 'iniquity.

'*The enemy hath perſecuted my ſoul. He* 'hath *ſmitten my life down to the ground.* 'He *hath made me dwell in darkneſs, as* 'thoſe *that have been long dead.*

'*Therefore is my ſpirit overwhelmed with-* 'in *me My heart within me is deſolate.*

'*Hide not thy face from me in the day* 'when *I am in trouble.*

'*For my days are conſumed like ſmoke;* 'and *my bones are burnt as the hearth.*

'*My heart is ſmitten and withered like* 'graſs: *ſo that I forget to eat my bread.*

'*By reaſon of the voice of my groaning,* 'my *bones cleave to my ſkin.*

'*I am like a pelican of the wilderneſs. I* 'am *like an owl of the deſart.*

'*I watch; and am as a ſparrow alone* 'upon *the houſe-top.*

'*I have eaten aſhes like bread; and min-* 'gled *my drink with weeping:*

'*Becauſe of thine indignation, and thy* 'wrath: *for thou haſt lifted me up, and* 'caſt *me down.*

'*My days are like a ſhadow that declineth,* 'and *I am withered like graſs.*

'*Grant not, O Lord, the deſires of the* 'wicked: *further not his devices, leſt he* 'exalt *himſelf.*'

'Why now, Mrs. Lovick,' ſaid I, when I had read this meditation, as ſhe called it, 'I think I am very ſeverely 'treated by the lady, if ſhe mean *me* in 'all this. For how is it that I am the 'enemy *of her ſoul,* when I love her both 'ſoul and body?

'She ſays, that I am a *violent* man, and 'a *wicked* man.—That I have been ſo, I 'own: but I repent, and only wiſh to 'have it in my power to repair the in-'juries I have done her.

'The *gin,* the *ſnare,* the *net,* mean 'matrimony, I ſuppoſe—But is it a 'crime in me to wiſh to marry her? 'Would any other woman think it ſo? 'and chuſe to become a *pelican in the* 'wilderneſs, or a *lonely ſparrow on the* 'houſe-top, rather than to have a mate 'that would chirp about her all day 'and all night?

'She ſays, ſhe has *eaten aſhes like* 'bread—A ſad miſtake, to be ſure!— 'and *mingled her drink with weeping*— 'Sweet maudlin ſoul! ſhould I ſay of 'any body confeſſing this, but Miſs 'Harlowe.

'She concludes with praying, that 'the *deſires of the wicked* (meaning poor 'me, I doubt) *may not be granted*; that 'my *devices may not be furthered, leſt I* 'exalt *myſelf.* I ſhould undoubtedly 'exalt myſelf, and with reaſon, could 'I have the honour and the bleſſing of 'ſuch a wife. And if my *deſires* have 'ſo honourable an end, I know not why 'I ſhould be called wicked, and why 'I ſhould not be allowed to hope, that 'my honeſt *devices* may be *furthered,* 'that I MAY exalt myſelf.

'But here, Mrs. Lovick, let me aſk, 'as ſomething is undoubtedly meant 'by the *lonely ſparrow on the houſe-top,* is 'not the dear creature at this very in-'ſtant (tell me truly) concealed in Mrs. 'Smith's cock-loft?—What ſay you, 'Mrs. Lovick?—what ſay you, Mrs. 'Smith—to this?'

They aſſured me to the contrary; and that ſhe was actually abroad, and they knew not where.

Thou ſeeſt, Jack, that I would fain have diverted the chagrin given me not only by the women's talk, but by this collection of Scripture-texts drawn up in array againſt me. Several other whimſical and light things I ſaid, [All I had for it!] with the ſame view: but the widow would not let me come off ſo. She ſtuck to me; and gave me, as I told thee, a good deal of uneaſineſs, by her ſenſible and ſerious expoſtulations. Mrs. Smith put in now-and-then; and the two Jack-pudden fellows, John and Joſeph, not being preſent, I had no provocation to turn the converſation into a farce; and at laſt, they both joined warmly to endeavour to prevail upon me to give up all thoughts of ſeeing the lady. But I could not hear of that. On the contrary, I beſought Mrs. Smith to let me have one of her rooms but till I could ſee her; and were it but for one, two or three days, I would pay a year's rent for it; and quit it the moment the interview was over. But they deſired to be ex-

cyfed; and were ſure the lady would not come to the houſe till I was gone, were it for a *month*.

This pleaſed me; for I found they did not think her ſo very ill as they would have me believe her to be; but I took no notice of the ſlip, becauſe I would not guard them againſt more of the like.

In ſhort, I told them, I *muſt* and *would* ſee her: but that it ſhould be with all the reſpect and veneration that heart could pay to excellence like hers: and that I would go round to all the churches in London and Weſtminſter, where there were prayers or ſervice, from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet, and haunt their houſe like a ghoſt, till I had the opportunity my ſoul panted after.

This I bid them tell her. And thus ended our ſerious converſation.

I took leave of them; and went down; and ſtepping into my chair, cauſed myſelf to be carried to Lincoln's Inn; and walked in the gardens till chapel was opened: and then I went in, and ſtaid prayers, in hopes of ſeeing the dear creature enter: but to no purpoſe; and yet I prayed moſt devoutly that ſhe might be conducted thither, either by my good angel or her own. And indeed I burn more than ever with impatience to be once more permitted to kneel at the feet of this adorable woman. And had I met her, or eſpied her in the chapel, it is my firm belief, that I ſhould not have been able (though it had been in the midſt of the ſacred office, and in the preſence of thouſands) to have forborne proſtration to her, and even clamorous ſupplication for her *forgiveneſs:* a Chriſtian act; the exerciſe of it therefore worthy of the place.

After ſervice was over, I ſtepped into my chair again, and once more was carried to Smith's, in hopes I might have ſurprized her there: but no ſuch happineſs for thy friend. I ſtaid in the back-ſhop an hour and a half by my watch; and again underwent a good deal of preachment from the women. John was mainly civil to me now; won over a little by my ſerious talk, and the honour I profeſſed for the lady. They all three wiſhed matters could be made up between us; but ſtill inſiſted that ſhe could never get over her illneſs; and that her heart was broken. A cue, I ſuppoſe, they had from you.

While I was there, a letter was brought by a particular hand. They ſeemed very ſolicitous to hide it from me; which made me ſuſpect it was for her. I deſired to be ſuffered to caſt an eye upon the ſeal, and the ſuperſcription; promiſing to give it back to them unopened.

Looking upon it, I told them, I knew the hand and ſeal. It was from her ſiſter. And I hoped it would bring her news that ſhe would be pleaſed with.

They joined moſt heartily in the ſame hope: and giving the letter to them again, I civilly took my leave, and went away.

But I will be there again preſently; for I fancy my courteous behaviour to theſe women, will on their report of it, procure me the favour I ſo earneſtly covet. And ſo I will leave my letter unſealed, to tell thee the event of my next viſit at Smith's.

THY ſervant juſt calling, I ſend thee this: and will ſoon follow it by another. Mean time, I long to hear how poor Belton is; to whom my beſt wiſhes.

LETTER LVIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

I Have been under ſuch concern for the poor man, whoſe exit I almoſt hourly expect, and at the ſhocking ſcenes his illneſs and his agonies exhibit, that I have been only able to make memoranda of the melancholy paſſages, from which to draw up a more perfect account, for the inſtruction of us all, when the writing appetite ſhall return.

IT is returned! Indignation has revived it, on receipt of thy letters of Sunday and yeſterday, by which I have reaſon to reproach thee in very ſerious terms that thou haſt not kept thy honour with me: and if the breach of it be attended with ſuch effects as I fear it will be, I ſhall let thee know more of my mind on this head.

If thou wouldſt be thought in earneſt in thy wiſhes to move the poor lady in thy favour, thy ludicrous behaviour at Smith's, when it comes to be repreſented to her, will have a very *conſiſtent* appearance, will it not?—I will, indeed, confirm her in her opinion, that the *grave* is more to be wiſhed for, by one of her ſerious and pious turn, than a *huſband* either incapable of reflection or remorſe; juſt recovered as thou art from a dangerous, at leaſt a ſharp illneſs.

I am

I am extremely concerned for the poor unprotected lady. She was so excessively low and weak on Saturday, that I could not be admitted to her speech: and to be driven out of her lodgings, when it was fitter for her to be in bed, is such a piece of cruelty, as he only could be guilty of, who could act as thou hast done, by such an angel.

Canst thou thyself say, on reflection, that it has not the look of a wicked and hardened sportiveness, in thee, for the sake of a wanton humour only, (since it can answer no end that thou proposest to thyself, but the direct contrary) to hunt from place to place a poor lady, who, like a harmless deer, that has already a barbed shaft in her breast, seeks only a refuge from thee, in the shades of death.

But I will leave this matter upon thy own conscience, to paint thee such a scene from my memoranda, as thou perhaps wilt be moved by more effectually than by any other: because it is such a one, as thou thyself must one day be a principal actor in, and, as I thought, hadst very lately in apprehension: and is the last scene of one of thy most intimate friends, who has been for the four past days labouring in the agonies of death. For, Lovelace, let this truth, this undoubted truth, be engraven on thy memory, in all thy gaities, That the life we are so fond of, is hardly life; a mere breathing space only; and that at the end of it's longest date,

THOU MUST DIE AS WELL AS BELTON.

Thou knowest by Tourville what we had done as to the poor man's worldly affairs; and that we had got his unhappy sister to come and live with him, (little did we think him so very near his end:) and so I will proceed to tell thee, that when I arrived at his house on Saturday night, I found him excessively ill: but just raised, and in his elbow chair, held up by his nurse and Mowbray, (the roughest and most untouched creature that ever entered a sick man's chamber;) while the maid-servants were trying to make that bed easier which he was to return to; his mind ten times uneasier than that could be, and the true cause that the down was no softer to him.

He had so much longed to see me, as I was told by his sister, (whom I sent for down to enquire how he was) that they all rejoiced when I entered:—'Here,' said Mowbray, 'here, Tommy, is honest 'Jack Belford!'

'Where, where!' said the poor man.

'I hear his voice,' cried Mowbray: 'he is coming up stairs.'

In a transport of joy, he would have raised himself at my entrance, but had like to have pitched out of the chair: and when recovered, called me his best friend! his kindest friend! but burst out into a flood of tears; 'O Jack! O 'Belford!' said he, 'see the way I am 'in! See how weak! So *much*, and so '*soon* reduced! do you know me? Do 'you know your poor friend Belton?'

'You are not so much altered, my 'dear Belton, as you think you are. But 'I see you are weak; very weak—And 'I am sorry for it.'

'Weak, weak, indeed, my dearest 'Belford! said he, 'and weaker in 'mind, if possible, than in body:' and wept bitterly—'or I should not thus 'unman myself. I, who never feared '*any-thing*, to be forced to shew myself 'such a *nursling!*—I am quite ashamed 'of myself!—but don't despise me; dear 'Belford, don't despise me, I beseech 'thee.'

'I ever honoured a man that could 'weep for the distresses of others; and 'ever shall,' said I; 'and such a one 'cannot be insensible of *his own*.'

However, I could not help being *visibly* moved at the poor fellow's emotion.

'Now,' said the brutal Mowbray, 'do 'I think thee insufferable, Jack. Our 'poor friend is already a peg too low; 'and here thou art letting him down 'lower and lower still. This soothing 'of him in his dejected moments, and 'joining thy womanish tears with his, is 'not the way; I am sure it is not. If 'our Lovelace were here, he'd tell thee 'so.'

'Thou art an impenetrable creature,' replied I; 'unfit to be present at a scene, 'the terrors of which thou wilt not be 'able to feel, till thou feelest them in 'thyself; and then, if thou hast *time for* '*feeling*, my life for thine, thou behavest 'as pitifully, as those thou thinkest *most* 'pitiful.'

Then turning to the poor sick man, 'Tears, my dear Belton, are no signs of 'an *unmanly*, but, contrarily, of an humane nature; they ease the over-'charged heart, which would burst but 'for that kindly and natural relief.—

"Give

"Give sorrow words," (says *Shakspeare*)
"—The grief that does not speak,
"Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
"break."

'I know, my dear Belton, thou usedst 'to take pleasure in repetitions from 'the poets; but thou must be tasteless 'of their beauties now: yet be not dis-'countenanced by this uncouth and un-'reflecting Mowbray; for, as Juvenal 'says, *Tears are the prerogative of man-'kind.*'

'Tis, at least, seasonably said, my 'dear Belford. It is kind to keep me 'in countenance for this *womanish weak-'ness*, as Mowbray has been upbraid-'ingly calling it, ever since he has been 'with me: and in so doing, (whatever 'I might have thought in such high 'health as he enjoys) has convinced me, 'that bottle-friends feel nothing but 'what moves in that little circle.'

'Well, well, proceed in your own 'way, Jack. I love my friend Belton 'as well as you can do; yet, for the 'blood of me, I cannot but think, that 'soothing a man's weakness is increas-'ing it.'

'If it be a weakness, to be touched 'at great and concerning events, in 'which our humanity is concerned,' said I, 'thou mayest be right.'

'I have seen many a man,' said the rough creature, 'going up Holborn Hill, 'that has behaved more like a man than 'either of you.'

'Aye, but, Mowbray,' replied the poor man, 'those wretches have not had 'their minds enervated by such infirmi-'ties of body as I have long laboured 'under. Thou art a shocking fellow, 'and ever wert—But to be able to re-'member nothing in these moments, but 'what reproaches me, and to know that 'I cannot hold it long, and what may 'then be my lot, if——' But interrupt-ing himself, and turning to me, 'Give 'me thy pity, Jack; 'tis balm to my 'wounded soul; and let Mowbray sit 'indifferent enough to the pangs of a 'dying friend, to laugh at us both.'

The hardened fellow then retired, with the air of a Lovelace; only more stupid; yawning and stretching, instead of humming a tune, as thou didst at Smith's.

I assisted to get the poor man into bed. He was so weak and low, that he could not bear the fatigue, and fainted away; and I verily thought was quite gone. But recovering, and his doctor coming, and advising him to keep quiet, I retired and joined Mowbray in the garden; who took more delight to talk of the living Lovelace and his levities, than of the dying Belton and his re-pentance.

I just saw him again on Saturday night before I went to bed; which I did early; for I was surfeited with Mowbray's frothy insensibility, and could not bear him.

It is such a horrid thing to think of, that a man who had lived in such strict terms of—what shall I call it?—with another; the proof does not come out so, as to say, *friendship*; who had pre-tended so much love for him: could not bear to be out of his company; would ride an hundred miles an end to enjoy it; and would fight for him, be the cause right or wrong: yet now could be so little moved to see him in such misery of body and mind, as to be able to re-buke him, and rather ridicule than pity him, because he was more affected by what he felt, than he had seen a male-factor (hardened perhaps by liquor, and not softened by previous sickness) on his going to execution.

This put me strongly in mind of what the divine Miss HARLOWE once said to me, talking of friendship, and what my friendship to *you* required of me:—'Depend upon it, Mr. Belford,' said she, 'that one day you will be convin-'ced, that what *you* call friendship is 'chaff and stubble; and that nothing 'is worthy of that sacred name,

'THAT HAS NOT VIRTUE FOR IT'S 'BASE.'

Sunday morning, I was called up at six o'clock, at the poor man's earnest request, and found him in a terrible agony. 'O, Jack! Jack!' said he, looking wildly as if he had seen a spec-tre—'Come nearer me!' reaching out both arms—'Come nearer me!—Dear, 'dear Belford, save me!' Then clasp-ing my arm with both his hands, and rearing up his head towards me, his eyes strangely rolling, 'Save me! dear 'Belford, save me!' repeated he.

I put my other arm about him—'Save 'you from what, my dear Belton!' said I; 'save you from what? Nothing 'shall hurt us. What must I save you 'from?'

Recovering from his terror, he sunk down again. 'O save me from my-'self!' said he; 'save me from my own 'reflections. O, dear Jack! what a 'thing it is to die; and not to have 'one comfortable reflection to revolve!

'What

'What would I give for one year of 'my paſſed life!—only *one* year—and to 'have the ſame ſenſe of things that I 'now have!'

I tried to comfort him as well as I could: but free-livers to free-livers are ſorry death-bed comforters. And he broke in upon me: 'O, my dear Bel-'ford,' ſaid he, 'I am told (and have 'heard you ridiculed for it) that the 'excellent Miſs Harlowe has wrought a 'converſion in you. May it be ſo! You 'are a man of ſenſe: O may it be ſo! 'Now is your time! Now, that you are 'in full vigour of mind and body!—But 'your poor Belton, alas! your poor 'Belton kept his vices till they left him '—And ſee the miſerable effects in de-'bility of mind and deſpondency! Were 'Mowbray here, and were he to *laugh* 'at me, I would own, that this is the 'cauſe of my deſpair—That God's *juſ-'tice* cannot let his *mercy* operate for my 'comfort: for, oh! I have been very, '*very* wicked; and have deſpiſed the 'offers of his grace, till he has with-'drawn it from me for ever.'

I uſed all the arguments I could think of to give him conſolation: and what I ſaid, had ſuch an effect upon him, as to quiet his mind for the greateſt part of the day; and in a lucid hour his memory ſerved him to repeat thoſe lines of Dry-den, graſping my hand and looking wiſt-fully upon me—

'O that I leſs could fear to loſe this being,
'Which, like a ſnow-ball, in my coward
'hand,
'The more 'tis graſp'd, the faſter melts
'away!'

In the afternoon of Sunday, he was inquiſitive after you, and your preſent behaviour to Miſs Harlowe. I told him how you had been, and how light you made of it. Mowbray was pleaſed with your impenetrable hardneſs of heart, and ſaid, 'Bob Lovelace was a good 'edged-tool, and ſteel to the back:' and ſuch coarſe but hearty praiſes he gave you, as an abandoned man might *give*, and only an abandoned man could wiſh to *deſerve*.

But hadſt thou heard what the poor dying Belton ſaid on this occaſion, per-haps it would have made thee ſerious an *hour or two*, at leaſt.

'When poor Lovelace is brought,' ſaid he, 'to a ſick-bed, as I am now, and 'his mind forebodes, that it is impoſſi-'ble he ſhould recover, (which *his* could 'not do in his late illneſs; if it had, he 'could not have behaved ſo lightly in 'it) when he revolves his paſt miſ-ſpent 'life; his actions of offence to [illegible] 'innocents; in Miſs Harlowe's caſe par-'ticularly; what then will be the ſtate of 'himſelf, or of his paſt actions? His 'mind debilitated; his ſtrength turned 'into weakneſs; unable to ſtir or to move 'without help; not one ray of hope dart-'ing in upon his benighted ſoul; his con-'ſcience ſtanding in the place of a thou-'ſand witneſſes; his pains excruciating! 'weary of the poor remnant of life he 'drags, yet dreading that, in a few 'ſhort hours, his bad will be changed 'to worſe, nay, to worſt of all; and 'that worſt of all, to laſt beyond time and 'to all eternity! O Jack! what will he 'then think of the poor tranſitory gra-'tifications of ſenſe, which now engage 'all his attention? Tell him, dear Bel-'ford, tell him, how happy he is, if he 'know his own happineſs; how happy, 'compared to his poor dying friend, 'that he has recovered from his illneſs, 'and has ſtill an opportunity left him, 'for which I would give a thouſand 'worlds, had I them to give!'

I approved exceedingly of his reflec-tions, as ſuited to his preſent circum-ſtances; and inferred conſolations to him from a mind ſo properly touched.

He proceeded in the like penitent ſtrain. 'I have lived a very wicked life; 'ſo have we all. We have never made 'a conſcience of doing whatever miſ-'chief either force or fraud enabled us 'to do. We have laid ſnares for the in-'nocent heart; and have not ſcrupled, 'by the too-ready ſword, to extend, as 'occaſions offered, the wrongs we did to 'the perſons whom we had before in-'jured in their deareſt relations. But 'yet I flatter myſelf ſometimes, that I 'have leſs to anſwer for than either 'Lovelace or Mowbray; for I, by tak-'ing to myſelf that accurſed deceiver 'from whom thou haſt freed me, (and 'who for years, unknown to me, was 'retaliating upon my own head ſome of the 'evils I had brought upon others) and 'retiring, and living with her as a wife, 'was not party to half the miſchiefs, 'that I doubt they and Tourville, and 'even you, Belford, committed. As to 'the ungrateful Thomaſine, I hope I 'have met with my puniſhment in her. 'But notwithſtanding this, doſt thou not 'think, that *ſuch* an action—and *ſuch* an 'action—and *ſuch* an action;' [and then he recapitulated ſeveral enormities, in the perpetration of which (led on by falſe bravery, and the heat of youth and wine) we have all been concerned] 'doſt 'thou not think that theſe villainies (let 'me call them now by their proper [illegible]

'joun

'joined to the wilful and gloried-in neglect of every duty that our better ſenſe 'and education gave us to know were 'required of us as men and Chriſtians, 'are not enough to weigh down my ſoul 'into deſpondency?—Indeed, indeed, 'they are! and now to hope for *mercy*; 'and to depend upon the efficacy of that 'gracious attribute when that no leſs 'ſhining one of *juſtice* forbids me to hope; 'how can I!—I, who have deſpiſed all 'warnings, and taken no advantage of 'the benefit I might have reaped from 'the lingering conſumptive illneſs I have 'laboured under, but left all to the laſt 'ſtake; hoping for recovery againſt hope, 'and driving off repentance, till that 'grace is denied me; for, oh! my dear 'Belford! I can now neither repent, nor 'pray, as I ought; my heart is harden-'ed, and I can do nothing but deſpair!'

More he would have ſaid; but, overwhelmed with grief and infirmity, he bowed his head upon his pangful boſom, endeavouring to hide from the ſight of the hardened Mowbray, who juſt then entered the room, thoſe tears which he could not reſtrain.

Prefaced by a phlegmatick hem; 'Sad, 'very ſad, truly!' cried Mowbray; who ſat himſelf down on one ſide of the bed, as I ſat on the other: his eyes half cloſed, and his lips pouting out to his turned-up noſe, his chin curled; [to uſe one of thy deſcriptions] leaving one at a loſs to know, whether ſtupid drowzineſs or intenſe contemplation had got moſt hold of him.

'An excellent, however uneaſy leſſon, 'Mowbray!' ſaid I.—'By my faith, it 'is! It may one day, who knows how 'ſoon? be our own caſe!'

I thought of thy yawning fit, as deſcribed in thy letter of Auguſt 13. For up ſtarted Mowbray, writhing and ſhaking himſelf as in an ague-fit; his hands ſtretched over his head—with thy 'Hoy! 'hoy! hoy!' yawning. And then recovering himſelf, with another ſtretch and a ſhake, 'What's a clock?' cried he; pulling out his watch—And ſtalking by long tip-toe ſtrides through the room, down ſtairs he went; and meeting the maid in the paſſage, I heard him ſay—'Betty, bring me a bumper of claret; 'thy poor maſter, and this damned Bel-'ford, are enough to throw a Hercules 'into the vapours.'

Mowbray, after this, amuſing himſelf in our friend's library, which is, as thou knoweſt, chiefly claſſical and dramatical, found out a paſſage in Lee's Oedipus, which he would needs have to be extremely apt; and in he came full fraught with the notion of the courage it would give the dying man, and read it to him. 'Tis poetical and pretty. This is it.

'When the *ſun ſets*, ſhadows that ſhew'd at 'noon
'But ſmall, appear moſt long and terrible:
'So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
'Our apprehenſions ſhoot beyond all bounds:
'Owls, ravens, crickets, *ſeem* the watch of 'death;
'Nature's worſt vermin ſcare her godlike ſons:
'Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
'Grow babbling ghoſts, and call us to our 'graves.
'Each mole-hill thought ſwells to a huge 'Olympus;
'While we, fantaſtick dreamers, heave and 'puff,
'And ſweat with our imagination's weight.'

He expected praiſes for finding this out. But Belton, turning his head from him, 'Ah, Dick!' [ſaid he] 'theſe are 'not the reflections of a dying man!—'What thou wilt one day feel, if it be 'what I now feel, will convince thee, 'that the evils *before* thee, and *with* thee, 'are more than the effects of imagina-'tion.'

I was called twice on Sunday night to him; for the poor fellow, when his reflections on his paſt life annoy him moſt, is afraid of being left with the women; and his eyes, they tell me, hunt and roll about for me, 'Where's Mr. Belford? '—But I ſhall tire him out,' cries he—'yet beg of him to ſtep to me—yet don't '—yet do;' were at once the doubting and changeful orders he gave: and they called me accordingly.'

But, alas! what could Belford do for him? Belford, who had been but too often the companion of his guilty hours; who wants mercy as much as he does; and is unable to promiſe it to himſelf, though 'tis all he can bid his poor friend *rely* upon.

What miſcreants are we! What figures ſhall we make in theſe terrible hours!

If Miſs HARLOWE's glorious *example*, on one hand, and the terrors of this poor man's *laſt ſcene* on the other, affect me not, I muſt be abandoned to perdition; as I fear thou wilt be, if thou beneſiteſt not thyſelf from both.

Among the conſolatory things I urged, when I was called up the laſt time on Sunday night, I told him, That he muſt not abſolutely give himſelf up to deſpair: that many of the apprehenſions he was under, were ſuch as the beſt men muſt have, on the dreadful uncertainty

of

of what was to ſucceed to this life. 'Tis 'well obſerved,' ſaid I, 'by a poetical 'divine, who was an excellent Chriſ-'tian, [Mr. Norris] That—

" Death could not a more ſad retinue find,
" Sickneſs and pain before, and darkneſs all
" behind."

About eight o'clock yeſterday (Monday) morning, I found him a little calmer. He aſked me, who was the author of the two lines I had repeated to him; and made me ſpeak them over again. 'A *ſad retinue*, indeed!' ſaid the poor man. And then expreſſing his hopeleſſneſs of life, and his terrors at the thoughts of dying; and drawing from thence terrible concluſions with regard to his future ſtate; 'There is,' ſaid I, 'ſuch a *natural* averſion to death in 'human nature, that you are not to ima-'gine, that you, my dear Belton, are 'ſingular in the fear of it, and in the ap-'prehenſions that fill the thoughtful 'mind upon it's approach; but you 'ought, as much as poſſible, to ſeparate 'thoſe *natural* fears which all men muſt 'have on ſo ſolemn an occaſion from 'thoſe *particular* ones which your juſtly-'apprehended unfitneſs fills you with. 'Mr. Pomfret, in his *Proſpect of Death*, 'which I dipped into laſt night from a 'collection in your cloſet, which I put 'into my pocket, ſays,'—[And I turned to the place]

" Merely to die no man of reaſon fears;
" For certainly we muſt,
" As we are born, return to duſt;
" 'Tis the laſt point of many ling'ring years:
" But whither then we go,
" Whither we fain would know;
" But human underſtanding cannot ſhew.
" This makes US tremble."

'Mr. Pomfret, therefore,' proceeded I, 'had ſuch apprehenſions of this 'dark ſtate as you have: and the excel-'lent divine I hinted at laſt night, who 'had very little elſe but human frailties 'to reproach himſelf with, and whoſe 'miſcellanies fell into my hands among 'my uncle's books in my attendance 'upon him in his laſt hours, ſays—

" It muſt be done, my ſoul: but 'tis a ſtrange,
" A diſmal and myſterious change,
" When thou ſhalt leave this tenement of clay,
" And to an unknown—ſomewhere—wing
" away;
" When time ſhall be eternity, and thou
" Shalt be—thou know'ſt not what—and
" live—thou know'ſt not how!
" Amazing ſtate! no wonder that we dread
" To think of death, or view the dead!
" Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to this
" Our very knowledge had antipathy."

'Then follows, what I repeated—

" Death could not a more ſad retinue find,
" Sickneſs and pain before, and darkneſs all
" behind."

'Alas! my dear Belford,' [inferred the unhappy deep-thinker] 'what poor 'creatures does this convince me we 'mortals are *at beſt!*—But what then 'muſt be the caſe of ſuch a profligate as 'I, who by a paſt wicked life have ad-'ded greater force to theſe natural ter-'rors? If death be ſo repugnant a thing 'to human nature, that *good* men will 'be ſtartled at it, what muſt it be to one 'who has lived a life of ſenſe and appe-'tite; nor ever reflected upon the end 'which I now am within view of?'

What could I ſay to an inference ſo fairly drawn? Mercy, mercy, *unbounded* mercy, was ſtill my plea, though his repeated oppoſition of *juſtice* to it, in a manner ſilenced that plea: and what would I have given to have had riſe to my mind, one good, one eminently good action to have remembered him of, in order to combat his fears with it?

I believe, Lovelace, I ſhall tire thee, and that more with the ſubject of my letter, than even with the length of it. But, really, I think thy ſpirits are ſo offenſively up ſince thy recovery, that I ought, as the melancholy ſubjects offer, to endeavour to reduce thee to the ſtandard of humanity, by expatiating upon them. And then thou canſt not but be curious to know every thing that concerns the poor man, for whom thou haſt always expreſſed a great regard. I will therefore proceed as I have begun. If thou likeſt not to read it now, lay it by, if thou wilt, till the like circumſtances befal thee, till like reflections from thoſe circumſtances ſeize thee; and then take it up, and compare the two caſes together.

At his earneſt requeſt, I ſat up with him laſt night; and, poor man! it is impoſſible to tell thee, how eaſy and ſafe he thought himſelf in my company, for the firſt part of the night: '*A drowning man will catch at a ſtraw*,' the proverb well ſays: and a ſtraw was I, with reſpect to any real help I could give him. He often awaked in terrors; and once calling out for me, 'Dear Belford,' ſaid he, 'where are you?—Oh! There you 'are!—Give me your friendly hand!' Then graſping it, and putting his clam-

my, half-cold lips to it—'How kind!—'I fear every-thing when you are abſent. 'But the preſence of a friend, a ſym-'pathizing friend—Oh! how comfort-'able!'

But about four in the morning he frighted me much: he waked with three terrible groans; and endeavoured to ſpeak, but could not preſently—and when he did—'Jack, Jack, Jack,' five or ſix times repeated he as quick as thought, 'now, now, now, ſave me, ſave 'me, ſave me—I am going—going, in-'deed!'

I threw my arms about him, and raiſ-ed him upon his pillow, as he was ſink-ing (as it to hide himſelf) in the bed-cloaths—And ſtaring wildly, 'Where 'am I?' ſaid he, a little recovering. 'Did you not ſee him?' turning his head this way and that; horror in his counte-nance; 'Did you not ſee him?'

'See whom, ſee what, my dear Bel-'ton!'

'O lay me upon the bed again!' cried he.—'Let me not die upon the floor!—'Lay me down gently; and ſtand by me! '—Leave me not!—All, all will ſoon 'be over!'

'You are already, my dear Belton, 'upon the bed. You have not been upon 'the floor. This is a ſtrong delirium; 'you are faint for want of refreſhment:' [for he had refuſed ſeveral times to take any-thing] 'let me perſuade you to 'take ſome of this cordial julap. I will 'leave you, if you will not oblige me.'

He then readily took it; but ſaid he could have ſworn that Tom Metcalfe had been in the room, and had drawn him out of bed by the throat, upbraiding him with the injuries he had firſt done his ſiſter, and then him, in the duel to which he owed that fever which coſt him his life.

Thou knoweſt the ſtory, Lovelace, too well, to need my repeating it: but, mercy on us, if in theſe terrible mo-ments all the evils we do, riſe to our af-frighted imaginations!—If ſo, what ſhocking ſcenes have I, but ſtill what more ſhocking ones haſt thou, to go through, if, as the noble poet ſays,

'If any ſenſe at that ſad time remains!'

The doctor ordered him an opiate, this morning early, which operated ſo well, that he doſed and ſlept ſeveral hours more quietly than he had done for the two paſt days and nights, though he had ſleeping draughts given him be-fore. But it is more and more evident every hour, that nature is almoſt worn out in him.

MOWBRAY, quite tired with this houſe of mourning, intends to ſet out in the morning to find you. He was not a little rejoiced to hear you were in town; I believe to have a pretence to leave us.

HE has juſt taken leave of his poor friend, intending to go away early: an everlaſting leave, I may venture to ſay; for I think he will hardly live till to-morrow night.

I believe the poor man would not have been ſorry had he left him when I ar-rived; for 'tis a ſhocking creature, and enjoys too ſtrong health to know how to pity the ſick. Then (to borrow an ob-ſervation from thee) he has, by nature, ſtrong bodily organs, which thoſe of his ſoul are not likely to whet out; and he, as well as the wicked friend he is going to, may laſt a great while from the ſtrength of their conſtitutions, though ſo greatly different in their talents: if nei-ther the ſword nor the halter interpoſe.

I muſt *repeat*, that I cannot but be very uneaſy for the poor lady whom you ſo cruelly perſecute; and that I do not think you have kept your honour with me. I was apprehenſive, indeed, that you would attempt to ſee her, as ſoon as you got well enough to come up; and I told her as much, making uſe of it as an argument to prepare her for your viſit, and to induce her to ſtand it. But ſhe could not, it is plain, bear the ſhock of it: and indeed ſhe told me, that ſhe would not ſee you, though but for one half hour, for the world.

Could ſhe have prevailed upon her-ſelf, I know that the ſight of her would have been as affecting to you, as your viſit could have been to her; when you had ſeen to what a lovely ſkeleton (for ſhe is really lovely ſtill, nor can ſhe, with ſuch a form and features, be other-wiſe) you have, in a few weeks, reduc-ed one of the moſt charming women in the world; and that in the full bloom of her youth and beauty.

Mowbray undertakes to carry this, that he may be more welcome to you, he ſays. Were it to be ſent unſealed, the characters we write in would be He-brew to the dunce. I deſire you to re-turn it; and I'll give you a copy of it upon demand; for I intend to keep it by me, as a guard againſt the infection of your company, which might otherwiſe, perhaps, ſome time hence, be apt to

weaken

weaken the impreſſions I always deſire to have of the awful ſcene before me. God convert us both!

LETTER LIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY MORN. 11 O'CLOCK.

I Believe no man has two ſuch ſervants as I have. Becauſe I treat them with kindneſs, and do not lord it over my inferiors, and damn and curſe them by looks and words like Mowbray; or beat their teeth out like Lovelace; but cry, 'Pr'ythee, Harry, do this,' and, 'Pr'ythee, Jonathan, do that;' the fellows purſue their own devices and regard nothing I ſay, but what falls in with theſe.

Here, this vile Harry, who might have brought your letter of yeſterday in good time, came not in with it till paſt eleven laſt night, (drunk, I ſuppoſe;) and concluding that I was in bed, as he pretends, (becauſe he was told I ſat up the preceding night) brought it not to me; and having overſlept himſelf, juſt as I had ſealed up my letter, in comes the villain with the forgotten one, ſhaking his ears, and looking as if he himſelf did not believe the excuſes he was going to make. I queſtioned him about it, and heard his pitiful pleas; and though I never think it becomes a gentleman to treat people inſolently who by their ſtations are humbled beneath his feet, yet could I not forbear to *Lovelace* and *Mowbray* him moſt cordially.

And this detaining Mowbray (who was ready to ſet out to you before) while I write a few lines upon it, the fierce fellow, who is impatient to exchange the company of a dying Belton for that of a too lively Lovelace, affixed a *ſupplement* of curſes upon the ſtaring fellow, that was larger than my *book*—Nor did I offer to take off the bear from ſuch a mongrel, ſince, on this occaſion, he deſerved not of me the protection which every maſter owes to a good ſervant.

He has not done curſing him yet; for ſtalking about the court-yard with his boots on, (the poor fellow dreſſing his horſe, and unable to get from him) he is at him without mercy; and I will heighten his impatience (ſince being juſt under the window where I am writing, he will not let me attend to my pen) by telling you, how he fills my ears as well as the fellow's, with his—'Hay, Sir!' 'And, G—d damn ye, Sir!' And, 'Were you my ſervant, ye dog ye!' And, 'Muſt I ſtay here till the mid-'day ſun ſcorches me to a parchment, 'for ſuch a mangey dog's drunken 'neglect?—Ye lye, Sirrah!—Ye lye, I 'tell you!'—[I hear the fellow's voice in an humble excuſatory tone, though not articulately] 'Ye lye, ye dog!—I'd 'a good mind to thruſt my whip down 'your drunken throat: damn me, if I 'would not ſtay the ſkin from the back 'of ſuch a raſcal, if thou wert mine, and 'have dog's-ſkin gloves made of it, for 'thy brother ſcoundrels to wear in re-'membrance of thy abuſes of ſuch a 'maſter.'

The poor horſe ſuffers for this, I doubt not; for, 'What now;' and, 'Stand ſtill, and be damn'd to ye,' cries the fellow, with a kick, I ſuppoſe, which he better deſerves himſelf; for theſe varlets, where they can, are Mowbrays and Lovelaces to man or beaſt; and not daring to anſwer *him*, is ſtaying the poor *horſe*.

I hear the fellow is juſt eſcaped, the horſe (better curried than ordinary, I ſuppoſe, in half the uſual time) by his clanking ſhoes, and Mowbray's ſilence, letting me know, that I may now write on: and ſo, I will tell thee, that in the firſt place, (little as I, as well as you, regard dreams) I would have thee lay thine to heart; for I could give thee ſuch an interpretation of it, as would ſhock thee, perhaps: and if thou aſkeſt me for it, I will.

Mowbray calls to me from the court-yard, that 'tis a curſed hot day, and he ſhall be fried by riding in the noon of it: and that poor Belton longs to ſee me. So I will only add my earneſt deſire, that you will give over all thoughts of ſeeing the lady, if, when this comes to your hand, you have not ſeen her: and, that it would be kind, if you'd come, and, for the laſt time you will ever ſee your poor friend, ſhare my concern for him; and, in him, ſee what, in a little time will be your fate and mine, and that of Mowbray, Tourville, and the reſt of us—For what are ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty years, to look back to; in the longeſt of which periods forward we ſhall all perhaps be mingled with the duſt from which we ſprung?

LETTER LX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY MORN. AUG. 23.

ALL alive, dear Jack, and in ecſtaſy—Likely to be once more a

happy man! For I have received a letter from my beloved Miss HARLOWE; in consequence, I suppose, of that which I mentioned in my last to be left for her from her sister. And I am setting out for Berks directly, to shew the contents to my Lord M. and to receive the congratulations of all my kindred upon it.

I went last night, as I intended, to Smith's: but the dear creature was not returned at near ten o'clock. And, lighting upon Tourville, I took him home with me, and made him sing me out of my megrims. I went to bed tolerably easy at two; had bright and pleasant dreams; (not such a frightful one as that I gave thee an account of) and at eight this morning, as I was dressing, to be in readiness against the return of my fellow, whom I had sent to enquire after the lady, I had this letter brought me by a chairman.

'TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

'TUESDAY NIGHT, 11 O'CLOCK (AUG. 2.)

'SIR,

'I Have good news to tell you. I am 'setting out with all diligence for 'my father's house. I am bid to hope 'that he will receive his poor penitent 'with a goodness peculiar to himself; 'for I am overjoyed with the assurance 'of a thorough reconciliation, through 'the interposition of a dear blessed 'friend, whom I always loved and ho'noured. I am so taken up with my 'preparation for this joyful and long 'wished for journey, that I cannot spare 'one moment for any other business, 'having several matters of the last im'portance to settle first. So, pray, Sir, 'don't disturb or interrupt me—I be'seech you, don't. You may possibly 'in time see me at my father's; at least 'if it be not your own fault

'I will write a letter, which shall be 'sent you when I am got thither and 'received: till when, I am, &c.

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

I dispatched instantly a letter to the dear creature, assuring her, with the most thankful joy, That I would directly set out for Berks, and wait the issue of the happy reconciliation, and the charming hopes she had filled me with. I poured out upon her a thousand blessings. I declared that it should be the study of my whole life to merit such transcendent goodness: and that there was nothing which her father or friends should require at my hands, that I would not for *her* sake comply with, in order to promote and complete so desirable a reconciliation.

I hurried it away without taking a copy of it; and I have ordered the chariot-and-six to be got ready; and hey for M. Hall! Let me but know how Belton does. I hope a letter from thee is on the road. And if the poor fellow can spare thee, make haste, I command thee, to attend this truly divine lady. Thou mayest not else see her of months perhaps; at least not while she is Miss HARLOWE. And oblige me, if possible, with one letter before she sets out, confirming to me, and accounting for this generous change.

But what accounting for it is necessary? The dear creature cannot receive consolation herself but she must communicate it to others. How noble!—She would not see me in her adversity; but no sooner does the sun of prosperity begin to shine upon her, than she forgives me.

I know to whose mediation all this is owing. It is to Colonel Morden's. She always, as she says, loved and honoured him! And he loved her above all his relations.

I shall now be convinced that there is something in dreams. The opening cloud is the reconciliation in view. The bright form, lifting up my charmer through it to a firmament stuck round with golden cherubims and seraphims, indicates the charming little boys and girls, that will be the fruits of this happy reconciliation. The welcomes, thrice repeated, are those of her family, now no more to be deemed implacable. Yet are they a family too, that my soul cannot mingle with.

But then what is my tumbling over and over through the floor in a frightful hole, *descending* as she *ascends*?—Ho! only this!—it alludes to my disrelish to matrimony: which is a bottomless-pit, a gulph, and I know not what. And I suppose, had I not awoke in such a plaguy fright, I had been soused into some river at the bottom of the hole, and then been carried (mundified or purified from my past iniquities) by the same bright form, (waiting for me upon the mossy banks) to my beloved girl; and we should have gone on cherubiming of it and carolling to the end of the chapter.

But what are the black sweeping mantles and robes of Lord M. thrown over my

my face?—and what are thoſe of the ladies?—Oh, Jack! I have theſe two:—they indicate nothing in the world but that my lord will be ſo good as to die, and leave me all he has. So, reſt to thy good-natured ſoul, honeſt Lord M.

Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance, will alſo die and leave me ſwinging legacies.

Miſs Charlotte and her ſiſter—what will become of them?—O! they will be in mourning of courſe for their uncle and aunts—that's right!

As to Morden's flaſhing through the window, and crying, 'Die, Lovelace, 'and be damn'd, if thou wilt not re-'pair my couſin's wrongs!'—That is only, that he would have ſent me a challenge, had I not been diſpoſed to do the lady juſtice.

All I diſlike is this part of the dream: for, even in a dream, I would not be thought to be threatened into any meaſure, though I liked it ever ſo well.

And ſo much for my prophetick dream.

Dear charming creature! What a meeting will there be between her and her father and mother and uncles! What tranſports, what pleaſure, will this happy long-wiſhed-for reconciliation give her dutiful heart! And indeed now methinks I am glad ſhe *is* ſo dutiful to them; for her duty to her parents is a conviction to me that ſhe will be *as* dutiful to her huſband; ſince duty upon principle is an uniform thing.

Why, pr'ythee now, Jack, I have not been ſo much to blame as thou thinkeſt: for had it not been for me, who have led her into ſo much diſtreſs, ſhe could neither have *received* nor *given* the joy that will now overwhelm them all. So here riſes great and durable good out of temporary evil!

I knew they loved her (the pride and glory of their family) too well to hold out long.

I wiſh I could have ſeen Arabella's letter. She has always been ſo much eclipſed by her ſiſter, that, I dare ſay, ſhe has ſignified this reconciliation to her with intermingled phlegm and worm-wood; and her invitation moſt certainly runs all in the rock-water ſtile.

I ſhall long to ſee the promiſed letter too when ſhe is got to her father's, which I hope will give an account of the reception ſhe will meet with.

There is a ſolemnity, however, I think, in the ſtile of her letter, which pleaſes and affects me at the ſame time. But as it is evident ſhe loves me ſtill, and hopes ſoon to ſee me at her father's, ſhe could not help being a little ſolemn, and half-aſhamed, (dear bluſhing pretty rogue!) to own her love, after my uſage of her.

And then her ſubſcription: 'Till 'when I am, CLARISSA HARLOWE:' as much as to ſay, 'After that, I ſhall be, 'if not *your own fault*, CLARISSA 'LOVELACE'

'O my beſt love! My ever-generous 'and adorable creature! How much 'does this thy forgiving goodneſs exalt 'us both!—Me, for the occaſion given 'thee!—Thee, for turning it ſo glori-'ouſly to thy advantage, and to the ho-'nour of both!

'And if, my beloved creature, you 'will but connive at the imperfections 'of your adorer, and not play the *wife* 'upon me: if, while the charms of no-'velty have their force with me, I ſhould 'happen to be drawn aſide by the love 'of intrigue, and of plots that my ſoul 'delights to form and purſue; and if 'thou wilt not be open-eyed to the fol-'lies of my youth, [a tranſitory ſtate!] 'every excurſion ſhall ſerve but the 'more to endear thee to me, till in time, 'and in a very little time too, I ſhall 'get above ſenſe; and then charmed 'by thy ſoul-attracting converſe, and 'brought to deſpiſe my former courſes, 'what I now, at diſtance, conſider as a 'painful duty, will be my joyful choice, 'and all my delight will centre in 'thee!'

MOWBRAY is juſt arrived with thy letters. I therefore cloſe my agreeable ſubject, to attend to one, which I doubt will be very ſhocking.

I have engaged the rough varlet to bear me company in the morning to Berks, where I ſhall file off the ruſt he hath contracted in his attendance upon the poor fellow.

He tells me, that between the dying Belton, and the preaching Belford, he ſhan't be his own man theſe three days: and ſays, that thou addeſt to the unhappy fellow's weakneſs, inſtead of giving him courage to help him to bear his deſtiny.

I am ſorry he takes the unavoidable lot ſo heavily. But he has been long ill; and ſickneſs enervates the mind, as well as the body; as he himſelf very ſignificantly obſerved to thee.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDN. EVENING.

I Have been reading thy ſhocking letter—Poor Belton! what a multitude of lively hours have we paſſed together! He was a tearleſs cheerful fellow! Who'd have thought that all ſhould end in ſuch dejected whimpering and terror?

But why didſt thou not comfort the poor man about the rencounter between him and that poltroon Metcalfe? He acted in that affair like a man of true honour, and as I ſhould have acted in the ſame circumſtances. Tell him I ſay ſo; and that what happened, he could neither help nor foreſee.

Some people are as ſenſible of a ſcratch from a pin's-point, as others from the puſh of a ſword: and who can ſay anything for the ſenſibility of ſuch fellows?—Metcalfe would reſent for his ſiſter, when his ſiſter reſented not for herſelf. Had ſhe demanded her brother's protection and reſentment, that would have been *another man's matter*, to ſpeak in Lord M.'s phraſe; but ſhe herſelf thought her brother a coxcomb to buſy himſelf, undeſired, in her affairs, and wiſhed for nothing but to be provided for decently and privately in her lying-in; and was willing to take the chance of *Maintenon-ing* his conſcience in her favour, and getting him to marry when the little ſtranger came; for ſhe knew what an eaſy, good-natured fellow he was. And indeed if ſhe *had* prevailed upon him, it might have been happy for both; as then he would not have fallen in with his curſed Thomaſine. But truly this officious brother of her's muſt interpoſe. This made a trifling affair important: and what was the iſſue? Metcalfe challenged; Belton met him; diſarmed him; gave him his life: but the fellow, more ſenſible in his *ſkin* than in his *head*, having received a ſcratch, was frighted; it gave him firſt a puke, then a fever, and then he died. *That was all.* And how could Belton help that?—But ſickneſs, a long tedious ſickneſs, will make a bug-bear of any thing to a languiſhing heart, I ſee that. And ſo far was Mowbray *apropos* in the verſes from *Nat Lee* which thou haſt tranſcribed.

Merely to die, no man of reaſon fears; is a miſtake, ſay thou, or ſay thy author, what ye will. And thy ſolemn parading about the natural repugnance between life and death, is a proof that it is.

Let me tell thee, Jack, that ſo much am I pleaſed with this world, in the main; though, in ſome points too, the world (to make a *perſon* of it) has been a raſcal to me; ſo delighted am I with the joys of youth; with my worldly proſpects as to fortune; and now, newly, with the charming hopes given me by my dear, thrice dear, and for ever dear CLARISSA! that were I even ſure that nothing bad would come hereafter, I ſhould be very loth (very much *afraid*, if thou wilt have it ſo) to lay down my life and them together; and yet, upon a call of honour, no man fears death leſs than myſelf.

But I have not either inclination or leiſure to weigh thy *leaden* arguments, except in the *pig*, or, as thou wouldſt ſay, in the *lump*.

If I return thy letters, let me have them again ſome time hence, that is to ſay, when I am married, or when poor Belton is half-forgotten; or when time has enrolled the honeſt fellow among thoſe whom we have *ſo long* loſt, that we may remember them with more pleaſure than pain; and then I may give them a ſerious peruſal, and enter with thee as deeply as thou wilt into the ſubject.

When I am married, ſaid I?—What a ſound has that!

I muſt wait with patience for a ſight of this charming creature, till ſhe is at her father's. And yet, as the but bloſſoming beauty, as thou telleſt me, is reduced to a ſhadow, I ſhould have been exceedingly delighted to ſee her now, and every day till the happy one; that I might have the pleaſure of beholding how ſweetly, hour by hour, ſhe will riſe to her priſtine glories, by means of that ſtate of eaſe and contentment, which will take place of the ſtormy *paſt* upon her reconciliation with her friends, and our happy nuptials.

LETTER LXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WELL, but now my heart is a little at eaſe, I will condeſcend to take brief notice of ſome other paſſages in thy letters.

I find, I am to thank *thee*, that the dear creature has avoided my viſit. Things are now in ſo good a train, that I muſt forgive thee; elſe thou ſhouldſt have heard more of this new inſtance of diſloyalty to thy general.

Thou art continually giving thyſelf high

high praiſe, by way of *oppoſition*, as I may ſay, to others; gently and artfully blaming thyſelf for qualities thou wouldſt, at the ſame time, have to be thought, and which generally are thought, praiſe-worthy.

Thus, in the airs thou aſſumeſt about thy ſervants, thou wouldſt paſs for a mighty humane mortal; and that at the expence of Mowbray and me, whom thou repreſenteſt as kings and emperors to our menials. Yet art thou always unhappy in thy attempts of this kind, and never canſt make us, who know thee, believe that to be a virtue in thee, which is but the effect of conſtitutional phlegm and abſurdity.

Knoweſt thou not, that ſome men have a native dignity in their manner, that makes them more regarded by a look, than either thou canſt be in thy low ſtyle, or Mowbray in his high?

I am fit to be a prince, I can tell thee; for I reward well, and I puniſh ſeaſonably and properly; and I am generally as well ſerved as any man.

The art of governing theſe underbred varlets lies more in the dignity of looks than in words; and thou art a ſorry fellow, to think humanity conſiſts in acting by thy ſervants, as men muſt act who are not able to pay them their wages; or had made them maſters of ſecrets, which, if divulged, would lay them at the mercy of ſuch wretches.

Now to me, who never did any-thing I was aſhamed to own, and who have more ingenuouſneſs than ever man had; who can call a villainy by it's right name, though practiſed by myſelf, and (by my own readineſs to reproach myſelf) anticipate all reproach from others; who am not ſuch a hypocrite, as to wiſh the world to think me other or better than I am—It is my part, to *look* a ſervant into his duty, if I can: nor will I keep one, who knows not how to take me by a nod, or a wink; and who, when I ſmile, ſhall not be all tranſport; when I frown, all terror.

If, indeed, I am out of the way a little, I always take care to reward the varlets for patiently bearing my diſpleaſure. But this I hardly ever am, but when a fellow is egregiouſly ſtupid in any plain point of duty, or will be wiſer than his maſter; and when he ſhall tell me, that he thought acting contrary to my orders was the way to ſerve me beſt.

One time or other I will enter the liſts with thee upon thy conduct and mine to ſervants: and I will convince thee, that what thou wouldeſt have paſs for humanity, if it be indiſcriminately practiſed to all tempers, will perpetually ſubject thee to the evils thou complaineſt of; and *juſtly* too; and that *he* only is fit to be a maſter of ſervants, who can command their attention as much by a *nod*, as if he were to *pr'ythee* a fellow to do his duty, on one hand, or to talk of *ſtaying* and *horſe-whipping*, like Mowbray, on the other: for the ſervant, who being *uſed* to *expect* the creeping ſtyle, will always be maſter of his maſter, and he who deſerves to be treated as the other, is not fit to be any man's ſervant; nor would I keep ſuch a fellow to rub my horſe's heels.

I ſhall be the readier to enter the liſts with thee upon this argument, becauſe I have preſumption enough to think, that we have not in any of our dramatick poets, that I can at preſent call to mind, one character of a ſervant, of either ſex, that is juſtly hit off. So abſurdly wiſe *ſome*, and ſo ſottiſhly fooliſh *others*; and *both* ſometimes in the *ſame* perſon. *Fools* drawn from the lees or dregs of the people to ſet off the characters of their maſters and miſtreſſes; nay, ſometimes, which is ſtill more abſurd, introduced with more wit than the poet has to beſtow upon their principals.—Mere *flints* and *ſteels* to ſtrike fire with.—Or, to vary the metaphor, to ſerve for whetſtones to wit, which *otherwiſe* could not be made apparent—Or for engines to be made uſe of like the *machinery* of the ancient poets, (or the ſtill *more* unnatural ſoliloquy) to help on a ſorry plot, or to bring about a neceſſary eclairciſſement, to ſave the poet the trouble of thinking deeply for a better way to wind up his bottoms.

Of this I am perſuaded, (whatever my *practice* be to my own ſervants) that thou wilt be benefited by my *theory*, when we come to controvert the point. For then I ſhall convince thee that the *dramatick* as well as *natural* characteriſticks of a good ſervant ought to be fidelity, common ſenſe, cheerful obedience, and ſilent reſpect: that wit in his ſtation, except to his companions, would be ſaucineſs: that he ſhould never preſume to give his advice: that if he ventured to expoſtulate upon any unreaſonable command, or ſuch a one as appeared to him to be ſo, he ſhould do it with humility and reſpect, and take a proper ſeaſon for it. But ſuch leſſons do moſt of the dramatick performances I have ſeen give, where ſervants are introduced as characters eſſential to the play, or to act very ſignificant or long parts

parts in it; (which, of itſelf, I think a fault) ſuch leſſons, I ſay, do they give to the footmen's gallery, that I have not wondered we have ſo few modeſt or good men-ſervants among thoſe who often attend their maſters or miſtreſſes to plays. Then how miſerably evident muſt that poet's conſcious want of genius be, who can ſtoop to raiſe or give force to a clap by the indiſcriminate roar of the party-coloured gallery!

But this ſubject I will ſuſpend to a better opportunity; that is to ſay, to the happy one, when my nuptials with my Clariſſa will oblige me to increaſe the number of my ſervants, and of conſequence to enter more nicely into their qualifications.

ALTHOUGH I have the higheſt opinion that man can have of the generoſity of my dear Miſs Harlowe, yet I cannot, for the heart of me, account for this agreeable change in her temper, but one way. Faith and troth, Belford, I verily believe, laying all circumſtances together, that the dear creature unexpectedly finds herſelf in the way I have ſo ardently wiſhed her to be in; and that this makes her, at laſt, incline to favour me, that ſhe may ſet the better face upon her geſtation, when at her father's.

If this be the caſe, all her falling away, and her fainting fits, are charmingly accounted for. Nor is it ſurprizing, that ſuch a ſweet novice in theſe matters ſhould not, for ſome time, have known to what to attribute her frequent indiſpoſitions. If this ſhould be the caſe, how ſhall I laugh at *thee!* and (when I am ſure of her) at the dear novice *herſelf*, that all her grievous diſtreſſes ſhall end in a man-child; which I ſhall love better than all the cherubims and ſeraphims that may come after; though there were to be as many of them as I beheld in my dream; in which a vaſt expanſe of firmament was ſtuck as full of them as it could hold.

I ſhall be afraid to open thy next, leſt it bring me the account of poor Belton's death. Yet, as there are no hopes of his recovery—But what ſhould I ſay, unleſs the poor man were better fitted—But thy heavy ſermon ſhall not affect me too much neither.

I incloſe thy papers: and do thou tranſcribe them for me, or return them; for there are ſome things in them, which, at a proper ſeaſon, a *mortal* man ſhould not avoid attending to: and thou ſeemeſt to have entered deeply into the ſhocking ſubject—But here I will end, leſt I grow too ſerious.

THY ſervant called here about an hour ago, to know if I had any commands: I therefore hope that thou wilt have this early in the morning. And if thou *canſt* let me hear from thee, do. I'll ſtretch an hour or two in expectation of it. Yet I muſt be at Lord M.'s to-morrow night, if poſſible, though ever ſo late.

Thy fellow tells me the poor man is much as he was when Mowbray left him.

Wouldſt thou think that this varlet Mowbray is ſorry that I am ſo near being happy with Miſs Harlowe? And, egad, Jack, I know not what to ſay to it, now the fruit ſeems to be within my reach—But let what will come, I'll ſtand to't: for I find I can't live without her.

LETTER LXIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, THREE O'CLOCK.

I Will proceed where I left off in my laſt.

As ſoon as I had ſeen Mowbray mounted, I went to attend upon poor Belton; whom I found in dreadful agonies, in which he awoke, as he generally does.

The doctor came in preſently after; and I was concerned at the ſcene that paſſed between them.

It opened with the dying man's aſking him, with melancholy earneſtneſs, If nothing, if nothing at all, could be done for him?

The doctor ſhook his head, and told him, He doubted not.

'I *cannot* die,' ſaid the poor man: 'I 'cannot *think* of dying. I am very de-'ſirous of living a little longer, if I could 'but be free from theſe horrible pains 'in my ſtomach and head. Can you 'give me nothing to make me paſs one 'week, but *one* week, in tolerable eaſe, 'that I may die like a man?—If I *muſt* 'die!

'But, doctor, I am *yet* a young man; 'in the prime of my years—Youth is a 'good ſubject for a phyſician to work 'upon: can you do nothing, nothing '*at all* for me, doctor?'

'Alas! Sir,' replied his phyſician, 'you have been long in a bad way. I 'fear, I fear, nothing in phyſick can 'help you.'

He

He was then out of all patience. 'What, then, is your art, Sir!—I have 'been a paſſive machine for a whole 'twelvemonth, to be wrought upon at 'the pleaſure of you people of the fa-'culty. I verily believe, had I not 'taken ſuch doſes of naſty ſtuff, I had 'been now a well man—But who the 'plague would regard phyſicians, whoſe 'art is to cheat us with hopes, while 'they help to deſtroy us? And who, not 'one of you, know any-thing but by 'gueſs!

'Sir,' continued he fiercely, (and with more ſtrength of voice, and cohe-rence, than he had ſhewn for ſeveral hours before) 'if you give *me* over, I 'give *you* over.—The only honeſt and 'certain part of the art of healing is ſur-'gery. A good ſurgeon is worth a 'thouſand of you. I have been in ſur-'geons hands often, and have always 'found reaſon to depend upon their 'ſkill: but *your* art, Sir, what is it?—'but to dawb, dawb, dawb; load, load, 'load; plaſter, plaſter, plaſter; till ye 'utterly deſtroy the appetite firſt, and 'the conſtitution afterwards, which you 'are called in to help. I had a com-'panion once—My dear Belford, thou 'knoweſt honeſt Blomer—as pretty a 'phyſician he would have made as any 'in England, had he kept himſelf from 'exceſs in wine and women; and he 'always uſed to ſay, there was nothing 'at all but pick-pocket parade in the 'phyſician's art; and that the beſt gueſ-'ſer was the beſt phyſician: and I uſed 'to believe him too: and yet, fond of 'life, and fearful of death, what do we 'do, when we are taken ill, but call *ye* 'in? And what do *ye* do, when called 'in, but nurſe our diſtempers, till from 'pygmies you make giants of them?—'And then ye come creeping with ſo-'lemn faces, when *ye* are aſhamed to 'preſcribe, or when the ſtomach won't 'bear it's natural food, by reaſon of 'your poiſonous potions, "*Alas! I am 'afraid phyſick can do no more for him!*"—'Nor need it, when it has brought to 'the brink of the grave, the poor wretch 'who placed all his reliance in your 'curſed ſlops, and the flattering hopes 'you give him.'

The doctor was out of countenance; but ſaid, 'If we could make mortal 'men *immortal*, and *would not*, all this 'might be juſt.'

I blamed the poor man; yet excuſed him to the phyſician. 'To die, dear 'doctor, when, like my poor friend, we 'are ſo deſirous of life, is a melancholy 'thing. We are apt to hope too much, 'not conſidering that the ſeeds of death 'are ſown in us when we begin to live, 'and grow up, till, like rampant weeds, 'they choak the tender flower of life; 'which declines in us, as thoſe weeds 'flouriſh. We ought therefore to be-'gin early to ſtudy what our conſtitutions 'will bear, in order to root out, by 'temperance, the weeds which the ſoil 'is moſt apt to produce; or, at leaſt, to 'keep them down as they riſe; and not, 'when the flower or plant is withered 'at the root, and the weed in it's full 'vigour, expect, that the medical art 'will reſtore the one, or deſtroy the 'other; when that other, as I hinted, 'has been rooting itſelf in the habit 'from the time of our birth.'

This ſpeech, Bob, thou wilt call a *prettineſs*; but the allegory is juſt; and thou haſt not quite cured me of the me-taphorical.

'Very true,' ſaid the doctor; 'you have 'brought a good metaphor to illuſtrate 'the thing. I am ſorry I can do nothing 'for the gentleman; and can only re-'commend patience, and a better frame 'of mind.'

'Well, Sir,' ſaid the poor angry man, vexed at the doctor, but more at death; 'you will perhaps recommend 'the next in ſucceſſion to the phyſician, 'when *he* can do no more; and, I ſup-'poſe, will ſend your brother to pray 'by me for thoſe virtues which you 'wiſh me.'

It ſeems the phyſician's brother is a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

I was greatly concerned to ſee the gentleman thus treated; and ſo I told poor Belton when he was gone. But he continued impatient, and would not be denied, he ſaid, the liberty of talking to a man, who had taken ſo many gui-neas of him for doing nothing, or worſe than nothing, and never declined one, though he knew all the time he could do him no good.

It ſeems the gentleman, though rich, is noted for being greedy after fees; and poor Belton went on, raving at the extravagant fees of Engliſh phyſicians, compared with thoſe of the moſt emi-nent foreign ones. But, poor man! he, like the Turks, who judge of a general by his ſucceſs, (out of patience to think he muſt die) would have worſhipped the doctor, and not grudged three times the ſum, could he have given him hopes of recovery.

But nevertheleſs, I muſt needs ſay, that gentlemen of the faculty ſhould be

more moderate in their fees, or take more pains to deſerve them; for, generally, they only come into a room, feel the ſick man's pulſe, aſk the nurſe a few queſtions, inſpect the patient's tongue, and perhaps his water; then ſit down, look plaguy wiſe; and *write*. The golden fee fills the ready hand, and they hurry away, as if the ſick man's room were infectious. So to the next they troll, and to the next, if men of great practice; valuing themſelves upon the number of viſits they make in a morning, and the little time they make them in. They go to dinner, and unload their pockets; and ſally out again to refill them. And, thus, in a little time, they raiſe vaſt eſtates; for, as Ratcliffe ſaid, when firſt told of a great loſs which befel him, It was only going up and down a hundred pair of ſtairs to fetch it up.

Mrs. Sambre (Belton's ſiſter) had ſeveral times propoſed to him a miniſter to pray by him; but the poor man could not, he ſaid, bear the thoughts of one; for that he certainly ſhould die in an hour or two after: and he was willing to hope ſtill, againſt all probability, that he might recover; and was often aſking his ſiſter, If ſhe had not ſeen people as bad as he was, who, almoſt to a miracle, when every-body gave them over, had got up again?

She, ſhaking her head, told him, ſhe had: but, once ſaying, that *their* diſorders were of an acute kind, and ſuch as had a criſis in them, he called her *Small hopes*, and *Job's comforter*; and bid her ſay *nothing*, if ſhe could not ſay more to the purpoſe, and what was *fitter* for a ſick man to hear. And yet, poor fellow! he has no hopes himſelf, as is plain by his deſponding terrors; one of which he fell into, and a very dreadful one, ſoon after the doctor went.

WEDNESDAY, NINE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

THE poor man has been in convulſions, terrible convulſions! for an hour paſt. O Lord, Lovelace! death is a ſhocking thing!—By my faith it is!—I wiſh thou wert preſent on this occaſion. It is not merely the concern a man has for his friend; but, as death is the common lot, we ſee, in *his* agonies, how it will be one day with ourſelves. I am all over as if cold water were poured down my back, or if I had a ſtrong ague-fit upon me. I was obliged to come away. And I write, hardly knowing what—I wiſh *thou* wert here.

THOUGH I left him, becauſe I could ſtay no longer, I can't be eaſy by myſelf, but muſt go to him again.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

POOR Belton!—Drawing on apace! Yet was he ſenſible when I went in—too ſenſible, poor man! He has ſomething upon his mind to reveal, he tells me, that is the worſt action of his life; worſe than ever you or I knew of him, he ſays. It *muſt* be then very bad!

He ordered every-body out; but was ſeized with another convulſion-fit, before he could reveal it: and in it he lies ſtruggling between life and death. But I'll go in again.

ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

ALL now muſt ſoon be over with him:—poor! poor fellow! he has given me ſome hints of what he wanted to ſay; but all incoherent, interrupted by dying hiccoughs and convulſions.

Bad enough it muſt be, Heaven knows, by what I can gather!—Alas, Lovelace! I fear, I fear, he came *too ſoon* into his uncle's eſtate.

If a man were to live always, he might have ſome temptation to do baſe things, in order to procure to himſelf, as it would then be *everlaſting* eaſe, plenty, or affluence: but for the ſake of ten, twenty, thirty years of poor life, to be a villain—Can that be worth while? With a conſcience ſtinging him all the time too! And when he comes to wind up all, ſuch agonizing reflections upon his paſt guilt! All then appearing as nothing! What he moſt valued, moſt diſguſtful! And not one thing to think of, as the poor fellow ſays twenty and twenty times over, but what is attended with anguiſh and reproach!

To hear the poor man wiſh he had never been born! To hear him pray to be nothing after death! Good God! how ſhocking!

By his incoherent hints, I am afraid 'tis very bad with him. No pardon, no mercy, he repeats, can lie for him!

I hope I ſhall make a proper uſe of this leſſon. Laugh at me, if thou wilt; but never, never more, will I take the liberties I have taken; but whenever I am tempted, will think of Belton's dying agonies, and what my own may be.

THURSDAY, THREE IN THE MORNING.

HE is now at his laſt gaſp—Rattles in the throat—Has a new convulſion every minute almoſt!—What horror is he

he in! His eyes look like breath-ſtained glaſs! They roll ghaſtly no more; are quite ſet: his face diſtorted, and drawn out, by his ſinking jaws, and erected ſtaring eye-brows, with his lengthened furrowed forehead, to double it's uſual length, as it ſeems. It is not, it cannot be, the face of Belton, thy Belton, and my Belton, whom we have beheld with ſo much delight over the ſocial bottle, comparing notes, that one day may be brought againſt us, and make *us* groan, as they very lately did *him*—that is to ſay, while he had ſtrength to groan; for now his voice is not to be heard; all inward, loſt; not ſo much as ſpeaking by his eyes: yet, ſtrange! how can it be? —the bed rocking under him like a cradle!

FOUR O'CLOCK.

'Alas! he's gone! That groan, that *dreadful*
'groan,
'Was the laſt farewel of the parting mind!
'The ſtruggling ſoul has bid a long adieu
'To it's late manſion—Fled! ah! whither
'fled?'

Now is all indeed over!—Poor, poor Belton! By this time thou knoweſt if thy crimes were above the ſize of God's mercies! Now are every one's cares and attendance at an end! Now do we, thy friends—poor Belton!—know the worſt of thee, as to this life! Thou art releaſed from inſufferable tortures, both of body and mind! May thoſe tortures, and thy repentance, expiate for thy offences, and mayſt thou be happy to all eternity!

We are told, that God deſireth not the death, the *ſpiritual* death, of a ſinner: and 'tis certain, that thou didſt deeply repent! I hope, therefore, as thou wert not cut off in the midſt of thy ſins, by the ſword of injured friendſhip, which more than once thou hadſt braved, [the dreadfulleſt of all deaths, next to ſuicide, becauſe it gives no opportunity for repentance] that this is a merciful earneſt that thy penitence is accepted; and that thy long illneſs, and dreadful agonies in the laſt ſtages of it, were thy only puniſhment.

I wiſh, indeed, I *heartily* wiſh, we could have ſeen one ray of comfort darting in upon his benighted mind, before he departed. But all, alas! to the very laſt gaſp, was horror and confuſion. And my only fear ariſes from this, that, till within the four laſt days of his life, he could not be brought to think he ſhould die, though in a viſible decline for months; and, in that preſumption, was too little inclined to ſet about a ſerious preparation for a journey, which he hoped he ſhould not be obliged to take; and when he began to apprehend that he could not put it off, his impatience, and terror, and apprehenſion, ſhewed too little of that reliance and reſignation which afford the moſt comfortable reflections to the *friends* of the dying, as well as to the *dying* themſelves.

But we muſt leave poor Belton to that mercy, of which we have all ſo much need; and for my own part, (do you, Lovelace, and the reſt of the fraternity, as ye will) I am reſolved I will endeavour to begin to repent of my follies while my health is ſound, my intellects untouched, and while it is in my power to make ſome atonement, as near to reſtitution or reparation as is poſſible, to thoſe I have wronged or miſled. And do ye *outwardly*, and from a point of *falſe bravery*, make as light as ye will of my reſolution, as ye are none of ye of the claſs of abandoned and ſtupid ſots, who endeavour to diſbelieve the future exiſtence of which ye are afraid, I am ſure you will juſtify me in your *hearts*, if not by your *practices*; and one day you will wiſh you had joined with me in the ſame reſolution, and will confeſs there is more good-ſenſe in it, than now perhaps you will own.

SEVEN O'CLOCK, THURSDAY MORNING.

YOU are very earneſt, by your laſt letter juſt given me, to hear again from me, before you ſet out for Berks. I will therefore cloſe with a few words upon the *only* ſubject in your letter which I can at preſent touch upon: and this is the letter of which you give me a copy from the lady.

Want of reſt, and the ſad ſcene I have before my eyes, have rendered me altogether incapable of accounting for the contents of it in any ſhape. You are in ecſtacies upon it. You have reaſon to be ſo, if it be as you think. Nor would I rob you of your joy: but I muſt ſay that I am amazed at it.

Surely, Lovelace, this ſurprizing letter cannot be a forgery of thy own, in order to carry on ſome view, and to impoſe upon me. Yet by the ſtile of it, it cannot; though thou art a perfect Proteus, too.

I will not, however, add another word, after I have deſired the return of this, and have told you, that I am, *your true friend and well-wiſher*,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

AUG. 24. THURSDAY MORN.

I Received thy letter in such good time, by the fellow's dispatch, that it gives me an opportunity of throwing in a few paragraphs upon it. I read a passage or two of it to Mowbray; and we both agree, that thou art an absolute master of the lamentable.

Poor Belton, what terrible conflicts were thy last conflicts!—I hope, however, that he is happy: and I have the more hope, because the hardness of his death is likely to be such a warning to *thee*. If it have the effect thou declarest it shall have, what a world of mischief will it prevent! How much good will it do! How many poor wretches will rejoice at the *occasion*, (if they know it) however melancholy in itself, which shall bring them in a compensation for injuries they had been forced to sit down contented with!—But, Jack, though thy uncle's death hath made thee a rich fellow, art thou sure, that the making good of such a vow will not totally bankrupt thee?

Thou sayest I may laugh at thee, if I will. Not I, Jack; I do not take it to be a laughing subject: and I am heartily concerned at the loss we all have in poor Belton: and when I get a little settled, and have leisure to contemplate the vanity of all sublunary things, (a subject that will now-and-then, in my gayest hours, obtrude itself upon me) it is very likely, that I may talk seriously with thee upon these topicks; and, if thou hast not got too much the start of me in the repentance thou art entering upon, will go hand-in-hand with thee in it. If thou hast, thou wilt let me just keep thee in my eye; for it is an up-hill work; and I shall see thee, at setting out, at a great distance; but as thou art a much heavier and clumsier fellow than myself, I hope that without much puffing and sweating, only keeping on a good round dog-trot, I hope I shall be able to overtake thee.

Mean time, take back thy letter, as thou desirest. I would not have it in my pocket upon any account at present; nor read it once more.

I am going down without seeing my beloved. I was a hasty fool to write her a letter, promising that I would not come near her till I saw her at her father's. For as she is now actually at Smith's, and I so near her, one short visit could have done no harm.

I sent Will, two hours ago, with my grateful compliments, and to know how she does.

How must I adore this charming creature! For I am ready to think my servant a happier fellow than myself, for having been within a pair of stairs and an apartment of her.

Mowbray and I will drop a tear a-piece, as we ride along, to the memory of poor Belton:—*as we ride along*, I say; for we shall have so much joy when we arrive at Lord M's, and when I communicate to him and my cousins the dear creature's letter, that we shall forget every-thing grievous: since now their family hopes in my reformation (the point which lies so near their hearts) will all revive; it being an article of their faith, that if I marry, repentance and mortification will follow of course.

Neither Mowbray nor I shall accept of thy *verbal* invitation to the funeral. We like not these dismal formalities. And as to the respect that is supposed to be shewn to the memory of a deceased friend in such an attendance, why should we do any thing to reflect upon those who have made it a fashion to leave this parade to people whom they *hire for that purpose*?

Adieu, and be cheerful. Thou canst now do no more for poor Belton, wert thou to howl for him to the end of thy life.

LETTER LXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SAT. AUG. 26.

ON Thursday afternoon I assisted at the opening of poor Belton's will, in which he has left me his sole executor, and bequeathed me a legacy of an hundred guineas; which I shall present to his unfortunate sister, to whom he has not been so kind as I think he ought to have been. He also left twenty pounds a-piece to Mowbray, Tourville, thyself, and me, for a ring to be worn in remembrance of him.

After I had given some particular orders about the preparations to be made for his funeral, I went to town; but having made it late before I got in on Thursday night, and being fatigued for want of rest several nights before, and low in my spirits, [I could not help it, Lovelace] I contented myself to send

my compliments to the innocent ſufferer, to enquire after her health.

My ſervant ſaw Mrs. Smith, who told him, ſhe was very glad I was come to town; for that the lady was worſe than ſhe had been yet.

It is impoſſible to account for the contents of her letter to you; or to reconcile thoſe contents to the facts I have to communicate.

I was at Smith's by ſeven yeſterday (Friday) morning, and found that the lady was gone in a chair to St. Dunſtan's to prayers: ſhe was too ill to get out by ſix to Covent Garden church; and was forced to be ſupported to her chair by Mrs. Lovick. They would have perſuaded her againſt going; but ſhe ſaid ſhe knew not but that it might be her laſt opportunity. Mrs. Lovick, dreading that ſhe would be taken worſe at church, walked thither before her.

Mrs. Smith told me, ſhe was ſo ill on Wedneſday night, that ſhe had deſired to receive the ſacrament; and accordingly it was adminiſtered to her by the parſon of the pariſh: whom ſhe beſought to take all opportunities of aſſiſting her in her ſolemn preparation.

This the gentleman promiſed: and called in the morning to enquire after her health: and was admitted at the firſt word. He ſtaid with her about half an hour; and when he came down, with his face turned aſide, and a faltering accent, 'Mrs. Smith,' ſaid he, 'you 'have an angel in your houſe.—I will 'attend her again in the evening, as ſhe 'deſires, and as often as I think it will 'be agreeable to her.'

Her increaſed weakneſs ſhe attributed to the fatigues ſhe had undergone by your means; and to a letter ſhe had received from her ſiſter, which ſhe anſwered the ſame day.

Mrs. Smith told me, that two different perſons had called there, one on Thurſday morning, one in the evening, to enquire after her ſtate of health; and ſeemed as if commiſſioned from her relations for that purpoſe; but aſked not to ſee her,-only were very inquiſitive after her viſitors, (particularly, it ſeems, after *me*: what could they mean by that?) after her way of life, and expences; and one of them enquired after her manner of ſupporting them; to the latter of which, Mrs. Smith ſaid, ſhe had anſwered as the truth was, that ſhe had been obliged to ſell ſome of her cloaths, and was actually about parting with more; at which the inquiriſt (a grave old farmer-looking man) held up his hands and ſaid, 'Good God!—this 'will be ſad, ſad news to ſomebody! I 'believe I muſt not mention it.' But Mrs. Smith ſays, ſhe deſired he *would*, let him come from whom he would. He ſhook his head, and ſaid, If ſhe died, the flower of the world would be gone, and the family ſhe belonged to would be no more than a common family*. I was pleaſed with the man's expreſſion.

You may be curious to know how ſhe paſſed her time when ſhe was obliged to leave her lodging to avoid you.

Mrs. Smith tells me, that ſhe was very ill when ſhe went out on Monday morning, and ſighed as if her heart would break as ſhe came down ſtairs, and as ſhe went through the ſhop into the coach, her nurſe with her, as you had informed me before: that ſhe ordered the coachman (whom ſhe hired for the day) to drive any-whither, ſo it was in the air: he accordingly drove her to Hampſtead, and thence to Highgate. There at the Bowling-green Houſe ſhe alighted, extremely ill, and having breakfaſted, ordered the coachman to drive very ſlowly any-whither. He crept along to Muſwell Hill, and put up at a publick houſe there; where ſhe employed herſelf two hours in writing, though exceedingly weak and low; till the dinner ſhe had ordered was brought in: ſhe endeavoured to eat, but could not: her appetite was gone, quite gone, ſhe ſaid. And then ſhe wrote on for three hours more: after which, being heavy, ſhe dozed a little in an elbow-chair. When ſhe awoke ſhe ordered the coachman to drive her very ſlowly to town, to the houſe of a friend of Mrs. Lovick; whom, as agreed upon, ſhe met there: but, being extremely ill, ſhe would venture home at a late hour, although ſhe heard from the widow, that you had been there; and had reaſon to be ſhocked at your behaviour. She ſaid, ſhe found there was no avoiding you: ſhe was apprehenſive ſhe ſhould not live many hours, and it was not impoſſible but the ſhock the ſight of you muſt give her would determine her fate in your preſence.

She accordingly went home. She heard the relation of your aſtoniſhing

* This man came from her couſin Morden; as will be ſeen hereafter, Letter XCIV. of this Volume, and Letter I. of Vol. VIII.

vagaries,

vagancies, with hands and eyes often lifted up; and with these words intermingled, 'Shocking creature! Incorrigible 'wretch!' and, 'Will nothing make 'him serious?' And not being able to bear the thoughts of an interview with a man so hardened, she took to her usual chair early in the morning, and was carried to the Temple Stairs, whither she had ordered her nurse before her, to get a pair of oars in readiness; (for her fatigues the day before made her unable to bear a coach) and then she was rowed to Chelsea, where she breakfasted; and after rowing about, put in at the Swan at Brentford-Aight, where she dined; and would have written, but had no conveniency either of tolerable pens, or ink, or a private room: and then proceeding to Richmond, they rowed her back to Mortlake; where she put in, and drank tea at a house her waterman recommended to her. She wrote there for an hour; and returned to the Temple; and when she landed, made one of the watermen get her a chair, and so was carried to the widow's friend, as the night before; where she again met the widow, who informed her, that you had been after her twice that day.

Mrs. Lovick gave her there her sister's letter; and she was so much affected with the contents of it, that she was twice very nigh fainting away; and wept bitterly, as Mrs. Lovick told Mrs. Smith; dropping some warmer expressions than ever they had heard proceed from her lips, in relation to her friends; calling them cruel, and complaining of ill offices done her, and of vile reports raised against her.

While she was thus disturbed, Mrs. Smith came to her, and told her that you had been there a third time, and was just gone (at half an hour after nine) having left word, how civil and respectful you would be; but that you was determined to see her at all events.

She said, it was hard she could not be permitted to die in peace: that her lot was a severe one: that she began to be afraid she should not forbear repining, and to think her punishment greater than her fault: but recalling herself immediately, she comforted herself that her life would be short, and with the assurance of a better.

By what I have mentioned, you will conclude with me, that the letter brought her by Mrs. Lovick (the superscription of which you saw to be written in her sister's hand) could not be the letter on the contents of which she grounded *that* she wrote to you, on her return home. And yet neither Mrs. Lovick, nor Mrs. Smith, nor the servant of the latter, know of any other brought her. But as the woman assured me, that she actually *did* write to you, I was eased of a suspicion which I had begun to entertain, that you, (for some purpose I could not guess at) had forged the letter from her of which you sent me a copy.

On Wednesday morning, when she received your letter in answer to hers, she said, 'Necessity may well be called 'the mother of invention—But calamity is the test of integrity.—I hope I 'have not taken an inexcusable step—' And there she stopt a minute or two; and then said, 'I shall now, perhaps, 'be allowed to die in peace.'

I staid till she came in. She was glad to see me; but, being very weak, said, she must sit down before she could go up stairs: and so went into the back-shop, leaning upon Mrs. Lovick: and when she had sat down, 'I am glad to 'see you, Mr. Belford,' said she; 'I '*must* say so—let mis-reporters say what 'they will.'

I wondered at this expression; but would not interrupt her.

'Oh! Sir,' said she, 'I have been 'grievously harrassed. Your friend, 'who would not let me live with re-'putation, will not permit me to die in 'peace. You see how I am. Is there 'not a great alteration in me within 'this week? But 'tis all for the better. 'Yet were I to wish for life, I must 'say, that your friend, your barbarous 'friend, has *hurt* me greatly.'

She was so very weak, so short-breathed, and her words and her actions so very moving, that I was forced to walk from her; the two women and her nurse turning away their faces also weeping.

'I have had, Madam,' said I, 'since 'I saw you, a most shocking scene be-'fore my eyes, for days together. My 'poor friend Belton is no more. He 'quitted the world yesterday morning 'in such dreadful agonies, that the im-'pression they have left upon me, has '*so weakened* my mind—'

I was loth to have her think, that my grief was owing to the weak state I saw her in, for fear of dispiriting her.

'This is only, Mr. Belford,' interrupted she, 'in order to *strengthen* it, if 'a proper use be made of the impression. 'But I should be glad, since you are so 'humanely affected with the solemn 'circumstance, that you could have 'written on account of it to your gay

'friend

'friend, in the ſtile and manner you 'are maſter of. Who knows, as it 'would have come *from* an aſſociate and '*of* an aſſociate, how it might have af-'fected him?'

That I *had* done, I told her, in ſuch a manner as had, I believed, ſome effect upon you.

'His behaviour in this honeſt family 'ſo lately,' ſaid ſhe, 'and his cruel pur-'ſuit of me, give but little hope that 'any thing ſerious or ſolemn will affect 'him.'

We had ſome talk about Belton's dying behaviour, and I gave her ſeveral particulars of the poor man's impatience and deſpair; to which ſhe was very attentive: and made fine obſervations upon the ſubject of procraſtination.

A letter and packet were brought her by a man on horſeback from Miſs Howe, while we were talking. She retired up ſtairs to read it; and while I was in diſcourſe with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, the doctor and apothecary both came in together. They confirmed to me my fears, as to the dangerous way ſhe is in. They had both been apprized of the new inſtances of implacableneſs in her friends, and of your perſecutions: and the doctor ſaid, he would not for the world be either the unforgiving father of that lady, or the man who had brought her to this diſtreſs. 'Her heart's broken: ſhe'll 'die,' ſaid he: 'there is no ſaving her. 'But how, were I either the one or the 'other of the people I have named, I 'ſhould ſupport myſelf afterwards I 'cannot tell.'

When ſhe was told we were all three together, ſhe deſired us to walk up. She aroſe to receive us, and after anſwering two or three general queſtions relating to her health, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to us to the following effect.

'As I may not,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſee you 'three gentlemen together again, let 'me take this opportunity to acknow-'ledge my obligations to you all.—I 'am inexpreſſibly obliged to you, Sir— 'and to you, Sir,' [curtſeying to the doctor and to Mr. Goddard] 'for your '*more* than friendly, your *paternal* care 'and concern for me. Humanity in your 'profeſſion, I dare ſay, is far from be-'ing a rare qualification, becauſe you are 'gentlemen *by* your profeſſion: but ſo 'much kindneſs, ſo much humanity, 'did never deſolate creature meet with, 'as I have met with from you both. But 'indeed I have always obſerved, that 'where a perſon relies upon Providence, 'it never fails to raiſe up a new friend 'for every old one that falls off.

'This gentleman,' [bowing to me] 'who, ſome people think, ſhould have 'been one of the laſt I ſhould have 'thought of for my executor—is never-'theleſs (ſuch is the ſtrange turn that 'things have taken!) the only one I can 'chuſe; and therefore I have choſen 'him for that charitable office, and he 'has been ſo good as to accept of it: for, 'rich as I may boaſt myſelf to be, I am 'rather ſo in *right*, than in *fact*, at this 'preſent. I repeat therefore my hum-'ble thanks to you all three, and beg 'of God to return to you and yours,' [looking to each] 'an hundred fold, the 'kindneſs and favour you have ſhewn 'me; and that it may be in the power 'of you and of yours, to the end of time, 'to *confer* benefits, rather than to be 'obliged to *receive* them. This is a god-'like power, gentlemen: I once rejoic-'ed in it in ſome little degree; and much 'more in the proſpect I had of it's be-'ing enlarged to me; though I have had 'the mortification to experience the re-'verſe, and to be obliged almoſt to 'every-body I have ſeen or met with: '—but all, originally, through my own 'fault; ſo I ought to bear the puniſh-'ment without repining: and I hope I 'do—Forgive theſe impertinences: a 'grateful heart, that wants the power it 'wiſhes for, to expreſs itſelf ſuitably to 'it's own impulſes, will be at a loſs what 'properly to dictate to the tongue; and 'yet, unable to reſtrain it's overflow-'ings, will force the tongue to ſay weak 'and ſilly things, rather than appear un-'gratefully ſilent. Once more then, I 'thank you all three for your kindneſs 'to me: and God Almighty make you 'that amends which at preſent I cannot!'

She retired from us to her cloſet with her eyes full; and left us looking upon one another.

We had hardly recovered ourſelves, when ſhe, quite eaſy, cheerful, and ſmiling, returned to us. 'Doctor,' ſaid ſhe, (ſeeing we had been moved) 'you 'will excuſe me for the concern I give 'you—and ſo will you, Mr. Goddard— 'and you, Mr. Belford—for 'tis a con-'cern that only generous natures can 'ſhew; and to ſuch natures *ſweet* is the 'pain, if I may ſo ſay, that attends ſuch 'a concern. But as I have ſome few 'preparations ſtill to make, and would 'not (though in caſe of Mr. Belford's 'future cares, which is, and ought to 'be, part of my ſtudy) undertake more

'than

'than it is likely I shall have time lent 'me to perform, I would beg of you to 'give me your opinions, [You see my 'way of living; and you may be assured, 'that I will do nothing wilfully to shorten my life] how long it may possibly 'be, before I may hope to be released 'from all my troubles.'

They both hesitated, and looked upon each other. 'Don't be afraid to answer 'me,' said she, each sweet hand pressing upon the arm of each gentleman, with that mingled freedom and reserve, which virgin modesty, mixed with conscious dignity, can only express, and with a look serenely earnest, 'Tell me 'how long you think I may hold it! And 'believe me, gentlemen, the shorter 'you tell me my time is likely to be, the 'more comfort you will give me.'

'With what pleasing woe,' said the doctor, 'do you fill the minds of those 'who have the happiness to converse 'with you, and see the happy frame you 'are in! What you have undergone 'within a few days past, has much hurt 'you: and should you have fresh troubles of those kinds, I could not be answerable for your holding it—' And there he paused.

'How long, doctor?—I believe I *shall* 'have a little more ruffling—I am afraid 'I shall—But there can happen only one 'thing that I shall not be tolerably easy 'under—How long then, Sir?'

He was silent.

'A fortnight, Sir?'

He was still silent.

'Ten days?—A week?—How long, 'Sir?' with smiling earnestness.

'If I *must* speak, Madam, if you have 'not better treatment than you have 'lately met with, I am afraid—' There again he stopt.

'Afraid of what, doctor? Don't be 'afraid—How long, Sir?'

'That a fortnight or three weeks may 'deprive the world of the finest flower 'in it.'

'A fortnight or three weeks yet, doctor?—But, God's will be done! I shall, 'however, by this means, have full 'time, if I have but strength and intellect left, to do all that is now upon my 'mind to do.—And so, Sirs, I can but 'once more thank you' [turning to each of us] 'for all your goodness to me; 'and, having letters to write, will take 'up no more of your time—Only, doctor, be pleased to order me some more 'of those drops: they cheer me a little 'when I am low;' and putting a fee into his unwilling hand—'You know the 'terms, Sir!'—Then, turning to Mr. Goddard, 'You'll be so good, Sir, as 'to look in upon me to-night, or to-'morrow, as you have opportunity—'and you, Mr. Belford, I know, will 'be desirous to set out to prepare for 'the last office of your late friend: so I 'wish you a good journey, and hope to 'see you when that is performed.'

She then retired, with a cheerful and serene air. The two gentlemen went away together. I went down to the women, and, enquiring, found, that Mrs. Lovick was this day to bring her twenty guineas more, for some other of her apparel.

The widow told me, that she had taken the liberty to expostulate with her, upon the *occasion* she had for raising this money, to such great disadvantage; and it produced the following short and affecting conversation between them.

'None of my friends will wear any-'thing of mine,' said she. 'I shall leave 'a great many good things behind me. '—And as to what I want the money for '—don't be surprized:—but suppose I 'want it to purchase a house.'

'You are all mystery, Madam. I don't 'comprehend you.'

'Why, then, Mrs Lovick, I will explain myself.—I have a man, not a 'woman, for my executor: and think 'you that I will leave to his care anything that concerns my own person? '—Now, Mrs. Lovick,' smiling, 'do 'you comprehend me?'

Mrs. Lovick wept.

'O fie!' proceeded the lady, drying up her tears with her own handkerchief, and giving her a kiss—'Why this 'kind weakness for one, with whom you 'have been so little a while acquainted? 'Dear, good Mrs. Lovick, don't be 'concerned for me on a prospect with 'which I have occasion to be pleased; 'but go to-morrow to your friends, and 'bring me the money they have agreed 'to give you.'

Thus, Lovelace, it is plain, that she means to bespeak her *last* house! Here's presence of mind; here's tranquillity of heart, on the most affecting occasion!—This is magnanimity, indeed!—Couldst thou, or could I, with all our boisterous bravery, and offensive false courage, act thus?—Poor Belton! how unlike was thy behaviour!

Mrs. Lovick tells me, that the lady spoke of a letter she had received from her favourite divine Dr. Lewen, in the time



Richter delin. Chester Sculp.

CLARISSA *in company with the* CLERGYMAN. APOTHECARY & Mr. BELFORD *requesting to know how long they think she may live.*

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time of my abſence; and of an anſwer ſhe had returned to it. But Mrs. Lovick knows not the contents of either.

When thou receiveſt the letter I am now writing, thou wilt ſee what will ſoon be the end of all thy injuries to this divine lady. I ſay, *when thou receiveſt it*; for I will delay it for ſome little time, leſt thou ſhouldeſt take it into thy head (under pretence of reſenting the diſappointment her letter muſt give thee) to moleſt her again.

This letter having detained me by it's length, I ſhall not now ſet out for Epſom till to-morrow.

I ſhould have mentioned, that the lady explained to me what the *one thing* was, that ſhe was afraid might happen to ruffle her. It was the apprehenſion of what may reſult from a viſit which Colonel Morden, ſhe is informed, deſigns to make *you*.

LETTER LXVI.

THE REV. DR. LEWEN, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

FRIDAY, AUG. 18.

PRESUMING, deareſt and ever-reſpectable young lady, upon your former favour, and upon your opinion of my judgment and ſincerity, I cannot help addreſſing you by a few lines, on your preſent unhappy ſituation.

I will not look back upon the meaſures into which you have either been *led* or *driven*: but will only ſay as to *thoſe*, that I think you are the leaſt to blame of any young lady that was ever reduced from happy to unhappy circumſtances; and I have not been wanting to ſay as much, where I hoped my freedom would have been better received than I have had the mortification to find it to be.

What I principally write for now, is, to put you upon doing a piece of juſtice to yourſelf, and to your ſex, in the proſecuting for his life (I am aſſured his life is in your power) the moſt profligate and abandoned of men, as *he* muſt be, who could act ſo baſely, as I underſtand Mr. Lovelace has acted by you.

I am very ill; and am now forced to write upon my pillow; my thoughts confuſed; and incapable of method: I ſhall not therefore aim at method: but to give you in general my opinion.—And that is, that your religion, your duty to your family, the duty you owe to your honour, and even charity to your ſex, oblige you to give publick evidence againſt this very wicked man.

And let me add another conſideration: the prevention, by this means, of the miſchiefs that may otherwiſe happen between your brother and Mr. Lovelace, or between the latter and your couſin Morden, who is now, I hear, arrived, and reſolves to have juſtice done you.

A conſideration which ought to affect your conſcience; [Forgive me, deareſt young lady, I think I am now in the way of my duty] and to be of more concern to you, than that hard preſſure upon your modeſty which I know the appearance againſt him in an open court muſt be of to ſuch a lady as you; and which, I conceive, will be your great difficulty. But I know, Madam, that you have dignity enough to *become* the bluſhes of the moſt naked truth, when neceſſity, juſtice, and honour, exact it from you. Rakes and raviſhers would meet with encouragement *indeed*, and moſt from thoſe who had the greateſt abhorrence of their actions, if violated modeſty were never to complain of the injury it received from the villainous attempters of it.

In a word, the reparation of your family diſhonour now reſts in your own boſom: and which only one of theſe two alternatives *can* repair; to wit, either to marry the offender, or to proſecute him at law. Bitter expedients for a foul ſo delicate as yours!

He, and all his friends, I underſtand, ſolicit you to the firſt: and it is certainly now, all the amends within his power to make. But I am aſſured, that you have rejected *their* ſolicitations, and *his*, with the indignation and contempt that his foul actions have deſerved: but yet, that you refuſe not to extend to him the Chriſtian forgiveneſs he has ſo little reaſon to expect, provided he will not diſturb you further.

But, Madam, the proſecution I adviſe, will not let your preſent and future exemption from freſh diſturbance from ſo vile a moleſter depend upon his *courteſy*: I ſhould think ſo noble and ſo rightly-guided a ſpirit as yours, would not permit that it ſhould, if you could help it.

And can indignities of any kind be *properly pardoned* till we have it in *our power to puniſh them?* To pretend to pardon, while we are labouring under the pain or diſhonour of them, will be thought by ſome to be but the vaunted mercy of a puſillanimous heart, trembling

bling to resent them. The remedy I propose, is a severe one; but what pain can be more severe than the injury? or how will injuries be believed to grieve us, that are never honourably complained of?

I am sure, Miss Clarissa Harlowe, however injured and oppressed, remains unshaken in her sentiments of honour and virtue: and although she would sooner die than *deserve* that her modesty should be drawn into question; yet she will think no truth immodest that is to be uttered in the vindicated cause of innocence and chastity. Little, very little difference is there, my dear young lady, between a *suppressed* evidence, and a *false* one.

It is a terrible circumstance, I once more own, for a young lady of your delicacy, to be under the obligation of telling so shocking a story in publick court: but it is still a worse imputation, that she should pass over so mortal an injury unresented.

Conscience, honour, justice, are on your side: and modesty would, by some, be thought but an empty name, should you refuse to obey their dictates.

I have been consulted, I own, on this subject. I have given it as my opinion, that you ought to prosecute the abandoned man—But without my reasons. These I reserved, with a resolution to lay them before you unknown to anybody, that the result, if what I wish, may be *your own*.

I will only add, that the misfortunes which have befallen you, had they been the lot of a child of my own, could not have affected me *more* than yours have done. My own child I love: but I both love and honour you: since to love you, is to love virtue, good sense, prudence, and every thing that is good and noble in woman.

Wounded as I think all these are by the injuries you have received, you will believe that the knowledge of your distresses must have afflicted, beyond what I am able to express, *your sincere admirer, and humble servant*,

ARTHUR LEWEN.

I just now understand, that your sister will, by proper authority, propose this prosecution to you. I humbly presume, that the reason why you resolved not upon this step *from the first*, was, that you did not know, that it would have the *countenance and support of your relations*.

LETTER LXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO THE REV. DR. LEWEN.

SAT. AUG. 19.

REV'D AND DEAR SIR,

I Thought, till I received your affectionate and welcome letter, that I had neither father, uncle, brother left; nor hardly a friend among my former favourers of your sex. Yet knowing *you* so well, and having no reason to upbraid myself with a faulty will, I was to blame (even although I had doubted the continuance of your good opinion) to decline the trial whether I had forfeited it or not; and if I had, whether I could not, *honourably*, reinstate myself in it.

But, Sir, it was owing to different causes that I did not; partly to *shame*, to think how high, in my happier days, I stood in your esteem, and how much I must be sunk in it, since those so much nearer in relation to me gave me up; partly to *deep distress*, which makes the humbled heart diffident; and made mine afraid to claim the kindred mind in yours, which would have supplied to me, in some measure, all the dear and lost relations I have named.

Then, so loth, as I sometimes was, to be thought to want to make a *party* against those whom both duty and inclination bid me reverence: so long *trailed* on between *hope and doubt*: so *little my own mistress* at one time; so fearful of *making or causing mischief*, at another; and not being encouraged to hope, by *your kind notice*, that my application to you would be acceptable:—apprehending, that my relations had engaged your *silence* at least.

THESE—But why these unavailing retrospections now?—I *was* to be happy—In order to *be* happy; that is my hope!—Resigning therefore to that hope, I will, without any further preamble, write a few lines (if writing to *you*, I can write *but* a few) in answer to the subject of your kind letter.

Permit me, then, to say, That I believe your arguments would have been unanswerable in almost every *other* case of this nature, but in that of the unhappy *Clarissa Harlowe*.

It is certain, that creatures who cannot stand the shock of *publick shame*, should be doubly careful how they expose themselves to the danger of incurring *private guilt*, which may possibly bring them to it. But as to *myself*, suppose there were no objections from the

declining way I am in as to my health; and ſuppoſing I could have prevailed upon myſelf to appear againſt this man; were there not room to apprehend, that the end ſo much wiſhed for by my friends (to wit, his condign puniſhment) would not have been obtained, when it came to be ſeen, that I had conſented to give him a clandeſtine meeting; and, in conſequence of that, had been weekly tricked out of myſelf; and further ſtill, had not been able to avoid living under one roof with him for ſeveral weeks; which I did (not only without complaint, but) without *cauſe* of complaint?

Little advantage *in a court* (perhaps, bandied about, and jeſted profligately with) would ſome of thoſe pleas in my favour have been, which *out of court*, and to a *private* and *ſerious* audience, would have carried the greateſt weight againſt him—Such, particularly, as the infamous methods to which he had recourſe.

It would, no doubt, have been a ready retort from every mouth, that I ought not to have thrown myſelf into the power of ſuch a man, and that I ought to take for my pains what had befallen me.

But had the proſecution been carried on to *effect*, and had he even been *ſentenced to death*, can it be ſuppoſed, that his family would not have had intereſt enough to obtain his pardon, for a crime thought too lightly of, though one of the greateſt that can be committed againſt a creature valuing her honour above her life?—While I had been cenſured as purſuing, with ſanguinary views, a man who offered me early all the reparation in his power to make?

And had he been *pardoned*, would he not then have been at liberty to do as much miſchief as ever?

I dare ſay, Sir, ſuch is the aſſurance of the man upon whom my unhappy deſtiny threw me; and ſuch his inveteracy to my family, (which would then have appeared to be juſtified by their known inveteracy to *him*, and by their earneſt endeavours to take away his life;) that he would not have been ſorry to have had an opportunity to confront me, and my father, uncles, and brother, at the bar of a court of juſtice, on ſuch an occaſion. In which caſe, would not (on his acquittal, or pardon) reſentments have been reciprocally heightened? And then would my brother, or my couſin Morden, have been more ſecure than now?

How do theſe conſiderations aggravate my fault!—My motives, at firſt, were not indeed blameable: but I had forgotten the excellent caution, which yet I was not ignorant of, *That we ought not to do evil that good may come of it.*

In full conviction of the purity of my heart, and of the firmneſs of my principles, [Why may I not, thus called upon, ſay what I am conſcious of, and yet without the imputation of faulty pride; ſince all is but a *duty*, and I ſhould be utterly inexcuſeable, could I not juſtly ſay what I do?—In this full conviction] he had offered me marriage. He has avowed his penitence: a *ſincere* penitence I have reaſon to think it, though perhaps not a *Chriſtian* one. And his noble relations, (kinder to the poor ſufferer than her own) on the ſame conviction, and his own not ungenerous acknowledgments, have joined to intercede with me to *forgive* and *accept* of him. Although I cannot comply with the latter part of their interceſſion, have not you, Sir, from the *beſt* rules, and from the *divineſt* example, taught me to forgive injuries?

The injury I have received from him is indeed of the higheſt nature, and it was attended with circumſtances of unmanly baſeneſs, and premeditation; yet, I bleſs God, it has not tainted my mind; it has not hurt my morals. No thanks indeed to the wicked man that it has not. No vile courſes have followed it. My will is unviolated. The evil (reſpecting *myſelf*, and not my *friends*) is merely perſonal. No credulity, no weakneſs, no want of vigilance, have I to reproach myſelf with. I have, through grace, triumphed over the deepeſt machinations. I have eſcaped from him. I have renounced him. The man whom once I could have loved, I have been enabled to deſpiſe: and ſhall not *charity* complete my triumph? And ſhall I not *enjoy* it?—And where would be my triumph, if he *deſerved* my forgiveneſs?—Poor man! He has had a loſs in loſing me! I have the pride to think ſo, becauſe I think I know my own heart. I have had none in loſing him!

But I have *another* plea to make, which alone would have been enough (as I preſume) to anſwer the contents of your very kind and friendly letter.

I know, my dear and reverend friend, the ſpiritual guide and director of my happier days! I know, that you will allow of my endeavour to bring myſelf to this charitable diſpoſition, when I tell you how near I think myſelf to that

great and awful moment, *in* which, and even in the ardent preparation *to* which, every ſenſe of indignity or injury that concerns not the immortal ſoul, ought to be abſorbed in higher and more important contemplations.

Thus much for *myſelf*.

And for the ſatisfaction of my *friends* and *favourers*, Miſs Howe is ſolicitous to have all thoſe letters and materials preſerved, which will ſet my whole ſtory in a true light. The good Dr. Lewen is one of the principal of thoſe friends and favourers.

The warning that may be given from thoſe papers to all ſuch young creatures as may have known or heard of me, may be of more efficacy to the end wiſhed for, as, I humbly preſume to think, than my appearance could have been in a court of juſtice, purſuing a doubtful event, under the diſadvantages I have mentioned. And if, my dear and good Sir, you are now, on conſidering every thing, of *this* opinion, and I could *know* it, I ſhould conſider it as a particular felicity; being as ſolicitous as ever to be juſtified in what I may in your eyes.

I am ſorry, Sir, that your indiſpoſition has reduced you to the neceſſity of writing upon your pillow. But how much am I obliged to that kind and generous concern for me, which has *impelled* you, as I may ſay, to write a letter, containing ſo many paternal lines, with ſuch inconvenience to yourſelf!

May the Almighty bleſs you, dear and reverend Sir, for all your goodneſs to me of long time paſt, as well as for that which engages my preſent gratitude! Continue to eſteem me to the laſt, as I do and will venerate you! And let me beſpeak your prayers, the *continuance*, I ſhould ſay, of your prayers; for I doubt not, that I have always had them: and to them, perhaps, has in part been owing, (as well as to your pious precepts inſtilled through my earlier youth) that I have been able to make the ſtand I have made; although every-thing that you prayed for has not been granted to me by that Divine Wiſdom, which knows what is beſt for it's poor creatures.

My prayers for *you* are, That it will pleaſe God to reſtore you to your affectionate flock; and after as many years of life as ſhall be for *His* ſervice, and to *your own* comfort, give us a happy meeting in thoſe regions of bleſſedneſs, which you have taught me, as well by *example*, as by *precept*, to aſpire to!

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXVIII.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS TO HER UNCLE ANTONY, OF AUG. 13.]

MONDAY, AUG. 21.

SISTER CLARY,

I Find, by your letters to my uncles, that they, as well as I, are in great diſgrace with you for writing our minds to you.

We can't help it, ſiſter Clary.

You don't think it worth your while, I find, a ſecond time to preſs for the bleſſing you pretend to be ſo earneſt about. You think, no doubt, that you have done your duty in aſking for it: ſo you'll ſit down ſatisfied with that, I ſuppoſe, and leave it to your wounded parents to repent hereafter that they have not done *theirs*, in giving it to you, at the *firſt* word; and in making ſuch enquiries about you, as you think ought to have been made. Fine encouragement to enquire after a run-away daughter! living with her fellow, as long as he would live with her! You repent alſo (with your *full mind*, as you modeſtly call it) that you wrote to me.

So we are not likely to be applied to any more, I find, in this way.

Well, then, ſince this is the caſe, ſiſter Clary, let me, *with all humility*, addreſs myſelf with a propoſal or two to you; to which you will be *graciouſly* pleaſed to give an anſwer.

Now you muſt know that we have had hints given us from ſeveral quarters, that you have been uſed in ſuch a manner by the villain you ran away with, that his life would be anſwerable for his crime, if it were fairly to be proved. And by your own hints, ſomething like it appears to us.

If, Clary, there be any thing but jingle and affected period in what proceeds from your *full mind*, and your *dutiful conſciouſneſs*; and if there be truth in what Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Howe have acquainted us with, you may yet juſtify your character to us, and to the world, in every-thing but your ſcandalous elopement; and the law may reach the villain: and could we but bring him to the gallows, what a meritorious revenge would that be to our whole injured family, and to the innocents he has deluded, as well as the ſaving from ruin many others!

Let me, therefore, know, *(if you pleaſe)* whether you are willing to appear to do *yourſelf*, and *us*, and your *ſex*, this

this juſtice? If *not*, ſiſter Clary, we ſhall know what to think of you; for neither *you* nor *we* can ſuffer more than we have done from the ſcandal of your fall: and if *you will*, Mr. Ackland and Counſellor Derham will both attend you to make *proper enquiries*, and to take minutes of your ſtory, to found a próceſs upon, if it will bear one, with as great a probability of ſucceſs as we are told it may be proſecuted with.

But by what Mrs. Howe intimates, this is not likely to be complied with; for it is what ſhe hinted to you, it ſeems, by her lively daughter, but without effect; and then, again, poſſibly, you may not at preſent behave ſo prudently in ſome certain points, as to entitle yourſelf to publick juſtice; which, if true, the Lord have mercy upon you.

One word only more as to the above propoſal:—Your admirer, Dr. Lewen, is clear in his opinion that you ſhould proſecute the villain.

But if you will not agree to this, I have another propoſal to make to you; and that in the name of every-one in the family; which is, that you will think of going to Penſylvania to reſide there for ſome few years till all is blown over: and, if it pleaſe God to ſpare you, and your unhappy parents, till they can be ſatisfied that you behave like a true and uniform penitent; at leaſt till you are one-and-twenty; you may then come back to your own eſtate, or have the produce of it ſent you thither, as you ſhall chuſe. A period which my father fixes, becauſe it is the *cuſtom*; and becauſe he thinks your *grandfather* ſhould have fixed it; and becauſe, let *me* add, you have fully proved, by your fine conduct, that you were not at years of diſcretion at *eighteen*. Poor doating, though good old man!—Your grandfather, he thought—But I would not be too ſevere.

Mr. Hartley has a widow-ſiſter at Penſylvania, with whom he will undertake you may board, and who is a ſober, ſenſible, well-read woman. And if you were once well there, it would rid your father and mother of a world of cares and fears, and ſcandal; and I think is what you ſhould wiſh for of all things.

Mr. Hartley will engage for all accommodations in your paſſage ſuitable to your rank and fortune; and he has a concern in a ſhip, which will ſail in a month; and you may take your ſecret-keeping Hannah with you, or whom you will of your *newer* acquaintance. 'Tis preſumed that your companions will be of your own ſex.

Theſe are what I had to communicate to you; and if you'll oblige me with an anſwer, (which the hand that conveys this will call for on Wedneſday morning) it will be very condeſcending.

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXIX.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

WRITE to me, my hard-hearted ſiſter, in what manner you pleaſe, I ſhall always be thankful to you for your notice. But (think what you will of me) I cannot ſee Mr. Ackland and the counſellor on ſuch a buſineſs as you mention.

The Lord have mercy upon me, indeed! For none elſe will.

Surely I am believed to be a creature paſt all ſhame, or it could not be thought of ſending two *gentlemen* to me on ſuch an errand.

Had my *mother* required of me (or would *modeſty* have permitted *you* to enquire into) the particulars of my ſad ſtory, or had *Mrs. Norton* been directed to receive them from me, methinks it had been more fit: and I preſume to think, that it would have been more in every-one's character too, had they been required of me before ſuch heavy judgment had been paſſed upon me, as has been paſſed.

I *know* that this is Dr. Lewen's opinion. He has been ſo good as to enforce it in a kind letter to me. I have anſwered his letter; and given ſuch reaſons as I hope will ſatisfy *him*. I could wiſh it were thought worth while to requeſt of him a ſight of my anſwer.*

To your other propoſal, of going to Penſylvania; this is my anſwer—If nothing happen within a month which may fall as effectually rid my parents and friends of that world of cares, and fears, and ſcandals, which you mention, and if I am *then* able to be carried on board a ſhip, I will cheerfully obey my father and mother, although I were ſure to die in the paſſage. And, if I

* Her letter containing the reaſons ſhe refers to, was not aſked for; and Dr. Lewen's death, which fell out ſoon after he had received it, was the reaſon that it was not communicated to the family, till it was too late to do the ſervice that might have been hoped for from it.

may

may be forgiven for saying so, (for indeed it proceeds not from a spirit of revenge) you shall let over me, instead of my poor obliging, but really unculpable, Hannah, your Betty Barnes; to whom I will be answerable for all my conduct. And I will make it worth her while to accompany me.

I am equally surprized and concerned at the hints which both you and my uncle Antony give of *new* points of misbehaviour in me!—What can be meant by them?

I will not tell you, Miss Harlowe, how much I am afflicted at your severity, and how much I suffer by it, and by your hard-hearted levity of stile, because what I shall say may be construed into *jingle* and *period*, and because I know it is *intended*, very possibly, for *that end*, to mortify me. All I will therefore say, is, that it does not lose it's end, if that be it.

But, nevertheless, (divesting myself as much as possible of all resentment) I will only pray, that Heaven will give you, for *your own* sake, a kinder heart than at present you seem to have; since a kind heart, I am convinced, is a greater blessing to it's possessor, than it can be to any other person. Under this conviction, I subscribe myself, my dear Bella, *your ever-affectionate sister*,

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LXX.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS OF THURSDAY, AUGUST 17.]

TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

MY DEAREST YOUNG LADY,

THE letters you sent me, I now return by the hand that brings you this.

It is impossible for me to express how much I have been affected by them, and by your last of the 17th. Indeed, my dear Miss Clary, you are very harshly used; indeed you are! And if you should be taken from us, what grief and what punishment are they not treasuring up against themselves in the heavy reflections which their rash censures and unforgivingness will occasion them!

But I find to what your uncle Antony's cruel letter is owing, as well as one you will be still more afflicted by, [God help you, my poor dear child!] when it comes to your hand, written by your sister, with proposals to you.

It was finished to send you yesterday, I know; and I apprize you of it, that you should fortify your heart against the contents of it.

The motives, which incline them all to this severity, if well grounded, would authorize any severity they could express, and which, while they believe them to be so, both they and you are to be equally pitied.

They are owing to the information of that officious Mr. Brand, who has acquainted them, (from some enemy of yours in the neighbourhood about you) that visits are made you, highly censurable, by a man of a free character, and an intimate of Mr. Lovelace; who is often in private with you; sometimes twice or thrice a-day.

Betty gives herself great liberties of speech upon this occasion, and all your friends are too ready to believe, that things are not as they should be; which makes me wish, that, let the gentleman's views be ever so honourable, you could entirely drop acquaintance with him.

Something of this nature was hinted at by Betty to me before, but so darkly, that I could not tell what to make of it; and this made me mention it to you so *generally*, as I did in my last.

Your cousin Morden has been among them. He is exceedingly concerned for your misfortunes; and as they will not believe Mr. Lovelace would marry you, he is determined to go to Lord M.'s, in order to inform himself, from Mr. Lovelace's own mouth, whether he intends to do you that justice or not.

He was extremely caressed by everyone at his first arrival; but I am told there is some little coldness between them and him at present.

I was in hopes of getting a sight of this letter of Mr. Brand, (a rash officious man!) but it seems Mr. Morden had it given him yesterday to read, and he took it away with him.

God be your comfort, my dear Miss! But indeed I am exceedingly disturbed at the thoughts of what may still be the issue of all these things. I am, my beloved young lady, *your most affectionate and faithful*

JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER LXXI.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, AUG. 22.

AFTER I had sealed up the inclosed, I had the honour of a private visit from

from your aunt Hervey; who has been in a very low-ſpirited way, and kept her chamber for ſeveral weeks paſt; and is but juſt got abroad.

She longed, ſhe ſaid, to ſee me, and to weep with me, on the hard fate that had befallen her beloved niece.

I will give you a faithful account of what paſſed between us; as I expect that it will, upon the whole, adminiſter hope and comfort to you.

She pitied very much your good mother, who, ſhe aſſured me, is obliged to act a part entirely contrary to her inclinations; as ſhe herſelf, ſhe owns, had been in a great meaſure.

She ſaid, that the poor lady was with great difficulty witheld from anſwering your letter to her; which had (as was your aunt's expreſſion) almoſt broken the heart of every-one: that ſhe had reaſon to think, that ſhe was neither conſenting to your two uncles writing, nor approving of what they wrote.

She is ſure they all love you dearly; but have gone ſo far, that they know not how to recede.

That, but for the *abominable league* which your brother had got every-body into, (he refuſing to ſet out for Scotland till it was renewed, and till they had all promiſed to take no ſtep towards a reconciliation in his abſence but by his conſent; and to which your ſiſter's reſentments kept them up;) all would, before now, have happily ſubſided.

That nobody knew the pangs which their inflexible behaviour gave them, ever ſince you had begun to write to them in ſo affecting and humble a ſtile.

That, however, they were not inclined to believe that you were either ſo ill, or ſo penitent, as you really are; and ſtill leſs, that Mr. Lovelace is in earneſt in his offers of marriage.

She is ſure, however, ſhe ſays, that all will ſoon be well: and the ſooner for Mr. Morden's arrival: who is very zealous in your behalf.

She wiſhed to Heaven, that you would accept of Mr. Lovelace, wicked as he has been, if he were now in earneſt.

It had always, ſhe ſaid, been matter of aſtoniſhment to her, that ſo weak a pride in her couſin James, of making himſelf the *whole family*, ſhould induce them all to refuſe an alliance with ſuch a family as Mr. Lovelace's was.

She would have it, that your going off with Mr. Lovelace, was the unhappieſt ſtep for your honour and your intereſt that could have been taken; for that although you would have had a ſevere trial the next day, yet it would probably have been the laſt; and your pathetick powers muſt have drawn you off ſome friends—hearing at your mother, at your uncle Harlowe, at your uncle Hervey, and herſelf.

But here (that the regret that you did not truſt to the event of that meeting, may not, in your preſent low way, too much afflict you) I muſt obſerve, that it ſeems a little too evident, even from this opinion of your aunt's, that it was not abſolutely determined that all compulſion was deſigned to be avoided, ſince your freedom from it muſt have been owing to the party to be made among them by your perſuaſive eloquence and dutiful expoſtulation.

She owned, that ſome of them were as much afraid of meeting you, as you could be of meeting them:—but why ſo, if they deſigned, in the laſt inſtance, to give you your way?

Your aunt told me, that Mrs. Williams had been with her, and aſked her opinion if it would be taken amiſs, if ſhe deſired leave to go up, to attend her *deareſt young lady in her calamity*. Your aunt referred her to your mother: but had heard no more of it.

Her daughter, (Miſs Dolly) ſhe ſaid, had been frequently earneſt with her on the ſame ſubject; and renewed her requeſt with the greateſt fervour when your firſt letter came to hand.

Your aunt ſays, that ſhe then being very ill, wrote to your mother upon it, hoping it would not be taken amiſs, if ſhe permitted Miſs Dolly to go; but that your ſiſter, as from your mother, anſwered her, that now you ſeemed to be coming to, and to have a due ſenſe of your faults, you muſt be left entirely to their own management.

Miſs Dolly, ſhe ſaid, had pined ever ſince ſhe had heard of Mr. Lovelace's baſeneſs; being doubly mortified by it; firſt, on account of your ſufferings; next, becauſe ſhe was one who rejoiced in your getting off, and vindicated you for it: and had incurred cenſure and ill-will on that account; eſpecially from your brother and ſiſter; ſo that ſhe ſeldom went to Harlowe Place.

Make the beſt uſe of theſe intelligences, my deareſt young lady, for your conſolation.

I will only add, that I am, with the moſt fervent prayers for your recovery and reſtoration to favour, *your ever faithful*

JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER

LETTER LXXII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. JUDITH NORTON.

THURSDAY, AUG. 24.

THE relation of such a conversation as passed between my aunt and you, would have given me pleasure, had it come some time ago; because it would have met with a spirit more industrious than mine *now* is, to pick out remote comfort in the hope of a favourable turn that might one day have rewarded my patient duty.

I did not doubt my aunt's good-will to me. Her affection I did not doubt. But shall we wonder that kings and princes meet with so little controul in their passions, be they ever so violent, when in a private family, an aunt, nay even a mother in that family, shall chuse to give up a once favoured child against their own inclinations, rather than oppose an aspiring young man, who had armed himself with the authority of a father, who, when once determined, never would be expostulated with?

And will you not *blame* me, if I say, that good sense, that kindred indulgence, must be a little offended at the treatment I have met with; and if I own, that I think, that great rigour has been exercised towards me? And yet I am now authorized to call it *rigour* by the judgment of two excellent sisters, my mother and my aunt, who acknowledge (as you tell me from my aunt) that they have been obliged to join against me, contrary to their inclinations; and that, even in a point which might seem to concern my eternal welfare.

But I must not go on at this rate. For may not the inclination my mother has given up, be the effect of a too fond indulgence, rather than that I merit the indulgence? And yet so petulantly perverse am I, that I must tear myself from the subject.

All then that I will say further to it, at this time, is, that were the intended goodness to be granted to me but a week hence, it would possibly be too late—Too late, I mean, to be of the consolation to me, that I would wish from it: for what an ineffacacious preparation must I have been making, if it has not, by this time, carried me above—But above what?—Poor mistaken creature! Unhappy self-deluder! that finds herself above nothing! Not able to subdue her own faulty impatience!

But in-*deed* to have done with a subject, that I dare not trust myself with; if it comes in your way, let my aunt Hervey, let my dear cousin Dolly, let the worthy Mrs. Williams, know, how exceedingly grateful to me their kind intentions and concern for me are: and, as the best warrant or justification of their good opinions, (since I know that their favour of me is founded on the belief that I loved virtue) tell them, that I *continued* to love virtue to my last hour, as I presume to hope it may be said; and assure them, that I never made the least *wilful* deviation, however unhappy I became for one faulty step; which nevertheless was not owing to unworthy or perverse motives.

I am very sorry, that my cousin Morden has taken a resolution to see Mr. Lovelace.

My apprehensions on this intelligence are a great abatement to the pleasure I have in knowing that he still loves me.

My sister's letter to me is a most affecting one—So *needlessly*, so *ludicrously* taunting!—But for that part of it that is so, I ought rather to pity her, than to be so much concerned at it as I am.

I wonder what I have done to Mr. Brand—I pray God to forgive both him and his informants, whoever they be. But if the scandal arise solely from Mr. Belford's visits, a very little time will confute it. Meanwhile the packet I shall send you, which I sent to Miss Howe, will, I hope, satisfy *you*, my dear Mrs. Norton, as to my reasons for admitting his visits.

My sister's taunting letter, and the inflexibleness of my dear friends—But how do remoter-begun subjects tend to the point which lies nearest the heart! —As new-caught bodily disorders all croud to a fractured or distempered part.

I will break off, with requesting your prayers, that I be blessed with patience and due resignation; and with assuring you, that I am, and will be, to the last hour of my life, *your equally grateful and affectionate* CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXIII.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN REPLY TO HERS OF FRIDAY, AUG. 11.]

YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, AUG. 23.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I Have read the letters, and copies of letters, you favoured me with: and I return them by a particular hand.

I am

I am extremely concerned at your indifferent ſtate of health: but I approve of all your proceedings and precautions in relation to the appointment of Mr. Belford for an office, in which, I hope, neither he nor any-body elſe will be wanted to act, for many, very many years.

I admire, and ſo we do all, that greatneſs of mind which can make you ſo ſtedfaſtly deſpiſe (through ſuch inducements as no other woman could reſiſt, and in ſuch deſolate circumſtances as you have been reduced to) the wretch that ought to be ſo heartily deſpiſed and deteſted.

What muſt the contents of thoſe letters from your relations be, which you will not communicate to me!—Fie upon them! How my heart riſes!—But I dare ſay no more—Though you yourſelf now begin to think they uſe you with great ſeverity.

Every-body here is ſo taken with Mr. Hickman, (and the more from the horror they conceive at the character of the deteſtable Lovelace) that I have been teazed to death almoſt to name a day. This has given him airs; and, did I not keep him to it, he would behave as careleſsly and as inſolently as if he were ſure of me. I have been forced to mortify him no leſs than four times ſince we have been here.

I made him lately undergo a ſevere penance for ſome negligences that were not to be paſſed over: not *deſigned* ones, he ſaid: but that was a poor excuſe, as I told him: for, had they been *deſigned*, he ſhould never have come into my preſence more: that they were *not*, ſhewed his want of thought and attention; and thoſe were inexcuſable in a man only in his probatory ſtate.

He hoped he had been more than in a *probatory* ſtate, he ſaid.

'And therefore, Sir, might be more '*careleſs*!—So you add *ingratitude* to '*negligence*, and make what you plead as '*accident*, that *itſelf* wants an excuſe, *de*-'*ſign*, which deſerves none.'

I would not ſee him for two days, and he was ſo penitent, and ſo humble, that I had like to have loſt myſelf, to make him amends: for, as you have ſaid, a reſentment carried too high, often ends in an amends too humble.

I long to be nearer to you: but that muſt not yet be, it ſeems. Pray, my dear, let me hear from you as often as you can.

May Heaven increaſe your comforts, and reſtore your health, are the prayers of *your ever faithful and affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

P. S. Excuſe me that I did not write before: it was owing to a little coaſting voyage I was obliged to give into.

LETTER LXXIV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

FRIDAY, AUG. 25.

YOU are very obliging, my dear Miſs Howe, to account to me for your ſilence. I was eaſy in it, as I doubted not, that among ſuch near and dear friends as you are with, you was diverted from writing by ſome ſuch agreeable excurſion, as that you mention.

I was in hopes that you had given over, at this time of day, thoſe very ſprightly airs, which I have taken the liberty to blame you for, as often as you have given me occaſion to do ſo; and that has been *very* often.

I was always very grave with you upon this ſubject: and while your own and a worthy man's future happineſs are in the queſtion, I muſt enter into it, whenever you forget yourſelf, although I had not a day to live: and indeed I am very ill.

I am ſure it was not your intention to take your future huſband with you to the little iſland, to make him look weak and ſilly among thoſe of your relations, who never before had ſeen him. Yet do you think it poſſible for them (however prepared and reſolved they may be to like him) to forbear ſmiling at him, when they ſee him ſuffering under your whimſical penances? A modeſt man ſhould no more be made little in *his own eyes*, than in the eyes of *others*. If he be, he will have a diffidence, which will give an aukwardneſs to everything he ſays or does: and this will be no more to the credit of your choice, than to that of the approbation he meets with from your friends, or to his own credit.

I love an obliging, and even an *humble* deportment in a man to the woman he addreſſes. It is a mark of his politeneſs, and tends to give her that opinion of herſelf, which it may be ſuppoſed baſhful merit wants to be inſpired with. But if the woman exacts it with an high hand, ſhe ſhews not either her

own politeneſs or gratitude; although I muſt confeſs ſhe does her courage. I gave you expectation that I would be very ſerious with you.

O, my dear, that it had been my lot (as I was not permitted to live ſingle) to have met with a man by whom I could have acted generouſly and unreſervedly!

Mr. Lovelace, it is now plain, in order to have a pretence againſt me, taxed my behaviour to him with ſtiffneſs and diſtance. You, at one time, thought me guilty of ſome degree of prudery. Difficult ſituations ſhould be allowed for; which often make ſeeming occaſions for cenſure unavoidable. I deſerved not blame from *him* who made mine difficult. And you, my dear, had I had any other man to deal with, or had he had but half the merit which Mr. Hickman has, would have found that my doctrine on this ſubject ſhould have governed my practice.

But to put myſelf out of the queſtion —I'll tell you what I ſhould think, were I an indifferent by-ſtander, of thoſe high airs of yours, in return for Mr. Hickman's humble demeanour. 'The lady thinks of having the gentleman, I ſee plainly,' would I ſay. 'But I ſee, *as* plainly, that ſhe has a very great indifference to him. And to what may this indifference be owing? To one or all of theſe conſiderations, no doubt: that ſhe receives his addreſſes rather from motives of convenience than choice: that ſhe thinks meanly of his endowments and intellects; at leaſt more highly of *her own*: or, ſhe has not the generoſity to uſe that power with moderation, which his great affection for her puts into her hands.'

How would you like, my dear, to have any of theſe things ſaid?

Then to give but the ſhadow of a reaſon for free-livers and free-ſpeakers to ſay; or to imagine, that Miſs Howe gives her hand to a man who has no reaſon to expect any ſhare in her heart, I am ſure you would not with that ſuch a thing ſhould be ſo much as ſuppoſed. Then all the regard from you to come *afterwards*; none to be ſhewn *before*; muſt, I ſhould think, be capable of being conſtrued as a compliment to the *huſband* made at the expence of the *wife's* and even of the ſex's *delicacy*.

There is no fear that attempts could be formed by the moſt audacious [Two Lovelace's there cannot be!] upon a character ſo revered for virtue, and ſo charmingly ſpirited, as Miſs Howe's: yet, to have any man encouraged to deſpiſe a huſband by the example of one who is moſt concerned to do him honour; what, my dear, think you of that? It is but too natural for envious men (and who that knows Miſs Howe, will not envy Mr. Hickman!) to ſcoff at, and to jeſt upon, thoſe who are treated with, or will bear indignity from a woman.

If a man ſo treated have a true and ardent love for the woman he addreſſes, he will be eaſily over-awed by her diſpleaſure: and this will put him upon acts of ſubmiſſion, which will be called *meanneſs*. And what woman of true ſpirit would like to have it ſaid, that ſhe would impoſe any-thing upon the man from whom ſhe one day expects protection and defence, that ſhould be capable of being conſtrued as a meanneſs, or unmanly abjectneſs in his behaviour, even to herſelf?—Nay, I am not ſure, and I aſk it of you, my dear, to reſolve me, whether, in your own opinion, it is not likely, that a woman of ſpirit will *deſpiſe* rather than *value* more, the man who will take patiently an inſult at her hands; eſpecially *before company*.

I have always obſerved, that prejudices in *diſfavour* of a perſon at his firſt appearance, fix deeper, and are much more difficult to be removed *when* fixed, than prejudices in *favour*: whether owing to envy, or to that malignant principle ſo eminently viſible in little minds, which makes them with to bring down the more worthy characters to their own low level, I pretend not to determine. When once, therefore, a woman of your good ſenſe gives room to the world to think ſhe has not an high opinion of the *lover*, whom, nevertheleſs, ſhe *entertains*, it will be very difficult for her afterwards, to make that world think ſo well as ſhe would have it, of the *huſband* ſhe has choſen.

Give me leave to obſerve, that to condeſcend with *dignity*, and to command with ſuch *kindneſs*, and *ſweetneſs of manners*, as ſhould let the condeſcenſion, while in a ſingle ſtate, be ſeen and acknowledged, are points, which a wiſe woman, *knowing her man*, ſhould aim at: and a wiſe woman, I ſhould think, would chuſe to live ſingle all her life rather than give herſelf to a man whom ſhe thinks unworthy of a treatment ſo noble.

But when a woman lets her lover ſee, that ſhe has the generoſity to approve

prove of and reward a well-meant ſervice; that ſhe has a mind that lifts her above the little captious follies, which ſome (too licentiouſly, I hope) attribute to the ſex in general: that ſhe reſents not (if ever ſhe thinks ſhe has reaſon to be diſpleaſed) with petulance, or through pride: nor thinks it neceſſary to inſiſt upon little points, to come at or ſecure great ones, perhaps not proper to be aimed at: nor leaves room to ſuppoſe ſhe has ſo much cauſe to doubt her own merit, as to put the love of the man ſhe intends to favour, upon diſagreeable or arrogant trials: but lets reaſon be the principal guide of her actions—She will then never fail of that true reſpect, of that ſincere veneration, which ſhe wiſhes to meet with; and which will make her judgment after marriage conſulted, ſometimes with a *preference* to a man's own; at other times, as a delightful *confirmation* of his.

And ſo much, my beloved Miſs Howe, for this ſubject *now*, and I dare ſay *for ever!*

I will begin another letter by-and-by, and ſend both together. Mean time, I am, *&c.*

LETTER LXXV.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

IN this letter the lady acquaints Miſs Howe with Mr. Brand's report; with her ſiſter's propoſals either that ſhe will go abroad, or proſecute Mr. Lovelace. She complains of the ſevere letters of her uncle Antony and her ſiſter; but in milder terms than they deſerved.

She ſends her Dr. Lewen's letter, and the copy of her anſwer to it.

She tells her of the difficulties ſhe had been under to avoid ſeeing Mr. Lovelace. She gives her the contents of the letter ſhe wrote to him to divert him from his propoſed viſit: ſhe is afraid, ſhe ſays, that it is a ſtep that is not ſtrictly right, if allegory or metaphor be not allowable to one in her circumſtances.

She informs her of her couſin Morden's arrival and readineſs to take her part with her relations; of his deſigned interview with Mr. Lovelace; and tells her what her apprehenſions are upon it.

She gives her the purport of the converſation between her aunt Hervey and Mrs. Norton. And then adds:

BUT were they ever ſo favourably inclined to me now, what can they do for me? I wiſh, and that for their ſakes more than for my own, that they would yet relent—But I am very ill—I muſt drop my pen—A ſudden faintneſs overſpreads my heart—Excuſe my crooked writing!—Adieu, my dear!—Adieu!

THREE O'CLOCK, FRIDAY.

ONCE more, I reſume my pen. I thought I had taken my laſt farewel of you. I never was ſo very oddly affected: ſomething that ſeemed totally to overwhelm my faculties—I don't know how to deſcribe it—I believe I do amiſs in writing ſo much, and taking too much upon me: but an active mind, though clouded by bodily illneſs, cannot be idle.

I'll ſee if the air, and a diſcontinued attention, will help me. But if it will not, don't be concerned for me, my dear. I ſhall be happy. Nay, I am more ſo already, than of late I thought I could ever be in this life.—Yet how this *body* clogs!—How it encumbers!

SEVEN O'CLOCK.

I COULD not ſend this letter away with ſo melancholy an ending, as *you* would have thought it. So I deferred cloſing it, till I ſaw how it ſhould be on my return from my airing: and now I muſt ſay, I am quite another thing: ſo alert!—that I could proceed with as much ſpirit as I began, and add more preachment to your lively ſubject, if I had not written more than enough upon it already.

I wiſh you would let me give you and Mr. Hickman joy. Do, my dear. I ſhould take ſome to *myſelf*, if you would.

My reſpectful compliments to all your friends, as well to thoſe I have the honour to know, as to thoſe I do not know.

I HAVE juſt now been ſurpriſed with a letter from one whom I long ago gave up all thoughts of hearing from. From Mr. Wyerley. I will incloſe it. You'll be ſurpriſed at it, as much as I was. This ſeems to be a man whom I *might* have reclaimed. But I could not love him. Yet I hope I never treated him with arrogance. Indeed, my dear, if I am not too partial to myſelf, I think I refuſed him with more gentleneſs, than you retain ſomebody elſe. And this recollection gives me leſs pain than I ſhould have had in the other caſe, on receiving this inſtance of a generoſity that affects me. I will alſo incloſe the

rough draught of my answer, as soon as I have transcribed it.

If I begin another sheet, I shall write to the end of it: wherefore I will only add, my prayers for your honour and prosperity, and for a long, long, happy life; and that, when it comes to be wound up, you may be as calm and as easy at quitting it, as I hope in God I shall be. I am, and will be, to the latest moment, *your truly affectionate and obliged servant*,

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXVI.

MR. WYERLEY, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23.

DEAREST MADAM,

YOU will be surprised to find renewed, at this distance of time, an address so positively, though so politely discouraged: but, however it be received, I *must* renew it. Every-body has heard, that you have been vilely treated by a man, who, to treat *you* ill, must be the vilest of men. Every-body knows your just resentment of his base treatment: that you are determined never to be reconciled to him: and that you persist in these sentiments against all the entreaties of his noble relations, against all the prayers and repentance of his ignoble self. And all the world that have the honour to know *you*, or have heard of *him*, applaud your resolution, as worthy of yourself; worthy of your virtue, and of that strict honour which was always attributed to you by every one who spoke of you.

But, Madam, were all the world to have been of a different opinion, it could never have altered mine. I ever loved you; I ever *must* love you. Yet have I endeavoured to resign to my hard fate. When I had so many ways, in vain, sought to move you in my favour, I sat down seemingly contented. I even wrote to you, that I *would* sit down contented. And I endeavoured to make all my friends and companions think I was. But nobody knows what pangs this self-denial cost me! In vain did the chace, in vain did travel, in vain did lively company offer themselves, and were embraced in their turn: with redoubled force did my passion for you renew my unhappiness, when I looked into myself, into my own heart; for there did your charming image sit enthroned; and you engrossed me all.

I truly deplore those misfortunes; and those sufferings, for your *own* sake! which, nevertheless, encourage *me* to renew my bold hope. I know not particulars. I dare not enquire after them; because my sufferings would be increased with the knowledge of what *yours* have been. I therefore desire not to know more than what common report wounds my ears with; and what is given me to know, by your absence from your cruel family, and from the sacred place, where I, among numbers of your rejected admirers, used to be twice a week sure to behold you doing credit to that service of which your example gave me the highest notions. But whatever be those misfortunes, of whatsoever nature those sufferings, I shall bless the occasion for *my own* sake, (though for *yours* curse the author of them) if they may give me the happiness to know, that this my renewed address may not be absolutely rejected.—Only give me hope, that it may one day meet with encouragement, if in the interim nothing happen, either in my morals or behaviour, to give you fresh offence. Give me but hope of this—Not absolutely to *reject* me is all the hope I ask for; and I will love you, if possible, still more than I ever loved you—And that for your sufferings; for well you deserve to be loved, even to adoration, who can, for honour's and for virtue's sake, subdue a passion which common spirits [I speak by cruel experience] find invincible; and this at a time when the black offender kneels and supplicates, as I am well assured he does, (all his friends likewise supplicating for him) to be forgiven.

That you cannot forgive him, not forgive him so as to receive him again into favour, is no wonder. His offence is against virtue: this is a part of your essence. What magnanimity is this! How just to yourself, and to your spotless character! Is it any merit to admire more than ever a lady who can so exaltedly distinguish? It is not. I cannot plead it.

What hope have I left, may it be said, when my address was *before* rejected, now, that your sufferings, so *nobly borne*, have, with all *good judges*, exalted your character? Yet, Madam, I have to pride myself in this, that while your friends (not looking upon you in the just light I do) persecute and banish you; while your estate is withheld from you, and threatened (as I *know*) to *be* witheld, as long as the chicaning

chicaning law, or rather the chicaneries of it's practifers, can keep it from you. While you are deftitute of protection; every-body ftanding aloof, either through fear of the injurer of one family, or of the hard-hearted of the other; I pride myfelf, I fay, to ftand forth, and offer my fortune, and my life, at your devotion. With a *felfifh* hope, indeed: I fhould be too great an hypocrite not to own this! And I know how much you abhor infincerity.

But, whether you encourage that hope or not, accept my beft fervices, I befeech you, Madam: and be pleafed to excufe me for a piece of honeft art, which the nature of the cafe (doubting the honour of your notice otherwife) makes me chufe to conclude with —It is this:

If I am ftill to be the moft unhappy of men, let your pen by *one line* tell me fo. If I am permitted to indulge a hope, however diftant, your *filence* fhall be deemed by me, the happieft indication of it that you can give—Except that *ftill* happier—(the happieft that *can* befal me) a fignification that you will accept the tender of that life and fortune, which it would be my pride and my glory to facrifice in your fervice, leaving the reward to *yourfelf*.

Be your determination as it may, I muft for ever admire and love you. Nor will I ever change my condition, while you live, whether you change yours or not: for, having once had the prefumption to addrefs *you*, I cannot ftoop to think of any other woman: and this I folemnly declare in the prefence of that God, whom I daily pray to blefs and protect you, be your determination what it will with regard to, deareft Madam, *your moft devoted and ever-affectionate and faithful fervant*,

ALEXANDER WYERLEY.

LETTER LXXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO ALEXANDER WYERLEY, ESQ.

SIR, SATURDAY, AUG. 26.

THE generofity of your purpofe would have commanded not only my notice, but my thanks, although you had *not* given me the alternative you are pleafed to call *artful*. And I do therefore give you my thanks for your kind letter.

At the time you diftinguifhed me by your favourable opinion, I told you, Sir, that my choice was the fingle life. And moft *truly* did I tell you fo.

When that was not permitted me, and I looked round upon the feveral gentlemen who had been propofed to me, and had reafon to believe that there was not one of them againft whofe morals or principles there lay not *fome* exception, it would not have been *much* to be wondered at, if FANCY *had* been allowed to give a preference, where JUDGMENT was at a lofs to determine.

Far be it from me to fay this with a defign to upbraid you, Sir, or to reflect upon you. I always wifhed you well. You had reafon to think I did. You had the generofity to be pleafed with the frankneſs of my behaviour to you; as I had with that of yours to me: and I am forry, very forry, to be now told, that the acquiefcence you obliged me with, gave you fo much pain.

Had the option I have mentioned been allowed me *afterwards*, (as I not only wifhed but propofed) things had not happened that did happen. But there was a kind of fatality by which our whole family was impelled, as I may fay; and which none of us were permitted to avoid. But this is a fubject that cannot be dwelt upon.

As matters are, I have only to wifh, for your own fake, that you will encourage and cultivate thofe good motions in your mind, to which many paffages in your kind and generous letter, now before me, muft be owing. Depend upon it, Sir, that fuch motions wrought into habit, will yield you pleafure at a *time* when nothing elfe can. And at *prefent*, fhining out in your actions and converfation, will commend you to the worthieft of our fex. For, Sir, the man who is good upon *choice*, as well as by *education*, has that in himfelf, which ennobles the human race, and without which the moft dignified by birth or rank are ignoble.

As to the refolution you folemnly make not to marry while I live, I fhould be concerned at it, were I not morally fure, that you may keep it and yet not be detrimented by it: fince a few, a very few days, will convince you, that I am got above all human dependence; and that there is no need of that protection and favour, which you fo generoufly offer to, Sir, *your obliged well-wifher, and humble fervant*,

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY NOON, AUG. 28.

ABOUT the time of poor Belton's interment laſt night, as near as we could gueſs, Lord M. Mowbray, and myſelf, toaſted once, '*To the memory of* '*honeſt Tom Belton*;' and by a quick tranſition to the living, '*Health to Miſs Har*-'*lowe*;' which Lord M. obligingly began, and, '*To the happy reconciliation*;' and then we ſtuck in a remembrance, '*To honeſt Jack Belford*,' who, of late, we all agreed, is become an uſeful and humane man; and one who prefers his friend's ſervice to his own.

But what is the meaning I hear nothing from thee? And why doſt thou not let me into the grounds of the ſudden reconciliation between my beloved and her friends, and the cauſe of the generous invitation which ſhe gives us of attending her at her father's ſome time hence?

Thou muſt certainly have been let into the ſecret by this time; and I can tell thee, I ſhall be plaguy jealous if there be any one thing paſs between my angel and thee, that is to be concealed from me. For either I am a principal in this cauſe, or I am nothing.

I have diſpatched Will to know the reaſon of thy neglect.

But, let me whiſper a word or two in thy ear. I begin to be afraid, after all, that this letter was a ſtratagem to get me out of town, and for nothing elſe: for, in the firſt place, Tourville, in a letter I received this morning, tells me, that the lady is actually very ill. [I am ſorry for it with all my ſoul!] This, thou'lt ſay, I may think a reaſon why ſhe cannot *ſet out as yet*: but then I have heard, on the other hand, but laſt night, that the family is as implacable as ever; and my lord and I expect this very afternoon a viſit from Colonel Morden; who undertakes, it ſeems, to queſtion me as to my intention with regard to his couſin.

This convinces me, that if ſhe *has* apprized her friends of my offers to her, they will not believe me to be in earneſt, till they are aſſured that I am ſo from my own mouth. But then I underſtand, that the intended viſit is an officiouſneſs of Morden's own, without the deſire of any of her friends.

Now, Jack, what can a man make of all this? My intelligence as to the continuance of her family's implacableneſs is not to be doubted; and yet when I read her letter, what can one ſay!—Surely, the dear little rogue will not lye!

I never knew her diſpenſe with her word, but once: and that was, when ſhe promiſed to forgive me after the dreadful fire that had like to have happened at our mother's, and yet would not ſee me the next day, and afterwards made her eſcape to Hampſtead, in order to avoid forgiving me: and as ſhe ſeverely ſmarted for this departure from her honour given, (for it is a ſad thing for good people to break their word when it is in their power to keep it) one would not expect, that ſhe ſhould ſet about deceiving again; more eſpecially by the *premeditation of writing*. Thou, perhaps, wilt aſk, 'What honeſt man 'is obliged to keep his promiſe with a 'highwayman!' for well I know thy unmannerly way of making compariſons: but I ſay, *every* honeſt man is—And I will give thee an illuſtration.

Here is a marauding varlet, who demands your money, with a piſtol at your breaſt. You have neither money nor valuable effects about you; and promiſe ſolemnly, if he will ſpare your life, that you will ſend him an agreed upon ſum, by ſuch a day, to ſuch a place.

The queſtion is, if your life is not in the fellow's power?

How he came by the power is another queſtion; for which he muſt anſwer with *his* life when caught—So he runs riſque for riſque.

Now if he give you *your life*, does he not give, think you, a valuable conſideration for the money you engage your honour to ſend him! If not, the ſum muſt be exorbitant, or your life is a very paltry one, even in your own opinion.

I need not make the application; and I am ſure, that even thou thyſelf, who never ſpareſt me, and thinkeſt thou knoweſt *my* heart by *thy own*, canſt not poſſibly put the caſe in a ſtronger light againſt me.

Then, why do good people take upon themſelves to cenſure, as they do, perſons *leſs* ſcrupulous than themſelves? Is it not becauſe the latter allow themſelves in *any* liberty, in order to carry a point? And can my not doing *my* duty, warrant another for not doing *his*?—Thou wilt not ſay it can.

And how would it ſound, to put the caſe as ſtrongly, once more, as my greateſt enemy would put it, both as to *fact* and in *words*—'Here has that pro-'fligate wretch Lovelace broken his vow 'with and deceived Miſs Clariſſa Har-'lowe.—A vile fellow!' would an enemy

my ſay: 'but it is *like* him.' But when it comes to be ſaid, that the pious Clariſſa has broken her word with and deceived Lovelace; 'Good Lord!' would every one ſay, 'Sure it cannot be!'

Upon my ſoul, Jack, ſuch is the veneration I have for this admirable woman, that I am ſhocked barely at putting the caſe—And ſo wilt thou, if thou reſpecteſt her as thou oughteſt: for thou knoweſt, that men and women, all the world over, form their opinions of one another, by each perſon's profeſſions and known practices. In this lady, therefore, it would be as unpardonable to tell a wilful untruth, as it would be ſtrange if I keep my word.—In love-caſes, I mean; for as to the reſt, I am an honeſt moral man, as all who know me can teſtify.

And what, after all, would this lady deſerve if ſhe has deceived me in this caſe? For did ſhe not ſet me prancing away upon Lord M's beſt nag, to Lady Sarah's, and to Lady Betty's, with an erect and triumphing countenance, to ſhew them her letter to me?

And let me tell thee, that I have received their congratulations upon it! 'Well, and now, couſin Lovelace,' cries one; 'Well, and now, couſin 'Lovelace,' cries t'other; 'I hope 'you'll make the beſt of huſbands to 'ſo excellent and ſo forgiving a lady! 'And now we ſhall ſoon have the plea'ſure of looking upon you as a reform'ed man!' added one—'And now we 'ſhall ſee you in the way we have ſo 'long wiſhed you to be in!' cried out the other.

My couſins Montague alſo have been ever ſince rejoicing in the new relationſhip. Their charming couſin, and their lovely couſin, at every word! And how dearly they will love her! What leſſons they will take from her! And yet Charlotte, who pretends to have the eye of an eagle, was for finding out ſome myſtery in the ſtyle and manner, till I overbore her, and laughed her out of it.

As for Lord M. he has been in hourly expectation of being ſent to with propoſals of one ſort or other from the Harlowes: and ſtill we have it, that ſuch propoſals will be made by Colonel Morden when he comes; and that the Harlowes only put on a face of irreconcileableneſs, till they know the iſſue of Morden's viſit, in order to make the better terms with us.

Indeed, if I had not undoubted reaſon, as I ſaid, to believe the continuance of their antipathy to *me*, and implacableneſs to *her*, I ſhould be apt to think there might be ſome foundation for my lord's conjectures; for there is a curſed deal of low cunning in all that family, except in the angel of it; who has ſo much generoſity of ſoul, that ſhe deſpiſes cunning, both name and thing.

What I mean by all this, is, to let thee ſee, what a ſtupid figure I ſhall make to all my own family, if my Clariſſa has been capable, as Gulliver in his abominable Yahoo ſtory phraſes it, of ſaying the *thing that is not*. By my ſoul, Jack, if it were only that I ſhould be *outwitted* by ſuch a novice at plotting, and that it would make me look ſilly to my kinſwomen here, who know I value myſelf upon my contrivances, it would vex me to the heart; and I would inſtantly clap a feather-bed into a coach-and-ſix, and fetch her away, ſick or well, and marry her at my leiſure.

But Colonel Morden is come, and I muſt break off.

LETTER LXXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY NIGHT, AUG. 28.

I Doubt you will be all impatience, that you have not heard from me ſince mine of Thurſday laſt. You would be ſtill more ſo, if you knew that I had by me a letter ready-written.

I went early yeſterday morning to Epſom; and found every-thing diſpoſed according to the directions I had left on Friday; and at night the ſolemn office was performed. Tourville was there; and behaved very decently, and with greater concern than I thought he would ever have expreſſed for anybody.

Thomaſine, they told me, in a kind of diſguiſe, was in an obſcure pew, out of curioſity, (for it ſeems, ſhe was far from ſhewing any tokens of grief) to ſee the laſt office performed for the man whoſe heart ſhe had already contributed to break.

I was obliged to ſtay till this afternoon, to ſettle ſeveral neceſſary matters, and to direct inventories to be taken, in order for appraiſement; for every-thing is to be turned into money, by his will. I preſented his ſiſter with the hundred guineas the poor man left me as his executor, and deſired her to continue in the houſe, and take the direction of every-thing till I could hear from his nephew at Antigua, who is *heir at law*. He had left her but fifty pounds, although

though he knew her indigence; and that it was owing to a vile husband, and not to herself, that *she* was indigent.

The poor man left about two hundred pounds in money; and two hundred pounds in two East India bonds; and I will contrive, if I can, to make up the poor woman's fifty pounds, and my hundred guineas, two hundred pounds to her; and then she will have some little matter coming in certain, which I will oblige her to keep out of the hands of a son, who has compleated that ruin which his father had very near effected.

I gave Tourville his twenty pounds, and will send you and Mowbray yours by the first order.

And so much for poor Belton's affairs till I see you.

I got to town in the evening, and went directly to Smith's. I found Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith in the back-shop, and I saw they had been both in tears. They rejoiced to see me, however; and told me that the doctor and Mr. Goddard were but just gone; as was also the worthy clergyman, who often comes to pray by her; and all three were of opinion, that she would hardly live to see the entrance of another week. I was not so much surprized as grieved; for I had feared as much when I left her on Saturday.

I sent up my compliments; and she returned, that she would take it for a favour if I would call upon her in the morning, by eight o'clock. Mrs. Lovick told me, that she had fainted away on Saturday, while she was writing, as she had done likewise the day before; and having received benefit then by a little turn in a chair, she was carried abroad again. She returned somewhat better; and wrote till late; yet had a pretty good night; and went to Covent Garden church in the morning: but came home so ill, that she was obliged to lay down.

When she arose, seeing how much grieved Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith were for her, she made apologies for the trouble she gave them—'You were 'happy,' said she, 'before I came hi-'ther. It was a cruel thing in me to 'come among honest strangers, and to 'be sick and die with you.'

When they touched upon the irreconcileableness of her friends, 'I have 'had ill offices done me to them,' said she, 'and they do not know how ill I 'am; nor will they believe any-thing 'I should write. But yet I cannot 'sometimes forbear thinking it a little 'hard, that out of so many near and 'dear friends as I have living, not one 'of them will vouchsafe to look upon 'me.—No old servant, no old friend,' proceeded she, 'to be permitted to come 'near me, without being sure of incur-'ring displeasure! And to have such 'a great work to go through by my-'self, a young creature as I am, and to 'have every-thing to think of as to my 'temporal matters, and to order, to my 'very interment!—No dear mother,' said the sweet sufferer, 'to pray by me 'and bless me!—No kind sister to soothe 'and comfort me!—But come,' recollected she, 'how do I know but all is 'for the best—If I can but make a right 'use of my discomforts?—Pray for me, 'Mrs. Lovick—Pray for me, Mrs. 'Smith that I may—I have great need 'of your prayers—This cruel man has 'discomposed me. His persecutions 'have given me a pain just here,' [put-'ing her hand to her heart]—'What a 'step has he made me take to avoid 'him!—Who can *touch pitch, and not 'be defiled?*—He has made a bad spirit 'take possession of me, I think—Broken 'in upon all my duties. And will not 'yet, I doubt, let me be at rest. Indeed 'he is very cruel.—But, this is one of 'my trials, I believe. By God's grace, 'I shall be easier to-morrow, and espe-'cially if I have no more of his tormen-'tings, and if I can get a tolerable night. 'And I will sit up till eleven, that I 'may.'

She said, That though this was so heavy a day with her, she was at other times, within these few days past especially, blessed with bright hours; and particularly, that she had now-and-then such joyful assurances, (which she hoped were not presumptuous ones) that God would receive her to his mercy, that she could hardly contain herself, and was ready to think herself above this earth while she was in it:—'And what,' inferred she to Mrs. Lovick, must be the 'state itself, the very aspirations after 'which have often cast a beamy light 'through the thickest darkness, and 'when I have been at the lowest ebb, 'have dispelled the black clouds of des-'pondency?—as I hope they soon will 'this spirit of repining.'

She had a pretty good night, it seems; and this morning went in a chair to St. Dunstan's church.

The chairmen told Mrs. Smith, that after prayers, (for she did not return till between nine and ten) they carried the

her to a houſe in Fleet Street, whither they never waited on her before. And where doſt think this was?—Why to an undertaker's!—Good Heaven! what a woman is this!—She went into the back-ſhop, and talked with the maſter of it about half an hour, and came from him with great ſerenity; he waiting upon her to her chair with a reſpectful countenance, but full of curioſity and ſerioufneſs.

'Tis evident, that ſhe then went to beſpeak her *houſe* that ſhe talked of—'*As* '*ſoon as you can*, Sir,' were her words to him as ſhe got into the chair. Mrs. Smith told me this with the ſame ſurprize and grief that I heard it.

She was very ill in the afternoon, having got cold either at St. Dunſtan's, or at chapel, and ſent for the clergyman to pray by her; and the women, unknown to her, ſent both for Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard; who were juſt gone, as I told you, when I came to pay my reſpects to her this evening.

And thus have I recounted from the good women what paſſed to this night ſince my abſence.

I long for to-morrow, that I may ſee her: and yet 'tis ſuch a melancholy longing, as I never experienced, and know not how to deſcribe.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29.

I WAS at Smith's at half an hour after ſeven. They told me that the lady was gone in a chair to St. Dunſtan's; but was better than ſhe had been on either of the two preceding days; and that ſhe ſaid to Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, as ſhe went into the chair—'I have a good 'deal to anſwer for to you, my good 'friends, for my vapouriſh converſation 'of laſt night.

'If, Mrs. Lovick,' ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, 'I 'have no new matters to diſcompoſe me, 'I believe my ſpirits will hold out 'purely.'

She returned immediately after prayers.

'Mr. Belford,' ſaid ſhe, as ſhe entered the back-ſhop where I was, (and upon my approaching her) 'I am very 'glad to ſee you. You have been per-'forming for your poor friend a kind 'laſt office. 'Tis not long ago ſince you 'did the ſame for a near relation. Is it 'not a little hard upon you, that theſe 'troubles ſhould fall ſo thick to your 'lot? But they are charitable offices: 'and it is a praiſe to your humanity, 'that poor dying people know not where 'to chuſe ſo well.'

I told her I was ſorry to hear ſhe had been ſo ill ſince I had the honour to attend her; but rejoiced to find, that now ſhe ſeemed a good deal better.

'It will be ſometimes better and ſome-'times worſe,' replied ſhe, 'with poor 'creatures, when they are balancing 'between life and death. But no more 'of theſe matters juſt now. I hope, 'Sir, you'll breakfaſt with me. I was 'quite vapouriſh yeſterday. I had a very 'bad ſpirit upon me.—Had I not, Mrs. 'Smith?—But I hope I ſhall be no more 'ſo. And to-day I am perfectly ſe-'rene. This day riſes upon me as if it 'would be a bright one.'

She deſired me to walk up, and invited Mr. Smith and his wife, and Mrs. Lovick alſo, to breakfaſt with her. I was better pleaſed with her livelineſs than with her looks.

The good people retiring after breakfaſt, the following converſation paſſed between us.

'Pray, Sir, let me aſk you,' ſaid ſhe, 'if you think I may promiſe myſelf that 'I ſhall no more be moleſted by your 'friend?'

I heſitated: for how could I anſwer for ſuch a man?

'What ſhall I do if he comes again? '—You ſee how I am.—I cannot fly 'from him now.—If he has any pity 'left for the poor creature whom he has 'thus reduced, let him not come.—But 'have you heard from him lately? And 'will he come?'

'I hope not, Madam. I have not 'heard from him ſince Thurſday laſt, 'that he went out of town, rejoicing in 'the hopes your letter gave him of a re-'conciliation between your friends and 'you, and that he might in good time 'ſee you at your father's; and he is 'gone down to give all his friends joy 'of the news, and is in high ſpirits up-'on it.'

'Alas for me! I ſhall then ſurely have 'him come up to perſecute me again! 'As ſoon as he diſcovers that that was 'only a ſtratagem to keep him away, 'he will come up; and who knows but 'even *now* he is upon the road? I thought 'I was ſo bad, that I ſhould have been 'out of his and every-body's way before 'now; for I expected not, that this 'contrivance would ſerve me above two 'or three days; and by this time he muſt 'have found out, that I am not ſo hap-'py as to have any hope of a reconcilia-'tion with my family; and then he will 'come, if it be only in revenge for what 'he will think a deceit, but is not, I 'hope, a wicked one.'

I believe I looked surprized, to hear her confess that her letter was a stratagem only; for she said, 'You wonder, 'Mr. Belford, I observe, that I could 'be *guilty of such an artifice. I doubt it 'is not right:* it was done in a hurry of 'spirits. How could I see a man who 'had so mortally injured me; yet, pre-'tending sorrow for his crimes, (and 'wanting to see me) could behave with 'so much shocking levity, as he did, to 'the honest people of the house? Yet, 'tis strange too, that neither you nor 'he found out my meaning on perusal 'of my letter. You have seen what I 'wrote, no doubt?'

'I have, Madam. And then I be-'gan to account for it as an *innocent* ar-'tifice.'

'Thus far, indeed, Sir, it is *innocent*, 'that I meant him no hurt, and had a '*right* to the effect I hoped for from it; 'and he had *none* to invade me. But 'have you, Sir, that letter of his, in 'which he gives you (as I suppose he 'does) the copy of mine?'

'I have, Madam.' And pulled it out of my letter-case: but hesitating—'Nay, Sir,' said she, 'be pleased to 'read my letter to yourself—I desire 'not to see *his*—and see if you can be 'longer a stranger to a meaning so ob-'vious.'

I read it to myself—'Indeed, Madam, 'I can find nothing but that you are 'going down to Harlowe Place, to be 'reconciled to your father, and other 'friends: and Mr. Lovelace presumed, 'that a letter from your sister, which he 'saw brought when he was at Mr. 'Smith's, gave you the welcome news 'of it.'

She then explained all to me, and, that, as I may say, in six words—A *religious* meaning is couched under it, and that's the reason that neither you nor I could find it out.

'Read but for my *father's house*, '*Heaven*,' said she, 'and for the inter-'position of my dear blessed friend, 'suppose the *mediation* of my *Saviour*, '(which I humbly rely upon;) and all 'the rest of the letter will be accounted 'for.—I hope,' (repeated she) 'that it 'is a pardonable artifice. But I am a-'fraid it is not strictly right.'

I read it so, and stood astonished for a minute at her invention, her piety, her charity, and at thine and mine own stupidity, to be thus taken in.

And now, thou vile Lovelace, what hast thou to do, (the lady all consistent with herself, and no hopes left for thee) but to hang, drown, or shoot thyself, for an outwitted boaster?

My surprize being a little over, she proceeded, 'As to the letter that came 'from my sister, while your friend was 'here, you will *soon* see, Sir, that it is 'the cruellest letter she ever wrote me.'

And then she expressed a deep concern for what might be the consequence of Colonel Morden's intended visit to you; and besought me, that if now, or at any time hereafter, I had opportunity to prevent any further mischief, without any detriment or danger to myself, I would do it.

I assured her of the most particular attention to this and to all her commands; and that in a manner so agreeable to her, that she invoked a blessing upon me for my goodness, as she called it, to a desolate creature, who suffered under the *worst of orphanage*; those were her words.

She then went back to her first subject, her uneasiness for fear of your molesting her again; and said, 'If you 'have any influence over him, Mr. Bel-'ford, prevail upon him, that he will 'give me the assurance, that the short 'remainder of my time shall be all my 'own. I have *need* of it. Indeed I 'have. Why will he wish to interrupt 'me in my duty? Has he not punished 'me enough for my preference of him 'to all his sex? Has he not destroyed 'my fame and fortune? And will not 'his causeless vengeance upon me be 'complete, unless he ruin my soul too? '—Excuse me, Sir, for this vehemence! 'But, indeed, it greatly imports me, to 'know that I shall be no more disturbed 'by him. And yet, with all this aver-'sion, I would sooner give way to his 'visit, though I were to expire the mo-'ment I saw him, than to be the cause 'of any fatal misunderstanding between 'you and him.'

I assured her, that I would make such a representation of the matter to you, and of the state of her health, that I would undertake to *answer for you*, that you would not attempt to come near her.

And for this reason, Lovelace, do I lay the whole matter before you, and desire you will authorize me, as soon as this, and mine of Saturday last, come to your hands, to dissipate her fears.

This gave her a little satisfaction; and then she said, that had I not told her, that I *could* promise for you, she was determined, ill as she was, to remove somewhere out of my knowledge, as well

well as out of yours. 'And yet, to 'have been obliged to leave people I 'am but just got acquainted with,' said the poor lady, 'and to have died among 'perfect strangers, would have com-'pleted my hardships.'

This conversation, I found, as well from the length, as the nature of it, had fatigued her; and seeing her change colour once or twice, I made that my excuse, and took leave of her: desiring her permission, however, to attend her in the evening; and as often as possible; for I could not help telling her, that every time I saw her, I more and more considered her as a beatified spirit, and as one sent from Heaven to draw me after her, out of the miry gulph in which I had been so long immersed.

And laugh at me, if thou wilt; but it is true, that every time I approach her, I cannot but look upon her, as one just entering into a companionship with saints and angels. This thought so wholly possessed me, that I could not help begging, as I went away, her prayers and her blessing; with the reverence due to an angel.

In the evening she was so low and weak, that I took my leave of her, in less than a quarter of an hour. I went directly home. Where, to the pleasure and wonder of my cousin and her family, I now pass many honest evenings: which they impute to your being out of town.

I shall dispatch my packet to-morrow morning early, by my own servant, to make thee amends for the suspence I must have kept thee in: thou'lt thank me for that, I hope; but wilt not, I am sure, for sending thy servant back without a letter.

I long for the particulars of the conversation between you and Mr. Morden: the lady, as I have hinted, is full of apprehensions about it. Send me back this packet when perused; for I have not had either time or patience to take a copy of it.—And I beseech you, enable me to make good my engagements to the poor lady, that you will not invade her again.

LETTER LXXX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ELQ.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30.

I Have a conversation to give you, that passed between this admirable lady, and Dr. H. which will furnish a new instance of the calmness and serenity with which she can talk of death, and prepare for it, as if it were an occurrence as familiar to her as dressing and undressing.

As soon as I had dispatched my servant to you with my letters of the 26th, 28th, and yesterday the 29th, I went to pay my duty to her, and had the pleasure to find her, after a tolerable night, pretty lively and cheerful. She was but just returned from her usual devotions. And Doctor H. alighted as she entered the door.

After enquiring how she did, and hearing her complaints of shortness of breath, (which he attributed to inward decay, precipitated by her late harrasses, as well from her friends as from you) he was for advising her to go into the air.

'What will that do for me?' said she: 'tell me truly, good Sir,' with a cheerful aspect, '(you know you cannot dis-'turb me by it) whether now you do 'not put on the *true* physician; and, de-'spairing that any-thing in medicine will 'help me, advise me to the air, as the 'last resource?—Can you think the air 'will avail in such a malady as mine?'

He was silent.

'I ask,' said she, 'because my friends '(who will possibly sometime hence en-'quire after the means I used for my re-'covery) may be satisfied that I omitted 'nothing which so worthy and so skilful 'a physician prescribed?'

'The air, Madam, may possibly help 'the difficulty of breathing which has so 'lately attacked you.'

'But, Sir, you see how weak I am. 'You must see that I have been con-'suming from day to day; and now, if 'I can judge by what I feel in myself,' putting her hand to her heart, 'I can-'not continue long. If the air would 'very probably add to my days, though 'I am far from being *desirous* to have 'them lengthened, I would go into it; 'and the rather, as I know Mrs. Lovick 'would kindly accompany me. But if 'I were to be at the trouble of remov-'ing into new lodgings, (a trouble 'which I think now would be too much 'for me) and this only to *die* in the 'country, I had rather the scene were 'to be shut up here. For here have I 'meditated the spot, and the manner, 'and every-thing, as well of the minu-'test as of the highest consequence, that 'can attend the solemn moments. So, 'doctor, tell me truly, may I stay here, 'and be clear of any imputations of cur-'tailing, through wilfulness or impati-

'ence, or through resentments which I 'hope I am got above, a life that might 'otherwise be prolonged?—Tell me, 'Sir; you are not talking to a coward 'in this respect; indeed you are not!'—Unaffectedly smiling.

The doctor turning to me, was at a loss what to say, lifting up his eyes only in admiration of her.

'Never had any patient,' said she, 'a 'more indulgent and more humane phy-'sician—But since you are loth to an-'swer my question directly, I will put it 'in other words—You don't *enjoin* me to 'go into the air, doctor, do you?'

'I do *not*, Madam. Nor do I now 'visit you as a physician; but as a per-'son whose conversation I admire, and 'whose sufferings I condole. And to 'explain myself more directly, as to the 'occasion of this day's visit in particu-'lar, I must tell you, Madam, that, un-'derstanding how much you suffer by 'the displeasure of your friends; and 'having no doubt, but that if they knew 'the way you are in, they would alter 'their conduct to you; and believing it 'must cut them to the heart, when, too 'late, they shall be informed of every-'thing; I have resolved to apprize 'them by letter, (stranger as I am to 'their persons) how necessary it is for 'some of them to attend you very spee-'dily. For *their* sakes, Madam, let me 'press for your approbation of this 'measure.'

She paused; and at last said, 'This 'is kind, very kind, in you, Sir. But 'I hope that you do not think me so per-'verse, and so obstinate, as to have left 'till now any means unessayed, which 'I thought likely to move my friends in 'my favour. But now, doctor,' said she; 'I should be too much disturbed at 'their grief, if they were any of them 'to come or to send to me: and per-'haps, if I found they still loved me, 'wish to live; and so should quit un-'willingly that life, which I am now 'really fond of quitting, and hope to 'quit, as becomes a person who has had 'such a weaning-time as I have been fa-'voured with.'

'I hope, Madam,' said I, 'you are 'not so near as you apprehend, to that 'deplorable catastrophe you hint at with 'such an amazing presence of mind. 'And therefore I presume to second the 'doctor's motion, if it were only for 'the sake of your father and mother, 'that they may have the satisfaction, if 'they *must* lose you, to think, they were 'first reconciled to you.'

'It is very kindly, very humanely 'considered,' said she. 'But, if you 'think me not so *very* near my last hour; 'let me desire this may be postponed till 'I see what effect my cousin Morden's 'mediation may have. Perhaps he 'may vouchsafe to make me a visit yet, 'after his intended interview with Mr. 'Lovelace is over; of which, who 'knows, Mr. Belford, but your next 'letters may give an account? I hope it 'will not be a fatal one to *any*-body.—'Will you promise me, doctor, to for-'bear writing for two days only, and I 'will communicate to you any-thing 'that occurs in that time; and then you 'shall take your own way? Mean time, 'I repeat my thanks for your goodness 'to me.—Nay, dear doctor, hurry not 'away from me so precipitately,' [for he was going, for fear of an offered fee:] 'I will no more affront you with tenders 'that have pained you for some time 'past: and since I must now, from this 'kindly offered favour, look upon you 'only as a friend, I will assure you 'henceforth, that I will give you no 'more uneasiness on that head: and 'now, Sir, I know I shall have the 'pleasure of seeing you oftener than 'heretofore.'

The worthy gentleman was pleased with this assurance, telling her, that he had always come to see her with great pleasure, but parted with her, on the account she hinted at, with as much pain; and that he should not have forborne to double his visits, could he have had this kind assurance as early as he wished for it.

There are few instances of like disinterestedness, I doubt, in this tribe. Till now I always held it for gospel, that *friendship* and *physician* were incompatible things; and little imagined, that a man of medicine, when he had given over his patient to death, would think of any visits but those of ceremony, that he might stand well with the family, against it came to their turns to go through his turnpike.

After the doctor was gone, she fell into a very serious discourse of the vanity of life, and the wisdom of preparing for death, while health and strength remained, and before the infirmities of body impaired the faculties of the mind, and disabled them from acting with the necessary efficacy and clearness: the whole calculated for every one's meridian, but particularly, as it was easy to observe, for mine and mine.

She was very curious to know further

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ther particulars of the behaviour of poor Belton in his laſt moments. 'You muſt 'not wonder at my enquiries, Mr. Bel- 'ford,' ſaid ſhe; 'for who is it that is 'to undertake a journey into a country 'they never travelled to before, that 'enquires not into the difficulties of the 'road, and what accommodations are 'to be expected in the way?'

I gave her a brief account of the poor man's terrors, and unwillingneſs to die: and when I had done: 'Thus, Mr. 'Belford,' ſaid ſhe, 'muſt it always be 'with poor ſouls, who have never 'thought of their long voyage till the 'moment they are to embark for it.'

She made ſuch other obſervations upon this ſubject, as coming from the mouth of a perſon who will ſo ſoon be a companion for angels, I ſhall never forget. And indeed, when I went home, that I might engraft them the better on my memory, I entered them down in writing: but I will not let you ſee them until you are in a frame more proper to benefit by them, than you are likely to be in one while.

Thus far I had written, when the unexpected early return of my ſervant with your packet, (yours and he meeting at Slough, and exchanging letters) obliged me to leave off to give it's contents a reading.—Here, therefore, I cloſe this letter.

LETTER LXXXI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY MORN. AUG. 29.

NOW, Jack, will I give thee an account of what paſſed on occaſion of the viſit made us by Colonel Morden.

He came on horſeback, attended by one ſervant; and Lord M. received him, as a relation of Miſs Harlowe's, with the higheſt marks of civility and reſpect.

After ſome general talk of the times, and of the weather, and ſuch nonſenſe as Engliſhmen generally make their introductory topicks to converſation, the colonel addreſſed himſelf to Lord M. and to me, as follows:

'I need not, my lord—and Mr. 'Lovelace—as you know the relation I 'bear to the Harlowe family, make any 'apology for entering upon a ſubject, 'which, on account of that relation, 'you muſt think is the principal reaſon 'of the honour I have done myſelf in 'this viſit.'

'Miſs Harlowe, Miſs Clariſſa Har- 'lowe's affair,' ſaid Lord M. with his uſual forward bluntneſs. 'That, Sir,' 'is what you mean. She is, by all ac- 'counts, the moſt excellent woman in 'the world.'

'I am glad to hear that is your lord- 'ſhip's opinion of her. It is every- 'one's.'

'It is not only my opinion, Colonel 'Morden,' (proceeded the prating peer) 'but it is the opinion of all my family. 'Of my ſiſters, of my nieces, and of 'Mr. Lovelace himſelf.'

Col. 'Would to Heaven it had been 'always Mr. Lovelace's opinion of 'her!'

Lovel. 'You have been out of Eng- 'land, colonel, a good many years. 'Perhaps you are not yet fully apprized 'of all the particulars of this caſe.'

Col. 'I have been out of England, 'Sir, about ſeven years. My couſin 'Clary was then about *twelve* years of 'age: but never was there at *twenty* ſo 'diſcreet, ſo prudent, and ſo excellent 'a creature. All that knew her, or ſaw 'her, admired her. Mind and perſon, 'never did I ſee ſuch promiſes of per- 'fection in any young lady: and I am 'told, nor is it to be wondered at, that 'as ſhe advanced to maturity, ſhe more 'than juſtified and made good thoſe pro- 'miſes.—Then as to fortune—what her 'father, what her uncles, and what I 'myſelf, intended to do for her, be- 'ſides what her grandfather had done— 'There is not a finer fortune in the 'county.'

Lovel. 'All this, colonel, and more 'than this, is Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe; 'and had it not been for the implacable- 'neſs and violence of her family, (all 'reſolved to puſh her upon a match as 'unworthy *of* her, as hateful *to* her) ſhe 'had ſtill been happy.'

Col. 'I own, Mr. Lovelace, the truth 'of what you obſerved juſt now, that I 'am not thoroughly acquainted with all 'that has paſſed between you and my 'couſin. But permit me to ſay, that 'when I firſt heard that you made your 'addreſſes to her, I knew but of one 'objection againſt you. That, indeed, 'a very great one: and upon a letter 'ſent me, I gave her my free opinion 'upon the ſubject. But had it not been 'for that, I own, that in my private 'mind, there could not have been a 'more ſuitable match: for you are a 'gallant gentleman, graceful in your 'perſon, eaſy and genteel in your de- 'portment, and in your family, for-

'tune

'nities, and expectations, happy as a 'man can wish to be. Then the know-'ledge I had of you in Italy, (although, 'give me leave to say, your conduct 'there was not wholly unexceptionable) 'convinces me that you are brave: and 'few gentlemen come up to you in wit 'and vivacity. Your education has 'given you great advantages; your 'manners are engaging, and you have 'travelled; and I know, if you'll ex-'cuse me, you make better observations 'than you are governed by. All these 'qualifications make it not at all sur-'prizing, that a young lady should love 'you: and that this love, joined to that 'indiscreet warmth wherewith my cou-'sin's friends would have forced her in-'clinations in favour of men who are far 'your inferiors in the qualities I have 'named, should throw her upon your 'protection. But then, if there were 'these two strong motives, the one to '*induce*, and the other to *impel* her, let 'me ask you, Sir, if she were not dou-'bly entitled to generous usage from a 'man whom she chose for her protec-'tor; and whom, let me take the li-'berty to say, she could so amply reward 'for the protection he was to afford 'her?'

Lovel. 'Miss Clarissa Harlowe was en-'titled, Sir, to the best usage that man 'could give her. I have no scruple to 'own it. I will always do her the jus-'tice she so well deserves. I know what 'will be your inference; and have only 'to say, that time past cannot be recall-'ed. Perhaps I wish it could.'

The colonel, then, in a very manly strain, set forth the wickedness of at-tempting a woman of virtue and charac-ter. He said, that men had generally too many advantages from the weakness, credulity, and inexperience of the fair-sex: that their early learning, which chiefly consisted in enflaming novels, and idle and improbable romances, con-tributed to enervate and weaken their minds: that his cousin, however, he was sure, was above the reach of com-mon seduction, and not to be influenced to the rashness her parents accused her of, by weaker motives than *their* vio-lence; and the most solemn promises on *my part*: but, nevertheless, *having* those motives, and her prudence (eminent as it was) being rather the effect of *consti-tution* than *experience*, (a fine advantage, however, he said, to ground an un-blameable future life upon) she might not be apprehensive of bad designs in a man she loved: it was, therefore, a very heinous thing to abuse the confi-dence of such a woman.

He was going on in this trite manner; when interrupting him, I said; 'These 'general observations, colonel, suit not 'perhaps this particular case. But you 'yourself are a man of gallantry; and, 'possibly, were you to be put to the 'question, might not be able to vindi-'cate every action of your life, any 'more than me.'

Col. 'You are welcome, Sir, to put 'what questions you please to me. And, 'I thank God, I can both *own* and be '*ashamed* of my errors.'

Lord M. looked at *me*; but as the colonel did not by his manner seem to intend a reflection, I had no occasion to take it for one; especially as I can as readily *own* my errors, as he, or any man, can his, whether *ashamed* of them or not.

He proceeded. 'As you seem to call 'upon me, Mr. Lovelace, I will tell you '(without boasting of it) what has been 'my general practice, till lately, that I 'hope I have reformed it a good deal.

'I have taken liberties, which the 'laws of morality will by no means jus-'tify; and once I should have thought 'myself warranted to cut the throat of 'any young fellow, who should make as 'free with a sister of mine, as I have 'made with the sisters and daughters of 'others. But then I took care never to 'promise any-thing I intended not to 'perform. A modest ear should as soon 'have heard downright obscenity from 'my lips, as matrimony, if I had not 'intended it. Young ladies are gene-'rally ready enough to believe we mean 'honourably, if they love us; and it 'would look like a strange affront to 'their virtue and charms, that it should 'be supposed *needful* to put the question 'whether, in your address, you mean 'a wife. But when once a man makes 'a promise, I think it ought to be per-'formed; and a woman is well war-'ranted to appeal to every-one against 'the perfidy of a deceiver; and is al-'ways sure to have the world on her 'side.

'Now, Sir,' continued he, 'I be-'lieve you have so much honour as to 'own, that you could not have made 'way to so eminent a virtue, without 'promising marriage; and that very ex-'plicitly and solemnly.'

'I know very well, colonel,' inter-rupted I, 'all you would say. You

'will

'will excuſe me, I am ſure, that I 'break in upon you, when you find it 'is to anſwer the end you drive at.

'I own to you, then, that I have act-'ed very unworthily by Miſs Clariſſa 'Harlowe; and I'll tell you further, 'that I heartily repent of my ingratitude 'and baſeneſs to her. Nay, I will ſay 'ſtill further, that I am ſo groſsly cul-'pable, *as to her*, that even to plead, 'that the abuſes and affronts I daily re-'ceived from her implacable relations, 'were in any manner a provocation to 'me to act vilely by her, would be a 'mean and low attempt to excuſe my-'ſelf—So low and ſo mean, that it would 'doubly condemn me. And if you can 'ſay worſe, ſpeak it.'

He looked upon Lord M. and then upon me, two or three times. And my lord ſaid, 'My kinſman ſpeaks what he 'thinks, I'll anſwer for him.'

Lovel. 'I do, Sir; and what can I 'ſay more?—And what further, in your 'opinion, can be done?'

Col. 'Done! Sir? Why, Sir,' [in a haughty tone he ſpoke] 'I need not tell 'you that reparation follows repentance. 'And I hope you make no ſcruple of 'juſtifying your ſincerity as to the one, 'by the other.'

I heſitated (for I reliſhed not the manner of his ſpeech, and his haughty accent) as undetermined whether to take proper notice of it or not.

Col. 'Let me put this queſtion to you, 'Mr. Lovelace: Is it true, as I have 'heard it is, That you would marry my 'couſin, if ſhe would have you?—What 'ſay you, Sir?'

This wound me up a peg higher.

Lovel. 'Some queſtions, as they may 'be put, imply *commands*, colonel. I 'would be glad to know how I am to 'take yours? And what is to be the end 'of your interrogatories?'

Col. 'My queſtions are not meant by 'me as commands, Mr. Lovelace. The 'end is, to prevail upon a gentleman to 'act *like* a gentleman, and a man of 'honour.'

Lovel. (Briſkly) 'And by what argu-'ments, Sir, do you propoſe to prevail 'upon me?'

Col. 'By what arguments, Sir, pre-'vail upon a gentleman to act like a 'gentleman!—I am ſurprized at that 'queſtion from Mr. Lovelace.'

Lovel. 'Why ſo, Sir?'

Col. 'WHY ſo, Sir!' (*Angrily.*)—'Let me—'

Lovel. (Interrupting) 'I don't chuſe, 'colonel, to be repeated upon in that 'accent.'

Lord M. 'Come, come, gentlemen, I 'beg of you to be willing to underſtand 'one another. You young gentlemen 'are ſo warm—!'

Col. 'Not I, my lord—I am neither 'very young, nor unduly warm. Your 'nephew, my lord, can make me be 'every-thing he would have me to be.'

Lovel. 'And that ſhall be, whatever 'you pleaſe to be, colonel.'

Col. (Fiercely) 'The choice be yours, 'Mr. Lovelace. Friend or foe! as you 'do or are willing to do juſtice to one of 'the fineſt women in the world.'

Lord M. 'I gueſſed from both your 'characters what would be the caſe 'when you met. Let me interpoſe, gen-'tlemen, and beg you but to underſtand 'one another. You *both ſhoot at one mark*; 'and if you are patient, will both *hit it*. '—Let me beg of you, colonel, to give 'no challenges.'

Col. 'Challenges, my lord!—They 'are things I ever was readier to accept 'than to offer. But does your lordſhip 'think, that a man, ſo nearly related 'as I have the honour to be to the moſt 'accompliſhed woman on earth—'

Lord M. (Interrupting) 'We all allow 'the excellences of the lady—And we 'ſhall all take it as the greateſt honour 'to be allied to her that can be confer-'red upon us.'

Col. 'So you ought, my lord!'

'A perfect *Chamont!*' thought I.

Lord M. 'So we ought, colonel! And 'ſo we *do!*—And pray let *every-one* do 'as he ought!—and no *more* than he '*ought*; and you, colonel, let me tell 'you, will not be ſo haſty.'

Lovel. (Coolly) 'Come, come, Colo-'nel Morden, don't let this diſpute, 'whatever you intend to make of it, go 'farther than with you and me. You 'deliver yourſelf in very high terms. 'Higher than ever I was talked to in 'my life. But here, beneath this roof, 'twould be inexcuſeable for me to take 'that notice of it, which perhaps it 'would become me to take elſewhere.'

Col. 'This is ſpoken as I wiſh the 'man to ſpeak, whom I ſhould be pleaſ-'ed to call my friend, if all his actions 'were of a piece, and as I would have 'the man ſpeak, whom I would think 'it worth my while to call my foe. I love 'a man of ſpirit, as I love my ſoul. 'But, Mr. Lovelace, as my lord thinks 'we aim at *one mark*, let me ſay, that 'were we permitted to be alone for ſix

'minutes, I dare say, we should soon 'understand one another perfectly well.' —And he moved to the door.

Lovel. 'I am entirely of your opinion, 'Sir: and will attend you.'

My lord rung, and stept between us: 'Colonel, return, I beseech you, re-'turn,' said he: for he had stept out of the room, while my lord held me— 'Nephew, you shall not go out.'

The bell and my lord's raised voice brought in Mowbray, and Clements, my lord's gentleman; the former in his careless way, with his hands behind him, 'What's the matter, Bobby?—What's 'the matter, my lord?'

'Only, only, only,' stammered the agitated peer, 'these young gentlemen 'are, are, are—*are* young gentlemen, 'that's all.—Pray, Colonel Morden,' [who again entered the room with a sedater aspect] 'let this cause have a fair 'trial, I beseech you.'

Col. 'With all my heart, my lord.'

Mowbray whispered me, 'What is 'the cause, Bobby?—Shall I take the 'gentleman to task for thee, my boy?'

'Not for the world,' whispered I. 'The colonel is a gentleman, and I de-'sire you'll not say one word.'

'Well, well, well, Bobby, I have 'done. I can turn thee loose to the best 'man upon God's earth; that's all, 'Bobby;' strutting off to the other end of the room.

Col. 'I am sorry, my lord, I should 'give your lordship the least uneasiness. 'I came not with such a design.'

Lord M. 'Indeed, colonel, I thought 'you did, by your taking fire so quick-'ly. I am glad to hear you say you did 'not. How soon a little *spark kindles into* 'a *flame*; especially when it meets with 'such combustible spirits!'

Col. 'If I had had the least thought of 'proceeding to extremities, I am sure 'Mr. Lovelace would have given me the 'honour of a meeting where I should 'have been less an intruder: but I came 'with an amicable intention—To re-'concile differences, rather than to 'widen them.'

Lovel. 'Well then, Colonel Morden, 'let us enter upon the subject in your 'own way. I don't know the man I 'should sooner chuse to be upon terms 'with, than one whom Miss Clarissa 'Harlowe so much respects. But I can-'not bear to be treated, either in word 'or accent, in a menacing way.'

Lord M. 'Well, well, well, well, 'gentlemen, this is somewhat like. *Angry men make to themselves beds of nettles*, and when they lay down in them, 'are uneasy with every-body. But I 'hope you are friends. Let me hear you 'say you are.—I am persuaded, colonel, 'that you don't know all this unhappy 'story. You don't know how desirous 'my kinsman is, as well as all of us, to 'have this matter end happily. You don't 'know, do you, colonel, that Mr. 'Lovelace, at all our requests, is dis-'posed to marry the lady?'

Col. '*At all your requests*, my lord?— 'I should have hoped, that Mr. Love-'lace was disposed to do justice for the '*sake* of justice; and when at the same 'time the doing of justice was doing 'himself the highest honour.'

Mowbray lifted up his before half-closed eyes to the colonel, and glanced them upon me.

Lovel. 'This is in very high language, 'colonel.'

Mowbr. 'By my soul, I thought so.'

Col. '*High* language, Mr. Lovelace? 'Is it not *just* language?'

Lovel. 'It is, colonel. And I think, 'the man that does honour to Miss 'Clarissa Harlowe, does me honour. 'But, nevertheless, there is a manner 'in speaking, that may be liable to ex-'ception, where the words, without 'that manner, can bear none.'

Col. 'Your observation in the general 'is undoubtedly just: but *if* you have 'the value for my cousin, that you say 'you have, you must needs think—'

Lovel. 'You must allow me, Sir, to 'interrupt you.—If I have the value *I* '*say* I have—I hope, Sir, when *I say* 'I *have* that value, there is no room 'for that *if*, pronounced as you pro-'nounced it with an emphasis.'

Col. 'You have broken in upon me 'twice, Mr. Lovelace. I am as little 'accustomed to be broken in upon, as 'you are to be *repeated* upon.'

Lord M. 'Two barrels of gunpow-'der, by my conscience! What a devil 'will it signify talking, if thus you are 'to blow one another up at every wry 'word?'

Lovel. 'No man of honour, my lord, 'will be easy to have his veracity called 'in question, though but by implica-'tion.'

Col. 'Had you heard me out, Mr. 'Lovelace, you would have found, that 'my *if* was rather an *if of inference*, than 'of *doubt*. But 'tis, really, a strange 'liberty gentlemen of free principles 'take; who at the same time that they 'would resent unto death the imputa-'tion of being capable of telling an un-

'truth

'truth to a man, will not ſcruple to 'break through the moſt ſolemn oaths 'and promiſes to a woman. I muſt aſ-'ſure you, Mr. Lovelace, that I always 'made a conſcience of my vows and 'promiſes.'

Lovel. 'You did right, colonel. But 'let me tell you, Sir, that you know 'not the man you talk to, if you ima-'gine he is not able to riſe to a proper 'reſentment, when he ſees his generous 'conceſſions taken for a mark of baſe-'ſpiritedneſs.'

Col. (Warmly and with a ſneer) 'Far 'be it from me, Mr. Lovelace, to im-'pute to you the baſeneſs of ſpirit you 'ſpeak of; for what would that be, 'but to imagine, that a man who has 'done a very flagrant injury, is not 'ready to ſhew his *bravery* in defending 'it?'

Mowbr. 'This is damn'd ſevere, co-'lonel. It is, by Jove. I could not 'take ſo much at the hands of any man 'breathing as Mr. Lovelace before this 'took at yours.'

Col. 'Who are you, Sir? What pre-'tence have you to interpoſe in a cauſe 'where there is an acknowledged guilt 'on one ſide, and the honour of a con-'ſiderable family, wounded in the ten-'dereſt part by that guilt, on the other?'

Mowbr. (Whiſpering to the colonel) 'My 'dear child, you will oblige me highly, 'if you will give me the opportunity of 'anſwering your queſtion.' And was going out.

The colonel was held in by my lord. And I brought in Mowbray.

Col. 'Pray, my good lord, let me at-'tend this officious gentleman, I beſeech 'you do. I will wait upon your lord-'ſhip in three minutes, depend upon it.'

Lovel. 'Mowbray, is this acting like 'a friend by me, to ſuppoſe me inca-'pable of anſwering for myſelf? And 'ſhall a man of honour and bravery, as 'I know Colonel Morden to be, (raſh 'as perhaps in this viſit he has ſhewn 'himſelf) have it to ſay, That he comes 'to my Lord M.'s houſe, in a manner 'naked as to attendants and friends, 'and ſhall not for that reaſon be rather 'borne with, than inſulted? This mo-'ment, my dear Mowbray, leave us. 'You have really no concern in this 'buſineſs; and if you are my friend, I 'deſire you'll aſk the colonel pardon for 'interfering in it in the manner you 'have done.'

Mowbr. 'Well, well, Bob; thou ſhalt 'be arbiter in this matter. I know I 'have no buſineſs in it—And, colonel,' (*holding out his hand*) 'I leave you to 'one who knows how to defend his own 'cauſe as well as any man in England.'

Col. (Taking Mowbray's hand, at Lord M.'s requeſt) 'You need not tell me 'that, Mr. Mowbray. I have no doubt 'of Mr. Lovelace's ability to defend 'his own cauſe, were it a cauſe to be 'defended.—And let me tell you, Mr. 'Lovelace, that I am aſtoniſhed to think, 'that a brave man, and a generous man, 'as you have appeared to be in two or 'three inſtances that you have given in 'the little knowledge I have of you, 'ſhould be capable of acting as you 'have done by the moſt excellent of her 'ſex.'

Lord M. 'Well, but, gentlemen, now 'Mr. Mowbray is gone, and you have 'both ſhewn inſtances of courage and 'generoſity to boot, let me deſire you 'to lay your heads together amicably, 'and think whether there be any-thing 'to be done to make all end happily for 'the lady.'

Lovel. 'But hold, my lord, let me 'ſay one thing, now Mowbray *is* gone; 'and that is, that I think a gentleman 'ought not to put up tamely one or 'two ſevere things that the colonel has 'ſaid.'

Lord M. 'What the devil canſt thou 'mean? I thought all had been over. 'Why thou haſt nothing to do, but to 'confirm to the colonel, that thou art 'willing to marry Miſs Harlowe, if ſhe 'will have thee.'

Col. 'Mr. Lovelace will not ſcruple 'to ſay *that*, I ſuppoſe, notwithſtanding 'all that has paſſed.—But if you think, 'Mr. Lovelace, I have ſaid any-thing 'I ſhould *not* have ſaid, I ſuppoſe it is 'this, That the man who has ſhewn ſo 'little of the *thing* honour, to a defence-'leſs unprotected woman, ought not to 'ſtand ſo nicely upon the *empty name* of 'it, with a man who is expoſtulating 'with him upon it. I am ſorry to have 'cauſe to ſay this, Mr. Lovelace; but 'I would on the ſame occaſion repeat 'it to a king upon his throne, and ſur-'rounded by all his guards.'

Lord M. 'But what is all this, but 'more *ſacks upon the mill*? more *coals* 'upon the *fire*? You have a mind to 'quarrel, both of you, I ſee that.—'Are you not willing, nephew, are you 'not *moſt* willing, to marry this lady, if 'ſhe can be prevailed upon to have 'you?'

Lovel. 'Damn me, my lord, if I'd 'marry an empreſs upon ſuch treatment 'as this!'

Lord M. 'Why now, Bob, thou art 'more cholerick than the colonel. It 'was *his* turn juſt now. And now 'you ſee he is cool, you are all gun-'powder.'

Lovel. 'I own the colonel has many 'advantages over me; but, perhaps, 'there is one advantage he has not if 'it were put to the trial.'

Col. 'I came not hither, as I ſaid be-'fore, to ſeek the occaſion: but if it be 'offered me, I won't refuſe it—And 'ſince we find we diſturb my good Lord 'M. I'll take my leave, and will go 'home by the way of St. Alban's.'

Lovel. 'I'll ſee you part of the way, 'with all my heart, colonel.'

Col. 'I accept your civility very cheer-'fully, Mr. Lovelace.'

Lord M. (Interpoſing again, as we were both for going out) 'And what will this 'do, gentlemen? Suppoſe you kill one 'another, will the matter be bettered 'or worſted by that? Will the lady be 'made happier or unhappier, do you 'think, by either or both of your deaths? 'Your characters are too well known 'to make freſh inſtances of the courage 'of either needful.—And, I think, if 'the honour of the lady is your view, 'colonel, it can be no other way ſo ef-'fectually promoted, as by marriage. 'And, Sir, if *you* would uſe your intereſt 'with her, it is very probable, that *you* 'may ſucceed, though nobody elſe can.'

Lovel. 'I think, my lord, I have ſaid 'all that a man can ſay; (ſince what is 'paſſed cannot be recalled) and you ſee 'Colonel Morden riſes in proportion to 'my coolneſs, till it is neceſſary for me 'to aſſert myſelf, or even *he* would de-'ſpiſe me.'

Lord M. 'Let me aſk you, colonel; 'Have you any way, any method, that 'you think reaſonable and honourable 'to propoſe, to bring about a reconci-'liation with the lady? That is what 'we all wiſh for. And I can tell you, 'Sir, it is not a little owing to her fa-'mily, and to their implacable uſage of 'her, that her reſentments are height-'ened againſt my kinſman; who, how-'ever, has uſed her vilely; but is willing 'to repair her wrongs.'

Lovel. 'Not, my lord, for the ſake of 'her family; nor for this gentleman's 'haughty behaviour; but for *her own* 'ſake, and in full ſenſe of the wrongs I 'have done her.'

Col. 'As to my haughty behaviour, 'as you call it, Sir, I am miſtaken if 'you would not have gone beyond it 'in the like caſe, of a relation ſo meri-'torious, and ſo unworthily injured. 'And, Sir, let me tell you, that if your 'motives are not love, honour, and 'juſtice, and if they have the leaſt tinc-'ture of mean compaſſion for *her*, or of 'an uncheerful aſſent on *your part*, I am 'ſure it will neither be deſired nor ac-'cepted by a perſon of my couſin's merit 'and ſenſe, nor ſhall I wiſh that it 'ſhould.'

Lovel. 'Don't think, colonel, that I 'am meanly compounding off a debate, 'that I ſhould as willingly go through 'with you as to eat or drink, if I have 'the occaſion given me for it: but 'thus much I will tell you, that my 'lord, that Lady Sarah Sadleir, Lady 'Betty Lawrance, my two couſins Mon-'tague, and myſelf, have written to her 'in the moſt ſolemn and ſincere man-'ner, to offer her ſuch terms, as no one 'but herſelf would refuſe, and this long 'enough before Colonel Morden's ar-'rival was dreamt of.'

Col. 'What reaſon, Sir, may I aſk, 'does ſhe give, againſt liſtening to ſo 'powerful a mediation, and to ſuch 'offers?'

Lovel. 'It looks like capitulating, or 'elſe——'

Col. 'It looks not like any ſuch thing 'to *me*, Mr. Lovelace, who have as good 'an opinion of your ſpirit as man can 'have. And what, pray, is the part I 'act, and my motives for it? Are they 'not, in deſiring that juſtice may be 'done to my couſin Clariſſa Harlowe, 'that I ſeek to eſtabliſh the honour of 'Mrs. *Lovelace*, if matters can once be 'brought to bear?'

Lovel. 'Were ſhe to honour me with 'her acceptance of that name, Mr. 'Morden, I ſhould not want you or 'any man to aſſert the honour of Mrs. 'Lovelace.'

Col. 'I believe it. But till ſhe *has* 'honoured you with that acceptance, 'ſhe is nearer to me than to you, Mr. 'Lovelace. And I ſpeak this, only to 'ſhew you, that in the part I take, I 'mean rather to deſerve your thanks 'than your diſpleaſure, though againſt '*yourſelf*, were there occaſion. Nor 'ought you to take it amiſs, if you 'rightly weigh the matter: for, Sir, 'whom does a lady want protection 'againſt but her injurers? And who 'has been her *greateſt* injurer?—Till, 'therefore, ſhe becomes entitled to your 'protection, as *your wife*, you yourſelf 'cannot refuſe me ſome merit in wiſh-'ing to have juſtice done *my couſin*. But, 'Sir, you were a going to ſay, that if it

'were

'were not to look like capitulating, 'you would hint the reaſons my couſin 'gives againſt accepting ſuch an honour-'able mediation?'

I then told him of my ſincere offers of marriage: I made no difficulty, I ſaid, to own my apprehenſions, that my unhappy behaviour to her had greatly affected her: but that it was the implacableneſs of her friends that had thrown her into deſpair, and given her a contempt for life. I told him, That ſhe had been ſo good, as to ſend me a letter to divert me from a viſit my heart was ſet upon making her: a letter, on which I built great hopes, becauſe ſhe aſſured me in it, that ſhe was *going to her father's*; and that *I might ſee her there, when ſhe was received, if it were not my own fault.*

Col. 'Is it poſſible? And were you, 'Sir, thus earneſt? And did ſhe ſend 'you ſuch a letter?'

Lord M. confirmed both; and alſo, that, in obedience to her deſire, and that intimation, I had come down without the ſatisfaction I had propoſed to myſelf in ſeeing her.

'It is very true, colonel,' ſaid I: 'and 'I ſhould have told you this before: 'but your heat made me decline it; for, 'as I ſaid, it had an appearance of mean-'ly capitulating with you. An abject-'neſs of heart, of which had I been ca-'pable, I ſhould have deſpiſed *myſelf* as 'much as I might have expected *you* 'would deſpiſe me.'

Lord M. propoſed to enter into the proof of all this: he ſaid, in his phraſeological way, *That one ſtory was good, till another was heard:* that the Harlowe family and I, 'twas true, had behaved like ſo many *Orſons* to one another; and that they had been very free with all our family beſides: that, nevertheleſs, for the lady's ſake, more than for theirs, or even for *mine*, (he could tell me) he would do greater things for me, than they could aſk, if ſhe could be brought to have me: and that this he *wanted* to declare, and would *ſooner* have declared, if he could have brought us ſooner to patience, and a good underſtanding.

The colonel made excuſes for his warmth, on the ſcore of his affection to his couſin.

My regard for her made me readily admit them: and ſo a freſh bottle of Burgundy, and another of Champagne, being put upon the table, we ſat down in good humour, after all this bluſtering, in order to enter cloſer into the particulars of the caſe: which I undertook, at both their deſires, to do.

But theſe things muſt be the ſubject of another letter, which ſhall immediately follow this, if it do not accompany it.

Mean time you will obſerve, That a bad cauſe gives a man great diſadvantages: for I myſelf think, that the interrogatories put to me with ſo much ſpirit by the colonel, made me look curſedly mean; at the ſame time that it gave him a ſuperiority which I know not how to allow to the beſt man in Europe. So that, literally ſpeaking, as a *good man* would infer, guilt is it's own puniſher; in that it makes the moſt lofty ſpirit look like the miſcreant he is.—A *good man*, I ſay: ſo, Jack, *proleptically* I add, *thou* haſt no right to make the obſervation.

LETTER LXXXII.

MR. LOVELACE, IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON AUG. 29.

I Went back in this part of our converſation to the day that I was obliged to come down to attend my lord, in the dangerous illneſs which *ſome* feared would have been his laſt.

I told the colonel What earneſt letters I had written to a particular friend, to engage him to prevail upon the lady not to ſlip a day that had been propoſed for the private celebration of our nuptials; and of my letters written to herſelf on that ſubject; for I had ſtept to my cloſet, and fetched down all the letters, and draughts, and copies of letters relating to this affair.

I read to him ſeveral paſſages in the copies of thoſe letters, which thou wilt remember make not a little to my honour. And I told him, That I wiſhed I had kept copies of thoſe to my friend on the ſame occaſion; by which he would have ſeen how much in earneſt I was in my profeſſions to her, although ſhe would not anſwer one of them. And thou mayſt remember, that one of thoſe four letters accounted to herſelf, why I was deſirous ſhe ſhould remain where I had left her.

I then proceeded to give him an account of the viſit made by Lady Sarah and Lady Betty to Lord M. and me, in order to induce me to do her juſtice: of my readineſs to comply with their deſires; and of their high opinion of her merit: of the viſit made to Miſs Howe by my couſins Montague, in the name

of us all, to engage her intereſt with her friend in my behalf: of my converſation with Miſs Howe, at a private aſſembly, to whom I gave the ſame aſſurances, and beſought her intereſt with her friend.

I then read the copy of the letter (though ſo much to my diſadvantage) which was written to her by Miſs Charlotte Montague, Auguſt 1, entreating her alliance in the names of all our family.

This made him ready to think, that his fair couſin carried her reſentment againſt me too far. He did not imagine, he ſaid, that either myſelf or our family had been ſo much in earneſt.

So thou ſeeſt, Belford, that it is but gloſſing over *one* part of a ſtory, and omitting *another*, that will make a bad cauſe a good one at any time. What an admirable lawyer ſhould I have made! And what a poor hand would this charming creature, with all her innocence, have made of it in a court of juſtice, againſt a man who had ſo much to *ſay*, and to *ſhew* for himſelf!

I then hinted at the generous annual tender which Lord M. and his ſiſters made to his fair couſin, in apprehenſion that ſhe might ſuffer by her friends implacableneſs.

And this alſo the colonel highly applauded, and was pleaſed to lament the unhappy miſunderſtanding between the two families, which had made the Harlowes leſs fond of an alliance with a family of ſo much honour, as this inſtance ſhewed ours to be.

I then told him, That having, by my friend, [meaning thee] who was admitted into her preſence, (and who had always been an admirer of her virtues, and had given me ſuch advice from time to time in relation to her as I wiſhed I had followed) been aſſured, that a viſit from me would be very diſagreeable to her, I once more reſolved to try what a letter would do; and that, accordingly, on the 7th of Auguſt I wrote her one.

'This, colonel, is the copy of it. I 'was then out of humour with my Lord 'M. and the ladies of my family. You 'will therefore read it to yourſelf.'

This letter gave him high ſatisfaction. 'You write here, Mr. Lovelace, 'from your heart. 'Tis a letter full of 'penitence and acknowledgment. Your 'requeſt is reaſonable—To be forgiven 'only as you ſhall appear to deſerve it 'after a time of probation, which you 'leave to her to fix.—Pray, Sir, did ſhe 'return an anſwer to this letter?'

'She did, but with *reluctance*, I own, 'and not till I had declared by my 'friend, that if I could not procure one, 'I would go up to town, and throw 'myſelf at her feet.'

'I wiſh I might be permitted to ſee 'it, Sir, or to hear ſuch parts of it read, 'as you ſhall think proper.'

Turning over my papers, 'Here it 'is, Sir. I will make no ſcruple to put 'it into your hands.'

'This is very obliging, Mr. Love-'lace.'

He read it.—'My charming couſin! '—How ſtrong her reſentments!—Yet, 'how charitable her wiſhes!—Good 'Heaven! that ſuch an excellent crea-'ture—But, Mr. Lovelace, it is to your 'regret, as much as to mine, I doubt 'not——'

Interrupting him, I ſwore that it was.

'So it ought,' ſaid he. 'Nor do I 'wonder that it ſhould be ſo. I ſhall 'tell you, by-and by,' proceeded he, 'how much ſhe ſuffers with her friends 'by falſe and villainous reports. But, 'Sir, will you permit me to take with 'me theſe two letters? I ſhall make uſe 'of them to the advantage of you both.'

I told him, I would oblige him with all my heart. And this he took very kindly, (as he had reaſon;) and put them in his pocket-book, promiſing to return them in a few days.

I then told him, That upon this her refuſal, I took upon myſelf to go to town, in hopes to move her in my favour; and that, though I went without giving her notice of my intention, yet had ſhe got ſome notion of my coming, and ſo contrived to be out of the way: 'And at laſt, when ſhe found I 'was fully determined at all events to 'ſee her, before I went abroad, (which 'I *ſhall* do,' ſaid I, 'if I cannot prevail 'upon her) ſhe ſent me the letter I have 'already mentioned to you, deſiring me 'to ſuſpend my purpoſed viſit: and that 'for a reaſon which amazes and con-'founds me; becauſe I don't find there 'is any-thing in it: and yet I never 'knew her once diſpenſe with her word; 'for ſhe always made it a maxim, that '*it was not lawful to do evil, that good might 'come of it*: and yet in this letter, for 'no reaſon in the world but to avoid 'ſeeing me, (to gratify an humour only) 'has ſhe ſent me out of town, depend-'ing upon the aſſurance ſhe had given 'me.'

Col. 'This is indeed ſurpriſing. But 'I cannot believe that my couſin, for 'ſuch an end *only*, or indeed for *any* end,

'according

'according to the character I hear of 'her, would ſtoop to make uſe of ſuch 'an artifice.'

Lovel. 'This, colonel, is the thing 'that aſtoniſhes me; and yet, ſee here! '—This is the letter ſhe wrote me— 'Nay, Sir, 'tis her own hand.'

Col. 'I ſee it is; and a charming hand 'it is.'

Lovel. 'You obſerve, colonel, that all 'her hopes of reconciliation with her 'parents are from you. You are her '*dear bleſſed friend!* She always talked 'of you with delight.'

Col. 'Would to Heaven I had come 'to England before ſhe left Harlowe 'Place!—Nothing of this had then hap- 'pened. Not a man of thoſe whom I 'have heard that her friends propoſed 'for her, ſhould have had her. Nor 'you, Mr. Lovelace, unleſs I had found 'you to be the man every-one who ſees 'you, muſt with you to be: and if you '*had* been that man, no one living 'ſhould I have preferred to you for ſuch 'an excellence.'

My lord and I both joined in the wiſh: and 'faith I wiſhed it moſt cordially.

The colonel read the letter twice over, and then returned it to me. 'Tis all 'a myſtery,' ſaid he. 'I can make no- 'thing of it. For, alas! her friends 'are as averſe to a reconciliation as 'ever.'

Lord M. 'I could not have thought 'it. But don't you think there is ſome- 'thing very favourable to my nephew in 'this letter—Something that looks as if 'the lady would comply at laſt?'

Col. 'Let me die if I know what to 'make of it. This letter is very dif- 'ferent from her preceding one.—You 'returned an anſwer to it, Mr. Love- 'lace?'

Lovel. 'An anſwer, colonel! No doubt 'of it. And an anſwer full of tranſ- 'port. I told her, I would directly ſet 'out for Lord M.'s, in obedience to her 'will. I told her, that I would conſent 'to any-thing ſhe ſhould command, in 'order to promote this happy reconci- 'liation. I told her, that it ſhould be 'my hourly ſtudy to the end of my life, 'to deſerve a goodneſs ſo tranſcendent. 'But I cannot forbear ſaying, that I am 'not a little ſhocked and ſurpriſed, if 'nothing more be meant by it than to 'get me into the country without ſee- 'ing her.'

Col. 'That can't be the thing, depend 'upon it, Sir: there muſt be more 'in it than that. For were that all, ſhe 'muſt think you would ſoon be unde- 'ceived, and that you would then moſt 'probably reſume your intention.—Un- 'leſs, indeed, ſhe depended upon ſeeing '*me* in the interim, as ſhe knew I was 'arrived. But I own, I know not what 'to make of it. Only that ſhe does me 'a great deal of honour, if it be me that 'ſhe calls her *bleſſed friend, whom ſhe al- 'ways loved and honoured.* Indeed, I 'ever loved her: and if I die unmar- 'ried, and without children, ſhall be as 'kind to her as her grandfather was: 'and the rather, as I fear that there is 'too much of envy and ſelf-love in the 'reſentments her brother and ſiſter en- 'deavour to keep up in her father and 'mother againſt her. But I ſhall know 'better how to judge of this, when my 'couſin James comes from Edinburgh; 'and he is every hour expected.

'But let me aſk you, Mr. Lovelace, 'What is the name of your friend, 'who is admitted ſo eaſily into my cou- 'ſin's preſence? Is it not Belford, pray?'

Lovel. 'It is, Sir; and Mr. Belford's 'a man of honour; and a great admirer 'of your fair couſin.'

Was I right, as to the *firſt*, Jack? The *laſt* I have ſuch ſtrong proof of, that it makes me queſtion the *firſt*; ſince ſhe would not have been out of the way of my intended viſit but for thee.

Col. 'Are you ſure, Sir, that Mr. 'Belford is a man of honour?'

Lovel. 'I can ſwear for him, colo- 'nel. What makes you put this queſ- 'tion?'

Col. 'Only this: that an officious prag- 'matical novice has been ſent up to en- 'quire into my couſin's life and conver- 'ſation: and, would you believe it? the 'frequent viſits of this gentleman have 'been interpreted baſely to her diſrepu- 'tation.—Read that letter, Mr. Love- 'lace; and you will be ſhocked at every 'part of it.'

This curſed letter, no doubt, is from the young Levite, whom thou, Jack, deſcribedſt, as making enquiry of Mrs. Smith about Miſs Harlowe's character and viſitors.

I believe I was a quarter of an hour in reading it: for I made it, though not a ſhort one, ſix times as long as it is, by the additions of oaths and curſes to every pedantick line. Lord M. too helped to lengthen it, by the like execrations. And thou, Jack, wilt have as much rea- ſon to curſe as we.

'You cannot but ſee,' ſaid the co- lonel, when I had done reading it, 'that 'this fellow has been *officious* in his ma- 'levolence; for what he ſays is mere

hearſay,

'hearſay, and that hearſay conjectural 'ſcandal without fact, or the appear-'ance of fact, to ſupport it; ſo that 'an unprejudiced eye, upon the face of 'the letter, would condemn the writer 'of it, as I did, and acquit my couſin. 'But yet, ſuch is the ſpirit by which the 'reſt of my relations are governed, that 'they run away with the belief of the 'worſt it inſinuates, and the dear crea-'ture has had ſhocking letters upon it; 'the pedant's hints are taken; and a 'voyage to one of the colonies has 'been propoſed to her, as the only way 'to avoid Mr. Belford and you. I have 'not ſeen theſe letters, indeed; but 'they took a pride in repeating ſome of 'their contents, which muſt have cut the 'poor ſoul to the heart; and theſe, 'joined to her former ſufferings—What 'have you not, Mr. Lovelace, to an-'ſwer for?'

Lovel. 'Who the devil could have 'expected ſuch conſequences as theſe? 'Who could have believed there could 'be parents ſo implacable? Brother and 'ſiſter ſo envious? And, give me leave 'to ſay, a lady ſo immoveably fixed a-'gainſt the only means that could be 'taken to put all right with every-'body?—And what now can be done?'

Lord M. 'I have great hopes that 'Colonel Morden may yet prevail upon 'his couſin. And by her laſt letter, it 'runs in my mind, that ſhe has ſome 'thoughts of forgiving all that's paſt.—'Do you think, colonel, if there ſhould '*not* be ſuch a thing as reconciliation 'going forward at preſent, that her 'letter may not imply, that if we *could* 'bring ſuch a thing to bear with her 'friends, ſhe would be reconciled with 'Mr. Lovelace?'

Col. 'Such an artifice would better 'become the Italian ſubtilty than the 'Engliſh ſimplicity.—Your lordſhip has 'been in Italy, I preſume?'

Lovel. 'My lord has read Boccacio, 'perhaps; and that's as well, as to the 'hint he gives, which may be borrowed 'from one of that author's ſtories. But 'Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe is above all ar-'tifice. She muſt have ſome meaning 'I cannot fathom.'

Col. 'Well, my lord, I can only ſay, 'that I will make ſome uſe of the let-'ters Mr. Lovelace has obliged me 'with: and after I have had ſome talk 'with my couſin James, who is hourly 'expected; and when I have diſpatched 'two or three affairs that preſs upon 'me, I will pay my reſpects to my dear 'couſin; and ſhall be then able to form 'a better judgment of things. Mean 'time I will write to her; for I have 'ſent to enquire about her, and find ſhe 'wants conſolation.'

Lovel. 'If you favour me, colonel, 'with the damn'd letter of that fellow 'Brand, for a day or two, you will o-'blige me.'

Col. 'I will. But remember, the 'man is a parſon, Mr. Lovelace; an 'innocent one too, they ſay. Elſe I 'had been at him before now. And 'theſe college novices, who think they 'know every-thing in their cloiſters, 'and that all learning lies in *books*, make 'diſmal figures when they come into the 'world among *men* and *women*.'

Lord M. '*Brand! Brand!* It ſhould 'have been *Firebrand*, I think, in my 'conſcience!'

Thus ended this doughty conference.

I cannot ſay, Jack, but I am greatly taken with Colonel Morden. He is brave and generous, and knows the world; and then his contempt of the parſons is a certain ſign that he is one of *us*.

We parted with great civility: Lord M. (not a little pleaſed that we did, and as greatly taken with the colonel) repeated his wiſh, after the colonel was gone, that he had arrived in time to ſave the lady; if that would have done it.

I wiſh ſo too. For by my ſoul, Jack, I am every day more and more uneaſy about her. But I hope ſhe is not ſo ill as I am told ſhe is.

I have made Charlotte tranſcribe the letter of this *Firebrand*, as my lord calls him; and will incloſe her copy of it. All thy phlegm, I know, will be rouzed into vengeance when thou readeſt it.

I know not what to adviſe as to ſhewing it to the lady. Yet, perhaps, ſhe will be able to reap more ſatisfaction than concern from it, knowing her own innocence; in that it will give her to hope that her friends treatment of her is owing as much to miſrepreſentation as to their own natural implacableneſs. Such a mind as hers, I know, would be glad to find out the ſhadow of a reaſon for the ſhocking letters the colonel ſays they have ſent her, and for their propoſal to her of going to ſome one of the colonies. [Confound them all—But if I begin to curſe, I ſhall never have done]—Then it may put her upon ſuch a defence as ſhe might be glad of an opportunity to make, and to ſhame

them

them for their monſtrous credulity—But this I leave to thy own fat-headed prudence—Only it vexes me to the heart, that even ſcandal and calumny ſhould dare to ſurmiſe the bare poſſibility of any man's ſharing the favours of a woman, whom now methinks I could worſhip with a veneration due only to a divinity.

Charlotte and her ſiſter could not help weeping at the baſe aſperſion: 'When, 'when,' ſaid Patty, lifting up her hands, 'will this ſweet lady's ſufferings be at an 'end?—O couſin Lovelace!'

And thus am I blamed for every-one's faults!—When her brutal father curſes her, it is I. I upbraid her with her ſevere mother. The implacableneſs of her ſtupid uncles is all mine. The virulence of her brother, and the ſpite and envy of her ſiſter, are entirely owing to me. The letter of this raſcal Brand is of my writing—O Jack, what a wretch is thy Lovelace!

RETURNED without a letter!—This damn'd fellow Will is returned without a letter!—Yet the raſcal tells me that he hears you have been writing to me theſe two days!

Plague confound thee, who knoweſt my impatience, and the reaſon for it! To ſend a man and horſe on purpoſe; as I did! My imagination chained to the belly of the beaſt, in order to keep pace with him!—Now he is got to this place; now to that; now to London; now to thee!

Now [a letter given him] whip and ſpur upon the return. This town juſt entered, not ſtaying to bait: that village paſſed by: leaves the wind behind him: in a foaming ſweat man and horſe.

And in this way did he actually enter Lord M's court-yard.

The reverberating pavement brought me down—The letter, Will! The let-'ter, dog!—The letter, ſirrah!'

'No letter, Sir!'—Then wildly ſtaring round me, fiſts clenched, and grinning like a maniack, 'Confound thee 'for a dog, and him that ſent thee with-'out one!—This moment out of my 'ſight, or I'll ſcatter thy ſtupid brains 'through the air.' I ſnatched from his holſters a piſtol, while the raſcal threw himſelf from the foaming beaſt, and ran to avoid the fate which I wiſhed with all my ſoul thou hadſt been within the reach of me to have met with.

But to be as meek as a lamb to one who has me at his mercy, and can wring and torture my ſoul as he pleaſes, *what canſt thou mean* to ſend back my varlet without a letter?—I will ſend away by day-dawn another fellow upon another beaſt for what thou haſt written; and I charge thee, on thy allegiance, that thou diſpatch him not back empty-handed.

POSTSCRIPT.

Charlotte, in a whim of delicacy, is diſpleaſed that I ſend the incloſed letter to you—That her hand-writing, forſooth! ſhould go into the hands of a ſingle man!

There's encouragement for thee, Belford! This is a certain ſign that thou may'ſt have her if thou wilt. And yet, till ſhe had given me this unerring demonſtration of her glancing towards thee, I could not have thought it. Indeed I have often in pleaſantry told her that I would bring ſuch an affair to bear. But I never intended it; becauſe ſhe really is a dainty girl: And thou art ſuch a clumſy fellow in thy perſon, that I ſhould as ſoon have wiſhed her a rhinoceros for an huſband, as thee. But, poor little dears! they muſt ſtay till their times come! They won't have this man, and they won't have that man, from ſeventeen to twenty-five: but then, afraid as the ſaying is, that *God has forgot them*, and finding their bloom departing, they are glad of whom they can get, and verify the fable of the Parſon and the Pears.

LETTER LXXXIII.

MR. BRAND, TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

WORTHY SIR, MY VERY GOOD FRIEND AND PATRON.

I Arrived in town yeſterday, after a tolerably pleaſant journey, (conſidering the hot weather, and duſty roads.) I put up at the Bull and Gate in Holborn, and haſtened to Covent Garden. I ſoon found the houſe where the unhappy lady lodgeth. And, in the back-ſhop, had a good deal of diſcourſe with Mrs. Smith (her landlady) whom I found to be ſo *highly preposſeſſed* in her *favour*, that I ſaw it would not anſwer your deſires to take my informations *altogether* from her: and being obliged to attend my patron, who (to my ſorrow.

Miſerum eſt aliena vivere quadra.)

I find wanteth much waiting upon, and is *another* ſort of a man than he was at college;

college: for, Sir, *inter nos*, *honours change manners*. For the *aforesaid causes*, I thought it would best answer all the ends of the commission with which you honoured me, to engage, in the desired scrutiny, the wife of a *particular friend*, who liveth almost over-against the house where she lodgeth, and who is a gentlewoman of *character* and *sobriety*, a *mother of children*, and one who *knoweth* the *world* well.

To her I applied myself therefore, and gave her a short history of the case, and desired she would very particularly enquire into the *conduct* of the unhappy young lady; her *present way of life* and *subsistence*; her *visitors*, her *employments*, and such like: for these, Sir, you know, are the things whereof you wished to be informed.

Accordingly, Sir, I waited upon the gentlewoman aforesaid, this day; and, to *my* very great trouble (because I know it will be to *yours*, and likewise to all your worthy family's) I must say, that I do find things look a little more *darkly*, than I hoped they would. For, alas! Sir, the gentlewoman's report turneth not out so *favourable* for Miss's reputation, as *I* wished, as *you* wished, and as *every-one* of her friends wished. But so it is throughout the world, that *one false step* generally brings on *another*; and peradventure, *a worse*, and *a still worse*; till the poor soul is quite *entangled*, and (without infinite *mercy*) lost for ever.

It seemeth, Sir, she is, notwithstanding, in a very *ill state of health*. In this, *both* gentlewomen (that is to say, Mrs. Smith her landlady, and my friend's wife) agree. Yet she goeth often out in a chair, to *prayers* (as it is said.) But my friend's wife told me, that nothing is more common in London, than that the frequenting of the church at morning prayers is made the *pretence* and *cover* for *private assignations*. What a sad thing is this! that what was designed for *wholesome nourishment* to the *poor soul*, should be turned into *rank poison!* But, as Mr. Daniel de Foe (an ingenious man, though a *dissenter*) observeth, (But indeed it is an old proverb; only I think he was the first that put it into verse)—

'God never had a house of prayer,
'But Satan had a chapel there.'

Yet, to do the lady *justice*, nobody cometh home with her: nor indeed *can* they, because she goeth forward and backward in a *sedan*, or *chair*, (as they call it.) But then there is a gentleman of *no good character* (an *intimado* of Mr. Lovelace) who is a *constant* visitor of her, and of the people of the house, whom he *regaleth* and *treateth*, and hath (of consequence) their *high good words*.

I have thereupon taken the trouble (for I love to be *exact* in any *commission* I undertake) to inquire *particularly* about this *gentleman*, as he is called: (albeit I hold no man so but by his actions: for, as Juvenal saith—

'—*Nobilitas sola est, atque unica virtus.*')

And this I did *before* I would sit down to write to you.

His name is Belford. He hath a paternal estate of upwards of one thousand pounds by the year; and is now in mourning for an uncle, who left him very considerably besides. He beareth a very profligate character as to *women*, (for I enquired particularly about *that*) and is Mr. Lovelace's more especial *privado*, with whom he holdeth a *regular correspondence*; and hath been often seen with Miss (tête-à-tête) at the *window*—In no *bad way*, indeed: but my friend's wife is of opinion, that all is not *as it should be*. And, indeed, it is mighty strange to me, if Miss be so *notable* a *penitent*, (as is represented) and if she have such an *aversion* to Mr. Lovelace, that she will admit his *privado* into *her retirements*, and see *no other company*.

I understand from Mrs. Smith, that Mr. Hickman was to see her some time ago, from Miss Howe; and I am told by *another* hand, (You see, Sir, how diligent I have been to execute the *commissions* you gave me) that he had no *extraordinary opinion* of this Belford, at first; though they were seen together one morning by the opposite neighbour, at *breakfast*: and another time this Belford was observed to *watch* Mr. Hickman's coming from her; so that, as it should seem, he was mighty zealous to *ingratiate* himself with Mr. Hickman; no doubt, to engage him to make a *favourable report to Miss Howe* of the *intimacy* he was admitted into by her unhappy friend; who (*as she is very ill*) may *mean no harm* in allowing his visits: (for he, it seemeth, brought to her, or recommended at least, the doctor and apothecary that attend her) but I think (upon the whole) *it looketh not well*.

I am sorry, Sir, I cannot give you a better account of the young lady's *prudence*. But what shall we say?—

'*Uvaque conspecta livorem ducit ab uvâ,*'

as Juvenal observeth.

One

One thing I am afraid of; which is, that Miſs may be under *neceſſities*; and that this Belford (who, as Mrs. Smith owns, hath *offered her money*, which ſhe, *at the time*, refuſed) may find an opportunity to *take advantage* of thoſe *neceſſities*: and it is well obſerved by that poet, that—

'*Ægrè formoſam poteris ſervare puellam:*
'*Nunc prece, nunc pretio, forma petita ruit.*'

And this Belford (who is a *bold man*, and hath, as they ſay, the *look* of one) may make good that of Horace; (with whoſe writings you are ſo well acquainted; nobody better)—

'*Audax omnia perpeti,*
'*Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.*'

Forgive me, Sir, for what I am going to write! But if you could prevail upon the reſt of your family to join in the ſcheme which *you*, and her *virtuous ſiſter* Miſs Arabella, and the archdeacon, and I, once talked of, (which is to perſuade the unhappy young lady to go, in ſome *creditable* manner, to ſome one of the foreign colonies) it might ſave not only her *own credit* and *reputation*, but the *reputation* and *credit* of all her *family*, and a great deal of *vexation* moreover. For it is my humble opinion, that you will hardly (any of you) enjoy yourſelves while this (*once* innocent) young lady is in the way of being ſo frequently heard of by you: and this would put her *out of the way* both of *this Belford* and of *that Lovelace*, and it might, peradventure, prevent as much *evil* as *ſcandal*.

You will forgive me, Sir, for this my *plainneſs*. Ovid pleadeth for me—

'*Adulator nullus amicus erit.*'

And I have no view but that of approving myſelf a *zealous well-wiſher* to *all* your worthy family, (whereto I owe a great number of obligations) and very particularly, Sir, *your obliged and humble ſervant*,

ELIAS BRAND.

WEDN. AUG. 9.

P. S. I ſhall give you *further hints* when I come down; (which will be in a few days) and who my *informants* were; but by *theſe* you will ſee, that I have been very aſſiduous (for the time) in the taſk you ſet me upon.

The *length* of my letter you will excuſe; for I need not tell you, Sir, what *narrative*, *complex*, and *converſation* letters, (ſuch a one as *mine*) require. Every one to his *talent*. *Letter-writing* is mine, I will be bold to ſay; and that my *correſpondence* was much coveted at the univerſity, on that account, by *Tyros*, and even by *Sophs*, when I was hardly a *Soph* myſelf. But this I ſhould not have taken upon me to mention, but only in defence of the *length* of my letter; for nobody writeth *ſhorter*, or *pithier*, when the ſubject requireth *common forms* only—Put in apologizing for my *prolixity*, I am *adding* to the *fault*: (if it were one, which, however, I cannot think it to be, the *ſubject* conſidered: but this I have ſaid before in other words) ſo, Sir, if you will excuſe my *poſtſcript*, I am ſure you will not find fault with my *letter*.

One word more, as to a matter of *erudition*, which you greatly love to hear me *ſtart*, and *dwell upon*. Dr. Lewen once, in *your* preſence, (as you, *my good patron*, cannot but remember) in a *ſmartiſh* kind of debate between *him* and *me*, took upon him to cenſure the *parenthetical* ſtyle, as I call it. He was a very learned and judicious man, to be ſure, and an ornament to *our function*: but yet I muſt needs ſay, that it is a ſtyle which I greatly like; and the good doctor was then paſt his *youth*, and that time of life, of conſequence, when a *fertile imagination*, and *rich fancy*, pour in ideas ſo faſt upon a writer, that parentheſes are often wanted (and that for the ſake of *brevity*, as well as *perſpicuity*) to ſave the reader the trouble of reading a paſſage *more than once*. Every man to his talent (as I ſaid before.) We are all ſo apt to ſet up our *natural biaſſes* for *general ſtandards*, that I wondered *the leſs* at the worthy doctor's *ſtiffneſs* on this occaſion. He *ſmiled at me*, you may remember, Sir—And, whether I was right or not, I am ſure I *ſmiled at him*. And *you*, my *worthy patron*, (as I had the ſatisfaction to obſerve) ſeemed to be of *my party*. But was it not ſtrange, that the *old gentleman* and *I* ſhould ſo widely differ, when the *end* with *both* (that is to ſay, *preſpicuity* or *clearneſs*) was the ſame?—But what ſhall we ſay?—

'*Errare eſt hominis, ſ d non perſiſtere.*'

I think I have nothing to add, until I have the honour of attending you in *perſon*; but that I am (as above) &c. &c. &c.

E. B.

LETTER LXXXIV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, AUG. 30.

IT was lucky enough that our two ſervants met at Hannah's, which gave them ſo good an opportunity of exchanging their letters time enough for each to return to his maſter early in the day.

Thou doſt well to boaſt of thy capacity for managing ſervants, and to ſet up for correcting our poets in their characters of this claſs of people, when, like a madman, thou canſt beat their teeth out, and attempt to ſhoot them through the head, for not bringing to thee what they had no power to obtain.

You well obſerve, that you would have made a thorough-paced lawyer. The whole of the converſation-piece between you and the colonel, affords a convincing proof, that there is a black and a white ſide to every cauſe: but what muſt the conſcience of a partial whitener of his *own* cauſe, or blackener of *another's*, tell him, while he is throwing duſt in the eyes of his judges, and all the time knows his own guilt?

The colonel, I ſee, is far from being a faultleſs man: but while he ſought not to carry his point by breach of faith, he has an excuſe which thou haſt not. But with reſpect to him, and to us all, I can now, with deteſtation of ſome of my own actions, ſee, that the taking advantage of another perſon's good opinion of us, to injure (perhaps to ruin) that other, is the moſt ungenerous wickedneſs that can be committed.

Man acting thus by *man*, we ſhould not be at a loſs to give ſuch actions a name: but is it not doubly and trebly aggravated, when ſuch advantage is taken of an unexperienced and innocent young creature, whom we pretend to love above all the women in the world; and when we ſeal our pretence by the moſt ſolemn vows and proteſtations of inviolable honour, that we can invent.

I ſee that this gentleman is the beſt match thou ever couldſt have had, upon all accounts: his ſpirit ſuch another impetuous one as thy own; ſoon taking fire; vindictive; and only differing in this, that the cauſe he engages in is a juſt one. But, commend me to honeſt brutal Mowbray, who, before he *knew* the cauſe, offers his ſword in thy behalf againſt a man who had taken the injured ſide, and whom he had never ſeen before.

As ſoon as I had run through your letters, and the copy of that of the incendiary Brand's, (by the latter of which I ſaw to what cauſe a great deal of this laſt implacableneſs of the Harlowe family is owing) I took coach to Smith's, although I had been come from thence but about an hour, and had taken leave of the lady for the night.

I ſent down for Mrs. Lovick, and deſired her, in the firſt place, to acquaint the lady, (who was buſied in her cloſet) that I had letters from Berks: in which I was informed, that the interview between Colonel Morden and Mr. Lovelace had ended without ill conſequences; that the colonel intended to write to her very ſoon, and was intereſting himſelf mean while in her favour, with her relations; that I hoped, that this agreeable news would be the means of giving her good reſt; and I would wait upon her in the morning, by the time ſhe ſhould return from prayers, with all the particulars.

She ſent me word, that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee me in the morning; and was highly obliged to me for the good news I had ſent her up.

I then, in the back-ſhop, read to Mrs. Lovick and to Mrs. Smith, the copy of Brand's letter, and aſked them, If they could gueſs at the man's informant?—They were not at a loſs; Mrs. Smith having ſeen the ſame fellow Brand who had talked with her, as I mentioned in a former, come out of a milliner's ſhop over-againſt them; which milliner, ſhe ſaid, had alſo lately been very inquiſitive about the lady.

I wanted no further hint; but, bidding them take no notice to the lady of what I had read, I ſhot over the way, and aſking for the miſtreſs of the houſe, ſhe came to me.

Retiring with her, at her invitation, into her parlour, I deſired to know, if ſhe were acquainted with a young country clergyman of the name of *Brand*. She heſitatingly, ſeeing me in ſome emotion, owned, that ſhe had ſome ſmall knowledge of the gentleman. Juſt then came in her huſband, who is, it ſeems, a petty officer in the exciſe, (and not an ill-behaved man) who owned a fuller knowledge of him.

'I have the copy of a letter,' ſaid I, 'from this Brand, in which he has taken 'greater liberties with my character, 'and with that of the moſt unblameable 'lady in the world, which he grounds 'upon informations that you, Madam, 'have given him.' And then I read to

them ſeveral paſſages in his letter; and aſked, What foundation ſhe had for giving that fellow ſuch impreſſions of either of us?

They knew not what to anſwer: but at laſt ſaid, that he had told them how wickedly the young lady had run away from her parents: what worthy and rich people they were: in what favour *he* ſtood with them; and that they had employed him to enquire after her behaviour, viſitors, &c.

They ſaid, That indeed they knew very little of the young lady; but that [Curſe upon their cenſoriouſneſs!] it was but too natural to think, that where a lady had given way to a deluſion, and taken ſo wrong a ſtep, ſhe would not ſtop there: that the moſt ſacred places and things were but too often made cloaks for bad actions: that Mr. Brand had been informed (perhaps by ſome enemy of mine) that I was a man of very free principles, and an *intimado*, as he calls it, of the man who had ruined her. And that their couſin Barker, a mantua-maker, who lodged up one-pair of ſtairs, (and who, at their deſire, came down and confirmed what they ſaid) had often, from her window, ſeen me with the lady, in her chamber, and both talking very earneſtly together: and that Mr. Brand being unable to account for her admitting my viſits, and knowing I was but a new acquaintance of hers, and an old one of Mr. Lovelace, thought himſelf obliged to lay theſe matters before her friends.

This was the ſum and ſubſtance of their tale.—O how I curſed the cenſoriouſneſs of this plaguy triumvirate! A parſon, a milliner, and a mantua-maker! The two latter, not more by *buſineſs* led to adorn the perſons, than generally by *ſcandal* to deſtroy the *reputations*, of thoſe they have a mind to exerciſe their talents upon!

The two women took great pains to perſuade me, that they themſelves were people of conſcience:—Of conſequence, I told them, too much addicted, I feared, to cenſure other people who pretended not to their ſtrictneſs; for that I had ever found cenſoriouſneſs, narrowneſs, and uncharitableneſs, to prevail too much with thoſe who affected to be thought more pious than their neighbours.

They anſwered, That that was not their caſe; and that they had ſince enquired into the lady's character and manner of life, and were very much concerned to think any-thing they had ſaid ſhould be made uſe of againſt her: and as they heard from Mrs. Smith, that ſhe was not likely to live long, they ſhould be ſorry ſhe ſhould go out of the world a ſufferer by their means, or with an ill opinion of them, though ſtrangers to her. The huſband offered to write, if I pleaſed, to Mr. Brand, in vindication of the lady; and the two women ſaid, they ſhould be glad to wait upon her in perſon, to beg her pardon for any-thing ſhe had reaſon to take amiſs from them; becauſe they were now convinced that there was not ſuch another young lady in the world.

I told them, That the leaſt ſaid of the affair to the lady, in her preſent circumſtances, was beſt. That ſhe was an heavenly creature, and fond of taking all occaſions to find excuſes for her relations on their implacableneſs to her: that therefore I ſhould take ſome notice to her of the uncharitable and weak ſurmiſes which gave birth to ſo vile a ſcandal: but that I would have him, Mr. Walton; (for that is the huſband's name) write to his acquaintance Brand as ſoon as poſſible, as he had offered—And ſo I left them.

As to what thou ſayeſt of thy charming couſin, let me know, if thou haſt any meaning in it. I have not the vanity to think myſelf deſerving of ſuch a lady as Miſs Montague: and ſhould not therefore care to expoſe myſelf to her ſcorn, and to thy deriſion. But were I aſſured I might avoid both theſe, I would ſoon acquaint thee, that I ſhould think no pains nor aſſiduity too much, to obtain a ſhare in the good graces of ſuch a lady.

But I know thee too well to depend upon any-thing thou ſayeſt on this ſubject. Thou loveſt to make thy friends the objects of ridicule to ladies; and imagineſt, from the vanity (and in this reſpect, I will ſay littleneſs) of thine own heart, that thou ſhineſt the brighter for the foil.

Thus didſt thou once play off the rough Mowbray with Miſs Hatton, till the poor fellow knew not how to go either backward or forward.

LETTER LXXXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, 11 O'CLOCK, AUG. 31.

I Am juſt come from the lady, whom I left cheerful and ſerene.

She thanked me for my communication of the preceeding night. I read to

her ſuch parts of your letters as I *could* read to her; and I thought it was a good teſt to diſtinguiſh the froth and whipt-ſyllabub in them from the cream in what one *could* and *could not* read to a woman of ſo fine a mind; ſince four parts out of ſix of thy letters, which I thought entertaining as I read them to myſelf, appeared to me, when I ſhould have read them to her, moſt abominable ſtuff, and gave me a very contemptible idea of thy talents, and of my own judgment.

She was far from rejoicing, as I had done, at the diſappointment her letter gave you when explained.

She ſaid, She meant only an innocent allegory, which might carry inſtruction and warning to you, when the meaning was taken, as well as anſwer her own hopes for the time. It was run off in a hurry. She was afraid, it was not quite right in *her*. But hoped the end would excuſe (if it could not juſtify) the means. And then ſhe again expreſſed a good deal of apprehenſion, leſt you ſhould ſtill take it into your head to moleſt her, when her time, ſhe ſaid, was ſo ſhort, that ſhe wanted every moment of it; repeating what ſhe had ſaid once before, that when ſhe wrote, ſhe was ſo ill, that ſhe believed ſhe ſhould not have lived till now. If ſhe had thought ſhe ſhould, ſhe muſt have ſtudied for an expedient that would have better anſwered her intentions. Hinting at a removal out of the knowledge of us both.

But ſhe was much pleaſed that the conference between you and Colonel Morden, after two or three ſuch violent ſallies, as I acquainted her you had between you, ended ſo amicably; and ſaid ſhe muſt abſolutely depend upon the promiſe I had given her to uſe my utmoſt endeavours to prevent further miſchief on her account.

She was pleaſed with the juſtice you did her character to her couſin

She was glad to hear, that he had ſo kind an opinion of her, and that he would write to her.

I was under an unneceſſary concern, how to break to her, that I had the copy of Brand's vile letter: *unneceſſary*, I ſay; for ſhe took it juſt as you thought ſhe would, as an excuſe ſhe wiſhed to have for the implacableneſs of her friends; and begged I would let her read it herſelf; 'For,' ſaid ſhe, 'the 'contents cannot diſturb me, be they 'what they will.'

I gave it to her, and ſhe read it to herſelf; a tear now-and-then being ready to ſtart, and a ſigh ſometimes interpoſing.

She gave me back the letter with great and ſurpriſing calmneſs, conſidering the ſubject.

'There was a time,' ſaid ſhe, 'and 'that not long ſince, when ſuch a letter 'as this would have greatly pained me. 'But I hope I have now got above all 'theſe things: and I can refer to your 'kind offices, and to thoſe of Miſs Howe, 'the juſtice that will be done to my me-'mory among my friends. There is a 'good and a bad light in which every-'thing that befals us may be taken. If 'the human mind will buſy itſelf to 'make the worſt of every diſagreeable 'occurrence, it will never want woe. 'This letter, affecting as the ſubject of 'it is to my reputation, gives me more 'pleaſure than pain, becauſe I can ga-'ther from it, that had not my friends 'been prepoſſeſſed by miſinformed or 'raſh and officious perſons, who are al-'ways at hand to flatter or ſoothe the 'paſſions of the affluent, they could not 'have been ſo immoveably determined 'againſt me. But now they are ſuffi-'ciently cleared from every imputation 'of unforgivingneſs; for, while I ap-'peared to them in the character of a 'vile hypocrite, pretending to true pe-'nitence, yet giving up myſelf to pro-'fligate courſes, how could I expect 'either their pardon or bleſſing?'

'But, Madam,' ſaid I, 'you'll ſee 'by the date of this letter, *Auguſt* 9, that 'their ſeverity, *previous* to that, cannot 'be excuſed by it.'

'It imports me much,' replied ſhe, 'on account of my preſent wiſhes, as 'to the office you are ſo kind to under-'take, that you ſhould not think harſh-'ly of my friends. I muſt own to you, 'that I have been apt ſometimes myſelf 'to think them not only ſevere, but 'cruel. Suffering minds will be par-'tial to their own cauſe and merits. 'Knowing their own hearts, if ſincere, 'they are apt to murmur when harſhly 'treated: but if they are not *believed* 'to be innocent, by perſons who have 'a right to decide upon their conduct 'according to their own judgments, 'how can it be helped? Beſides, Sir, 'how do you know, that there are not 'about my friends as well-meaning miſ-'repreſenters as Mr. Brand really ſeems 'to be? But be this as it will, there is 'no doubt that there are and have been 'multitudes of perſons, as innocent as 'myſelf, who have ſuffered upon ſur-'miſes as little probable as thoſe on

'which

'which Mr. Brand founds his judgment.—Your intimacy, Sir, with Mr. Lovelace, and (may I say?) a character which, it seems, you have been less solicitous formerly to justify, than perhaps you will be for the future, and your frequent visits to me, may well be thought to be questionable circumstances in my conduct.'

I could only admire her in silence.

'But you see, Sir,' proceeded she, 'how necessary it is for young people of our sex to be careful of our company. And how much, at the same time, it behoves young persons of yours, to be chary of their own reputation, were it only for the sake of such of ours, as they may mean honourably by; and who otherwise may suffer in their good names for being seen in their company.

'As to Mr. Brand,' continued she, 'he is to be pitied; and let me enjoin you, Mr. Belford, not to take up any resentments against him, which may be detrimental either to his person or his fortunes. Let his function and his good meaning plead for him. He will have concern enough, when he finds every-body, whose displeasure I now labour under, acquitting my memory of perverse guilt, and joining in a general pity for me.'

This, Lovelace, is the woman whose life thou hast curtailed in the blossom of it!—How many opportunities must thou have had of admiring her inestimable worth, yet couldst have thy senses so much absorbed in the WOMAN in her charming person, as to be blind to the ANGEL that shines out in such full glory in her mind!—Indeed, I have ever thought myself, when blest with her conversation, in the company of a real angel: and I am sure it would be impossible for me, were she to be as beautiful, and as crimsoned over with health, as I have seen her, to have the least thought of sex, when I heard her talk.

THURSDAY, THREE O'CLOCK, AUG. 31.

ON my re-visit to the lady, I found her almost as much a sufferer from joy, as she had sometimes been from grief: for she had just received a very kind letter from her cousin Morden; which she was so good as to communicate to me. As she had already begun to answer it, I begged leave to attend her in the evening, that I might not interrupt her in it.

The letter is a very tender one **** *Here Mr. Belford gives the substance of it upon his memory; but this is omitted; as the letter is given at length,* [*See the next letter.*] *And then adds:*

But, alas! all will be now too late. For the decree is certainly gone out—The world is unworthy of her.

LETTER LXXXVI.

COLONEL MORDEN, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29.

I Should not, my dearest cousin, have been a fortnight in England, without either doing myself the honour of waiting upon you in person, or of writing to you; if I had not been busying myself almost all the time in your service, in hopes of making my visit or letter still more acceptable to you—acceptable as I have reason to presume either will be, from the unquestionable love I ever bore you, and from the esteem you always honoured me with.

Little did I think, that so many days would have been required to effect my well-intended purpose, where there used to be a love so ardent on one side, and where there still is, as I am thoroughly convinced, the most exalted merit on the other!

I was yesterday with Mr. Lovelace and Lord M. I need not tell *you*, it seems, how very desirous the whole family and all the relations of that nobleman are of the honour of an alliance with you; nor how exceedingly earnest the ungrateful man is to make you all the reparation in his power.

I think, my dear cousin, that you cannot now do better than to give him the honour of your hand. He says such just and great things of your virtue, and so heartily condemns himself, that I think there is honourable room for you to forgive him: and the more room, as it seems you are determined against a legal prosecution.

Your effectual forgiveness of Mr. Lovelace, it is evident to me, will accelerate a general reconciliation: for, at present, my other cousins cannot persuade themselves, that he is in earnest to do you justice; or that you would refuse him, if you believed he was.

But, my dear cousin, there may possibly be something in this affair, to which I may be a stranger. If there be, and you will acquaint me with it, all that a *naturally* warm heart can do in your behalf shall be done.

I hope

I hope I ſhall be able, in my next viſits to my ſeveral couſins, to ſet all right with them. Haughty ſpirits, when convinced they have carried reſentments too high, want but a good excuſe to condeſcend: and parents muſt *always* love the child they *once* loved.

But if I find them inflexible, I will ſet out, and attend you without delay; for I long to ſee you after ſo many years abſence.

Meanwhile, I beg the favour of a few lines to know if you have reaſon to doubt Mr. Lovelace's ſincerity. For my part, I can have none, if I am to judge from the converſation that paſſed between us yeſterday, in preſence of Lord M.

You will be pleaſed to direct for me at your uncle Antony's.

Permit me, my deareſt couſin, till I can procure a happy reconciliation between you and your father, and brother, and uncles, to ſupply the place to you of all thoſe near relations, as well as that of *your affectionate kinſman, and humble ſervant,*

WM. MORDEN.

LETTER LXXXVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

THURSDAY, AUG. 21.

I Moſt heartily congratulate you, dear Sir, on your return to your native country.

I heard with much pleaſure that you were come; but I was both afraid and aſhamed, till you encouraged me by a firſt notice, to addreſs myſelf to you.

How conſoling it is to my wounded heart to find, that you have not been carried away by that tide of reſentment and diſpleaſure with which I have been ſo unhappily overwhelmed—But that, while my ſtill nearer relations have not thought fit to examine into the truth of vile reports raiſed againſt me, you have informed yourſelf of my innocence, and generouſly *credited* the information!

I have not the leaſt reaſon to doubt Mr. Lovelace's ſincerity in his offers of marriage: nor that all his relations are heartily deſirous of ranking me among them. I have had noble inſtances of their eſteem for me, on their apprehending that my father's diſpleaſure muſt have ſubjected me to difficulties: and this, after I had abſolutely refuſed *their* preſſing ſolicitations in their kinſman's favour, as well as *his own*.

Nor think me, my dear couſin, blameable for refuſing him. I had given Mr. Lovelace no reaſon to think me a weak creature. If I *had*, a man of his character might have thought himſelf warranted to endeavour to take ungenerous advantage of the weakneſs he had been able to inſpire. The conſciouſneſs of *my own* weakneſs (in that caſe) might have brought me to a compoſition with *his* wickedneſs.

I can indeed forgive him. But that is, becauſe I think his crimes have ſet me above him. Can I be above the man, Sir, to whom I ſhall give my hand and my vows; and with them a ſanction to the moſt premeditated baſeneſs? No, Sir! Let me ſay, that your couſin Clariſſa, were ſhe likely to live many years, and *that* (if ſhe married not this man) in penury or want, deſpiſed and forſaken by all her friends, puts not ſo high a value upon the conveniences of life, nor upon life itſelf, as to ſeek to re-obtain the one, or to preſerve the other, by giving *ſuch* a ſanction: a ſanction, which (*were ſhe to perform her duty*) would reward the violator.

Nor is it ſo much from pride as from principle, that I ſay this. What, Sir! when virtue, when chaſtity, is the crown of a woman, and particularly of a wife, ſhall your couſin ſtoop to marry the man who could not form an attempt upon *hers*, but upon a preſumption, that ſhe was capable of receiving his offered hand, when he had found himſelf miſtaken in the vile opinion he had conceived of her? Hitherto he has not had reaſon to think me weak. Nor will I give an inſtance ſo flagrant, that weak I am, in a point in which it would be criminal to be *found* weak.

One day, Sir, you will perhaps know all my ſtory. But, whenever it is known, I beg that the author of my calamities may not be vindictively ſought after. He could not have been the author of them, but for a ſtrange concurrence of unhappy cauſes. As the law will not be able to reach him when I am gone, the apprehenſion of any other ſort of vengeance terrifies me: ſince, in ſuch a caſe, ſhould my friends be *ſafe*, what honour would his death bring to my memory?—If any of them ſhould come to misfortune, how would my fault be aggravated!

God long preſerve you, my deareſt couſin, and bleſs you but in *proportion* to the conſolation you have given me, in letting me know that you ſtill love me; and that I have one near and dear relation who can pity and forgive me, (and then will you be *greatly* bleſſed—) is

the

the prayer of *your ever grateful and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO HIS LETTERS LXV. LXXIX.]

THURSDAY, AUG. 31.

I Cannot but own, that I am cut to the heart by *this* Miſs Harlowe's interpretation of her letter. She ought never to be forgiven. *She*, a meek perſon, and a penitent, and innocent, and pious, and I know not what, who can deceive with a foot in the grave!

'Tis evident, that ſhe ſat down to write this letter with a deſign to miſlead and deceive. And if ſhe be capable of that, at ſuch a criſis, ſhe has as much need of *Heaven's* forgiveneſs, as I have of *hers:* and, with all her cant of *charity* and *charity*, if ſhe be not more ſure of it than I am of her *real pardon*, and if ſhe take the thing in the light ſhe ought to take it in, ſhe will have a few darker moments yet to come than ſhe ſeems to expect.

Lord M. himſelf, who is not one of thoſe (to ſpeak in his own phraſe) *who can penetrate a mill-ſtone*, ſees the deceit, and thinks it unworthy of her; though my couſins Montague vindicate her. And no wonder: this curſed partial ſex [I hate 'em all—by my ſoul, I hate 'em all!] will never allow any thing againſt an individual of it, where ours is concerned. And why, becauſe, if they cenſure deceit in another, they muſt condemn their own hearts.

She is to ſend me a letter after ſhe is in Heaven, is ſhe? The devil take ſuch *allegories*; and the devil take thee for calling this abſurdity an *innocent* artifice!

I inſiſt upon it, that if a woman of her character, at ſuch a critical time, is to be juſtified in ſuch a deception, a man in full health and vigour of body and mind, as I am, may be excuſed for all his ſtratagems and attempts againſt her. And, thank my ſtars, I can now ſit me down with a quiet conſcience on that ſcore. By my ſoul, I can, Jack. Nor has any-body, who can acquit *her*, a right to blame *me*. But with ſome, indeed, every-thing *ſhe* does muſt be good, every-thing *I* do muſt be bad—And why? Becauſe ſhe has always taken care to coax the ſtupid mis-judging world, like a *woman:* while I have conſtantly defied and deſpiſed it's cenſures, like a *man*.

But, notwithſtanding all, you may let her know from me, that I will *not* moleſt her, ſince my viſits would be ſo ſhocking to her: and I hope ſhe will take this into her conſideration as a piece of generoſity, which ſhe could hardly expect after the deception ſhe has put upon me. And let her further know, that if there be any-thing in my power that will contribute either to her eaſe or honour, I will obey her, at the very firſt intimation, however diſgraceful or detrimental to myſelf. All this, to make her unapprehenſive, and that ſhe may have nothing to pull her back.

If her curſed relations could be brought as cheerfully to perform *their* parts, I'd anſwer life for life for her recovery.

But who, that has ſo many ludicrous images raiſed in his mind by thy awkward penitence, can forbear laughing at thee? Spare, I beſeech thee, dear Belford, for the future, all thine own aſpirations, if thou wouldſt not diſhonour thoſe of an angel indeed.

When I came to that paſſage where thou ſayeſt, that thou conſidereſt her as one ſent from Heaven to draw thee after her—for the heart of me, I could not for an hour put thee out of my head, in the attitude of Dame Elizabeth Carteret, on her monument in Weſtminſter Abbey. If thou never obſerveđſt it, go thither on purpoſe; and there wilt thou ſee this dame in effigie, with uplifted head and hand, the latter taken hold of by a Cupid every inch of ſtone, one clumſy foot lifted up alſo, aiming, as the ſculptor deſigned it, to aſcend, but ſo executed, as would rather make one imagine, that the figure (without ſhoe or ſtocking, as it is, though the reſt of the body is robed) was looking up to it's corn-cutter: the other rivetted to it's native earth, bemired, like thee, (*immerſed* thou calleſt it) beyond the poſſibility of unſticking itſelf. Both figures, thou wilt find, ſeem to be in a contention, the bigger, whether it ſhould pull down the leſſer about it's ears—the leſſer, (a chubby fat little varlet, of a fourth part of the other's bigneſs, with wings not much larger than thoſe of a butterfly) whether it ſhould raiſe the larger to a Heaven it points to, hardly big enough to contain the great toes of either.

Thou wilt ſay, perhaps, that the dame's figure in *ſtone* may do credit, in

in the compariſon, to thine, both in grain and ſhape, *wooden* as thou art all over: but that the lady, who, in everything but in the trick ſhe has played me ſo lately, is truly an angel, is but ſorrily repreſented by the fat-flanked Cupid. This I allow thee. But yet there is enough in thy aſpirations, to ſtrike my mind with a reſemblance of thee and the lady to the figures on the wretched monument; for thou oughteſt to remember, that, prepared as ſhe may be to mount to her natives ſkies, it is impoſſible for her to draw after her a heavy fellow who has ſo much to repent of as thou haſt.

But now, to be ſerious once more, let me tell you, Belford, that if the lady be really ſo ill as you write ſhe is, it will become you, [*No Roman ſtyle here!*] in a caſe ſo very affecting, to be a little leſs pointed and ſarcaſtick in your reflections. For, upon my ſoul, the matter begins to grate me moſt confoundedly.

I am now ſo impatient to hear oftener of her, that I take the hint accidentally given me by our two fellows meeting at Slough, and reſolve to go to our friend Doleman's at Uxbridge; whoſe wife and ſiſter, as well as he, have ſo frequently preſſed me to give them my company for a week or two. There ſhall I be within two hours ride, if anything ſhould happen to induce her to ſee me: for it will well become her piety, and avowed charity, ſhould the worſt happen, [The Lord of Heaven and earth, however, avert that worſt!] to give me that pardon from her *lips*, which ſhe has not denied me by *pen and ink*. And as ſhe wiſhes my reformation, ſhe knows not what good effects ſuch an interview may have upon me.

I ſhall accordingly be at Doleman's to-morrow morning, by eleven at furtheſt: My fellow will find me there at his return from you, (with a letter, I hope.) I ſhall have Joel with me likewiſe, that I may ſend the oftener, as matters fall out. Were I to be *ſtill nearer*, or in town, it would be impoſſible to with-hold myſelf from ſeeing her.

But, if the worſt happen!—as, by your continual knelling, I know not what to think of it!—[Yet, once more, Heaven avert that worſt!—How natural is it to pray, when one cannot help one's ſelf!]—THEN ſay not, in ſo many dreadful words, what the event is—Only, that you adviſe me to take a trip to Paris—And that will ſtab me to the heart.

I ſo well approve of your generoſity to poor Belton's ſiſter, that I have made Mowbray give up his legacy, as I do mine, towards her India bonds. When I come to town, Tourville ſhall do the like; and we will buy each a ring, to wear in memory of the honeſt fellow, with our own money, that we may perform *his* will, as well as our *own*.

My fellow rides the reſt of the night. I charge you, Jack, if you would ſave his life, that you ſend him not back empty-handed.

LETTER LXXXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY NIGHT. AUG. 28.

WHEN I concluded my laſt, I hoped, that my next attendance upon this *ſurpriſing* lady would furniſh me with ſome particulars as agreeable as now could be hoped for from the declining way ſhe is in, by reaſon of the welcome letter ſhe had received from her couſin Morden. But it proved quite otherwiſe to *me*, though not to *herſelf*; for I think I never was more ſhocked in my life than on the occaſion I ſhall mention preſently.

When I attended her about ſeven in the evening, ſhe told me, that ſhe found herſelf in a very petulant way, after I had left her. 'Strange,' ſaid ſhe, 'that the pleaſure I received from 'my couſin's letter ſhould have ſuch 'an effect upon me! But I could not 'help giving way to a *comparative* humour, as I may call it, and to think 'it very hard, that my nearer relations 'did not take the methods which my 'couſin Morden kindly took, by enquiring into my merit or demerit, 'and giving my cauſe a fair audit, before they proceeded to condemnation.'

She had hardly ſaid this, when ſhe ſtarted, and a bluſh overſpread her ſweet face, on hearing, as I alſo did, a ſort of lumbering noiſe upon the ſtairs, as if a large trunk were bringing up between two people; and, looking upon me with an eye of concern, 'Blunder-'ers!' ſaid ſhe, 'they have brought in '*ſomething* two hours before the time.—'Don't be ſurprized, Sir—It is all to 'ſave *you* trouble.'

Before I could ſpeak, in came Mrs. Smith: 'O, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'what 'have you done?'—Mrs. Lovick, entering, made the ſame exclamation!—'Lord have mercy upon me, Madam,' cried I, 'what have you done!'—For, ſhe

ſhe ſtepping at the inſtant to the door, the women told me, it was a coffin.—O, Lovelace! that thou hadſt been there at the moment!—Thou, the cauſer of all theſe ſhocking ſcenes! Surely thou couldſt not have been leſs affected than I, who have no guilt, as to *her*, to anſwer for.

With an intrepidity of a piece with the preparation, having directed them to carry it into her bed-chamber, ſhe returned to us: 'They were not to 'have brought it in till after dark,' ſaid ſhe—'Pray, excuſe me, Mr. Bel-'ford—and don't you, Mrs. Lovick, 'be concerned—nor you, Mrs. Smith. '—Why ſhould you? There is nothing 'more in it, than the unuſualneſs of 'the thing. Why may we not be as 'reaſonably ſhocked at going to the 'church where are the monuments of 'our anceſtors, with whoſe duſt we 'even *hope* our duſt ſhall be one day 'mingled, as to be moved at ſuch a ſight 'as this?'

We all remaining ſilent, the women having their aprons at their eyes, 'Why 'this concern for nothing at all?' ſaid ſhe: 'if I am to be blamed for any 'thing, it is for ſhewing too much ſo-'licitude, as it may be thought, for 'this earthly part. I love to do every-'thing for myſelf that I can do. I 'ever did. Every other material point 'is ſo far done, and taken care of, 'that I have had *leiſure* for things of 'leſſer moment. Minuteneſſes may be 'obſerved, where greater articles are 'not neglected for them. I might have 'had this to order, perhaps, when leſs 'fit to order it. I have no mother, no 'ſiſter, no Mrs. Norton, no Miſs Howe, 'near me. Some of you muſt have 'ſeen *this* in a few days, if not now; 'perhaps have had the friendly trouble 'of directing it. And what is the dif-'ference of a few days to *you*, when *I* am 'gratified, rather than diſcompoſed by 'it? I ſhall not die the ſooner for ſuch 'preparation. Should not every-body 'that has any-thing to bequeathe make 'their will? And who,' that makes a 'will, ſhould be afraid of a coffin?—'My dear friends.' [To the women] 'I have conſidered theſe things; do 'not, with ſuch an object before you 'as you have had in *me* for weeks, give 'me reaſon to think you have not.'

How reaſonable was all this!—It ſhewed, indeed, that ſhe herſelf had well conſidered it. But yet we could not help being ſhocked at the thoughts of the coffin thus brought in; the lovely perſon before our eyes, who is in all likelihood ſo ſoon to fill it.

We were all ſilent ſtill, the women in grief, I in a manner ſtunned. She would not aſk *me*, ſhe ſaid; but would be glad, ſince it had thus earlier than ſhe had intended been brought in, that her two good friends would walk in and look upon it. They would be leſs ſhocked, when it was made more familiar to their eye: 'Don't you lead 'back,' ſaid ſhe, 'a ſtarting ſteed to 'the object he is apt to ſtart at, in or-'der to familiarize him to it, and cure 'his ſtarting? The ſame reaſon will 'hold in this caſe.—Come, my good 'friends, I will lead you in.'

I took my leave; telling her ſhe had done wrong, very wrong; and ought not, by any means, to have ſuch an object before her.

The women followed her in.—'Tis a ſtrange ſex! Nothing is too ſhocking for them to look upon, or ſee acted, that has but novelty and curioſity in it.

Down I poſted; got a chair; and was carried home, extremely ſhocked and diſcompoſed: yet, weighing the lady's arguments, I know not why I was ſo affected—except, as ſhe ſaid, at the unuſualneſs of the thing.

While I waited for a chair, Mrs. Smith came down, and told me, that there were devices and inſcriptions upon the lid. Lord bleſs me! Is a coffin a proper ſubject to diſplay fancy upon?—But theſe great minds cannot avoid doing extraordinary things!

LETTER XC.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY MORN. SEPT. 2.

IT is ſurpriſing, that I, a *man*, ſhould be ſo much affected as I was, at ſuch an object as is the ſubject of my former letter; who, alſo, in my late uncle's caſe, and poor Belton's, had the like before me, and the directing of it: when ſhe, a *woman*, of ſo weak and tender a frame, who was to fill it, (ſo ſoon perhaps to fill it!) could give orders about it, and draw out the devices upon it, and explain them with ſo little concern, as the women tell me ſhe did to them laſt night after I was gone.

I really was ill, and reſtleſs all night. Thou wert the ſubject of my execration, as ſhe of my admiration, all the time I was quite awake: and, when I dozed, I dreamt of nothing but of flying hour-glaſſes, deaths-heads, ſpades, mattocks,

mattocks, and eternity; the hint of her devices (as given me by Mrs. Smith) running in my head.

However, not being able to keep away from Smith's, I went thither about seven. The lady was just gone out: she had slept better, I found, than I, though her solemn repository was under her window not far from her bedside.

I was prevailed upon by Mrs. Smith and her nurse Shelburne, (Mrs. Lovick being abroad with her) to go up and look at the devices. Mrs. Lovick has since shewn me a copy of the draught by which all was ordered. And I will give thee a sketch of the symbols.

The principal device, neatly etched, on a plate of white metal, is a crowned serpent, with it's tail in it's mouth, forming a ring, the emblem of eternity: and in the circle made by it is this inscription:

'*CLARISSA HARLOWE.*
'APRIL X.
[Then the year]
'ÆTAT. XIX.'

For ornaments: at top, an Hour-glass winged. At bottom, an Urn.

Under the Hour-glass, on another plate, this inscription:

'HERE *the wicked cease from troubling:*
'*and* HERE *the weary be at rest.*' Job.
'iii. 17.

Over the urn, near the bottom:

'*Turn again unto thy rest, O my soul!*
'*For the Lord hath rewarded thee: and*
'*why? Thou hast delivered my soul from*
'*death; mine eyes from tears; and my*
'*feet from falling.*' Ps. cxvi. 7, 8.

Over this text is the head of a white Lily snapt short off, and just falling from the stalk; and this inscription over that, between the principal plate and the Lily:

'*The days of man are but as grass. For*
'*he flourisheth as a flower of the field:*
'*for, as soon as the wind goeth over it,*
'*it is gone; and the place thereof shall*
'*know it no more.*' Ps. ciii. 15, 16.

She excused herself to the women, on the score of her youth, and being used to draw for her needle-works, for having shewn more fancy than would perhaps be thought suitable on so solemn an occasion.

The date, April 10, she accounted for, as not being able to tell what her *closing-day* would be; and as that was the fatal day of her leaving her father's house.

She discharged the undertaker's bill after I went away, with as much cheerfulness as she could ever have paid for the cloaths she sold to purchase this her *palace:* for such she called it; reflecting upon herself for the expensiveness of it, saying, That they might observe in *her*, that pride left not poor mortals to the last: but indeed she did not know but her father would permit it, *when furnished*, to be carried down to be deposited with her ancestors; and, in that case, she ought not to discredit those ancestors in her *appearance among them.*

It is covered with fine black cloth, and lined with white sattin; soon, she said, to be tarnished by viler earth than any it could be covered by.

The burial-dress was brought home with it. The women had curiosity enough, I suppose, to see her open that, if she did open it.—And, perhaps, thou wouldest have been glad to have been present, to have admired it too!

Mrs. Lovick said, she took the liberty to blame her; and wished the removal of such an object—from her *bed-chamber*, at least: and was so affected with the noble answer she made upon it, that she entered it down the moment she left her.

'To persons in health,' said she, 'this 'sight may be shocking; and the prepa-'ration, and my unconcernedness in it, 'may appear affected: but to me, who 'have had so gradual a weaning-time 'from the world, and so much reason 'not to love it, I must say, I dwell on '—I indulge—(and, strictly speaking, I 'enjoy)—the thoughts of death. For, 'believe me,' [looking stedfastly at the awful receptacle;] 'believe what at 'this instant I feel to be most true, that 'there is such a vast superiority of 'weight and importance in the thought 'of death, and it's hoped-for happy 'consequences, that it in a manner an-'nihilates all other considerations and 'concerns. Believe me, my good friends, 'it does what nothing else can do: it 'teaches me, by strengthening in me the 'force of the divinest example, to for-'give the injuries I have received; and 'shuts out the remembrance of past 'evils from my soul.'

And now let me ask thee, Lovelace, Dost thou think, that, when the time shall come that thou shalt be obliged to launch into the boundless ocean of eternity, thou wilt be able (any more than

than poor Belton) to act thy part with ſuch true heroiſm, as this ſweet and tender bloſſom of a woman has manifeſted, and continues to manifeſt!

O no! it cannot be!—And why can't it be?—The reaſon is evident: ſhe has no *wilful* errors to look back upon with ſelf-reproach—and her mind is ſtrengthened by the conſolations which flow from that *religious rectitude* which has been the guide of her actions; and which has taught her rather to chuſe to be a ſufferer, than an aggreſſor!

This was the ſupport of the divine Socrates, as thou haſt read. When led to execution, his wife lamenting that he ſhould ſuffer, being innocent, 'Thou 'fool,' ſaid he, 'wouldſt thou wiſh me 'to be guilty!'

LETTER XCI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 1.

HOW aſtoniſhing, in the midſt of ſuch affecting ſcenes, is thy mirth on what thou calleſt *my own aſpirations!*—Never, ſurely, was there ſuch another man in this world, thy talents and thy levity taken together!—Surely, what I ſhall ſend thee with this will affect thee. If not, nothing can, till *thy own hour* come:—And heavy will then thy reflections be!

I am glad, however, that thou enableſt me to aſſure the lady, that thou wilt no more moleſt her; that is to ſay, in other words, that, after having ruined her fortunes, and all her worldly proſpects, thou wilt be ſo gracious, as to let her lie down and die in peace.

Thy giving up to poor Belton's ſiſter the little legacy, and thy undertaking to make Mowbray and Tourville follow thy example, are, I muſt ſay, to thy honour, of a piece with thy generoſity to thy Roſebud and her Johnny; and to a number of other good actions, in pecuniary matters; although thy Roſebud's is, I believe, the only inſtance, where a pretty woman was concerned, of ſuch a diſintereſted bounty.

Upon my faith, Lovelace, I love to praiſe thee; and often and often, as thou knoweſt, have I *ſtudied* for occaſions to do it: inſomuch that when for the life of me I could not think of anything done by thee that deſerved praiſe, I have taken pains to applaud the not ungraceful manner in which thou haſt performed actions that merited the gallows.

Now thou art ſo near, I will diſpatch *my* ſervant to thee, if occaſion requires But, I fear, I ſhall ſoon give thee the news thou art apprehenſive of. For I am juſt now ſent for by Mrs. Smith; who has ordered the meſſenger to tell me, that ſhe knew not if the lady will be alive when I come.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 1. TWO O'CLOCK, AT SMITH'S.

I COULD not cloſe my letter in ſuch an uncertainty as muſt have added to your impatience. For you have, on ſeveral occaſions, convinced me, that the ſuſpence you love to *give*, would be the greateſt torment to you that you could *receive*. A common caſe with all aggreſſive and violent ſpirits, I believe. I will juſt mention then (your ſervant waiting here till I have written) that the lady has had two very ſevere fits: in the laſt of which, while ſhe lay, they ſent to the doctor and Mr. Goddard, who both adviſed, that a meſſenger ſhould be diſpatched for me, as her executor: being doubtful whether, if ſhe had a third, it would not carry her off.

She was tolerably recovered by the time I came; and the doctor made her promiſe before me, that, while ſhe was ſo weak, ſhe would not attempt any more to go abroad; for, by Mrs. Lovick's deſcription, who attended her, the ſhortneſs of her breath, her extreme weakneſs, and the fervour of her devotions when at church, were contraries, which, pulling different ways, (the ſoul aſpiring, the body ſinking) tore her tender frame in pieces.

So much for the preſent. I ſhall detain Will no longer, than juſt to beg, that you will ſend me back this packet, and the laſt.

A letter from Miſs Howe is juſt now brought by a particular meſſenger, who ſays he muſt carry back a few lines in return. But, as the lady is juſt retired to lie down, the man is to call again by-and-by.

LETTER XCII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

UXBRIDGE, SEPT. 1. TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

I Send you the papers with this. Whatever thou doſt, don't let the wonderful creature leave us!—Set before her the ſin of her preparation, as if ſhe thought ſhe could depart when ſhe pleaſed. She'll perſuade herſelf, at this rate, that ſhe has nothing to do, when

all is ready, but to lie down, and go to sleep: and such a lively fancy as hers will make a reality of a jest at any time.

A *jest*, I call all that has passed between her and me; a mere jest to die for—For has not her triumph over me, from first to last, been infinitely greater than her sufferings from me?

Would the sacred regard I have for her purity, even for her *personal* as well as *intellectual* purity, permit, I could prove this as clear as the sun. Tell, therefore, the dear creature, that she must not be wicked in her piety. There is a *too much*, as well as a *too little*, even in righteousness. Perhaps she does not think of that.—O that she would have permitted my attendance, as obligingly as she does thine!—The dear soul used to love humour. And, let me tell thee, a smile upon the lips, or a sparkling in the eye, must have had it's correspondent cheerfulness in a heart so sincere as hers.

Tell the doctor, I will make over all my possessions, and all my reversions, to him, if he will but prolong her life for one twelvemonth to come. But for one twelvemonth, Jack.—He will lose all his reputation with me, and I shall treat him as Belton did his doctor, if he cannot do this for me, on so young a subject. But *nineteen*, Belford!—*Nineteen* cannot so soon die of grief, if the doctor deserve that title; and so blooming and so fine a constitution as she had but three or four months ago!

But what need the doctor to ask her leave to write to her friends? Could he not have done it, without letting her know any-thing of the matter? That was one of the likeliest means that could be thought of, to bring some of them about her, since she is so desirous to see them. At least, it would have induced them to send up her favourite Norton. But these plaguy solemn fellows are great traders in parade. They'll cram down your throat their poisonous drugs by wholesale, without asking you a question; and have the assurance to *own* it to be *prescribing*: but, when they are to do good, they are to require your consent.

How the dear creature's character rises in every line of thy letters! But it is owing to the uncommon occasions she has met with that she blazes out upon us with such a meridian lustre. How, but for those occasions, could her noble sentiments, her prudent consideration, her forgiving spirit, her exalted benevolence, and her equanimity in view of the most shocking prospects, (which set her in a light so superior to all her sex, and even to the philosophers of antiquity) have been manifested?

I know thou wilt think I am going to claim some merit to myself, for having given her such opportunities of signalizing her virtues. But I am not; for, if I did, I must share that merit with her implacable relations, who would justly be entitled to *two-thirds* of it, at least: and my soul disdains a partnership in any-thing with such a family.

But this I mention as an answer to thy reproaches, that I could be so little edified by perfections, to which, thou supposest, I was for so long together daily and hourly a personal witness—When, admirable as she was in all she said, and in all she did, occasion had not at that time ripened, and called forth, those amazing perfections which now astonish and confound me.

Hence it is, that I admire her more than ever; and that my love for her is less *personal*, as I may say, and more *intellectual*, than ever I thought it could be to woman.

Hence also it is, that I am confident, (would it please the Fates to spare her, and make her mine) I could love her with a purity that would draw on *my own* FUTURE, as well as ensure *her* TEMPORAL happiness.—And hence, by necessary consequence, shall I be the most miserable of all men, if I am deprived of her.

Thou severely reflectest upon me for my levity: the abbey instance in thine eye, I suppose. And I will be ingenuous enough to own, that as thou seest not my heart, there may be passages, in every one of my letters, which (the melancholy occasion considered) deserve thy most pointed rebukes. But, faith, Jack, thou art such a tragi-comical mortal, with thy leaden aspirations at one time, and thy flying hour-glasses, and dreaming terrors, at another, that, as Prior says, '*What serious is, thou turnest* '*to farce*;' and it is impossible to keep within the bounds of decorum or gravity, when one reads what thou writest.

But to restrain myself, (for my constitutional gaiety was ready to run away with me again) I will repeat, I must *ever* repeat, that I am most egregiously affected with the circumstances of the case: and were this paragon actually to quit the world, should never enjoy myself one hour together, though I were to live to the age of Methuselah.

Indeed it is to this *deep concern*, that my

my *levity* is owing: for I ſtruggle and ſtruggle, and try to buffet down my cruel reflections as they riſe; and when I cannot, I am forced, as I have often ſaid, to try to make myſelf laugh, that I may not cry; for one or other I muſt do: and is it not philoſophy carried to the higheſt pitch, for a man to conquer ſuch tumults of ſoul as I am ſometimes agitated by, and in the very height of the ſtorm, to be able to quaver out an horſe-laugh?

Your Seneca's, your Epictetus's, and the reſt of your Stoical tribe, with all their apathy-nonſenſe, could not come up to this. They could forbear wry faces: bodily pains they could well enough *ſeem* to ſupport; and that was all: but the pangs of their own ſmitten-down ſouls they could not *laugh* over, though they could at the follies of others. They read grave lectures; but they *were* grave. This high point of philoſophy, to laugh and be merry in the midſt of the moſt ſoul-harrowing woes, when the heart-ſtrings are juſt burſting aſunder, was reſerved for thy Lovelace.

There is ſomething owing to conſtitution, I own; and that this is the laughing-time of my life. For what a woe muſt that be, which for an hour together can mortify a man of ſix or ſeven-and-twenty, in high blood and ſpirits, of a naturally gay diſpoſition, who can ſing, dance, and ſcribble, and take and give delight to them all?—But then my grief, as my joy, is ſharper-pointed than moſt other mens; and, like what Dolly Welby once told me, deſcribing the parturient throes, if there were not lucid intervals, if they did not come and go, there would be no bearing them.

After all, as I am ſo little diſtant from the dear creature, and as ſhe is ſo very ill, I think I cannot excuſe myſelf from making her *one* viſit. Nevertheleſs, if I thought her ſo near—[What word ſhall I uſe, that my ſoul is not ſhocked at!]—and that ſhe would be *too much diſcompoſed* by a viſit; I would not think of it.—Yet how can I bear the recollection, that, when ſhe laſt went from me, (her innocence ſo triumphant over my premeditated guilt, as was enough to reconcile her to life, and to ſet her above the ſenſe of injuries ſo nobly ſuſtained, that) ſhe ſhould then depart with an incurable fracture in her heart; and that *that* ſhould be the laſt time I ſhould ever ſee her!—How, how, can I bear this reflection!

O Jack! how my conſcience, that gives edge even to thy blunt reflections, tears me!—Even this moment would I give the world to puſh the cruel reproacher from me by one ray of my uſual gaiety!—Sick of myſelf!—Sick of the remembrance of my vile plots; and of my *light*, my momentary extaſy. [Villainous burglar, felon, thief, that I was!] which has brought upon me ſuch *durable* and ſuch *heavy* remorſe! What would I give that I had not been guilty of ſuch barbarous and ungrateful perfidy to the moſt excellent of God's creatures!

I would end, methinks, with one ſprightlier line!—But it will not be.—Let me tell then, and rejoice at it if thou wilt, that I am *inexpreſſibly miſerable!*

LETTER XCIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SAT. MORN. SEPT. 2.

I Have ſome little pleaſure given me by thine, juſt now brought me. I ſee now that thou haſt a little humanity left. Would to Heaven, for the dear lady's ſake, as well as for thy own, that thou hadſt rummaged it up from all the dark forgotten corners of thy ſoul a little ſooner!

The lady is alive, and ſerene, and calm, and has all her noble intellects clear and ſtrong: but *nineteen* will not however ſave her. She ſays, ſhe will now content herſelf with her cloſet duties, and the viſits of the pariſh-miniſter; and will not attempt to go out. Nor, indeed, will ſhe, I am afraid, ever walk up or down a pair of ſtairs again.

I am ſorry at my ſoul to have this to ſay: but it would be a folly to flatter thee.

As to thy ſeeing her, I believe the leaſt hint of that ſort, now, would cut off ſome hours of her life.

What has contributed to her ſerenity, it ſeems, is, that, taking the alarm her fits gave her, ſhe has entirely finiſhed, and ſigned and ſealed, her laſt will: which ſhe had deferred doing till this time, in hopes, as ſhe ſaid, of ſome good news from Harlowe Place; which would have induced her to alter ſome paſſages in it.

Miſs Howe's letter was not given her till four in the afternoon, yeſterday; at which time the meſſenger returned for an anſwer. She admitted him into her preſence in the dining-room, ill as ſhe then was, and ſhe would have written a few

few lines, as desired by Miss Howe; but not being able to hold a pen, she bid the messenger tell her, that she hoped to be well enough to write a long letter by the next day's post, and would not now detain him.

SATURDAY, SIX IN THE AFTERNOON.

I CALLED just now, and found the lady writing to Miss Howe. She made me a melancholy compliment, that she shewed me not Miss Howe's letter, because I should soon have that and all her papers before me. But she told me, that Miss Howe had very considerately obviated to Colonel Morden several things which might have occasioned misapprehensions between him and me; and had likewise put a lighter construction, for the sake of peace, on some of your actions, than they deserved.

She added, that her cousin Morden was warmly engaged in her favour with her friends: and one good piece of news Miss Howe's letter contained; that her father would give up some matters which (appertaining to her of right) would make my executorship the easier in some particulars that had given her a little pain.

She owned she had been obliged to leave off (in the letter she was writing) through weakness.

Will says, he shall reach you to-night. I shall send in the morning; and if I find her not worse, will ride to Edgware, and return in the afternoon.

LETTER XCIV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

WE are at length returned to our own home. I had intended to wait on you in London; but my mother is very ill—Alas! my dear, she is very ill, indeed—And you are likewise very ill—I see *that* by yours of the 25th—What shall I do, if I lose two such near, and dear, and tender friends? She was taken ill yesterday at our last stage in our return home—And has a violent surfeit and fever, and the doctors are doubtful about her.

If she should die, how will all my pertnesses to her fly in my face!—Why, why, did I ever vex her? She says I have been all duty and obedience!—She kindly forgets all my faults, and remembers every-thing I have been so happy as to oblige her in. And this cuts me to the heart.

I see, I see, my dear, you are very bad—And I cannot bear it. Do, my beloved Miss Harlowe, if you *can* be better, do, for *my* sake, *be* better; and send me word of it. Let the bearer bring me a line. Be sure you send me a line. If I lose you, my more than sister, and lose my mother, I shall distrust my own conduct, and will not marry. And why should I?—Creeping, cringing in courtship!—O my dear, these men are a vile race of *reptiles* in *our day*, and mere *bears* in *their own*. See in Lovelace all that is desirable in figure, in birth, and in fortune: but in his heart a devil!—See in Hickman—Indeed, my dear, I cannot tell what any-body can see in Hickman, to be always preaching in his favour. And is it to be expected that I, who could hardly bear controul from a mother, should take it from a husband?—From one too, who has neither more wit, nor more understanding, than myself? Yet he to be my instructor!—So he will, I suppose; but more by the insolence of his will, than by the merit of his counsel. It is in vain to think of it. I cannot be a wife to any man breathing whom I at present know. This I the rather mention now, because, on my mother's danger, I know you will be for pressing me the sooner to throw myself into another sort of protection, should I be deprived of her. But no more of this subject, or indeed of any other: for I am obliged to attend my mamma, who cannot bear me out of her sight.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30.

My mother, Heaven be praised! has had a fine night, and is much better. Her fever has yielded to medicine! And now I can write once more with freedom and ease to you, in hopes that *you* also are better. If this be granted to my prayers, I shall again be happy. I write with still the more alacrity, as I have an opportunity given me to touch upon a subject in which you are nearly concerned.

You must know then, my dear, that your cousin Morden has been here with me. He told me of an interview he had on Monday at Lord M's with Lovelace; and asked me abundance of questions about you, and about that villainous man.

I could have raised a fine flame between them if I would: but, observing

ing that he is a man of very lively paſſions, and believing you would be miſerable if any-thing ſhould happen to him from a quarrel with a man who is known to have ſo many advantages at his ſword, I made not the worſt of the ſubjects we talked of. But, as I could not tell untruths in his favour, you muſt think I ſaid enough to make him curſe the wretch.

I don't find, well as they all uſed to reſpect Colonel Morden, that he has influence enough upon them to bring them to any terms of reconciliation.

What can they mean by it?—But your brother is come home, it ſeems: ſo, The honour of the houſe, the reputation of the family, is all the cry!

The colonel is exceedingly out of humour with them all. Yet has he not hitherto, it ſeems, ſeen your brutal brother. I told him how ill you were, and communicated to him ſome of the contents of your letter. He admired *you*, curſed *Lovelace*, and raved againſt all your *family*.—He declared that they were all unworthy of you.

At his earneſt requeſt, I permitted him to take ſome brief notes of ſuch of the contents of your letters to me, as I thought I *could* read to him; and, particularly, of your melancholy concluſion.

He ſays, that none of your friends think you ſo ill as you are, nor will believe it. He is ſure they all love you, and that dearly too.

If they do, their preſent hardneſs of heart will be the ſubject of everlaſting remorſe to them, ſhould you be taken from us—But now it ſeems [Barbarous wretches!] you are to *ſuffer within an inch of your life*.

He aſked me queſtions about Mr. Belford: and when he had heard what I had to ſay of that gentleman, and his diſintereſted ſervices to you, he raved at ſome villainous ſurmiſes thrown out againſt you by that officious pedant, Brand: who, but for his gown, I find, would come off poorly enough between your couſin and Lovelace.

He was ſo uneaſy about you himſelf, that on Thurſday the 24th, he ſent up an honeſt ſerious man, one Alſton, a gentleman-farmer, to enquire of your condition, your viſitors, and the like; who brought him word, that you was very ill, and was put to great ſtreights to ſupport yourſelf: but as this was told him by the gentlewoman of the houſe where you lodge, who it ſeems mingled it with ſome tart, though deſerved, reflections upon your relations cruelty, it was not credited by them: and I myſelf hope it cannot be true; for ſurely you could not be ſo *unjuſt*, I will ſay, to my friendſhip, as to ſuffer any inconveniences for want of money. I think I could not forgive you, if it were ſo.

The colonel (as one of your truſtees) is reſolved to ſee you put into poſſeſſion of your eſtate: and, in the mean time, he has actually engaged them to remit to him for you the produce of it accrued ſince your grandfather's death, (a very conſiderable ſum) and propoſes himſelf to attend you with it. But, by a hint he dropt, I find you had diſappointed ſome people's littleneſs, by not writing to them for money and ſupplies; ſince they were determined to diſtreſs you, and to put you at defiance.

Like all the reſt!—I hope I may ſay *that* without offence.

Your couſin imagines, that, before a reconciliation takes place, they will inſiſt, that you ſhall make ſuch a will, as to that eſtate, as they ſhall approve of: but he declares, he will not go out of England till he has ſeen juſtice done you by *every-body*; and that you ſhall not be impoſed on either by friend or foe—

By *relation* or foe, ſhould he not have ſaid?—For a friend will not impoſe upon a friend.

So, my dear, you are to *buy your peace*, if ſome people are to have their wills!

Your couſin [Not *I*, my dear, though it was always my opinion] ſays, that the whole family is *too rich* to be either *humble*, *conſiderate*, or *contented*. And as for himſelf, he has an ample fortune, he ſays, and thinks of leaving it wholly to you.

Had this villain Lovelace conſulted his worldly intereſt *only*, what a fortune would he have had in you, even although your marrying him had deprived you of a paternal ſhare!

I am obliged to leave off here. But having a good deal ſtill to write, and my mother better, I will purſue the ſubject in another letter, although I ſend both together. I need not ſay how much I am, and will ever be, *your affectionate*, &c.

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XCV.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THURSDAY, AUG. 31.

THE colonel thought fit once, in praiſe of Lovelace's *generoſity*, to ſay,

ſay, That (*as a man of honour ought*) he took to himſelf all the blame, and acquitted you of the conſequences of the precipitate ſtep you had taken; ſince, he ſaid, as you loved him, and was in his power, he *muſt* have had advantages, which he would *not* have had, if you had continued at your father's, or at any friend's.

Mighty generous, I ſaid, (were it as he *ſuppoſed*) in ſuch inſolent reflectors, the beſt of them; who pretend to *clear* reputations which never had been *ſullied* but by falling into their dirty acquaintance! But in this caſe, I averred, that there was no need of any-thing but the ſtricteſt truth, to demonſtrate Lovelace to be the blackeſt of villains, you the brighteſt of innocents.

This he catched at; and ſwore, that if any-thing uncommon or barbarous in the ſeduction were to come out, as indeed one of the letters you had written to your friends, and which had been ſhewn him, very ſtrongly implied; that is to ſay, my dear, if any-thing *worſe* than perjury, breach of faith, and abuſe of a generous confidence, were to appear!—[Sorry fellows!] he would avenge his couſin to the utmoſt.

I urged your apprehenſions on this head from your laſt letter to me: but he ſeemed capable of taking what I know to be real greatneſs of ſoul, in an unworthy ſenſe: for he mentioned directly upon it, the expectation your friends had, that you ſhould (previous to any reconciliation with them) appear in a court of juſtice againſt the villain—IF you could do it with the advantage to yourſelf that I hinted might be done.

And truly, if I would have heard him, he had indelicacy enough to have gone into the nature of the proof of the crime upon which they wanted to have Lovelace arraigned. Yet this is a man improved by travel and learning!—Upon my word, my dear, I, who have been accuſtomed to the moſt delicate converſation ever ſince I had the honour to know you, deſpiſe this ſex from the gentleman down to the peaſant.

Upon the whole, I find that Mr. Morden has a very ſlender notion of women's virtues in particular caſes: for which reaſon I put him down, though your favourite, as one who is not entitled *to caſt the firſt ſtone*.

I never knew a man who deſerved to be well thought of himſelf for his morals, who had a ſlight opinion of the virtue of our ſex in general. For if, from the *difference* of *temperament* and *education*, modeſty, chaſtity, and piety too, are not to be found in our ſex preferably to the other, I ſhould think it a ſign of a much worſe nature in *ours*.

He even hinted, (as from your relations indeed) that it is impoſſible but there muſt be ſome *will* where there is much *love*.

Theſe ſort of reflections are enough to make a woman, who has at heart her own honour and the honour of her ſex, to look about her, and conſider what ſhe is doing when ſhe enters into an intimacy with theſe wretches; ſince it is plain, that whenever ſhe throws herſelf into the power of a man, and leaves for him her parents or guardians, everybody will believe it to be owing more to her good luck than to her diſcretion, if there be not an end of her virtue: and let the man be ever ſuch a villain to her, ſhe muſt take into her own boſom a ſhare of his guilty baſeneſs.

I am writing to *general caſes*. You, my dear, are out of the queſtion. Your ſtory, as I have heretofore ſaid, will afford a warning as well as an example: for who is it that will not infer, That if a perſon of your fortune, character, and merit, could not eſcape ruin, after ſhe had put herſelf into the power of her *hyæna*, what can a thoughtleſs, fond, giddy creature expect?

'Every man,' they will ſay, 'is not 'a LOVELACE.'—True: but then, neither is every woman a CLARISSA. And allow for the one and for the other, the example muſt be of general uſe.

I prepared Mr. Morden to expect your appointment of Mr. Belford for an office that we both hope he will have no occaſion to act in (nor any-body elſe) for many, very many years to come. He was at firſt ſtartled at it: but, upon hearing ſuch of your reaſons as had ſatisfied me, he only ſaid, That ſuch an appointment, were it to take place, would exceedingly affect his other couſins.

He told me, he had a copy of Lovelace's letter to you, imploring your pardon, and offering to undergo any penance to procure it; and alſo of your anſwer to it.

I find he is willing to hope, that a marriage between you may ſtill take place; which, he ſays, will heal up all breaches.

I would have written much more—On the following particulars eſpecially:

to wit, of the wretched man's hunting you out of your lodgings: of your relations ſtrange *implacableneſs:* [I am in haſte, and cannot think of a word you would like better, *juſt now*] of your laſt letter to Lovelace to divert him from purſuing you: of your aunt Hervey's penitential converſation with Mrs. Norton: of Mr. Wyerley's renewed addreſs: of your leſſons to me in Hickman's behalf, ſo approveable, were the man *more ſo* than he is: but indeed I am offended with him at this inſtant, and have been for theſe two days:—of your ſiſter's tranſportation-project:—and of twenty and twenty other things:—but am obliged to leave off, to attend my two couſins Spilſworth, and my couſin Herbert, who are come to viſit us on account of my mother's illneſs—I will therefore diſpatch theſe by Rogers; and if my mother gets well ſoon, (as I hope ſhe will) I am reſolved to ſee you in town, and tell you every-thing that now is upon my mind; and particularly, mingling my ſoul with yours, how much I am, and will ever be, my deareſt dear friend, *your affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

Let Rogers bring one line, I pray you. I thought to have ſent him this afternoon; but he cannot ſet out till to-morrow morning early.

I cannot expreſs how much your ſtaggering lines, and your concluſion, affect me!

LETTER XCVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SUNDAY EVENING, SEPT. 3.

I Wonder not at the impatience your ſervant tells me you expreſs to hear from me. I was deſigning to write you a long letter, and was juſt returned from Smith's for that purpoſe; but ſince you are ſo urgent, you muſt be contented with a ſhort one.

I attended the lady this morning, juſt before I ſet out for Edgware. She was ſo ill overnight, that ſhe was obliged to leave unfiniſhed her letter to Miſs Howe. But early this morning ſhe made an end of it, and had juſt ſealed it up as I came. She was ſo fatigued with writing, that ſhe told me, ſhe would lay down after I was gone, and endeavour to recruit her ſpirits.

They had ſent for Mr. Goddard, when ſhe was ſo ill laſt night; and not being able to ſee him out of her own chamber, he, for the firſt time, ſaw her *houſe*, as ſhe calls it. He was extremely ſhocked and concerned at it; and chid Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick for not perſuading her to have ſuch an object removed from her bed-chamber: and when they excuſed themſelves on the *little authority* it was reaſonable to ſuppoſe they muſt have with a lady ſo much their ſuperior, he reflected warmly on thoſe who had *more* authority, and who left her to proceed with ſuch a ſhocking and ſolemn whimſey, as he called it.

It is placed near the window, like a harpſichord, though covered over to the ground: and when ſhe is ſo ill, that ſhe cannot well go to her cloſet, ſhe writes and reads upon it, as others would upon a deſk or table. But (only as ſhe was ſo ill laſt night) ſhe chuſes not to ſee any-body in that apartment.

I went to Edgeware; and, returning in the evening, attended her again. She had a letter brought her from Mrs. Norton, (a long one, as it ſeems by it's bulk) juſt before I came. But ſhe had not opened it; and ſaid, That as ſhe was pretty calm and compoſed, ſhe was afraid to look into the contents, leſt ſhe ſhould be ruffled; expecting, now, to hear of nothing that could do her good or give her pleaſure from that good woman's *dear hard-hearted neighbours*, as ſhe called her own relations.

Seeing her ſo weak and ill, I withdrew; nor did ſhe deſire me to tarry, as ſometimes ſhe does, when I make a motion to depart.

I had ſome hints, as I went away, from Mrs. Smith, that ſhe had appropriated that evening to ſome offices, that were to ſave trouble, as ſhe called it, after her departure; and had been giving orders to her nurſe, and to Mrs. Smith, about what ſhe would have done when ſhe *was gone*; and I believe they were of a very delicate and affecting nature; but Mrs. Smith deſcended not to particulars.

The doctor had been with her, as well as Mr. Goddard; and they both joined with great earneſtneſs to perſuade her to have her *houſe* removed out of her ſight: but ſhe aſſured them, that it gave her pleaſure and ſpirits; and, being a neceſſary preparation, ſhe wondered they ſhould be ſurprized at it, when ſhe had not any of her family about her, or any old acquaintance, on whoſe care and exactneſs in theſe *punctilios*, as ſhe called them, ſhe could rely.

The doctor told Mrs. Smith, That he believed ſhe would hold out long enough

enough for any of her friends to have notice of her ſtate, and to ſee her; and hardly longer; and ſince he could not find, that ſhe had any certainty of ſeeing her couſin Morden, (which made it plain that her relations continued inflexible) he would go home, and write a letter to her father, take it as ſhe would.

She had ſpent great part of the day in intenſe devotions; and to-morrow morning ſhe is to have with her the ſame clergyman who has often attended her; from whoſe hands ſhe will again receive the ſacrament.

Thou ſeeſt, Lovelace, that all is preparing, that all will be ready; and I am to attend her to-morrow afternoon, to take ſome inſtructions from her in relation to my part in the office to be performed for her. And thus, omitting the particulars of a fine converſation between her and Mrs. Lovick, which the latter acquainted me with, as well as another between her and the doctor and apothecary, which I had a deſign this evening to give you, they being of a very affecting nature, I have yielded to your impatience.

I ſhall diſpatch Harry to-morrow morning early with her letter to Miſs Howe: an offer ſhe took very kindly; as ſhe is extremely ſolicitous to leſſen that young lady's apprehenſions for her on not hearing from her by Saturday's poſt: and yet, if ſhe write truth, as no doubt but ſhe will, how can her apprehenſions be leſſened?

LETTER XCVII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MISS HOWE.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 2.

I Write, my beloved Miſs Howe, though very ill ſtill: but I could not by the return of your meſſenger; for I was then unable to hold a pen.

Your mother's illneſs (as mentioned in the firſt part of your letter) gave me great diſtreſs for you, till I re'd farther. You bewailed it as it became a daughter ſo ſenſible. May you be bleſſed in each other for many, very many, happy years to come! I doubt not, that even this ſudden and grievous indiſpoſition, by the frame it has put you in, and the apprehenſion it has given you of loſing ſo dear a mother, will contribute to the happineſs I wiſh you: for, alas! my dear, we ſeldom know how to value the bleſſings we enjoy, till we are in danger of loſing them, or have actually loſt them: and then, what would we give to have them reſtored to us!

What, I wonder, has again happened between you and Mr. Hickman? Although I know it not, I dare ſay it is owing to ſome pretty petulance, to ſome half-ungenerous advantage taken of his obligingneſs and aſſiduity. Will you never, my dear, give the weight you and all our ſex ought to give to the qualities of ſobriety and regularity of life and manners in that ſex? Muſt bold creatures, and forward ſpirits, for even, and by the beſt and wiſeſt of us, as well as by the indiſcreeteſt, be the moſt kindly treated?

My dear friends know not, that I *have* actually ſuffered within *leſs* than an *inch of my life*.

Poor Mr. Brand! He meant well, I believe. I am afraid all will turn heavily upon him, when he probably imagined, that he was taking the beſt method to oblige. But were he *not* to have been ſo light of belief, and ſo weakly officious; and had given a more favourable, and, it would be ſtrange, if I could not ſay, a *juſter* report; things would have been, nevertheleſs, exactly as they are.

I muſt lay down my pen. I am very ill. I believe I ſhall be better by-and-by. The bad writing would betray me, although I had a mind to keep from you, what the event muſt ſoon——

Now I reſume my trembling pen. Excuſe the unſteady writing. It *will* be ſo.

I have wanted no money: ſo don't be angry about ſuch a trifle as money. Yet am I glad of what you inclined me to hope, that my friends will give up the produce of my grandfather's eſtate ſince it has been in their hands: becauſe, knowing it to be my right, and that they could not want it, I had already diſpoſed of a good part of it; and could only hope that they would be willing to give it up at my laſt requeſt. And now how rich ſhall I think myſelf in this my laſt ſtage!—And yet I did not want before—Indeed I did not—For who, that has many *ſuperfluities*, can be ſaid to want?

Do not, my dear friend, be concerned that I call it my *laſt ſtage*; for what is even the long life which in high health we wiſh for? What, but, as we go along, a life of apprehenſion, ſometimes for our friends, oftener for ourſelves? And at laſt, when arrived at the old age we covet, one heavy loſs or deprivation having

having ſucceeded another, we ſee ourſelves ſtript, as I may ſay, of every one we loved; and find ourſelves expoſed, as uncompanionable poor creatures, to the ſlights, to the contempts, of joſtling youth, who want to puſh us off the ſtage, in hopes to poſſeſs what we have:—And, ſuperadded to all, our own infirmities every day increaſing, of themſelves enough to make the life we wiſhed for the greateſt diſeaſe of all!

In the diſpoſition of what belongs to me, I have endeavoured to do every thing in the juſteſt and beſt manner I could think of; putting myſelf in my relations places, and, in the greater points, ordering my matters, as if no miſunderſtanding had happened.

I hope they will not think much of ſome bequeſts where wanted, and where due from my gratitude: but if they ſhould, what is done, is done; and I cannot now help it. Yet I muſt repeat, that I hope—I *hope*—I have pleaſed every-one of them. For I would not, on any account, have it thought, that, in my laſt diſpoſition, any-thing undaughterly, unſiſterly, or unlike a kinſwoman, ſhould have had place in a mind that is *ſo* truly free (as I will preſume to ſay) from all reſentment, that it now overflows with gratitude and bleſſings for the good I *have* received, although it be not all that my heart wiſhed to receive. Were it even an *hardſhip* that I was not favoured with more, what is it but an hardſhip of half a year, againſt the *moſt* indulgent goodneſs of eighteen years and an half, that ever was ſhewn to a daughter?

My couſin, you tell me, thinks I was off my guard, and that I was taken at ſome diſadvantage. Indeed, my dear, I was not. Indeed I gave no room for advantage to be taken of me. I hope, one day, that will be ſeen, if I have the juſtice done me which Mr. Belford aſſures me of.

I ſhould hope, that my couſin has not taken the liberties, which you (by an obſervation not, in general, unjuſt) ſeem to charge him with. For it is ſad to think, that the generality of that ſex ſhould make ſo light of crimes, which they juſtly hold ſo unpardonable in their own moſt intimate relations of ours—Yet cannot commit them without doing ſuch injuries to other families as they think themſelves obliged to reſent unto death, when offered to their own.

But we women are too often to blame on this head; ſince the moſt virtuous among us ſeldom make *virtue* the teſt of their approbation of the other ſex: inſomuch that a man may glory in his wickedneſs of this ſort without being rejected on that account, even to the faces of women of unqueſtionable virtue. Hence it is, that a libertine ſeldom thinks himſelf concerned ſo much as to ſave appearances: and what is it not that our ſex ſuffers in their opinion on this very ſcore? And what have I, more than many others, to anſwer for on this account, in the world's eye?

May my ſtory be a warning to all, how they prefer a libertine to a man of true honour; and how they permit themſelves to be miſled (where they mean the *beſt*) by the ſpecious, yet fooliſh hope of ſubduing rivetted habits, and, as I may ſay, of altering natures!—The *more* fooliſh, as conſtant experience might convince us, that there is hardly one in ten, of even tolerably happy marriages, in which the wife keeps the hold in the *huſband's* affections, which ſhe had in the *lover's*. What influence then can ſhe hope to have over the morals of an avowed libertine, who marries perhaps for conveniency, who deſpiſes the tie, and whom, it is too probable, nothing but old age, or ſickneſs, or diſeaſe, (the conſequence of ruinous riot) can reclaim?

I am very glad you gave my couſ—

SUNDAY MORNING, (SEPT. 3.) SIX O'CLOCK.

HITHER I had written, and was forced to quit my pen. And ſo much weaker and worſe I grew, that had I reſumed it, to have cloſed here, it muſt have been with ſuch trembling unſteadineſs, that it would have given you more concern for me, than the delay of ſending it away by laſt night's poſt can do. I deferred it, therefore, to ſee how it would pleaſe God to deal with me. And I find myſelf, after a better night than I expected, lively and clear; and hope to give you a proof that I do, in the continuation of my letter, which I will purſue as currently as if I had not left off.

I am glad you ſo conſiderately gave my couſin Morden favourable impreſſions of Mr. Belford; ſince, otherwiſe, ſome miſunderſtanding might have happened between *them:* for although I hope this Mr. Belford is an altered man, and in time will be a reformed one, yet is he one of thoſe high ſpirits that has been accuſtomed to reſent *imaginary indignities* to *himſelf*, when, I believe, he has not been ſtudious to avoid giving

real offences to others; men of this caſt acting as if they thought all the world was made to bear with them, and they with nobody in it.

Mr. Lovelace, you tell me, thought fit to entruſt my couſin with the copy of his letter of penitence to me, and with my anſwer to it, rejecting him and his ſuit: and Mr. Belford moreover acquaints me, how much concerned Mr. Lovelace is, for his baſeneſs, and how freely he accuſed himſelf to my couſin. This ſhews, that the *true* bravery of ſpirit is to be above doing a vile action; and that nothing ſubjects the human mind to ſo much meanneſs, as the conſciouſneſs of having done wilful wrong to our fellow-creatures. How low, how ſordid, are the ſubmiſſions which elaborate baſeneſs compels! That that wretch could treat me as he did, and then could ſo poorly creep to me for forgiveneſs of crimes ſo wilful, ſo black, and ſo premeditated! How my ſoul deſpiſed him for his meann ſs on a certain occaſion, of which you will one day be informed *! And him whoſe actions one's heart deſpiſes, it is far from being difficult to reject, had one ever ſo partially favoured him once.

Yet am I glad this violent ſpirit *can* thus creep; that, like a poiſonous ſerpent, he *can* thus coil himſelf, and hide his head in his own narrow circlets; becauſe this ſtooping, this abaſement, gives me hope that no further miſchief will enſue.

All my apprehenſion is, what may happen when I am gone; leſt then my couſin, or any other of my family, ſhould endeavour to avenge me, and riſque their own more precious lives on that account.

If that part of Cain's curſe were Mr. Lovelace's—*To be a fugitive and vagabond in the earth*—that is to ſay, if it meant no more harm to him, than that he ſhould be obliged to travel, as it ſeems he intends, (though I wiſh him no ill in his travels;) and I could know it; then ſhould I be eaſy in the hoped-for ſafety of my friends from his ſkilful violence—O that I could hear he was a thouſand miles off!

When I began this letter, I did not think I could have run to ſuch a length. But 'tis to YOU, my deareſt friend, and ſo *you* have a title to the ſpirits you raiſe and ſupport; for they are no longer mine, and will ſubſide the moment I ceaſe writing to you.

But what do you bid me hope for, when you tell me, that if your mother's health will permit, you will ſee me in town? I *hope* your mother's health will be perfected as you wiſh; but I dare not promiſe myſelf ſo great a favour—ſo great a *bleſſing*, I will call it—And indeed I know not if I ſhould be able to bear it now!

Yet one comfort it is in your power to give me; and that is, Let me know, and very ſpeedily it muſt be, if you wiſh to oblige me, that all matters are made up between you and Mr. Hickman; to whom, I ſee, you are reſolved, with all your bravery of ſpirit, to owe a multitude of obligations for his patience with your flightineſs. Think of this, my dear proud friend! and think, likewiſe, of what I have often told you, That PRIDE, in man or woman, is an extreme that hardly ever fails, ſooner or later, to bring forth its mortifying CONTRARY.

May you, my dear Miſs Howe, have no diſcomforts but what you make to yourſelf! As it will be in your own power to leſſen ſuch as theſe, they ought to be your puniſhment if you do not. There is no ſuch thing as *perfect happineſs* here, ſince the buſy mind will *make* to itſelf evils, were it to *find* none. You will therefore pardon this limited wiſh, ſtrange as it may appear, till you conſider it: for to wiſh you no infelicities, either within or without you, were to wiſh you what can never happen in this world; and what perhaps ought not to be wiſhed for, if *by a wiſh* one could give one's friend ſuch an exemption; ſince we are not to live here always.

We muſt not, in ſhort, expect that our roſes will grow without thorns: but then they are uſeful and inſtructive thorns; which, by pricking the fingers of the too haſty plucker, teach future caution. And who knows not that difficulty gives poignancy to our enjoyments; which are apt to loſe their reliſh with us when they are over-eaſily obtained?

I *muſt* conclude.

God for ever bleſs you, and all you love and honour, and reward you here and hereafter for your kindneſs to *your ever-obliged and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

* Meaning his meditated ſecond violence, (See Vol. VI. Letter XIII.) and his ſucceeding letters to her ſupplicating for her pardon.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

LETTER I.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[IN ANSWER TO HERS OF THURSDAY, AUGUST 24. SEE VOL. VII.]

THURSDAY, AUG. 31.

I Had written sooner, my dearest young lady, but that I have been endeavouring, ever since the receipt of your last letter, to obtain a private audience of your mother, in hopes of leave to communicate it to her. But last night I was surprized by an invitation to breakfast at Harlowe Place this morning: and the chariot came early to fetch me: an honour I did not expect.

When I came, I found there was to be a meeting of all your family with Colonel Morden at Harlowe Place; and it was proposed by your mother, and consented to, that I should be present. Your cousin, I understand, had with difficulty brought this meeting to bear; for your brother had before industriously avoided all conversation with him on the affecting subject; urging, That it was not necessary to talk to Mr. Morden upon it, who, being a remoter relation than themselves, had no business to make himself a judge of their conduct to their daughter, their niece, and their sister; especially as he had declared himself in her favour; adding, that he should hardly have patience to be questioned by Mr. Morden on that head.

I was in hopes that your mother would have given me an opportunity of talking with her alone before the company met; but she seemed studiously to avoid it; I dare say, however, not with her inclination.

I was ordered in just before Mr. Morden came; and was bid to sit down—Which I did in the window.

The colonel, when he came, began the discourse, by *renewing*, as he called it, his solicitations in your favour. He set before them your penitence; your ill health; your virtue, though once betrayed, and basely used: he then read to them Mr. Lovelace's letter, a most contrite one indeed; and your *high-soaled* answer; for that was what he justly called it; and he treated as it deserved Mr. Brand's officious information, (of which I had before heard he had made them ashamed) by representations founded upon enquiries made by Mr. Alston, whom he had procured to go up on purpose to acquaint himself with your manner of life, and what was meant by the visits of that Mr. Belford.

He then told them, That he had the day before waited upon Miss Howe, and had been shewn a letter from you to her, and permitted to take some memorandums from it, in which you appeared, both by hand-writing, and the contents, to be so very ill, that it seemed doubtful to him, if it were possible for you to get over it. And when he read to them that passage, where you ask Miss Howe, What can be done for you now, were your friends to be ever so favourable? and wish, for *their* sakes, more than for your *own*, that they would still relent; and then say you are very ill—you must drop your pen—And ask excuse for your crooked writing; and take, as it were,

a laſt

'last farewel of Miss Howe:—'*Adieu*, '*my dear, adieu*,' are your words—

'O my child! my child!' said your mamma, weeping, and clasping her hands.

'Dear Madam,' said your brother, 'be so good as to think you have more 'children than this ungrateful one.'

Yet your sister seemed affected.

Your uncle Harlowe wiping his eyes, 'O cousin!' said he, 'if one thought the 'poor girl was really so ill——'

'She *must*,' said your uncle Antony. 'This is written to her private friend. 'God forbid she should be quite lost!'

Your uncle Harlowe wished they did not carry their resentments too far.

I begged for God's sake, wringing my hands, and with a bended knee, that they would permit me to go up to you; engaging to give them a faithful account of the way you were in. But I was chidden by your brother; and this occasioned some angry words between him and Mr. Morden.

'I believe, Sir—I believe, Madam,' said your sister to her father and mother, 'we need not trouble my cousin to read 'any more. It does but grieve and 'disturb you. My sister Clary seems 'to be ill: I think, if Mrs. Norton 'were permitted to go up to her, it 'would be right. Wickedly as she has 'acted, if she be truly penitent—'

Here she stopt, and every one being silent, I stood up once more, and besought them to let me go: and then I offered to read a passage or two in your letter to me of the 24th. But I was taken up again by your brother; and this occasioned still higher words between the colonel and him.

Your mother hoping to gain upon your inflexible brother, and to divert the anger of the two gentlemen from each other, proceeded in reading the minutes he had taken from your letter.

He accordginly read, Of your resuming your pen: that you thought you had taken your last farewel; and the rest of that very affecting passage, in which you are obliged to break off more than once, and afterwards take an airing in a chair. Your brother and sister were affected at this; and he had recourse to his snuff-box. And where you comfort Miss Howe, and say, You shall be happy; 'It is more,' said he, 'than she will let 'any-one else be.'

Your sister called you sweet soul; but with a low voice: then grew hard-hearted again; yet said, Nobody could help being affected by your pathetick grief—but that it was your talent.

The colonel then went on to the good effect your airing had upon you; to your good wishes to Miss Howe and Mr. Hickman; and to your concluding sentence, That when the happy life you wished to *her* comes to be wound up, she may be as calm and as easy at quitting it, as you hope in God you shall be. Your mother could not stand this; but retired to a corner of the room, and sobbed, and wept. Your father for a few minutes could not speak, though he seemed inclined to say something.

Your uncles were also both affected—But your brother went round to each; and again reminded your mother, that she had other children:—What was there, he said, in what was read, but the result of the talent you had of moving the passions? And he blamed them for chusing to hear read what they knew their abused indulgence could not be a proof against.

This set Mr. Morden up again:—'Fie upon you, cousin Harlowe!' 'said he—'I see plainly to whom it is owing 'that all relationship and ties of blood 'with regard to this sweet sufferer are 'laid aside. Such rigours as these make 'it difficult for a sliding virtue ever to 'recover itself.'

Your brother pretended the honour of the family; and declared that no child ought to be forgiven who abandoned the most indulgent of parents against warning, against the light of knowledge, as you had done.

'But, Sir—and ladies,' said I, rising from my seat in the window, and humbly turning round to each, 'if I may be 'permitted to speak, my dear Miss asks 'only for a blessing. She does not beg 'to be received to favour: she is very 'ill, and asks only for a last blessing.'

'Come, come, goody Norton,' [I need not tell you who said this] 'you are up 'again with your lamentables!—A good 'woman, as you are, to forgive so rea-'dily a crime that has been as disgrace-'ful to your part in her education, as to 'her family, is a weakness that would 'induce one to suspect your virtue, if 'you were to be encountered by a temp-'tation *properly adapted*.'

'By some such charitable logick,' said Mr. Morden, 'as this, is my cousin Ara-'bella captivated, I doubt not.—If to 'be uncharitable and unforgiving, is to 'give a proof of virtue, you, Mr. James 'Harlowe, are the most virtuous young 'man in the world.'

'I knew how it would be,' replied your brother, in a passion, 'if I met Mr. 'Morden upon this business. I would 'have

'have declined it—but you, Sir,' to his father, 'would not permit me so to do.'

'But, Sir,' turning to the colonel, 'in no other presence—'

'Then, cousin James,' interrupted the other gentleman, 'that which is *your* 'protection, it seems, is *mine*. I am not 'used to bear defiances thus—You are 'my cousin, Sir—and the son and ne-'phew of persons, as dear as near to 'me—' There he paused.

'Are we,' said your father, 'to be 'made still more unhappy among our-'selves, when the villain lives that ought 'to be the object of every-one's resent-'ment who has either a value for the 'family, or for this ungrateful girl?'

'That's the man,' said your cousin, 'whom last Monday, as you know, I 'went purposely to make the object of 'mine. But what could I say, when I 'found him so willing to repair his 'crime?—And I give it as my opinion, 'and have written accordingly to my 'poor cousin, that it is best for all round, 'that his offer should be accepted; and 'let me tell you—'

'Tell me nothing,' said your father, quite enraged, 'of that very vile fellow! 'I have a rivetted hatred to him. I 'would rather see the rebel die an hun-'dred deaths, were it possible, than that 'she should give such a villain as him a 'relation to my family.'

'Well, but there is no room to think,' said your mother, 'that she *will* give us 'such a relation, my dear. The poor 'girl will lessen, I fear, the number of 'our relations; not increase it. If she 'be so ill as we are told she is, let us 'send Mrs. Norton up to her.—That's 'the *least* we can do—Let us take her, 'however, out of the hands of that 'Belford.'

Both your uncles supported this motion: the latter part of it especially.

Your brother observed, in his ill-natured way, what a fine piece of consistency it was, in you, to refuse the vile injurer, and the amends he offered; yet to throw yourself upon the protection of his fast friend.

Miss Harlowe was apprehensive, she said, that you would leave all you *could* leave to that pert creature Miss Howe, [So she called her] if you should die.

'O do not, do not suppose *that*, my 'Bella,' said your poor mother. 'I can-'not think of parting with my Clary—'With all her faults, she is my child—'Her reasons for her conduct are not 'heard. It would break my heart to 'lose her.—I think, my dear,' to your father, 'none so fit as I to go up, if you 'will give me leave; and Mrs. Norton 'shall accompany me.'

This was a sweet motion; and your father paused upon it. Mr. Morden offered his service to escort her. Your uncles seemed to approve of it. But your brother dashed all. 'I hope, Sir,' said he to his father—'I hope, Madam,' to his mother—'that you will not en-'deavour to recover a faulty daughter, 'by losing an unculpable son. I do 'declare, that if ever my sister Clary 'darkens these doors again, I never 'will. I will set out, Madam, the same 'hour you go to London (on such an 'errand) to Edinburgh; and there I will 'reside; and try to forget that I have 'relations in England so near and so 'dear as you are now all to me.'

'Good God,' said the colonel, 'what 'a declaration is this!—And suppose, 'Sir—and suppose, Madam,' [turning to your father and mother] 'this *should* 'be the case, whether is it better, think 'you, that you should lose for ever such 'a daughter as my cousin Clary, or that 'your son should go to Edinburgh, and 'reside there upon an estate which will 'be the better for his residence upon it?'

Your brother's passionate behaviour hereupon is hardly to be described. He resented it as promoting an alienation of the affection of the family to him. And to such a height were resentments carried, every one siding with him, that the colonel, with hands and eyes lifted up, cried out, 'What hearts of flint 'am I related to!—O, cousin Harlowe,' to your father, 'are you resolved to 'have but one daughter?—Are you, 'Madam, to be taught by a son who has 'no bowels, to forget you are a mother?'

The colonel turned from them to draw out his handkerchief, and could not for a minute speak. The eyes of every-one, but the hard-hearted brother, caught tears from his.

But then turning to them, (with the more indignation, as it seemed, as he had been obliged to shew a humanity, which, however, no brave heart should be ashamed of) 'I leave ye all,' said he, 'fit company for one another. I 'will never open my lips to any of you 'more upon this subject. I will in-'stantly make my will, and in me shall 'the dear creature have the father, un-'cle, brother, she has lost. I will pre-'vail upon her to take the tour of 'France and Italy with me; nor shall 'she return till ye know the value of '*such* a daughter.'

And

And saying this, he hurried out of the room, went into the court-yard, and ordered his horse.

Mr. Antony Harlowe went to him there, just as he was mounting; and said, he hoped he should find him cooler in the evening; (for he, till then, had lodged at his house) and that then they would converse calmly; and every-one, mean time, would weigh all matters well—But the angry gentleman said, 'Cousin Harlowe, I shall endeavour to discharge the obligations I owe to your civility, since I have been in England: but I have been so treated by that hot-headed young man, (who, as far as I know, has done more to ruin his sister than Lovelace himself, *and this* with the approbation of you all) that I will not again enter into *your* doors, or *theirs*. My servants shall have orders whither to bring what belongs to me from your house. I will see my dear cousin Clary as soon as I can. And so God bless you all together!—only this one word to your nephew, if you please, that he wants to be taught the difference between courage and bluster; and it is happy for him, perhaps, that I am *his* kinsman; though I am sorry he is *mine*.'

I wondered to hear your uncle, on his return to them all, repeat this; because of the consequences it may be attended with, though I hope it will not have bad ones: yet it was considered as a sort of challenge, and so it confirmed every-body in your brother's favour; and Miss Harlowe forgot not to inveigh against that error which had brought on all these evils.

I took the liberty again, but with fear and trembling, to desire leave to attend you.

Before any other person could answer, your brother said, 'I suppose you look upon yourself, Mrs. Norton, to be your own mistress. Pray do you want our consents and *courtship* to go up?—If I may speak my mind, you and my sister Clary are the *fittest* to be together.—Yet I wish you would not trouble your head about our family matters, till you are desired to do so.'

'But don't you know, brother,' said Miss Harlowe, 'that the error of any branch of a family splits that family into two parties, and makes not only every common friend and acquaintance, but even *servants*, judges over both?—This is one of the blessed effects of my sister Clary's fault!'

'There never was a creature so criminal,' said your father, looking with displeasure at me, 'who had not some weak heads to pity and side with her.'

I wept. Your mother was so good as to take me by the hand: 'Come, good woman,' said she, 'come along with me. You have too much reason to be afflicted with what afflicts us, to want additions to your grief.'

But, my dearest young lady, I was more touched for your sake than for my own: for I have been low in the world for a great number of years; and, of consequence, must have been accustomed to snubs and rebuffs from the affluent. But I hope, that patience is written as legibly on my forehead, as haughtiness on that of any of my obligers.

Your mother led me to her chamber; and there we sat and wept together for several minutes, without being able to speak either of us one word to the other. At last she broke silence, asking, me, if you were really and indeed so ill, as it was said you were?

I answered in the affirmative; and would have shewn her your last letter; but she declined seeing it.

I would fain have procured from her the favour of a line to you with her blessing. I asked, what was *intended* by your brother and sister? Would nothing satisfy them but your final reprobation?—I insinuated, how easy it would be, did not your duty and humility govern you, to make yourself independent as to circumstances; but that nothing but a blessing, a *last* blessing, was requested by you. And many other things I urged in your behalf. The following brief repetition of what she was pleased to say in answer to my pleas, will give you a notion of it all; and of the present situation of things.

She said, she was very unhappy!—She had lost the little authority she once had over her other children, through one child's failing; and all influence over Mr. Harlowe and his brothers. Your father, she said, had besought her to leave it to him to take his own methods with you; and (as she valued him) to take no step in your favour unknown to him and your uncles: yet she owned, that they were too much governed by your brother. They would, however, give way in time, she knew, to a reconciliation: they designed no other; for they all still loved you.

Your brother and sister, she owned, were very jealous of your coming into favour again: yet could but Mr. Morden have kept his temper, and stood her

son's

ſon's firſt ſallies, who (having always had the family grandeur in view) had carried his reſentment ſo high, that he knew not how to deſcend, the conferences, ſo abruptly broken off juſt now, would have ended more happily; for that ſhe had reaſon to think, that a few conceſſions on your part, with regard to your grandfather's eſtate, and your couſin's engaging for your ſubmiſſion as from *proper* motives, would have ſoftened them all.

Mr. Brand's account of your intimacy with the friend of the obnoxious man, ſhe ſaid, had, for the time, very unhappy effects; for before that ſhe had gained ſome ground: but afterwards dared not, nor indeed had inclination, to open her lips in your behalf. Your continued intimacy with that Mr. Belford was wholly unaccountable, and as wholly inexcuſable.

What made the wiſhed for reconciliation, ſhe ſaid, more difficult, was, firſt, that you yourſelf acknowledged yourſelf diſhonoured; (and it was too well known, that it was your own fault that you ever were in the power of ſo great a profligate) of conſequence, that their and your diſgrace could not be greater than it was: yet, that you refuſe to proſecute the wretch. Next, that the pardon and bleſſing hoped for muſt probably be attended with your marriage to the man they hate, and who hates them as much: 'Very diſagreeable 'circumſtances,' ſhe ſaid, 'I muſt allow, to found a reconciliation upon.'

As to her own part, ſhe muſt needs ſay, that if there were any hope that Mr. Lovelace would become a reformed man, the letter her couſin Morden had re'd to them from him to you, and the juſtice (as ſhe hoped it was) he did your character, though to his own condemnation, (his family and fortunes being unexceptionable) and all his relations earneſt to be related to you, were arguments that would have weight with her, could they have any with your father and uncles.

To my plea of your illneſs, ſhe could not but flatter herſelf, ſhe anſwered, that it was from lowneſs of ſpirits, and temporary dejection. A young creature, ſhe ſaid, ſo very conſiderate as you naturally were, and fallen ſo low, muſt have enough of that. Should they loſe you, which God forbid! the ſcene would then indeed be ſadly changed; for then thoſe who now moſt reſented, would be moſt grieved; all your fine qualities would riſe to their remembrance, and your unhappy error would be quite forgotten.

She wiſhed you would put yourſelf into your couſin's protection entirely, and have nothing more to ſay to Mr. Belford.

And I would recommend it to your moſt ſerious conſideration, my dear Miſs Clary, whether now, as your couſin (who is your truſtee for your grandfather's eſtate) is come, you ſhould not give over all thoughts of Mr. Lovelace's intimate friend for your executor; more eſpecially, as that gentleman's interfering in the concerns of your family, ſhould the ſad event take place, (which my heart aches but to think of) might be attended with thoſe conſequences which you are ſo deſirous, in other caſes, to obviate and prevent. And ſuppoſe, my dear young lady, you were to write one letter more to each of your uncles, to let them know how ill you are?—And to aſk their advice, and offer to be governed by it, in relation to the diſpoſition of your eſtate and effects?—Methinks I wiſh you would.

I find they will ſend you up a large part of what has been received from that eſtate, ſince it was yours; together with your current caſh, which you left behind you: and this by your couſin Morden, for fear you ſhould have contracted debts which may make you uneaſy.

They ſeem to expect, that you will wiſh to live at your grandfather's houſe, in a private manner, if your couſin prevail not upon you to go abroad for a year or two.

FRIDAY MORNING.

BETTY was with me juſt now. She tells me, that your couſin Morden is ſo much diſpleaſed with them all, that he has refuſed to lodge any more at your uncle Antony's; and has even taken up with inconvenient lodgings, till he is provided with others to his mind. This very much concerns them; and they repent their violent treatment of him: and the more, as he is reſolved, he ſays, to make you his ſole executrix, and heir to all his fortune.

What noble fortunes ſtill, my deareſt young lady, await you! I am thoroughly convinced, that it pleaſe God to preſerve your life and your health, that every body will ſoon be reconciled to you, and that you will ſee many happy days.

Your mother wiſhed me not to attend you as yet, becauſe ſhe hopes that

[illegible] give myself that pleasure foun[illegible] every body's good liking, and even at their desire. Your cousin Morden's reconciliation with them, which they are very desirous of, I am ready to hope, will include theirs with you.

But if that should happen which I so much dread; and I not with you, I should never forgive myself. Let me, therefore, my dearest young lady, desire you to command my attendance, if you find any danger, and if you wish me peace of mind; and no consideration shall withhold me.

I hear that Miss Howe has obtained leave from her mother to see you; and intends next week to go to town for that purpose; and (as it is believed) to buy cloaths for her approaching nuptials.

Mr. Hickman's mother-in-law is lately dead. Her jointure of 60ol. a year is fallen to him; and she has, moreover, as an acknowledgment of his good behaviour to her, left him all she was worth, which was very considerable, a few legacies excepted to her own relations.

These good men are uniformly good: indeed could not elfe *be* good; and never lose the worse for being so. All the world agrees, he will make that fine young lady an excellent husband: and I am sorry they are not as much agreed in her making him an excellent wife. But I hope a woman of her principles would not encourage his addresses, if, whether she at present love him or not, she thought she could *not* love him; or if she preferred any other man to him.

Mr. Pocock undertakes to deliver this; but fears it will be Saturday night first, if not Sunday morning.

May the Almighty protect and bless you!—I long to see you—My dearest young lady, I long to see you; and to fold you once more to my fond heart. I dare to say, happy days are coming. Be but cheerful. Give way to hope.

Whether for this world, or the other, you *must* be happy. Wish to live, however, were it only because you are so well fitted in mind to make everyone happy who has the honour to know you. What signifies this transitory eclipse? You are as near perfection, by all I have heard, as any creature in this world can be: for here is your glory—You are brightened and purified, as I may say, by your sufferings!—How I long to hear your whole sad, yet instructive story, from your own lips!

For Miss Howe's sake, who, in her new engagements will so much want you; for your cousin Morden's sake, for your mother's sake, if I must go on farther in your family; and yet I can say, for all their sakes; and for my sake, my dearest Miss Clary; let your resumed and accustomed magnanimity bear you up. You have many things to do which I know not the person who will do, if you leave us.

Join your prayers then to mine, that God will spare you to a world that wants you and your example; and, although your days may seem to have been numbered, who knows but that, with the good King Hezekiah, you may have them prolonged? Which God grant, if it be his blessed will, to the prayers of *your*

JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER II.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

MONDAY, SEPT. 4.

THE lady would not read the letter she had from Mrs. Norton, till she had received the communion, for fear it should contain any-thing that might disturb that happy calm, which she had been endeavouring to obtain for it. And when that solemn office was over, she was so composed, she said, that she thought she could receive any news, however affecting, with tranquillity.

Nevertheless, in reading it, she was forced to leave off several times through weakness and a dimness in her sight, of which she complained; if I may say *complained*; for so easy and soft were her complaints, that they could hardly be called such.

She was very much affected at divers parts of this letter. She wept several times, and sighed often. Mrs. Lovick told me, that these were the gentle exclamations she broke out into, as she read:—*Her unkind, her cruel brother!*—'*How* unsisterly!—*Poor dear woman!*' seeming to speak of Mrs. Norton. *Her kind cousin!*—'*O these flaming spirits!*' And then reflecting upon herself more than once—'*What a deep error is mine!—What evils have I been the occasion of!*'

When I was admitted to her presence, 'I have received,' said she, 'a 'long and not very pleasing letter from 'my dear Mrs. Norton. It will soon 'be in your hands. I am advised against 'appointing you to the office you have 'so kindly accepted of: but you must

'resent



The affecting Scene between BELFORD & CLARISSA
who is supported by Mrs. LOVICK *and Mrs.* SMITH,
Interrupted by a Servant *from her* Cousin.

Pubd by Alexr Hogg Nov.r 29 1783.



'reſent nothing of theſe things. My 'choice will have an odd appearance to 'them: but it is now too late to alter 'it, if I would.

'I would ſain write an anſwer to it,' continued ſhe: 'but I have no diſtinct 'ſight, Mr. Belford, no ſteadineſs of 'fingers.—This miſtineſs, however, 'will perhaps be gone by-and-by.—
—Then turning to Mrs Lovick, 'I 'don't think I am dying yet—not 'actually dying, Mrs. Lovick—For I 'have no bodily pain—No numbneſſes; 'no ſigns of immediate death, I think. '—And my breath, which uſed of late 'to be ſo ſhort, is now tolerable—My 'head clear, my intellects free—I think 'I cannot be dying yet—I ſhall have 'agonies, I doubt—Life will not give 'up ſo bleſſedly eaſy, I fear—Yet how 'merciful is the Almighty, to give his 'poor creature ſuch a ſweet ſerenity! '—'Tis what I have prayed for!—'What encouragement, Mrs. Lovick, 'ſo near one's diſſolution, to have it 'to hope, that one's prayers are an-'ſwered!'

Mrs. Smith, as well as Mrs. Lovick, was with her. They were both in tears; nor had I, any more than they, power to ſay a word in anſwer: yet ſhe ſpoke all this, as well as what follows, with a ſurpriſing compoſure of mind and countenance.

'But, Mr. Belford,' ſaid ſhe, aſſuming a ſtill ſprightlier air and accent, 'let 'me talk a little to you, while I am thus 'able to ſay what I have to ſay.'

'Mrs. Lovick, don't leave us,' [for the women were riſing to go]—'Pray 'ſit down—and do you, Mrs. Smith, ſit 'down too.—Dame Shelbourne, take 'this key, and open that upper drawer. 'I will move to it.'

She did, with trembling knees.—'Here, Mr. Belford, is my will. It is 'witneſſed by three perſons of Mr. 'Smith's acquaintance.

'I dare to hope, that my couſin Mor-'den will give you aſſiſtance, if you re-'queſt it of him. My couſin Morden 'continues his affection for me: but as 'I have not ſeen *him*, I leave all the 'trouble upon *you*, Mr. Belford. This 'deed may want *forms*; and it *does*, no 'doubt: but the leſs, as I have my 'grandfather's will almoſt by heart, and 'have *often enough* heard that canvaſſed. 'I will lay it by itſelf in this corner;' putting it at the further end of the drawer.

She then took up a parcel of letters, incloſed in one cover, ſealed with three ſeals of black-wax: 'This,' ſaid ſhe, 'I 'ſealed up laſt night. The cover, ſee, 'will let you know what is to be done 'with what it incloſes. This is the in-'perſcription;' [holding it cloſe to her eyes, and rubbing them] "*As ſoon as* "*I am certainly dead, this is to be broke* "*open by Mr. Belford.*"—'Here, Sir, I 'put it,' [placing it by the will.]—'Theſe folded papers are letters and 'copies of letters, diſpoſed according to 'their dates. Miſs Howe will do with 'thoſe as you and ſhe ſhall think fit. If 'I receive any more, or more come 'when I cannot receive them, they may 'be put into this drawer,' [pulling out and puſhing in the looking-glaſs drawer] 'to be given to Mr. Belford, be 'they from whom they will.—You'll be 'ſo kind as to obſerve *that*, Mrs. Lo-'vick—and Dame Shelbourne.

'Here, Sir,' proceeded ſhe, 'I put 'the keys of my apparel,' [putting them into the drawer with her papers.] 'All 'is in order, and the inventory upon 'them, and an account of what I have 'diſpoſed of: ſo that nobody need to 'aſk Mrs. Smith any queſtions.

'There will be no immediate need to 'open or inſpect the trunks which con-'tain my wearing apparel.—Mrs. Nor-'ton will open them, or order ſome-'body to do it for her, in your pre-'ſence, Mrs. Lovick; for ſo I have di-'rected in my will. They may be ſeal-'ed up now: I ſhall never more have 'occaſion to open them.'

She then, though I expoſtulated with her to the contrary, cauſed me to ſeal them up with my ſeal.

After this, ſhe locked the drawer where were her papers; firſt taking out her book of *meditations*, as ſhe called it; ſaying, ſhe ſhould, perhaps, have uſe for that; and then deſired me to take the key of that drawer; for ſhe ſhould have no further occaſion for that neither.

All this in ſo compoſed and cheerful a manner, that we were equally ſurprized and affected with it.

'You can witneſs for me, Mrs. 'Smith—and ſo can you, Mrs. Lovick,' proceeded ſhe—'if any one aſk after my 'life and converſation, ſince you have 'known me, that I have been very or-'derly; have kept good hours; and 'never have lain out of your houſe but 'when I was in priſon; and then you 'know I could not help it.'

O, Lovelace! that thou hadſt heard her, or ſeen her, unknown to herſelf, on this occaſion;—not one of us could ſpeak a word.

'I shall leave the world in perfect charity,' proceeded she. And turning towards the women—'Don't be so much concerned for me, my good friends. This is all but needful preparation; and I shall be very happy.'

Then again rubbing her eyes, which she said were misty, and looking more intently round upon each, particularly on me—'God bless you all!' said she, 'how kindly you are concerned for me! Who says, I am friendless? Who says, I am abandoned, and among strangers?—Good Mr. Belford, don't be so *generously* humane!—Indeed,' [putting her handkerchief to her charming eyes] 'you will make me less happy, than I am sure you wish me to be.'

While we were thus solemnly engaged, a servant came with a letter from her cousin Morden:—'Then,' said she, 'he is not come *himself!*'

She broke it open; but every line, she said, appeared two to her: so that being unable to read it herself, she desired I would read it to her. I did so; and wished it were more consolatory to her: but she was all patient attention; tears, however, often trickling down her cheeks. By the date, it was written yesterday; and this is the substance of it.

He tells her, that the Thursday before he had procured a general meeting of her principal relations, at her father's; though, not without difficulty, her haughty brother opposing it, and, when met, rendering all his endeavours to reconcile them to her ineffectual. He censures him, as the most ungovernable young man he ever knew: some great sickness, he says, some heavy misfortune is wanted to bring him to a knowledge of himself, and of what is due from him to others; and he wishes that he were not *her* brother, and *his* cousin. Nor does he spare her father and uncles for being so implicitly led by him.

He tells her, that he parted with them all in high displeasure, and thought never more to darken any of their doors: that he declared as much to her two uncles, who came to him on Saturday, to try to accommodate with him; and who found him preparing to go to London to attend her; and that, notwithstanding their pressing entreaties, he determined so to do, and not to go with them to Harlowe Place, or to either of their own houses; and accordingly dismissed them with such an answer.

But that her noble letter, as he calls it, of Aug. 31, being brought him about an hour after their departure, he thought it might affect them as much as it did him; and give them the exalted opinion of her virtue which was so well deserved; he therefore turned his horse's head back to her uncle Antony's, instead of forwards towards London.

That accordingly arriving there, and finding her two uncles together, he re'd to them the affecting letter; which left none of the three a dry eye: that the absent, as is usual in such cases, bearing all the load, they accused her brother and sister; and besought him to put off his journey to town, till he could carry with him the blessings which she had formerly in vain solicited for; and (as they hoped) the happy tidings of a general reconciliation.'

That not doubting but his visit would be the more welcome to her, if these good ends could be obtained, he the more readily complied with their desires. But not being willing to subject himself to the possibility of receiving fresh insults from her brother, he had given her uncles a copy of her letter, for the family to assemble upon; and desired to know, as soon as possible, the result of their deliberations.

He tells her, that he shall bring her up the accounts relating to the produce of her grandfather's estate, and adjust them with her; having actually in his hands the arrears due to her from it.

He highly applauds the noble manner in which she resents your usage of her. It is impossible, he owns, that you can either deserve her, or to be forgiven. But as you do justice to her virtue, and offer to make her all the reparation now in your power; and as she is so very earnest with him not to resent that usage; and declares, that you could not have been the author of her calamities but through a strange concurrence of unhappy causes! and as he is not at a loss to know how to place to a *proper account* that strange concurrence; he desires her not to be apprehensive of any vindictive measures from him.

Nevertheless (as may be expected) he inveighs against you; as he finds that she gave you no advantage over her. But he forbears to enter further into this subject, he says, till he has the honour to see her, and the rather, as she seems so much determined against you. However, he cannot but say, that he thinks you a gallant man, and a man of sense; and that you have the reputation of being

being thought a generous man in every inſtance but where the ſex is concerned. In *ſuch*, he owns, that you have taken inexcuſable liberties. And he is ſorry to ſay, that there are very few young men of fortune but who allow themſelves in the ſame. Both ſexes, he obſerves, too much love to have each other in their power: yet he hardly ever knew man or woman who was very fond of power, make a right uſe of it.

If ſhe be ſo abſolutely determined againſt marrying you, as ſhe declares ſhe is, he hopes, he ſays, to prevail upon her to take (as ſoon as her health will permit) a little tour abroad with him, as what will probably eſtabliſh it; ſince travelling is certainly the beſt phyſick for all thoſe diſorders which owe their riſe to grief or diſappointment. An abſence of two or three years will endear her to every-one, on her return, and every one to her.

He expreſſes his impatience to ſee her. He will ſet out, he ſays, the moment he knows the reſult of her family's determination; which, he doubts not, will be favourable. Nor will he wait long for that.

When I had re'd the letter through to the languiſhing lady, 'And ſo, my 'friends,' ſaid ſhe, 'have I heard of 'a patient who actually died, while five 'or ſix principal phyſicians were in a 'conſultation, and not agreed upon what 'name to give his diſtemper. The pa-'tient was an emperor, the Emperor 'Joſeph, I think.'

I aſked, if I ſhould write to her couſin, as he knew not how ill ſhe was, to haſten up?

By no means, ſhe ſaid; ſince, if he were not already ſet out, ſhe was perſuaded that ſhe ſhould be ſo low by the time he could receive my letter, and come, that his preſence would but diſcompoſe and hurry *her* and afflict *him*.

I hope, however, ſhe is not ſo very near her end. And without ſaying any more to her, when I retired, I wrote to Colonel Morden, that if he expects to ſee his beloved couſin alive, he muſt loſe no time in ſetting out. I ſent this letter by his own ſervant.

Dr. H. ſent away *his* letter to her father by a particular hand this morning.

Mrs. Walton the milliner has alſo juſt now acquainted Mrs. Smith, that her huſband had a letter brought by a ſpecial meſſenger from parſon Brand, within this half hour, incloſing the copy of one he had written to Mr. John Harlowe, recanting his officious one.

And as all theſe, and the copy of the lady's letter to Colonel Morden, will be with them pretty much at a time, the devil's in the family if they are not ſtruck with a remorſe that ſhall burſt open the double-barred doors of their hearts.

Will engages to reach you with this (late as it will be) before you go to reſt. He begs that I will teſtify for him the hour and the minute I ſhall give it him. It is juſt half an hour after ten.

I pretend to be (now by uſe) the ſwifteſt ſhort-hand writer in England, next to yourſelf. But were matter to ariſe every hour to write upon, and I had nothing elſe to do, I cannot write ſo faſt as you expect. And let it be remembered, that your ſervants cannot bring letters or meſſages before they are written or ſent.

J. BELFORD.

LETTER III.

DR. H. TO JAMES HARLOWE, SENIOR, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON. SEPT. 4.

IF I may judge of the hearts of other parents by my own, I cannot doubt but you will take it well to be informed, that you have yet an opportunity to ſave yourſelf and family great future regret, by diſpatching hither ſome one of it with your laſt bleſſing, and your lady's, to the moſt excellent of her ſex.

I have ſome reaſon to believe, Sir, that ſhe has been repreſented to you in a very different light from the true one. And this is it that induces me to acquaint you, that I think her, on the beſt grounds, abſolutely irreproachable in all her conduct which has paſſed under my eye, or come to my ear; and that her very misfortunes are made glorious to her, and honourable to all that are related to her, by the uſe ſhe has made of them; and by the patience and reſignation with which ſhe ſupports herſelf in a painful, lingring, and diſpiriting decay! and by the greatneſs of mind with which ſhe views her approaching diſſolution. And all this from proper motives; from motives in which a dying ſaint might glory.

She knows not that I write. I muſt indeed acknowledge, that I offered to do ſo ſome days ago, and that very preſſingly: nor did ſhe refuſe me from obſtinacy.—She ſeemed not to know what that is—But deſired me to forbear for two days only, in hopes that her newly-arrived couſin, who, as ſhe heard,

soliciting for her, would be able to succeed in her favour.

I hope I shall not be thought an officious man on this occasion; but if I am, I cannot help it; being driven to write, by a kind of *parental* and irresistible impulse.

But, Sir, whatever you think fit to do, or permit to be done, must be speedily done; for she cannot, I verily think, live a week; and how long of that short space she may enjoy her admirable intellects to take comfort in the favours you may think proper to confer upon her, cannot be said. I am, SIR, *your most humble servant*,

R. H.

LETTER IV.

MR. BELFORD, TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 4.

THE urgency of the case, and the opportunity by your servant, will sufficiently apologize for this trouble from a stranger to your person; who, however, is not a stranger to your merit.

I understand you are employing your good offices with the parents of Miss Clarissa Harlowe, and other relations, to reconcile them to the most meritorious daughter and kinswoman, that ever family had to boast of.

Generously as this is intended by you, we *here* have too much reason to think all your solicitudes on this head will be unnecessary: for it is the opinion of every-one, who has the honour of being admitted to her presence, that she cannot live over three days: so that if you wish to see her alive, you must lose no time to come up.

She knows not that I write. I had done it sooner, if I had had the least doubt that before now she would not have received from you some news of the happy effects of your kind mediation in her behalf. I am, SIR, *your most humble servant*, J. BELFORD.

LETTER V.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTER II.]

UXBRIDGE, TUESDAY MORN. BETWEEN 4 AND 5.

AND can it be, that this admirable creature will so soon leave this cursed world! For cursed I shall think it, and more cursed myself, when she is gone. O, Jack! thou who canst sit so cool, and, like Addison's angel, *direct*, and even *enjoy*, the storm, that tears up my happiness by the roots; blame me not for my impatience, however unreasonable! If thou knewest, that already I feel the torments of the damned, in the remorse that wrings my heart, on looking back upon my past actions by her, thou wouldst not be the devil thou art, to halloo on a worrying conscience, which, without thy merciless aggravations, is altogether intolerable.

I know not what I write, nor what I would write. When the company that used to delight me is as uneasy to me as my reflections are painful, and I can neither help nor divert myself, must not every servant about me partake in a perturbation so sincere!

Shall I give thee a faint picture of the horrible uneasiness with which my mind struggles? And faint indeed it must be; for nothing but outrageous madness can exceed it; and *that* only in the apprehension of others; since, as to the sufferer, it is certain, that actual distraction (take it out of it's lucid intervals) must be an infinitely more happy state than the state of suspence and anxiety, which often brings it on.

Forbidden to attend the dear creature, yet longing to see her, I would give the world to be admitted once more to her beloved presence. I ride towards London three or four times a day, resolving *pro* and *con*, twenty times in two or three miles; and at last ride back; and, in view of Uxbridge, loathing even the kind friend, and hospitable house, turn my horse's head again towards the town, and resolve to gratify my humour, let her take it as she will; but, at the very entrance of it, after infinite canvassings, once more alter my mind, dreading to offend and shock her, lest, by that means, I should curtail a life so precious.

Yesterday, in particular, to give you an idea of the strength of that impatience, which I cannot avoid suffering to break out upon my servants, I had no sooner dispatched Will, than I took horse to meet him on his return.

In order to give him time, I loitered about on the road, riding up *this* lane to the one highway, down *that* to the other, just as my horse pointed; all the way cursing my very being; and though so lately looking *down* upon all the world, wishing to change conditions with the poorest beggar that cried to me for charity as I rode by him—and throwing him

him money, in hopes to obtain by his prayers the bleſſing my heart pants after.

After I had ſauntered about an hour or two, (which ſeemed three or four tedious ones) fearing I had ſlipt the fellow, I enquired at every turnpike, whether a ſervant in ſuch a livery had not paſſed through in his return from London, on a full gallop; for woe had been to the dog, had I met him on a ſluggiſh trot! And leſt I ſhould miſs him at one end of Kenſington, as he might take either the Acton or Hammerſmith road; or at the other, as he might come through the Park, or not; how many ſcore times did I ride backwards and forwards from the Palace to the Gore, making myſelf the ſubject of obſervation to all paſſengers whether on horſeback or on foot; who, no doubt, wondered to ſee a well-dreſſed and well-mounted man, ſometimes ambling, ſometimes prancing (as the beaſt had more fire than his maſter) backwards and forwards in ſo ſhort a compaſs!

Yet all this time, though longing to eſpy the fellow, did I dread to meet him, leſt he ſhould be charged with fatal tidings.

When at diſtance I ſaw any man galloping towards me, my reſemblance-forming fancy immediately made it to be him; and then my heart bounded to my mouth, as if it would have choaked me. But when the perſon's nearer approach undeceived me, how did I curſe the varlet's delay, and thee by turns! And how ready was I to draw my piſtol at the ſtranger, for having the impudence to gallop; which none but my meſſenger, I thought, had either right or reaſon to do! For all the buſineſs of the world, I am ready to imagine, ſhould ſtand ſtill on an occaſion ſo melancholy and ſo intereſting to me. Nay, for this week paſt, I could cut the throat of any man or woman I ſee laugh, while I am in ſuch dejection of mind.

I am now convinced that the wretches who fly from a heavy ſcene, labour under ten times more diſtreſs in the intermediate ſuſpence and apprehenſion, than they could have, were they preſent at it, and to ſee and know the worſt: ſo capable is fancy or imagination, the more immediate offspring of the ſoul, to outgo fact, let the ſubject be either joyous or grievous.

And hence, as I conceive, it is, that all *pleaſures* are greater in the *expectation*, or in the *reflection*, than in *fruition*; as all *pains*, which preſs heavy upon both parts of that unequal union by which frail mortality holds it's precarious tenure, are ever moſt acute in the time of ſuffering: for how eaſy ſit upon the *reflection* the heavieſt misfortunes, when ſurmounted!—But *moſt* eaſy, I confeſs, thoſe in which body has more concern than ſoul. This, however, is a point of philoſophy I have neither time nor head juſt now to weigh: ſo take it as it falls from a madman's pen.

Woe be to either of the wretches who ſhall bring me the fatal news that ſhe is no more! For it is but too likely that a ſhriek-owl ſo hated will never whoot or ſcream again; unleſs the ſhock, that will probably diſorder my whole frame on ſo ſad an occaſion, (by *unſteadying* my hand) ſhall divert my aim from his head, heart, or bowels, if it turn not againſt my own.

But, ſurely, ſhe will not, ſhe cannot yet die! Such a matchleſs excellence—

'——— whoſe mind
'Contains a world, and ſeems for all things
'fram'd,'

could not be lent to be ſo ſoon demanded back again!

But may it not be, that thou, Belford, art in a plot with the dear creature, (who will not let me attend her to convince myſelf) in order to work up my ſoul to the deepeſt remorſe; and that, when ſhe is convinced of the ſincerity of my penitence, and when my mind is made ſuch wax, as to be fit to take what impreſſion ſhe pleaſes to give it, ſhe will then raiſe me up with the joyful tidings of her returning health and acceptance of me!

What would I give to have it ſo!—And when the happineſs of *hundreds*, as well as the peace and reconciliation of ſeveral eminent families, depend upon *her* reſtoration and happineſs, why ſhould it not be ſo?

But let me preſume it will. Let me indulge my former hope, however improbable—I *will*; and *enjoy* it too.—And let me tell how extatick my delight would be on the unravelling of ſuch a plot as this!

Do, *dear* Belford, let it be ſo!—'And, 'O my deareſt, and ever-dear Clariſſa, 'keep me no longer in this cruel ſuſ-'pence; in which I ſuffer a thouſand 'times more than ever I made thee ſuf-'fer! Nor fear thou that I will reſent, 'or recede, on an eclairciſſement ſo de-'ſirable:

'liable: for I will adore thee for ever, 'and, without reproaching thee for the 'pangs thou haſt tortured me with, 'confeſs thee as much my ſuperior in 'noble and generous contrivances, as 'thou art in virtue and honour!'

But, once more—Should the worſt happen—ſay not what that worſt is—and I am gone from this hated iſland—Gone for ever—And may eternal—But I am crazed already—and will therefore conclude myſelf, *thine more than my own, (and no great compliment neither)*

R. L.

LETTER VI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 9, IN THE MORN. AT MR. SMITH'S.

WHEN I read yours of this morning, I could not help pitying you for the account you give of the dreadful anxiety and ſuſpence you labour under. I wiſh from my heart all were to end as you are ſo willing to hope: but it will not be; and your ſuſpence, if the worſt part of your torment, as you ſay it is, will ſoon be over; but, alas! in a way you wiſh not.

I attended the lady juſt now. She is extremely ill: yet is ſhe aiming at an anſwer to her Norton's letter, which ſhe began yeſterday in her own chamber, and has writen a good deal: but in a hand not like her own fine one, as Mrs. Lovick tells me, but much larger, and the lines crooked.

I have accepted of the offer of a room adjoining to the widow Lovick's, till I ſee how matters go; but unknown to the lady; and I ſhall go home every night, for a few hours. I would not loſe a ſentence that I could gain from lips ſo inſtructive, nor the opportunity of receiving any command from her, for an eſtate.

In this my new apartment, I now write, and ſhall continue to write, as occaſions offer, that I may be the more circumſtantial: but I depend upon the return of my letters, or copies of them, on demand, that I may have together all that relates to this affecting ſtory; which I ſhall re-peruſe with melancholy pleaſure to the end of my life.

I think I will ſend thee Brand's letter to Mr. John Harlowe, recanting his baſe ſurmiſes. It is a matchleſs piece of pedantry; and may perhaps a little divert thy deep chagrin: ſome time hence at leaſt it may, if not now.

What wretched creatures are there in the world!—What ſtrangely-mixed characters!—So ſenſible and ſo ſilly at the ſame time!—What a *various*, what a *fooliſh* creature, is man!

THREE O'CLOCK.

THE lady has juſt finiſhed her letter, and has entertained Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and me, with a noble diſcourſe on the vanity and brevity of life, to which I cannot do juſtice in the repetition: and indeed I am ſo grieved for her, that, ill as ſhe is, my intellects are not half ſo clear as hers.

A few things which made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion upon me, as well from the ſentiments themſelves, as from her manner of uttering them, I remember. She introduced them thus:

'I am thinking,' ſaid ſhe, 'what a 'gradual and happy death God Al-'mighty (bleſſed be his name) affords 'me! Who would have thought, that, 'ſuffering what I have ſuffered, and 'abandoned as I have been, with ſuch 'a tender education as I have had, I 'ſhould be ſo long a dying!—But ſee 'how by little and little it has come to 'this.—I was firſt taken off from the 'power of *walking*: then I took a *coach* '—A coach grew too violent an exer-'ciſe: then I took a *chair*—The priſon 'was a large DEATH-STRIDE upon me '—I ſhould have *ſuffered longer elſe!*—'Next, I was unable to go to *church*; 'then to go *up* or *down ſtairs*: now hardly 'can move from one *room* to *another*: and 'a *leſs room* will ſoon hold me.—My *eyes* 'begin to fail me, ſo that at times I 'cannot ſee to read diſtinctly; and now 'I can hardly *write*, or hold a pen.—'Next, I preſume, I ſhall know nobody, 'nor be able to thank any of you—I 'therefore now once more thank you, 'Mrs. Lovick—and you, Mrs. Smith '—and you, Mr. Belford—while I *can* 'thank you, for all your kindneſs to 'me.—And thus by little and little, in 'ſuch a gradual ſenſible death, as I am 'bleſſed with, God *dies away in us*, as I 'may ſay, all human ſatisfaction, in 'order to ſubdue his poor creatures to 'Himſelf.'

Thou mayeſt gueſs how affected we all were at this moving account of her progreſſive weakneſs. We heard it with wet eyes; for what with the womens example, and what with her moving eloquence, I could no more help it than they. But we were ſilent, nevertheleſs;

less; and she went on applying herself to me—

'O Mr. Belford! this is a poor transitory life in it's best enjoyments. We 'flutter about here and there, with all 'our vanities about us, like painted 'butterflies, for a gay, but a very short 'season, till at last we lay ourselves 'down in a quiescent state, and turn into 'vile worms: and who knows in what 'form, or to what condition, we shall 'rise again?

'I wish you would permit me, a 'young creature, just turned of nineteen 'years of age, blooming and healthy as 'I was a few months ago, now nipt by 'the cold hand of death, to influence 'you, in *these my last hours*, to a life of 'regularity and repentance for any past 'evils you may have been guilty of. 'For, believe me, Sir, that now, in 'this last stage, very few things will bear 'the test, or be passed as laudable, if '*pardonable*, at our own bar, much less 'at a more tremendous one, in all we 'have done, or delighted in, even in a 'life not very offensive neither, as *we* 'may think!—Ought we not then to 'study in our *full day*, before the dark 'hours approach, so to live, as may 'afford reflections that will soften the 'agony of the last moments when they 'come, and let in upon the departing 'soul a ray of Divine mercy to illumi-'nate it's passage into an awful eter-'nity?'

She was ready to faint, and chusing to lie down, I withdrew; I need not say, with a melancholy heart: and when I was got to my new taken apartment, my heart was still more affected by the sight of the solemn letter the admirable lady had so lately finished. It was communicated to me by Mrs. Lovick; who had it to copy for me; but it was not to be *delivered to me* till after her departure. However, I trespassed so far, as to prevail upon the widow to let me take a copy of it; which I did directly in character.

I send it inclosed. If thou canst read it, and thy heart not bleed at thy eyes, thy remorse can hardly be so deep as thou hast inclined me to think it is.

LETTER VII.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, TO MRS. NORTON.

IN ANSWER TO LETTER I.

MY DEAREST MRS. NORTON,

I Am afraid I shall not be able to write all that is upon my mind to say to you upon the subject of your last. Yet I will try.

As to my friends, and as to the sad breakfasting, I cannot help being affected for *them*. What, alas! has not my mother, in particular, suffered by my rashness!—Yet to allow so much for a son!—so little for a daughter!—But all now will soon be over, as to me. I hope they will bury all their resentments in my grave.

As to your advice in relation to Mr. Belford, let me only say, that the unhappy reprobation I have met with, and my short time, must be my apology now.—I wish I *could* have written to my mother and my uncles as you advise. And yet, favours come *so* slowly from them!

The granting of one request only now remains as a desirable one from them. Which, nevertheless, when granted, I shall not be sensible of. It is that they will be pleased to permit my remains to be laid with those of my ancestors—Placed at the feet of my dear grandfather, as I have mentioned in my will. This, however, as they please. For, after all, this vile body ought not so much to engage my cares. It is a weakness—But let it be called a *natural* weakness, and I shall be excused; especially when a reverential gratitude shall be known to be the foundation of it.—You know, my dear woman, how my grandfather loved me. And you know how much I honoured him, and that from my very infancy to the hour of his death. How often since have I wished, that he had not loved *me* so well!

I wish not now, at the writing of this, to see even my cousin Morden.—O my blessed woman! My dear maternal friend! I am entering upon a better tour, than to France or Italy either!—Or even than to settle at my once beloved Dairy House!—All these prospects and pleasures, which used to be so agreeable to me in health, how poor seem they to me now!

Indeed, indeed, my dear mamma Norton, I shall be happy!—I *know* I shall!—I have charming forebodings of happiness already!—Tell all my dear friends, for their comfort, that I shall!—Who would not bear the punishments I have borne, to have the prospects and assurances I rejoice in!—Assurances I might *not have had*, were my own wishes to have been granted to me!

Neither do I want to see even *you*, my dear Mrs. Norton. Nevertheless I must, in justice to my own gratitude, declare that there *was* a time, could you have been permitted

invited to come, without incurring displeasure from those whose esteem it is necessary for you to cultivate and preserve, that your presence and comfortings would have been balm to my wounded mind. But were you now, even by chance, and with reconciliatory tidings, to come, it would but add to your grief; and the sight of one I so dearly love, so happily fraught with good news, might but draw me back to wishes I have had great struggles to get above. And let me tell you for your comfort, that I have not left undone any-thing that ought to be done, either respecting *mind* or *person*; no, not to the minutest preparation: so that nothing is left for you to do for me. Every-one has her direction as to the last offices.—And my *will*, that I now write upon—O my dearest Mrs. Norton, all is provided!—All is ready!—And all will be as decent as it should be!

—And pray let my Miss Howe know, that by the time you will receive this, and the *your* signification of the contents of it, it will, in all probability, be too late for *her* to do me the inestimable favour, as I should once have thought it, to be me. *God will have no rivals in the hearts of those he sanctifies.* By various methods he deadens all other sensations, or rather absorbs them all in the love of Him.

I shall, nevertheless, love *you*, my mamma Norton, and my Miss Howe, whose love to me *has passed the love of women*, to my latest hour!—But yet, I am now above the quick sense of those pleasures, which once most delighted me: and once more I say, that I do not wish to see objects so dear to me, which might bring me back again into sense, and rival my *supreme love*.

TWICE have I been forced to leave off. I *wished*, that my last writing might be to you, or to Miss Howe, if it might not be to my dearest ma——

Mamma, I would have wrote—Is the word distinct?—My eyes are *so* misty!—If, when I apply to you, I break off in half-words, do you supply them—The kindest are *your* due.—Be sure take the kindest, to fill up chasms with, if any chasms there be—

ANOTHER breaking off!—But the new day seems to rise upon me with healing in it's wings. I have gotten, I think, a recruit of strength: spirits, I bless God, I have not of late wanted.

Let my dearest Miss Howe purchase her wedding-garments—And may all temporal blessings attend the charming preparation!—Blessings *will*, I make no question, notwithstanding the little cloudinesses that Mr. Hickman encounters with now-and-then, which are but prognosticks of a future golden day to him: for her heart is good, and her head not wrong.—But great merit is coy, and that coyness has not always it's foundation in pride: but if it should *seem* to be pride, take off the skin-deep covering, and, in her, it is noble diffidence, and a love that wants but to be assured!

Tell Mr. Hickman I write this, and write it, as I believe, with my last pen; and bid him *bear* a little at first, and *forbear*; and all the future will be crowning gratitude, and rewarding love: for Miss Howe has great sense, fine judgment, and exalted generosity; and can such a one be ungrateful or easy under those obligations which his assiduity and obligingness (when he shall be so happy as to call her his) will lay her under to him?

As for me, never bride was so ready as I am. My wedding garments are bought—And though not fine or gaudy to the sight, though not adorned with jewels, and set off with gold and silver; (for I have no beholders eyes to wish to glitter in) yet will they be the easiest, the *happiest* suit, that ever bridal maiden wore—for they are such as carry with them a security against all those anxieties, pains, and perturbations, which sometimes succeed to the most promising outsettings.

And now, my dear Mrs. Norton, do I wish for no other.

'O hasten, good God, if it be thy 'blessed will, the happy moment that I 'am to be decked out in this all-quiet-'ing garb! And sustain, comfort, bless, 'and protect with the all-shadowing 'wing of thy mercy, my dear parents, 'my uncles, my brother, my sister, my 'cousin Morden, my ever dear and 'ever-kind Miss Howe, my good Mrs. 'Norton, and every deserving person 'to whom *they* wish well!' is the ardent prayer, first and last, of every beginning hour, as the clock tells it me, (Hours now are days, nay, years) of *your now not sorrowful or afflicted, but happy,*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER VIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDN. MORN. SEPT. 6 HALF AN HOUR AFTER THREE.

I Am *not* the ſavage which you and my worſt enemies think me. My ſoul is *too much* penetrated by the contents of the letter which you incloſed in your laſt, to ſay one word more to it, than that my heart has bled over it from every vein!—I will fly from the ſubject—But what other can I chuſe, that will not be as grievous, and lead into the ſame?

I could quarrel with all the world; with thee, as well as the reſt; obliging as thou ſuppoſeſt thyſelf for writing to me hourly. How dareſt thou (though unknown to her) to preſume to take an apartment under the ſame roof with her?—I cannot bear to think, that thou ſhouldſt be ſeen, at all hours, paſſing to and repaſſing from her apartments, while *I*, who have ſo much reaſon to call her mine, and once was preferred by her to all the world, am forced to keep aloof, and hardly dare to enter the *city* where ſhe is!

If there be any-thing in Brand's letter that will divert me, haſten it to me. But nothing now will ever divert me, will ever again give me joy or pleaſure! I can neither eat, drink, nor ſleep. I am ſick of all the world.

Surely it will be better when *all is over*—when I know the *worſt* the Fates can do againſt me—Yet how ſhall I bear that *worſt*?—O, Belford, Belford! write it not to me! But, if it *muſt* happen, get ſomebody elſe to write; for I ſhall curſe the pen, the hand, the head, and the heart, employed in communicating to me the fatal tidings. But what is this ſaying, when already I curſe the whole world except her—Myſelf moſt?

In fine, I am a moſt miſerable being. Life is a burden to me. I would not bear it upon theſe terms for one week more, let what would be my lot; for already is there a hell begun in my own mind. Never more mention to me, let *her* or who will ſay it, the *priſon*—I cannot bear it—May damnation ſeize quick the accurſed woman, who could ſet death upon taking that *large ſtride*, as the dear creature calls it!—I had no hand in it!—But her relations, her implacable relations, have done the buſineſs. All elſe would have been got over. Never perſuade me but it would. The *fire of youth*, and the *violence of paſſion*, would have pleaded for me to good purpoſe, with an individual of the ſex, which loves to be addreſſed with paſſionate ardour, even to tumult, had it not been for that cruelty and unforgivingneſs, which (the object and the penitence conſidered) have no example, and have aggravated the heinouſneſs of my faults.

Unable to reſt, though I went not to bed till two, I diſpatch this ere the day-dawn—Who knows what this night, this diſmal night, may have produced!

I muſt after my meſſenger. I have told the varlet I will meet him, perhaps at Knightſbridge, perhaps in Piccadilly; and I truſt not myſelf with piſtols, not only on his account, but my own; for piſtols are *too ready* a miſchief.

I hope thou haſt a letter ready for him. He goes to thy lodgings firſt, for ſurely thou wilt not preſume to take thy reſt in an apartment near hers. If he miſs thee there, he flies to Smith's, and brings me word whether in being, or not.

I ſhall look for him through the air as I ride, as well as on horſeback; for if the prince of it ſerve *me*, as well as I have ſerved *him*, he will bring the dog by his ears, like another Habakkuk, to my ſaddle-bow, with the tidings that my heart pants after.

Nothing but the excruciating pangs the condemned ſoul feels, at it's entrance into the eternity of the torments we are taught to fear, can exceed what I *now* feel, and *have* felt for almoſt this week paſt; and mayeſt thou have a ſpice of thoſe, if thou haſt not a letter ready written for *thy*

LOVELACE.

LETTER IX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 5. SIX O'CLOCK.

THE lady remains exceedingly weak and ill. Her intellects, nevertheleſs, continue clear and ſtrong, and her piety and patience are without example. Every-one thinks this night will be her laſt. What a ſhocking thing is that to ſay of ſuch an excellence! She will not, however, ſend away her letter to her Norton, as yet. She endeavored in vain to ſuperſcribe it: ſo deſired me to do it. Her fingers will not hold her pen with the requiſite ſteadineſs. She has, I fear, written and re'd her laſt!

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SHE is ſomewhat better than ſhe was. The doctor has been here, and thinks

should hold out yet a day or two. He [illegible] her, as for some time past, only some little cordials to take when ready to faint. She seemed disappointed, when he told her she might yet live two or three days; and said, She longed for dissolution!—Life was not so easily extinguished, she saw, as some imagined. Death from grief, was, she believed, *the favourite of death*. 'But God's will must 'be done!'—Her only prayer was now for submission to it: for she doubted not but by the Divine Goodness she should be an happy creature, as soon as she could be divested of these *rags of mortality*.

Of her own accord she mentioned you; which, till then, she had avoided to do. She asked, with great serenity, where you were?

I told her where; and your motives for being so near; and read to her a few lines of yours of this morning, in which you mention your wishes to see her, your sincere affliction, and your resolution not to approach her without her consent.

I would have re'd more; but she said, 'Enough, Mr. Belford, enough! '—Poor man, does his conscience be'gin to find him!—Then need not any'body to wish him a greater punish'ment!—May it work upon him to an 'happy purpose!'

I took the liberty to say, that as she was in such a frame, that nothing now seemed capable of discomposing her, I could wish that you might have the benefit of her exhortations, which, I dared to say, while you were so seriously affected, would have a greater force upon you than a thousand sermons; and how happy you would think yourself, if you could but receive her forgiveness on your knees.

'How can you think of such a thing, 'Mr. Belford?' said she, with some emotion: 'my composure is owing, 'next to the Divine Goodness blessing 'my earnest supplications for it, to the '*not* seeing him. Yet let him know, 'that I now again repeat, that I for'give him.—And may God Almighty,' clasping her fingers, and lifting up her eyes, 'forgive him too; and perfect 'his repentance, and sanctify it to him! '—Tell him I say so! And tell him, 'that if I could not say so with my 'whole heart, I should be very uneasy, 'and think that my hopes of mercy to 'myself were but weakly founded; and 'that I had still, in my harboured re'sentments, some hankerings after a life 'which he has been the cause of short'ening.'

The divine creature then turning aside her head—'Poor man!' said she, 'I once could have loved him. This 'is saying more than ever I could say 'of any other man out of my own fa'mily! Would he have permitted me 'to have been an humble instrument to 'have made him good, I think I could 'have made him happy! But tell him 'not this, if he be *really* penitent—It 'may too much affect him!'—There she paused.

Admirable creature!—Heavenly forgiver!—Then resuming—'But pray 'tell him, that if I could know, that 'my death might be a means to reclaim 'and save him, it would be an inex'pressible satisfaction to me!

'But let me not, however, be made 'uneasy with the apprehension of see'ing him. I cannot *bear* to see him!'

Just as she had done speaking, the minister, who had so often attended her, sent up his name; and was admitted.

Being apprehensive, that it would be with difficulty that you could prevail upon that impetuous spirit of yours, not to invade her in her dying hours, and of the agonies into which a surprize of this nature would throw her; I thought this gentleman's visit afforded a proper opportunity to renew the subject; and (having asked her leave) acquainted him with the topick we had been upon.

The good man urged, That some condescensions were usually expected, on these solemn occasions, from pious souls like hers, however satisfied with *themselves*, for the sake of shewing the *world*, and for *example sake*, that all resentments against those who had most injured them were subdued: and if she would vouchsafe to a heart so truly penitent, as I had represented Mr. Lovelace's to be, that *personal* pardon, which I had been pleading for, there would be no room to suppose the least lurking resentment remained; and it might have very happy effects upon the gentleman.

'I have no lurking resentment, Sir,' said she—'This is not a time for re'sentment: and you will be the rea'dier to believe me, when I can-assure 'you,' (looking at me) 'that even 'what I have most rejoiced in, the truly 'friendly love that has so long subsisted 'between my Miss Howe and her Cla'rissa, although to my last gasp it will 'be the dearest to me of all that is dear 'in this life, has already abated of it's 'fervor; has already given place to

'supremer

'supremer fervors: and shall the remembrance of Mr. Lovelace's *personal* insults, which I bless God, never corrupted that *mind* which *her* friendship so much delighted, be stronger in these hours with me, than the remembrance of a love as pure as the human heart ever boasted? Tell therefore the *world*, if you please, and (if, Mr. Belford, you think what I said to you before, not strong enough) tell the poor man, that I not only forgive him, but have *such* earnest wishes for the good of his soul, and that from considerations of it's immortality, that could my penitence avail for more sins than my own, my last tear should fall for him by whom I die!'

Our eyes and hands expressed to us both, what our lips could not utter.

'Say not, then,' proceeded she, 'nor 'let it be said, that my resentments are 'unsubdued!—And yet these eyes, lifted 'up to Heaven, as witness to the truth 'of what I have said, shall never, if I 'can help it, behold him more!—For 'do you not consider, Sir, how short my 'time is; what much more important 'subjects I have to employ it upon; and 'how unable I should be (so weak as I 'am) to contend even with the avowed 'pentence of a person in strong health, 'governed by passions unabated, and 'always violent?—And now I hope 'you will never urge me more on this 'subject.'

The minister said, It were pity ever to urge this plea again.

You see, Lovelace, that I did not forget the office of a friend, in endeavouring to prevail upon her to give you her last forgiveness personally. And I hope, as she is so near her end, you will not invade her in her last hours; since she must be extremely discomposed at such an interview; and it might make her leave the world the sooner for it.

This reminds me of an expression which she used on your barbarous hunting her at Smith's, on her return to her lodgings; and that with a serenity unexampled, (as Mrs. Lovick told me, considering the occasion, and the trouble given her by it, and her indisposition at the time:) 'He will not let me die de'cently,' said the angelick sufferer!—'He will not let me enter into my Ma'ker's presence, with the composure 'that is required in entering into the 'drawing-room of an earthly prince!'

I cannot, however, forbear to wish, that the heavenly creature could have prevailed upon herself, in these her last hours, to see you; and that for my sake, as well as *yours*: for although I am determined never to be guilty of the crimes, which, till within these few past weeks have blackened my former life; and for which, at present, I most heartily hate myself; yet should I be less apprehensive of a relapse, if (wrought upon by the solemnity which such an interview must have been attended with) you had become a reformed man: for no devil do I fear, but one in your shape.

It is now eleven o'clock at night. The lady, who retired to rest an hour ago, is, as Mrs. Lovick tells me, in a sweet slumber.

I will close here. I hope I shall find her the better for it in the morning. Yet, alas! how frail is hope! how frail is life; when we are apt to build so much on every shadowy relief: although in such a desperate case as this, sitting down to reflect, we *must* know, that it is *but* shadowy!

I will inclose Brand's horrid pedantry. And for once am aforehand with thy ravenous impatience.

LETTER X.

MR. BRAND, TO MR. JOHN WALTON.

SAT. NIGHT, SEPT. 2.

DEAR MR. WALTON,

I Am obliged to you for the very *handsomely penned* (and *elegantly written*) letter which you have sent me on purpose to do *justice* to the *character* of the *younger* Miss Harlowe: and yet I must tell you, that I had reason, *before that came*, to *think* (and to *know* indeed) that we were *all wrong*: and so I had employed the *greatest part* of this *week*, in drawing up an *apologetical letter* to my worthy *patron* Mr. John Harlowe, in order to set all *matters right* between *me and them*, and (*as far as I could*) between *them* and *Miss*. So it required little more than *connection* and *transcribing*, when I received *yours*; and it will be with Mr. Harlowe aforesaid *to-morrow morning*; and this, and the copy of that, will be with you on *Monday morning*.

You cannot imagine how sorry I am, that *you*, and Mrs. Walton, and Mrs. Barker, and *I myself*, should have taken matters up so lightly (judging, alas a-day! by appearance and conjecture) where *character* and *reputation* are concerned. Horace says truly—

'*Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.*'

That

That is, '*Words once spoken cannot be recalled.*' but (Mr. Walton) they may be *contradicted* by *other* words; and we may confess ourselves guilty of a *mistake*; and express our *concern* for being *mistaken*; and resolve to make our *mistake* a *warning* to us for the *future*: and this is all that *can be done*; and what every *worthy mind will do*; and what nobody can be *readier to do*, than *we four undesigning offenders*; (as I see by *your letter*, on *your part*; and as you will see by the *inclosed copy*, on *mine*) which, if it be received as I *think it ought*, (and as I *believe it will*) must give me a *speedy* opportunity to see you, when I *visit the lady*; to whom (as you will see in it) I expect to be sent up with the *olive-branch*.

The matter in which we all *erred*, must be owned to be *very nice*; and (Mr. Belford's *character considered*) *appearances* ran very strong *against the lady*: but all that this serveth to shew, is, *That in doubtful matters the wisest people may be mistaken*; for so saith the *poet*—

'*Fallitur in dubiis hominum sollertia rebus.*'

If you have an *opportunity*, you may (as if *from yourself*, and *unknown to me*) shew the inclosed to Mr. Belford, who (you tell me) *resenteth* the matter very heinously; but not to let him *see*, or *hear read*, those words *that relate to him*, in the paragraph at the *bottom of the second page*, beginning ['*But yet I do insist upon it,*'] to the *end* of that paragraph; for one would not make one's self *enemies* you know: and I have *reason to think*, that this Mr. *Belford* is as *passionate* and *fierce* a man as Mr. Lovelace. What pity it is the lady could find no *worthier a protector!* You may paste those lines over with *blue or black paper*, before he seeth it; and if he insisteth upon taking a copy of my letter, (for he, or anybody, that *seeth it*, or *heareth it read*, will, no doubt, be glad to have by them the copy of a letter so full of the *sentiments* of the *noblest writers* of *antiquity*, and *so well adapted*, as I will be bold to say they are, to the *point in hand*; I say, if he insisteth upon taking a copy) let him give you the *strongest assurances* not to suffer it to be *printed*, on *any account*; and I make the same request to you, that *you* will not: for if any-thing be to be made of a *man's works*, who, but the *author*, should have the *advantage?* And if the *Spectators*, the *Tatlers*, the *Examiners*, the *Guardians*, and other of our polite papers, make such a *strutting* with a *single verse*, or so, by way of *motto*, in the *front* of *each day's* paper; and if other *authors* pride themselves in *finding out* and *embellishing* the *title pages* of their *books* with a *verse* or *adage* from the *classical writers*; what a figure would *such a letter as the inclosed make* so full fraught with *admirable precepts*, and *à propos quotations*, from the *best authority?*

I have been told, that a *certain noble lord*, who once sat himself down to write a *pamphlet* in behalf of a *great minister*, after taking *infinite pains* to *no purpose* to find a *Latin motto*, gave commission to a friend of *his* to offer to *any one*, who could help him to a *suitable one*, but of one or two lines, a *hamper of claret*. Accordingly, his lordship had a *motto found him* from *Juvenal*; which he *unhappily mistaking*, (not knowing *Juvenal* was a *poet*) printed as a prose *sentence* in his *title-page*.

If then *one* or *two* lines were of so much worth, (A *hamper of claret!* No *less!*) of what *inestimable value* would *such a letter as mine* be deemed?—And who knoweth but that this noble p—r, (who is now living) if he should happen to see *this letter* shining with such *a glorious string of jewels*, might give the *writer a scarf*, in order to have him *always at hand*, or be a *means* (some way or other) to bring him into *notice?* And I will be bold to say, (*bad* as the *world* is) a man of *sound learning* wanteth nothing but an *initiation*, to make his *fortune*.

I hope (my good friend) that the lady will not *die:* I shall be much *grieved*, if she doth; and the more, because of mine *unhappy misrepresentation:* so will *you*, for the *same cause:* so will her *parents* and *friends*. They are very *rich* and *very worthy* gentlefolks.

But let me tell you, *by-the-by*, that they had carried the matter against her *so far*, that I believe in my heart they were glad to *justify* themselves by *my report:* and would have been *less pleased*, had I made a *more favourable one*: and in their hearts they *doat* upon her. But now they are all (as I hear) inclined to be *friends with her*, and *forgive her*; her *brother*, as well as *the rest*.

But their cousin, Colonel Morden, *a very fine gentleman*, had had such *high words* with them, and they with him, that they know not how to *stoop*, lest it should look like being frighted into an *accommodation*. Hence it is, that *I* have taken the greater liberty to *press the reconciliation*; and I hope in *such good season*, that they will all be *pleased* with it: for can they have a *better handle* to save their *pride* all around,

around, than by my *mediation*? And let me tell you, (inter nos, *betwixt ourselves*) very proud they all are.

By this *honest means*, (for by *dishonest ones* I would not be *Archbishop of Canterbury*) I hope to please every body; to be *forgiven*, in the first place, by *the lady*, (whom, being a *lover of learning* and *learned men*, I shall have great *opportunities* of *obliging*—For, when she departed from her father's house, I had but just the honour of *her notice*, and she seemed *highly pleased* with my *conversation*;) and next, to be *thanked* and *respected* by her *parents*, and *all her family*; as I am (I bless God for it) by my *dear friend* Mr. John Harlowe; who indeed is a man that professeth a *great esteem* for *men of erudition*; and who (with *singular delight*, I know) will run over with me the *authorities* I have *quoted*, and *wonder* at my *memory*, and the *happy knack* I have of recommending *mine own sense of things* in the words of the *greatest sages of antiquity*.

Excuse me, my good friend, for this *seeming vanity*. The great Cicero (you must have heard, I suppose) had a *much greater* spice of it, and wrote a *long letter*, *begging* and *praying* to be *flattered*: but if I say *less of myself*, than other people (who know me) *say of me*, I think I keep a *medium* between *vanity* and *false modesty*; the latter of which oftentimes gives itself the *lye*, when it is *declaring off* the *compliments*, that *every-body* gives it as it's due: an hypocrisy, as well as folly, that (I hope) I shall for ever scorn to be guilty of.

I have *another reason* (as I may tell to you, my *old school-fellow*) to make me wish for this *fine lady's recovery* and *health*; and that is (by some distant intimations) I have heard from Mr. John Harlowe, that it is *very likely* (because of the *slur* she hath received) that she will chuse to *live privately* and *penitently*—and will probably (when she cometh into her *estate*) keep a *chaplain* to direct her in her *devotions* and *penitence*—If she doth, who can stand a *better chance* than *myself*?—And as I find (by *your* account, as well as by *every body's*) that she is innocent as to *intention*, and is resolved never to think of Mr. *Lovelace more*, who knoweth *what* (in time) *may happen*?—And yet it must be after Mr. *Lovelace's death*, (which may possibly happen sooner than he thinketh of, by means of his detestable courses;) for after all, a man who is of *publick utility*, ought not (for the *finest woman* in the world) to lay his *throat* at the *mercy* of a man who boggleth at nothing.

I beseech you, let not this hint *go further*, than to *yourself*, your *spouse*, and Mrs. *Barker*. I know I may trust my life in your hands and theirs. There have been (let me tell ye) *unlikelier* things come to pass, and that with *rich widows*, (some of *quality*, truly!) whose choice, in their first marriages, hath (perhaps) been guided by *motives of convenience*, or *mere corporalities*, as I may say; but who by their second have had for their view the *corporal* and *spiritual* mingled; which is the most eligible (no doubt) to *substance* composed *of both*, as *men* and *women* are.

Nor think, (Sir) that, should such a thing come to pass, *either* would be *disgraced*, since *the lady* in *me*, would marry a *gentleman* and a *scholar*: and as to *mine own honour*, as the *slur* would bring her *high fortunes* down to an *equivalence* with my *mean ones*, (if *fortune* only, and not *merit*, be considered) so hath not the *life* of *this lady*, been *so tainted*, (either by *length of time*, or *naughtiness of practice*) as to put her on a *foot* with the *cast Abigails* that too, too often, (God knoweth) are thought good enough for a *young clergyman*, who, perhaps is drawn in by a *poor benefice*, and (if the *wicked one* be not quite worn out) groweth poorer and poorer upon it, by an *increase of family* he knoweth not whether is most *his*, or his *noble* (*ignoble* rather) *patron's*.

But all this *apart*, and *in confidence*.

I know you made at school but a small progress in *languages*. So I have restrained myself from *many illustrations* from the *classicks*, that I could have filled this letter with, as I have done the inclosed one: and, being at a distance, I cannot *explain* them to you, as I *do to my friend* Mr. John Harlowe; and who (after all) is obliged to *me* for pointing out to *him* many *beauties* of the *authors* I quote, which otherwise would lie concealed from *him*, as they must from every *common observer*.—But this (too) *inter nos*—For he would not take it well to *have it known*—*Jays* (you know, old school-fellow, *jays*, you know) *will strut in peacock's feathers*.

But whither am I running? I never know where to end, when I get upon *learned topicks*. And albeit I cannot compliment *you* with the *name of a learned man*; yet are you *a sensible man*; and (as such) must have *pleasure* in *learned men*, and in *their writings*.

In this confidence, (Mr. Walton) with my kind respects to the good ladies, (your *spouse* and *sister*) and in hopes, for the *young lady's sake*, soon to follow this

long,

long, long epiſtle, in *perſon*, I conclude myſelf *your loving and faithful friend*,

ELIAS BRAND.

You will, perhaps, Mr. Walton, wonder at the meaning of the *lines drawn under many of the words and ſentences*, (UNDERSCORING we call it;) and were my letters to be printed, thoſe would be put in a *different character*. Now, you muſt know, Sir, that *we learned men* do this to point out to the readers, who are not ſo *learned*, where the *jet of our arguments lieth*, and the *emphaſis* they are to lay upon *thoſe words*; whereby they will take in readily our *ſenſe* and *cogency*. Some *pragmatical* people have ſaid, that an author who doth a *great deal of this*, either calleth his readers *fools*, or tacitly condemneth *his own ſtyle*, as ſuppoſing his meaning would be *dark* without it, or that all his *force* lay in *words*. But all of thoſe with whom I have converſed in the learned way, *think as I think*. And to give a very *pretty*, though *familiar illuſtration*, I have conſidered a page diſtinguiſhed by *different characters*, as a *verdant field* overſpread with *butter-flowers* and *daiſies*, and other ſummer-flowers. Theſe the poets liken to *enamelling*—Have you not read in the poets of *enamelled meads*, and ſo-forth?

LETTER X'.

MR. BRAND, TO JOHN HARLOWE, ESQ.

SAT. NIGHT, SEPT. 2.

WORTHY SIR,

I AM under no *ſmall concern*, that I ſhould (unhappily) be the *occaſion* (I am ſure I *intended* nothing like it) of *widening of differences* by *light miſreport*, when it is the *duty* of one of *my function* (and no leſs conſiſting with my *inclination*) to *heal* and *reconcile*.

I have received two letters to ſet me *right*: one from a *particular acquaintance* (whom I ſet to enquire of Mr. Belford's character;) and that came on Tueſday laſt, informing me, that your *unhappy niece* was greatly injured in the account I had had of her, (for I had told *him* of it, and that with very *great concern*, I am ſure, apprehending it to be *true*.) So I *then* ſet about writing to you, to *acknowledge* the *error*. And had gone a good way in it, when the ſecond letter came (a very *handſome one* it is, both in *ſtyle* and *penmanſhip*) from my friend Mr. Walton, (though I am ſure it cannot be *his inditing*) expreſſing his ſorrow, and his wife's, and his ſiſter-in-law's likewiſe, for having been the cauſe of *miſleading me*, in the account I gave of the ſaid *young lady*; whom they *now* ſay, (upon *further enquiry*) they find to be the *moſt unblameable*, and *moſt prudent*, and (it ſeems) the moſt *pious* young lady, that ever (once) committed *a great error*; as (to be ſure) *hers was*, in leaving ſuch *worthy parents* and *relations* for ſo *vile a man* as Mr. Lovelace: but what ſhall we ſay?—Why, the divine Virgil tells us—

'*Improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?*'

For *my part*, I was but too much afraid, (for we have *great opportunities*, you are ſenſible, Sir, at the *univerſity*, of knowing *human nature* from *books*, the *calm reſult* of the *wiſe mens wiſdom*, as I may ſay—

('*Haurit aquam cribro, qui diſcere vult ſine libro,*')

uninterrupted by the *noiſe* and *vanities*, that will mingle with *perſonal converſation*, which (in the *turbulent world*) is not to be enjoyed but over a *bottle*, where you have an *hundred fooliſh things* paſs to *one that deſerveth to be remembered*; I was but too much afraid, *I ſay*, that ſo *great a ſlip* might be attended with *ſtill greater* and *worſe*: for *your* Horace, and *my* Horace, the moſt charming writer that ever lived among the *Pagans*, (for the *lyrick kind of poetry*, I mean; for, to be ſure, *Homer* and *Virgil* would *otherwiſe* be *firſt* named *in their way*) well obſerveth, (and who underſtood *human nature* better than he?)—

'*Nec vera virtus, cum ſemel excidit,*
'*Curat reponi deterioribus.*'

Who, that can draw *knowledge* from it's *fountain-head*, the works of the *ſages of antiquity*, (improved by the *comments* of the *moderns*) but would *prefer* to all others the *ſilent quiet life*, which *contemplative men* lead in the *ſeats of learning*, were they not called out (according to their *dedication*) to the *ſervice* and *inſtruction* of the world?

Now, Sir, *another* favourite poet of mine (and not the *leſs a favourite* for being a *Chriſtian*) telleth us, that it is the cuſtom of *ſome*, when in a *fault*, to throw the blame upon the backs of *others*—

'—— *Hominum quoque mos eſt,*
'*Quæ nos cunque premunt, alii ne imponere*
'*tergo.*' MANT.

But

But I, though (in this caſe) *miſled*, (*well intendedly*, nevertheleſs, both in the *miſleaders* and *miſled*, and therefore entitled to lay hold of that plea, if *anybody* is ſo entitled) will not, however, be claſſed among ſuch *extenuators*; but (contrarily) will always keep in mind that verſe, which *comforteth in miſtake*, as well as *inſtructeth*; and which I quoted in my laſt letter—

'*Errare eſt hominis, ſed non perſiſtere*;'

And will own, that I was very *raſh* to take up with *conjectures* and *conſequences* drawn from *probabilities*, where (eſpecially) the *character* of ſo *fine a lady* was concerned.

Notwithſtanding, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe (I muſt be bold to ſay) is the *only young lady* that ever I heard of, (or indeed read of) that, *having made ſuch a falſe ſtep*, ſo *ſoon* (of *her own accord*, as I may ſay) *recovered* herſelf, and conquered her *love of the deceiver*; (A great conqueſt, indeed!) and who flieth him, and reſolveth to *die*, rather than to be his; which now to her never-dying *honour*, (I am well aſſured) is the caſe—And, in *juſtice* to her, I am now ready to take to myſelf (with no ſmall vexation) that of Ovid—

'*Heu! patior telis vulnera facta meis.*'

But yet I do inſiſt upon it, that all *that part* of my *information*, which I took upon mine own *perſonal enquiry*, which is what relates to Mr. *Belford* and *his character*, is *literally true*; for there is not any-where to be met with a man of a more *libertine character* as to *women*, Mr. *Lovelace* excepted, than he beareth.

And ſo, Sir, I muſt deſire of you, that you will not let *any blame* lie upon my *intention*; ſince you ſee how ready I am to *accuſe myſelf* of too lightly giving ear to a *raſh information*, (not knowing it ſo to be, however:) for I depended the more upon it, as the *people I had it from* are very *ſober*, and live in the *fear of God*: and indeed when I wait upon you, you will ſee by their letter, that they muſt be *conſcientious* good people: wherefore, Sir, let me be entitled, from *all your good family*, to that of my laſt-named poet—

'*Aſpera conſiſ verba remitte reo.*'

And now, Sir, (what is much more becoming of my *function*) let me, inſtead of appearing with the *face of an accuſer*, and a *raſh cenſurer*, (which in my *heart* I have not *deſerved* to be thought) aſſume the character of *a reconciler*; and promiſe (by way of *penance* to myſelf for my *fault*) to be ſent up as a *meſſenger of peace* to the *pious young lady*; for they write me word *abſolutely*, (and, I believe in my heart, *truly*) that the *doctors* have *given her over*, and that ſhe *cannot live*. Alas! alas! what a ſad thing would that be, if the *poor bough*, that was only deſigned (as I *very well know*, and am *fully aſſured*) *to be bent*, *ſhould be broken!*

Let it not, dear Sir, ſeem to the *world*, that there was any-thing in your *reſentments* (which, while meant for *reclaiming*, were juſt and fit) that hath the *appearance* of *violence*, and *fierce wrath*, and *inexorability*, (as it would look to ſome, if carried to extremity, after *repentance* and *contrition* and *humiliation*, on the *fair offender's* life:) for all this while (it ſeemeth) ſhe hath been a *ſecond Magdalen* in her *penitence*, and yet not ſo bad as a *Magdalen* in her *faults*, (faulty, nevertheleſs, as ſhe hath been once, the Lord knoweth!—

'*Nam vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur: optimus ille eſt*
'*Qui minimis urgetur,*——(ſaith Horace.)

Now, Sir, if I may be named for this *bleſſed* employment, (for, '*Bleſſed is the peace-maker!*') I will haſten to London; and (as I know Miſs had always a *great regard* to the *function* I have the honour to be of) I have no doubt of making myſelf acceptable to her, and to bring her, by *ſound arguments*, and *good advice*, into a *liking of life*, which muſt be the *firſt ſtep* to her *recovery*: for, when the *mind* is *made eaſy*, the *body* will not *long ſuffer*; and the *love of life* is a *natural paſſion*, that is ſoon *revived*, when fortune turneth about, and ſmileth.

The ſweet Lucan truly obſerveth—

'——*Fatis debentibus annos*
'*Mors invita ſubit.*'——

And now, Sir, let me tell you what ſhall be the *tenor* of my *pleadings* with her, and *comfortings* of her, as ſhe is, as I may ſay, a *learned lady*; and as I can *explain* to her *thoſe ſentences*, which ſhe cannot ſo readily *conſtrue herſelf*: and this in order to convince *you* (did you not already *know* my *qualifications*) how well qualified I *am* for the *Chriſtian office* to which I commend myſelf.

I will, IN THE FIRST PLACE, put her in mind of the *common courſe of things* in this *ſublunary world*, in which *joy* and *ſorrow*, *ſorrow* and *joy*, ſucceed one another by *turns*; in order to convince her, that her griefs have been but according to *that* common courſe of things—

'*Gaudia poſt luctus veniunt, poſt gaudia luctus.*'

SECONDLY, I will remind her of her own notable deſcription of *ſorrow*, when

ſhe was once called upon to diſtinguiſh wherein *ſorrow*, *grief*, and *melancholy*, differed from each other; which ſhe did *impromptu*, by their *effects*, in a truly admirable manner, to the high ſatisfaction of every-one: I myſelf could not, by *ſtudy*, have diſtinguiſhed *better*, nor more *conciſely*—'SORROW,' ſaid ſhe, 'wears—GRIEF tears—but MELANCHOLY ſoothes.'

My inference to her ſhall be, that ſince a happy reconciliation will take place, *grief* will be baniſhed—*ſorrow* diſmiſſed—and only ſweet *melancholy* remain to *ſoothe* and *indulge* her contrite heart, and ſhew to all the world the penitent ſenſe ſhe hath of her great error.

THIRDLY, That her *joys*, when reſtored to health and favour, will be the greater, the deeper her griefs were.

'*Gaudia, quæ multo parta labore, placent.*'

FOURTHLY, That having *really* been guilty of a *great error*, ſhe ſhould not take *impatiently* the *correction* and *anger* with which ſhe hath been treated.

'*Leniter, ex merito quicquid putiare ferendum*
'*eſt.*'

FIFTHLY, That *virtue* muſt be eſtabliſhed by *patience*; as ſaith Prudentius—

'*Hæc virtus vidua eſt, quam non patientia*
'*firmat.*'

SIXTHLY, That, in the words of Horace, ſhe may *expect better times*, than (of late) ſhe had *reaſon* to look for—

'*Grata ſuperveniet, quæ non ſperabitur, hora.*'

SEVENTHLY, That ſhe is really now in *a way* to be *happy*, ſince, according to *Ovid*, ſhe *can count up all her woe*—

'*Felix, qui patitur quæ numerare poteſt.*'

And thoſe comforting lines—

'*Eſtque ſerena dies poſt longos gratior imbres,*
'*Et poſt triſte malum gratior ipſa ſalus.*'

EIGHTHLY, That, in the words of Mantuan, her *parents* and *uncles* could not *help loving her* all the time they were *angry at her*—

'*Æqua tamen ſemper mens eſt, & amica voluntas,*
'*Sit licet in natos facies auſtera parentum.*'

NINTHLY, That the *ills ſhe hath met with* may be turned (by the *good uſe* to be made of them) to her *everlaſting benefit*; for that—

'*Cum ſurit atque ferit, Deus olim parcere quærit.*'

TENTHLY, That ſhe will be able to give a *fine leſſon* (a *very* fine leſſon) to all the *young ladies* of her *acquaintance*, of the *vanity* of being *lifted up* in *proſperity*, and the *weakneſs* of being *caſt down* in *adverſity*; ſince no one is ſo *high*, as to be above being *humbled*; ſo *low*, as to *need to deſpair*: for which purpoſe the advice of *Auſonius*—

'*Dum fortuna juvat, caveto tolli:*
'*Dum fortuna tonat, caveto mergi.*'

I ſhall tell her, that Lucan ſaith well, when he calleth *adverſity the element of patience*—

'——*Gaudet patientia duris.*'

That—

'*Fortunam ſuperat virtus, prudentia famam.*'

That while weak ſouls are *cruſhed by fortune*, the *brave mind* maketh the fickle deity afraid of it—

'*Fortuna fortes metuit, ignavos premit.*'

ELEVENTHLY, That if ſhe take the advice of *Horace*—

'*Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus,*'

it will delight her *hereafter*, (as *Virgil* ſaith) to *revolve her paſt troubles*—

'——*Forſan & hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.*'

And, to the ſame purpoſe, *Juvenal*, ſpeaking of the *prating joy* of mariners, after all their *dangers are over*—

'*Gaudent ſecuri narrare pericula nautæ.*'

Which ſuiting the caſe ſo well, you'll forgive me, Sir, for *popping down* in *Engliſh metre*, as the *tranſlative impulſe* (pardon a new word, and yet we *ſcholars* are not fond of *authenticating new* words) came upon me *uncalled for*—

'The ſeaman, ſafe on ſhore, with joy doth
'tell
'What cruel dangers him at ſea befel.'

With *theſe*, Sir, and an *hundred more* wiſe *adages*, which I have always at my *fingers-end*, will I (when reduced to *form* and *method*) entertain Miſs; and as ſhe is a *well-read*, and (I might ſay, but for this *one* great error) a *wiſe* young lady, I make no doubt but I ſhall *prevail* upon her, if not by *mine own arguments*, by thoſe of *wits* and *capacities* that have a *congeniality* (as I may ſay) to *her own*, to take heart—

'—— Nor of the laws of fate complain,
'Since, tho' it has been cloudy, now't clears
'up again.'

Oh! what *wiſdom* is there in theſe *noble claſſical authors!* A *wiſe man* will (upon ſearching

searching into them) always find that they speak *his* sense of *men* and *things*. Hence it is, that they so readily occur to *my memory* on every occasion—Though this may look like *vanity*, it is too true to be omitted: and I see not why a man may not *know those things of himself*, which *every-body* seeth and *saith of him*; who, nevertheless, perhaps, know not *half so much as he*, in other matters.

I know but of *one objection*, Sir, that can lie against my going; and that will arise from your kind *care* and *concern* for the *safety of my person*, in case that *fierce* and *terrible man*, the wicked Mr. Lovelace, (of whom every-one standeth in fear) should come cross me, as he may be resolved to try once more to *gain a footing in Miss's affections*: but I will trust in *Providence* for *my safety*, while I shall be engaged in a *cause so worthy of my function*; and the *more* trust in it, as he is a *learned man*, as I am told.

Strange too, that so *vile a rake* (I hope he will never see this!) should be a *learned man*; that is to say, that a *learned man* should find *leisure* to be a *rake*. Although, possibly a *learned man* may be a *sly sinner*, and take opportunities, *as they come in his way*—Which, however, I do assure you, *I never did*.

I repeat, That as he is a *learned man*, I shall *vest myself*, as I may say, in *classical armour*; beginning *meekly* with him (for, Sir, *bravery* and *meekness* are qualities *very consistent with each other*, and in no persons so shiningly *exert* themselves, as in the *Christian priesthood*; beginning *meekly* with him, I say) from Ovid—

'*Corpora magnanimo satis est prostrasse leoni.*'

So that, if I should not be safe behind the *shield* of *mine own prudence*, I certainly should behind the *shields* of the *ever-admirable classicks*: of *Horace* particularly; who, being a *rake* (and a *jovial rake* too) himself, must have great weight with all *learned rakes*.

And who knoweth but I may be able to bring even this *Goliath in wickedness*, although in *person* but a *little David* myself, (armed with the *slings* and *stones* of the *ancient sages*) to a due sense of his errors? And what a victory would that be!

I could here, Sir, pursuing the allegory of David and Goliath, give you some of the *stones* (*Hard arguments* may be called *stones*, since they *knock down* a *pertinacious opponent*) which I could *pelt him with*, were he to be wroth with me; and this in order to take from you, Sir, all apprehensions for my *life* or my *bones*; but I forbear them till you demand them of me, when I have the honour to attend you in person.

And now (my dear Sir) what remaineth, but that having shewn you (what yet, I believe, you did not doubt) how *well qualified* I am to attend the lady with the *olive-branch*, I beg of you to dispatch me with it *out of hand*? For if she be so *very ill*, and if she should not live to receive the grace, which (to my knowledge) all the *worthy family* design her, how much will that grieve you all! And then, Sir, of what avail will be the *eulogies* you shall all, peradventure, join to give to her memory? For, as Martial wisely observeth—

'*—Post cineres gloria sera venit.*'

Then, as *Ausonius* layeth it down with *equal propriety*, that *those favours which are speedily conferred are the most graceful and obliging*.

And to the same purpose Ovid—

'*Gratia ab officio, quod mora tardat, abest.*'

And, Sir, whatever you do, let the *lady's pardon* be as *ample*, and as *cheerfully given*, as she can *wish for it*; that I may be able to tell her, that it hath your *hands*, your *countenances*, and your *whole hearts*, with it—For, as the Latin verse hath it, (and I presume to think I have not weakened its sense by my humble advice)—

'*Dat bene, dat multum, qui dat cum munere vultum.*'

And now, Sir, when I survey this long letter, (albeit I see it enamelled, as a *beautiful meadow* is enamelled by the *spring* or *summer* flowers, very glorious to behold!) I begin to be afraid that I may have tired you; and the more likely, as I have written without that *method* or *order*, which I think constituteth the *beauty* of *good writing*: which *method* or *order*, nevertheless, may be the *better excused* in a *familiar epistle*, (as this may be called) you pardoning, Sir, the *familiarity* of the *word*: but yet not altogether *here*, I must needs own; because this is *a letter* and *not a letter*, as I may say; but a kind of *short* and *pithy discourse*, touching upon *various* and *sundry topics*, every one of which might be a *fit theme* to enlarge upon, even to volumes: if this *epistolary discourse* (then let me call it) should be pleasing to you, (as I am inclined to think it will because of the *sentiments* and *aphorisms* of the *wisest of the ancients*, which *glow through it* like so many dazzling *stars*

beams) I will (at my leiſure) work it up into a *methodical diſcourſe*; and perhaps may one day print it, with a *dedication* to my *honoured patron*, (if, Sir, I have *your* leave) *ſingly* at firſt, (but not till I have thrown out anonymouſly two or three *ſmaller things*, by the ſucceſs of which I ſhall have made myſelf of *ſome account* in the *commonwealth of letters*) and afterwards in my *works*—Not for the *vanity* of the thing, (however) I will ſay, but for the *uſe* it may be of to the *publick*; for (as one well obſerveth) '*Though* '*glory always followeth virtue, yet it ſhould* '*be conſidered only as it's ſhadow.*'

'*Contemnit laudem virtus, licet uſque ſequatur*
'*Gloria virtutem, corpus ut umbra ſuum.*'

A very pretty ſaying, and worthy of all men's admiration!

And now, (*moſt worthy Sir*, my very good friend and patron) referring the whole to *yours*, and to your *two brothers*, and to *young Mr. Harlowe's* conſideration, and to the wiſe conſideration of good *Mr. dam Harlowe*, and her excellent daughter *Miſs Arabella Harlowe*; I take the liberty to ſubſcribe myſelf, what I *truly am*, and *ever ſhall delight to be*, in *all caſes*, and at *all times*, *your and their moſt ready and obedient as well as faithful ſervant*,

ELIAS BRAND.

LETTER XII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

[IN ANSWER TO LETTER XVII.]

WEDN. MORN. SEPT. 6.

AND is ſhe ſomewhat better?—Bleſſings upon thee without number or meaſure! Let her ſtill be better and better! *Tell* me ſo at leaſt, if ſhe be *not* ſo: for thou knoweſt not what a joy that poor temporary reprieve, that ſhe will hold out yet a day or two, gave me.

But who told this hard-hearted and death-pronouncing doctor, that ſhe will hold it no longer? By what warrant ſays he this? What preſumption in theſe parading ſolemn fellows of a college, which will be my contempt to the lateſt hour of my life, if this brother of it (eminent as he is deemed to be) cannot work an ordinary miracle in *her* favour, or rather in *mine!*

Let me tell thee, Belford, that already he deſerves the *utmoſt* contempt, for ſuffering this charming clock to run down ſo low. What muſt be his art, if it could not wind it up in a quarter of the time he has attended her, when, at his firſt viſits, the ſprings and wheels of life and motion were ſo good, that they ſeemed only to want common care and oiling!

I am obliged to you for endeavouring to engage her to ſee me. 'Twas acting like a friend. If ſhe *had* vouchſafed me that favour, ſhe ſhould have ſeen at her feet the moſt abject adorer that ever kneeled to juſtly offended beauty.

What ſhe bid you, and what ſhe *forbid* you, to tell me; (the latter for *tender* conſiderations) That ſhe forgives me; and that, could ſhe have made me a *good* man, ſhe could have made me a *happy* one! That ſhe even *loved me!* At ſuch a moment to own that *ſhe once loved me!* Never *before* loved any man! That ſhe prays for me! That her laſt tear ſhould be ſhed for me, could ſhe by it ſave a ſoul, doomed, without *her*, to perdition!—O, Belford! Belford! I cannot bear it!—What a dog, what a devil have I been to a goodneſs ſo ſuperlative!—Why does ſhe not inveigh againſt me?—Why does ſhe not execrate me?—O the triumphant ſubduer! Ever above me!—And now to leave me ſo infinitely below her!

'*Marry and repair, at any time*.' This, wretch that I was! was my plea to myſelf To give her a lowering ſenſibility; to bring her down from among the ſtars which her beamy head was ſurrounded by, that my wife, ſo greatly above me, might not deſpiſe me; this was one of my reptile motives, owing to my *more* reptile envy, and to my conſciouſneſs of inferiority to her!—Yet ſhe, from ſtep to ſtep, from diſtreſs to diſtreſs, to maintain her ſuperiority; and, like the ſun, to break out upon me with the greater refulgence for the clouds that I had contrived to caſt about her—And now to eſcape me thus!—No power left me to repair her wrongs!—No alleviation to my ſelf-reproach!—No dividing of blame with her!

Tell her, O tell her, Belford, that her prayers and wiſhes, her ſuperlatively generous prayers and wiſhes, ſhall *not* be vain: that I *can*, and *do* repent—and *long* have repented—Tell her of my frequent deep remorſes—It was impoſſible that ſuch remorſes ſhould not at laſt produce *effectual* remorſe—Yet ſhe muſt not leave me—She muſt live, if ſhe would wiſh to have my contrition

trition perfect—For what can deſpair produce?

I WILL do every-thing you would have me do, in the return of your letters. You have infinitely obliged me by this laſt, and by preſſing for an admiſſion for me, though it ſucceeded not.

Once more, how could I be ſuch a villain to ſo divine a creature! Yet love her all the time, as never man loved woman!—Curſe upon my *contriving genius!* Curſe upon my *intriguing head*, and upon my *ſeconding heart!*—To ſport with the fame, with the honour, with the *life*, of ſuch an angel of a woman!—O my damned incredulity! That, believing her to *be* a woman, I muſt hope to *find* her a woman! On my incredulity, that there could be ſuch virtue (virtue for virtue's ſake) in the ſex, founded I my hope of ſucceeding with her.

But ſay not, Jack, that ſhe muſt leave us yet. If ſhe recover, and if I can but re-obtain her favour, then indeed, will life be life to me. The world never *ſaw* ſuch an huſband as I will make. I will have no will but hers. She ſhall conduct me in all my ſteps. She ſhall open and direct my proſpects, and turn every motion of my heart as ſhe pleaſes.

You tell me, in your letter, that at eleven o'clock ſhe had ſweet reſt; and my ſervant acquaints me, from Mrs. Smith, that ſhe has had a good night. What hopes does this fill me with! I have given the fellow five guineas for his good news, to be divided between him and his fellow-ſervant.

Dear, dear Jack! confirm this to me in thy next—For *Heaven's* ſake do!—Tell the doctor I will make him a preſent of a thouſand guineas if he recover her. Aſk if a conſultation be neceſſary.

Adieu, dear Belford! Confirm, I beſeech thee, the hopes that now, with ſovereign gladneſs, have taken poſſeſſion of a heart, that, next to hers, is

Thine.

LETTER XIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WED. MORN. EIGHT O'CLOCK, (6 SEPT.)

YOUR ſervant arrived here before I was ſtirring. I ſent him to Smith's to enquire how the lady was; and ordered him to call upon me when he came back. I was pleaſed to hear ſhe had tolerable reſt. As ſoon as I had diſpatched him with the letter I had written over night, I went to attend her.

I found her up, and dreſſed; in a white ſattin night-gown. Ever elegant; but now more ſo, than I had ſeen her for a week paſt: her aſpect ſerenely cheerful.

She mentioned the increaſed dimneſs of her eyes, and the tremor which had invaded her limbs. 'If this be dying,' ſaid ſhe, 'there is nothing at all ſhock-'ing in it. My body hardly ſenſible of 'pain, my mind at eaſe, my intellects 'clear and perfect as ever. What a 'good and gracious God have I!—For 'this is what I always prayed for.'

I told her, It was not ſo ſerene with you.

'There is not the ſame reaſon for it,' replied ſhe. 'Tis a choice comfort, Mr. 'Belford, at the winding up of our 'ſhort ſtory, to be able to ſay, I have 'rather *ſuffered* injuries *myſelf*, than *of-'fered* them to *others*. I bleſs God, 'though I have been unhappy, as the '*world* deems it, and once I thought 'more ſo than at preſent I think I ought 'to have done; ſince my calamities 'were to work out for me my ever-'laſting happineſs; yet have I not wil-'fully made any one creature ſo. I 'have no reaſon to grieve for any-thing 'but for the ſorrow I have given my 'friends.

'But pray, Mr. Belford, remember 'me in the beſt manner to my couſin 'Morden; and deſire him to comfort 'them, and to tell them, that all would 'have been the ſame, had they accepted 'of my true penitence, as I wiſh and as 'I truſt the Almighty has done.'

I was called down, it was to Harry, who was juſt returned from Miſs Howe's, to whom he carried the lady's letter. The ſtupid fellow, being bid to make haſte with it, and return as ſoon as poſſible, ſtaid not till Miſs Howe had it, ſhe being at the diſtance of five miles, although Mrs. Howe would have had him ſtay, and ſent a man and horſe purpoſely with it to her daughter.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 10 O'CLOCK.

THE poor lady is juſt recovered from a fainting fit, which has left her at death's door. Her late tranquillity and freedom from pain ſeemed but a *lightening*, as Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith call it.

By my faith, Lovelace, I had rather part

part with all the friends I have in the world, than with this lady. I never knew what a virtuous, a holy friendſhip, as I may call mine to her, was before. But to be ſo *new* to it, and to be obliged to forego it ſo ſoon, what an affliction! Yet, thank Heaven, I loſe her not by *my own* fault!—But 'twould be barbarous not to ſpare thee now.

She has ſent for the divine who viſited her before, to pray with her.

LETTER XIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

KENSINGTON, WEDNESDAY NOON.

LIKE Æſop's Traveller, thou bloweſt hot and cold, life and death, in the ſame breath, with a view, no doubt, to diſtract me. How familiarly doſt thou uſe the words, *dying*, *dimneſs*, *tremor*! Never did any mortal ring ſo many changes on ſo few bells. Thy true father, I dare ſwear, was a butcher, or an undertaker, by the delight thou ſeemeſt to take in ſcenes of death and horror. Thy barbarous reflection, that thou loſeſt her not by thy own fault, is never to be forgiven. Thou haſt but one way to atone for the torments thou giveſt me, and that is, by ſending me word that ſhe is better, and will recover. Whether it be true or not, let me be told ſo, and I will go abroad rejoicing and believing it, and my wiſhes and imaginations ſhall make out the reſt.

If ſhe live but one year, that I may acquit myſelf *to* myſelf, (no matter for the world!) that her death is not owing to me, I will compound for the reſt.

Will neither vows nor prayers ſave her! I never prayed in my life, put all the years of it together, as I have done for this fortnight paſt: and I have moſt ſincerely repented of all my baſeneſs to her—And will nothing do?

But after all, if ſhe recover not, *this* reflection muſt be my comfort, and it is *truth*; That her *departure* will be owing rather to wilfulneſs, to downright *female* wilfulneſs, than to any other cauſe.

It is difficult for people who purſue the dictates of a violent reſentment, to ſtop where firſt they deſigned to ſtop.

I have the charity to believe, that even James and Arabella Harlowe, at firſt, intended no more by the confederacy they formed againſt this their angel ſiſter, than to diſgrace and keep her down, leſt (ſordid wretches!) their uncles ſhould follow the example her grandfather had ſet, to *their* detriment.

So this lady, as I ſuppoſe, intended only at firſt to vex and plague me; and, finding ſhe could do it to purpoſe, her deſire of revenge inſenſibly became ſtronger in her than the deſire of life: and now ſhe is willing to die, as an event which ſhe thinks will cut my heart-ſtrings aſunder. And ſtill, the *more* to be revenged, puts on the Chriſtian, and forgives me.

But I'll have none of her forgiveneſs! My own heart tells me, I do not deſerve it; and I cannot bear it!—And what is it but a mere *verbal* forgiveneſs, as oſtentatiouſly as cruelly given with a view to magnify herſelf, and wound me deeper! A little, dear, ſpecious—But let me ſtop—leſt I blaſpheme!

READING over the above, I am aſhamed of my ramblings: but what wouldeſt have me do?—Seeſt thou not that I am but ſeeking to run out of myſelf, in hope to loſe myſelf; yet, that I am unable to do either!

If *ever* thou lovedſt but half ſo fervently as I love—But of that thy heavy ſoul is not capable.

Send me word by the next, I conjure thee, in the names of all her kindred ſaints and angels, that ſhe is living, and likely to live!—If thou ſendeſt ill news, thou wilt be anſwerable for the conſequence, whether it be fatal to the meſſenger, or to *thy*

LOVELACE.

LETTER XV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, 11 O'CLOCK.

DR. H. has juſt been here. He tarried with me till the miniſter had done praying by the lady; and then we were both admitted. Mr. Goddard, who came while the doctor and the clergyman were with her, went away with them when they went. They took a ſolemn and everlaſting leave of her, as I have no ſcruple to ſay; bleſſing her, and being bleſſed by her: and wiſhing (when it came to their lot) for an exit, as happy as hers is likely to be.

She had again earneſtly requeſted of the doctor his opinion how long it was *now* probable that ſhe could continue: and he told her, that he apprehended ſhe would hardly ſee to-morrow night. She ſaid, She ſhould number the hours with greater pleaſure than ever ſhe

numbered

numbered any in her life, on the moſt joyful occaſion.

How unlike poor Belton's laſt hours, hers! See the infinite difference in the effects, on the ſame awful and affecting occaſion, between a good and a bad conſcience!

This moment a man is come from Miſs Howe with a letter. Perhaps I ſhall be able to ſend you the contents.

She endeavoured ſeveral times with earneſtneſs, but in vain, to read the letter of her dear friend. The writing, ſhe ſaid, was too fine, for her groſſer ſight, and the lines ſtaggered under her eye. And indeed ſhe trembled ſo, ſhe could not hold the paper: and at laſt deſired Mrs. Lovick to read it to her, the meſſenger waiting for an anſwer.

Thou wilt ſee, in Miſs Howe's letter, how different the expreſſion of the ſame impatience, and paſſionate love, is, when dictated by the gentler mind of a woman, from that which reſults from a mind ſo boiſterous and knotty, as thine. For Mrs. Lovick will tranſcribe it; and I ſhall ſend it—To be re'd in this place, if thou wilt.

MISS HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

'TUESDAY, SEPT. 5.

'O MY DEAREST FRIEND!

'WHAT will become of your poor 'Anna Howe! I ſee by your 'writing, as well as read by your own 'account, (which, were you not very, 'very ill, you would have touched more 'tenderly) how it is with you! Why 'have I thus long delayed to attend 'you! Could I think, that the com-'fortings of a faithful friend were as 'nothing to a gentle mind in diſtreſs, 'that I could be prevailed upon to for-'bear viſiting you ſo much as *once* in 'all this time! I, as well as every-body 'elſe, to deſert and abandon my dear 'creature to ſtrangers! What will be-'come of me, if you be as bad as my 'apprehenſions make you!

'I will ſet out this moment, little 'as the encouragement is that you give 'me to do ſo! My mother is willing I 'ſhould! Why, O why, was ſhe not *be-'fore* willing!

'Yet ſhe perſuades me too (leſt I 'ſhould be fatally affected were I to find 'my fears too well juſtified) to wait the 'return of this meſſenger, who rides 'our ſwifteſt horſe.—God ſpeed him 'with good news to me.—Elſe—But, 'Oh! my deareſt, deareſt friend, what 'elſe!—One line from your own hand 'by him!—Send me but *one* line to bid 'me attend you! I will ſet out the 'moment, the very moment, I receive 'it. I am now actually ready to do 'ſo! And if you love me, as I love 'you, the ſight of me will revive you 'to my hopes.—But why, why, when 'I can think this, did I not go up 'ſooner!

'Bleſſed Heaven! deny not to my 'prayers, my friend, my admoniſher, 'my adviſer, at a time ſo critical to my-'ſelf.

'But methinks, your ſtyle and ſenti-'ments are too well connected, too full 'of life and vigour, to give cauſe for ſo 'much deſpair as your ſtaggering pen 'ſeems to forbode.

'I am ſorry I was not at home [I '*muſt* add thus much, though the ſer-'vant is ready mounted at the door] 'when Mr. Belford's ſervant came with 'your affecting letter. I was at Miſs 'Lloyd's. My mamma ſent it to me; 'and I came home that inſtant. But he 'was gone. He would not ſtay, it ſeems. 'Yet I wanted to aſk him an hundred 'thouſand queſtions. But why delay I 'thus my meſſenger? I have a multi-'tude of things to ſay to you—To ad-'viſe with you about!—You ſhall di-'rect me in every-thing. I will obey 'the holding up of your finger. But, if '*you* leave me—what is the world, or 'any-thing in it, to *your*

'ANNA HOWE?'

The effect this letter had on the lady, who is ſo near the end which the fair writer ſo much apprehends and deplores, obliged Mrs. Lovick, to make many breaks in reading it, and many changes of voice.

'This *is* a friend,' ſaid the divine lady, (taking the letter in her hand, and kiſſing it) 'worth wiſhing to live 'for.—O my dear Anna Howe! How 'uninterruptedly ſweet and noble has 'been our friendſhip!—But we ſhall one 'day meet (and this hope muſt comfort 'us both) never to part again! Then, 'diveſted of the ſhades of body, ſhall 'we be all light and all mind!—Then 'how unalloyed, how perfect, will be 'our friendſhip! Our love then will 'have one and the ſame adorable ob-'ject, and we ſhall enjoy it and each 'other to all eternity!'

She ſaid, her dear friend was ſo earneſt for a line or two, that ſhe fain would write if ſhe could: and ſhe tried; but to

no purpose. She could dictate, however, she believed; and desired Mrs. Lovick would take pen and paper. Which she did, and then she dictated to *her*. I would have withdrawn; but at her desire staid.

She wandered a good deal, at first. She took notice that she did. And when she got into a little train, not pleasing herself, she apologized to Mrs. Lovick for making her begin again and again; and said, that the third time should go, let it be as it would.

She dictated the farewel part, without hesitation; and when she came to the blessing and subscription, she took the pen, and dropping on her knees, supported by Mrs. Lovick, wrote the conclusion; but Mrs. Lovick was forced to guide her hand.

You will find the sense surprizingly entire, her weakness considered.

I made the messenger wait, while I transcribed it. I have endeavoured to imitate the subscriptive part; and in the letter made pauses, where, to the best of my remembrance, she paused. In nothing that relates to this admirable lady, can I be too minute.

'WEDN. NEAR 3 O'CLOCK.

'MY DEAREST MISS HOWE,

'YOU must not be surprized—nor 'grieved—that Mrs. Lovick 'writes for me. Although I cannot 'obey you, and write with my *pen*, yet 'my *heart* writes by hers—Accept it so '—It is the nearest to obedience I can!

'And now, what *ought* I to say? 'What *can* I say?—But why should you 'not know the truth? Since soon you 'must—Very soon.

'Know then, and let your tears be 'those, if of pity, of *joyful* pity! for 'I permit you to shed a few, to em'balm, as I may say a fallen blossom. '—Know then, that the good doctor, 'and the pious clergyman, and the 'worthy apothecary, have just now—'with joint benedictions—taken their 'last leave of me: and the former bids 'me hope—Do, my dearest, let me say '*hope*—hope for my enlargement be'fore to-morrow's sun set.

'Adieu, therefore, my dearest friend! '—Be this *your* consolation, as it is '*mine*, that in God's good time we 'shall meet in a blessed eternity, never 'more to part!—Once more, then, a'dieu—and be happy!—Which a ge'nerous nature cannot be, unless—to 'it's power—it makes others so too.

'God for ever bless you! prays, 'dropt on my bended knees, although 'supported upon them, *your obliged*, '*grateful, affectionate*,

'CL. HARLOWE.'

When I had transcribed and sealed this letter, by her direction, I gave it to the messenger myself; who told me that Miss Howe waited for nothing but his return, to set out for London.

Thy servant is just come; so I will close here. Thou art a merciless master. The two fellows are *battered* to death by thee, to use a female word; and all female words, though we are not sure of their derivation, have very significant meanings. I believe, in their hearts, they wish the angel in the heaven that is ready to receive her, and thee at the proper place, that there might be an end to their *flurries*; another word of the same gender.

What a letter hast thou sent me—Poor Lovelace!—is all the answer I will return.

Five o'clock.] Colonel Morden is this moment arrived.

LETTER XVI.

MR. BELFORD. IN CONTINUATION.

EIGHT IN THE EVENING.

I Had but just time, in my former, to tell you, that Colonel Morden was arrived. He was on horseback, attended by two servants, and alighted at the door, just as the clock struck five. Mrs. Smith was then below in her back shop, weeping, her husband with her, who was as much affected as she; Mrs. Lovick having left them a little before, in tears likewise; for they had been bemoaning one another; joining in opinion, that the admirable lady would not live the night over. She had told them, it was *her* opinion too, from some numbnesses, which she called the forerunners of death, and from an increased inclination to doze.

The colonel, as Mrs. Smith told me afterwards, asked with great impatience, the moment he alighted, how Miss Harlowe was? She answered, alive: but, she feared, drawing on apace. 'Good God!' said he, with his hands and eyes lifted up! 'Can I see her? My name is 'Morden. I have the honour to be 'nearly related to her.—Step up, pray; 'and let her know [She is sensible, I 'hope] that I am here. Who is with her?

'Nobody but her nurse, and Mrs. 'Lovick, a widow gentlewoman, who

'is

'is as careful of her, as if she were her 'mother.'

'And *more* careful too,' interrupted he, 'or she is not careful at all——'

'Except a gentleman be with her, 'one Mr. Belford,' continued Mrs. Smith, 'who has been the best friend 'she has had.'

'If Mr. Belford be with her, surely 'I may—But pray step up, and let Mr. 'Belford know, that I shall take it for a 'favour to speak with him first.'

Mrs. Smith came up to me in my new apartment. I had but just dispatched your servant, and was asking her nurse if I might be again admitted? Who answered, that she was dozing in the elbow-chair, having refused to lie down, saying, she should soon, she hoped, lie down for good.

The colonel, who is really a fine gentleman, received me with great politeness. After the first compliments, 'My 'kinswoman, Sir,' said he, 'is more o'bliged to you than to any of her own 'family. For my part, I have been en'deavouring to move so many rocks in 'her favour; and, little thinking the 'dear creature so very bad, have neg'lected to attend her, as I ought to 'have done the moment I arrived; and '*would*, had I known how ill she was, 'and what a task I should have had 'with the family—But, Sir, your friend 'has been excessively to blame; and 'you being so *intimately* his friend, has 'made her fare the worse for your civi'lities to her.—But are there no hopes 'of her recovery?'

'The doctors have left her with the 'melancholy declaration, that there are 'none.'

'Has she had good attendance, Sir? 'A skilful physician: I hear these good 'folks have been very civil and oblig'ing to her.'

'Who could be otherwise?' said Mrs. Smith, weeping: 'she is the 'sweetest lady in the world!'

'The character,' said the colonel, lifting up his eyes and one hand, 'that 'she has from every living creature!—'Good God! How could your accursed 'friend—'

'And how could her cruel parents?' interrupted I.—'We may as easily ac'count for *him*, as for *them*.'

'Too true!' returned he, 'the vile'ness of the profligates of our sex con'sidered, whenever they can get any of 'the other into their power.'

I satisfied him about the care that had been taken of her, and told him of the friendly and even *paternal* attendance she had had from Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard.

He was impatient to attend her, having not seen her, as he said, since she was twelve years old; and that then she gave promises of being one of the finest women in England.

'She *was* so,' replied I, 'a very few 'months ago: and, though emaciated, 'she will appear to you to have confirm'ed those promises: for her features 'are so regular and exact, her propor'tion so fine, and her manner so inimi'tably graceful, that were she only skin 'and bone, she must be a beauty.'

Mrs. Smith, at his request, stept up, and brought us down word, that Mrs. Lovick and her nurse were with her; and that she was in so found a sleep, leaning upon the former in her elbow-chair, that she neither heard her enter the room, nor go out. The colonel begged, if not improper, that he might see her, though sleeping. He said, that his impatience would not let him stay till she awaked. Yet he would not have her disturbed; and should be glad to contemplate her sweet features, when she saw not him; and asked, if she thought he could not go in, and come out, without disturbing her?

She believed he might, she answered; for her chair's back was towards the door.

He said, he would take care to withdraw, if she awoke, that his sudden appearance might not surprize her.

Mrs. Smith, stepping up before us, bid Mrs. Lovick and the nurse not stir, when we entered: and then we went up softly together.

We beheld the lady in a charming attitude. Dressed, as I told you before, in her virgin white, she was sitting in her elbow-chair, Mrs. Lovick close by her, in another chair, with her left arm round her neck, supporting it, as it were; for, it seems, the lady had bid her do so, saying, she had been a mother to her, and she would delight herself in thinking she was in her mamma's arms; for she found herself drowsy; perhaps, she said, for the last time she should be so.

One fated cheek rested upon the good woman's bosom, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faint, but charming flush; the other paler, and hollow, as if already iced over by death. Her hands white as the lily, with her meandring veins more transparently blue than ever I had seen even

hers; (veins ſo ſoon, alas! to be choaked up by the congealment of that purple ſtream, which already ſo languidly creeps rather than flows through them!) her hands hanging lifeleſsly, one before her, the other graſped by the right-hand of the kind widow, whoſe tears bedewed the ſweet face which her motherly boſom ſupported, though unfelt by the fair ſleeper; and either inſenſibly to the good woman, or what ſhe would not diſturb her to wipe off, or to change her poſture: her aſpect was ſweetly calm and ſerene: and though ſhe ſtarted now-and-then, yet her ſleep ſeemed eaſy; her breath indeed ſhort and quick; but tolerably free, and not like that of a dying perſon.

In this heart-moving attitude ſhe appeared to us when we approached her, and came to have her lovely face before us.

The colonel, ſighing often, gazed upon her with his arms folded, and with the moſt profound and affectionate attention; till at laſt, on her ſtarting, and fetching her breath with greater difficulty than before, he retired to a ſcreen, that was drawn before her *houſe*, as ſhe calls it, which, as I have heretofore obſerved, ſtands under one of the windows. This ſcreen was placed there, at the time ſhe found herſelf obliged to take to her chamber; and in the depth of our concern, and the fulneſs of other diſcourſe at our firſt interview, I had forgotten to apprize the colonel of what he would probably ſee.

Retiring thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and overwhelmed with grief, ſeemed unable to ſpeak: but, on caſting his eye behind the ſcreen, he ſoon broke ſilence; for, ſtruck with the ſhape of the coffin, he lifted up a purpliſh-coloured cloth that was ſpread over it, and, ſtarting back, 'Good God!' ſaid he, 'what's here?'

Mrs. Smith ſtanding next him, 'Why,' ſaid he, with great emotion, 'is my couſin ſuffered to indulge her ſad reflections with ſuch an object before her?'

'Alas! Sir,' replied the good woman, 'who ſhould controul her? We 'are all ſtrangers about her, in a manner: and yet we have expoſtulated 'with her upon this ſad occaſion.'

'I ought,' ſaid I, (ſtepping ſoftly up to him, the lady again falling into a doze) 'to have apprized you of this. I was 'here when it was brought in, and 'never was ſo ſhocked in my life. But 'ſhe had none of her friends about her, 'and no reaſon to hope for any of them 'to come near her; and, aſſured ſhe 'ſhould not recover, ſhe was reſolved 'to leave as little as poſſible, eſpecially 'as to what related to her perſon, to 'her executor. But it is not a ſhocking 'object to her, though it be to every-'body elſe.'

'Curſe upon the hard-heartedneſs of 'thoſe,' ſaid he, 'who occaſioned her 'to make ſo ſad a proviſion for herſelf! 'What muſt her reflections have been, 'all the time ſhe was thinking of it, and 'giving orders about it? And what muſt 'they be, every time ſhe turns her head 'towards it? Theſe uncommon genius's '—But indeed ſhe *ſhould* have been con-'trouled in it, had I been here.'

The lady fetched a profound ſigh, and, ſtarting, it broke off our talk; and the colonel then withdrew farther behind the ſcreen, that his ſudden appearance might not ſurprize her.

'Where am I?' ſaid ſhe. 'How 'drowſy I am! How long have I dozed? '—Don't go, Sir,' (for I was retiring.) 'I am very ſtupid, and ſhall be more 'and more ſo, I ſuppoſe.'

She then offered to raiſe herſelf; but being ready to faint through weakneſs, was forced to ſit down again, reclining her head on her chair back; and, after a few moments, 'I believe now, my 'good friends,' ſaid ſhe, 'all your kind 'trouble will ſoon be over. I have ſlept, 'but am not refreſhed, and my fingers 'ends ſeem numbed—have no feeling!' (holding them up)—'Tis time to ſend 'the letter to my good Norton.'

'Shall I, Madam, ſend my ſervant 'poſt with it?'

'O no, Sir, I thank you. It will 'reach the dear woman too ſoon (as ſhe 'will think) by the poſt.'

I told her this was not poſt-day.

'Is it Wedneſday ſtill,' ſaid ſhe: 'Bleſs me! I know not how the time 'goes: but very tediouſly, 'tis plain. 'And now I think I muſt ſoon take to 'my bed. All will be moſt conveniently, 'and with leaſt trouble, over there—'Will it not, Mrs. Lovick?—I think, 'Sir,' turning to me, 'I have left nothing 'to theſe laſt incapacitating hours. No-'thing either to ſay or do. I bleſs God, 'I have not. If I *had*, how unhappy 'ſhould I be! Can you, Sir, remind me 'of any-thing neceſſary to be done or 'ſaid to make your office eaſy?'

'If, Madam, your couſin Morden 'ſhould come, you would be glad to ſee 'him, I preſume?'

'I am too weak to wiſh to ſee my 'couſin now. It would but diſcompoſe 'me,'

'me, and him too. Yet, if he come 'while I *can* ſee, I *will* ſee him, were it 'but to thank him for former favours, 'and for his preſent kind intentions to 'me. Has any-body been here from 'him?'

'He has called, and will be here, 'Madam, in half an hour; but he feared 'to ſurprize you.'

'Nothing can ſurprize me now, ex'cept my mamma were to favour me 'with her laſt bleſſing in perſon. That 'would be a welcome ſurprize to me 'even yet. But did my couſin come 'purpoſely to town to ſee me?'

'Yes, Madam. I took the liberty to 'let him know, by a line laſt Monday, 'how ill you were.'

'You are very kind, Sir. I am and 'have been greatly obliged to you. But 'I think I ſhall be pained to ſee him 'now, becauſe he will be concerned to 'ſee me. And yet, as I am not ſo ill as 'I ſhall preſently be—the ſooner he 'comes, the better. But if he come, 'what ſhall I do about the ſcreen? He 'will chide me, very probably; and I 'cannot bear chiding now. Perhaps,' [leaning upon Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith] 'I can walk into the next apart'ment to receive him.'

She motioned to riſe; but was ready to faint again, and forced to ſit ſtill.

The colonel was in a perfect agitation behind the ſcreen, to hear this diſcourſe; and twice, unſeen by his couſin, was coming from it towards her; but retreated, for fear of ſurprizing her too much.

I ſtept to him, and favoured his retreat; ſhe only ſaying, 'Are you going, 'Mr. Belford? Are you ſent for down? 'Is my couſin come?' For ſhe heard ſomebody ſtep ſoftly acroſs the room, and thought it to be me; her hearing being more perfect than her ſight.

I told her, I believed he was; and ſhe ſaid, 'We muſt make the beſt of it, 'Mrs. Lovick—and Mrs. Smith.—I 'ſhall otherwiſe moſt grievouſly ſhock 'my poor couſin: for he loved me dear'ly once. Pray give me a few of the 'doctor's laſt drops in water, to keep 'up my ſpirits for this one interview; 'and that is all, I believe, that can con'cern me now.'

The colonel (who heard all this) ſent in his name; and I, pretending to go down to him, introduced the afflicted gentleman; ſhe having firſt ordered the ſcreen to be put as cloſe to the window as poſſible, that he might not ſee what was behind it; while he, having heard what ſhe had ſaid about it, was determined to take no notice of it.

He folded the angel in his arms as ſhe ſat, dropping down on one knee; for, ſupporting herſelf upon the two elbows of the chair, ſhe attempted to riſe, but could not. 'Excuſe, my dear couſin,' ſaid ſhe, 'excuſe me, that I cannot 'ſtand up—I did not expect this favour 'now. But I am glad of this opportu'nity to thank you for all your gene'rous goodneſs to me.'

'I never, my beſt-beloved and dear'eſt couſin,' ſaid he, (with eyes run'ning over) 'ſhall forgive myſelf, that I 'did not attend you ſooner. Little did 'I think you were ſo ill; nor do any of 'your friends believe it. If they did—'

'*If they did*,' repeated ſhe, interrupting him, 'I ſhould have had more com'paſſion from them. I am ſure I ſhould. 'But pray, Sir, how did you leave 'them? Are *you* reconciled to them? 'If you are not, I beg, if you love your 'poor Clariſſa, that you will: for every 'widened difference augments but my 'fault; ſince *that* is the foundation of 'all.'

'I had been expecting to hear from 'them in your favour, my dear couſin,' ſaid he, 'for ſome hours, when this 'gentleman's letter arrived, which haſ'tened me up; but I have the account 'of your grandfather's eſtate to make 'up with you, and have bills and drafts 'upon their banker for the ſums due to 'you; which they deſire you may re'ceive, leſt you ſhould have occaſion for 'money. And this is ſuch an earneſt 'of an approaching reconciliation, that 'I dare to anſwer for all the reſt being 'according to your wiſhes, if—'

'Ah! Sir,' interrupted ſhe, with frequent breaks and pauſes, 'I wiſh, I wiſh, 'this does not rather ſhew, that were I 'to live, they would have nothing more 'to ſay to me. I never had any pride 'in being independent of them: all my 'actions, when I might have made my'ſelf *more* independent, ſhew this—But 'what avail theſe reflections now?—I 'only beg, Sir, that you—and *this* gen'tleman—to whom I am exceedingly 'obliged—will adjuſt thoſe matters—'according to the will I have written.—'Mr. Belford will excuſe me; but it 'was in truth more neceſſity than choice, 'that made me think of giving him the 'trouble he ſo kindly accepts.—Had I 'had the happineſs to ſee you, my cou'ſin, ſooner—or to know that you ſtill 'honoured me with your regard—I 'ſhould not have had the aſſurance to

'ask this favour of *him*.—But—though 'the friend of Mr. Lovelace, he is a man 'of honour, and he will make peace 'rather than break it. And, my dear 'coufin, let me beg of you—to contri- 'bute your part to it—and remember, 'that, while I have nearer relations 'than my coufin Morden, dear as you 'are, and alway were to me, you have 'no title to avenge my wrongs upon him 'who has been the occafion of them. 'But I wrote to you my mind on this 'fubject, and my reafons; and I hope I 'need not further urge them.'

'I muft do Mr. Lovelace fo much juf- 'tice,' anfwered he, wiping his eyes, 'as 'to witnefs, how fincerely he repents 'him of his ungrateful bafenefs to you, 'and how ready he is to make you all 'the amends in his power. He owns *his* 'wickednefs, and *your* merit. If he did 'not, I could not pafs it over, though 'you *have* nearer relations: for, my 'dear coufin, did not your grandfather 'leave me in truft for you? And fhould 'I think myfelf concerned for your for- 'tune, and not for your honour? But 'fince he is fo defirous to do you juftice, 'I have the lefs to fay; and you may 'make yourfelf entirely eafy on that ac- 'count.'

'I thank you—thank you, Sir,' faid fhe:—'All is now as I wifhed: but I 'am very faint—very weak. I am forry 'I cannot hold up—that I cannot bet- 'ter deferve the honour of this vifit: 'but it will not be——' And faying this, fhe funk down in her chair, and was filent.

Hereupon we both withdrew, leaving word, that we would be at the Bedford Head, if any-thing extraordinary happened.

We befpoke a little repaft, having neither of us dined; and, while it was getting ready, you may guefs at the fubject of our difcourfe. Both joined in lamentation for the lady's defperate ftate: admired her manifold excellences: feverely condemned you, and her friends. Yet, to bring him into better opinion of you, I read to him fome paffages from your laft letters, which fhewed your concern for the wrongs you had done her, and your deep remorfe: and he faid, It was a dreadful thing to labour under the fenfe of a guilt fo irremediable.

We procured Mr. Goddard (Dr. H. not being at home) once more to vifit her, and to call upon us in his return. He was fo good as to do fo; but he tarried with her not five minutes; and told us, That fhe was drawing on apace; that he feared fhe would not live till morning; and that fhe wifhed to fee Colonel Morden directly.

The colonel made excufes where none were needed; and though our little refection was juft brought in, he went away immediately.

I could not touch a morfel; and took pen and ink to amufe myfelf, and oblige you; knowing how impatient you would be for a few lines: for, from what I have recited, you will fee it was impoffible I could withdraw to write, when your fervant came at half an hour after five, or have an opportunity for it till now; and *this* is accidental: and yet your poor fellow was afraid to go away with the verbal meffage I fent; importing, as no doubt he told you, that the colonel was with us, the lady exceffively ill, and that I could not ftir to write a line.

TEN O'CLOCK.

THE colonel fent to me afterwards, to tell me, that the lady having been in convulfions, he was fo much difordered, that he could not poffibly attend me.

I have fent every half-hour to know how fhe does: and juft now I have the pleafure to hear, that her convulfions have left her; and that fhe is gone to reft in a much quieter way than could be expected.

Her poor coufin is very much indifpofed; yet will not ftir out of the houfe while fhe is in fuch a way; but intends to lie down on a couch, having refufed any other accommodation.

LETTER XVII.

MR. BELFORD. IN CONTINUATION.

SOHO, SIX O'CLOCK, SEPT. 7.

THE lady is ftill alive. The colonel having juft fent his fervant to let me know that fhe enquired after me about an hour ago, I am dreffing to attend her. Joel begs of me to difpatch him back, though but with one line to gratify your prefent impatience. He expects, he fays, to find you at Knightfbridge, let him make what haffe he can back; and if he has not a line or two to pacify you, he is afraid you will piftol him; for he apprehends that you are hardly yourfelf. I therefore difpatch this; and will have another ready as foon as I can, with particulars. But you muft have a little patience; for how can I withdraw every half-hour to write, if I am admitted to the lady's prefence, or if I am with the colonel?

SMITH'S,

EIGHT O'CLOCK, EIGHT IN THE MORNING.

THE lady is in a ſlumber. Mrs. Lovick, who ſat up with her, ſays, ſhe had a better night than was expected; for although ſhe ſlept little, ſhe ſeemed eaſy; and the eaſier for the pious frame ſhe was in; all her waking moments being taken up in devotion, or in an ejaculatory ſilence; her hands and eyes often lifted up, and her lips moving with a fervour worthy of theſe her laſt hours.

TEN O'CLOCK.

THE colonel being earneſt to ſee his couſin as ſoon as ſhe awoke, we were both admitted. We obſerved in her, as ſoon as we entered, ſtrong ſymptoms of her approaching diſſolution, notwithſtanding what the women had flattered us with from her laſt night's tranquillity. The colonel and I, each loth to ſay what we thought, looked upon one another with melancholy countenances.

The colonel told her, He ſhould ſend a ſervant to her uncle Antony's, for ſome papers he had left there; and aſked, If ſhe had any commands that way?

She thought not, ſhe ſaid, ſpeaking more inwardly than ſhe did the day before. She had indeed a letter ready to be ſent to her good Norton; and there was a requeſt intimated in it: but it was time enough, if the requeſt were ſignified to thoſe whom it concerned when all was over. However, it might be ſent them by the ſervant who was going that way. And ſhe cauſed it to be given to the colonel for that purpoſe.

Her breath being very ſhort, ſhe deſired another pillow. Having two before, this made her in a manner ſit up in her bed; and ſhe ſpoke then with more diſtinctneſs; and, ſeeing us greatly concerned, forgot her own ſufferings to comfort us; and a charming lecture ſhe gave us, though a brief one, upon the happineſs of a timely preparation, and upon the hazards of a late repentance, when the mind, as ſhe obſerved, was ſo ſo much weakened, as well as the body, as to render a poor ſoul hardly able to contend with it's natural infirmities.

'I beſeech ye, my good friends,' proceeded ſhe, 'mourn not for one who 'mourns not, nor has cauſe to mourn, 'for herſelf. On the contrary, rejoice 'with me, that all my worldly troubles 'are ſo near their end.—Believe me, 'Sirs, that I would not, if I might, 'chuſe to live, although the pleaſanteſt 'part of my life were to come over 'again; and yet *eighteen years of it*, out 'of *nineteen*, have been *very* pleaſant. 'To be ſo much expoſed to temptation, 'and to be ſo liable to fail in the trial, 'who would not rejoice, that all her 'dangers are over!—All I wiſhed was 'pardon and bleſſing from my dear pa'rents. Eaſy as my departure ſeems 'to promiſe to be, it would have been 'ſtill eaſier, had I had that pleaſure. 'BUT GOD ALMIGHTY WOULD NOT 'LET ME DEPEND FOR COMFORT 'UPON ANY BUT HIMSELF.'

She then repeated her requeſt, in the moſt earneſt manner, to her *couſin*, that he would not *heighten* her fault, by ſeeking to avenge her death; to *me*, that I would endeavour to make up all breaches, and uſe the power I had with my friend, to prevent all future miſchiefs *from* him, as well as that which this truſt might give me, to prevent any *to* him.

She made ſome excuſes to her *couſin*, for having not been able to alter her will, to join him in the executorſhip with me; and to *me*, for the trouble ſhe had given, and yet ſhould give me.

She had fatigued herſelf ſo much, (growing ſenſibly weaker) that ſhe ſunk her head upon her pillows, ready to faint; and we withdrew to the window, looking upon one another; but could not tell what to ſay; and yet both ſeemed inclinable to ſpeak: but the motion paſſed over in ſilence. Our eyes only ſpoke; and that in a manner neither's were uſed to; mine, at leaſt, not till I knew this admirable creature.

The colonel withdrew to diſmiſs his meſſenger, and ſend away the letter to Mrs. Norton. I took the opportunity to retire likewiſe; and to write thus far. And Joel returning to take it; I now cloſe here.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. BELFORD. IN CONTINUATION.

THE colonel tells me, That he has written to Mr. John Harlowe, by his ſervant, that they might ſpare themſelves the trouble of debating about a reconciliation; for that his dear couſin would probably be no more, before they could reſolve.

He aſked me after his couſin's means of ſubſiſting; and whether ſhe had accepted of any favour from *me*: he was ſure, he ſaid, ſhe would not from *you*.

I acquainted him with the truth of her parting with ſome of her apparel.

This wrung his heart; and bitterly did

did he exclaim as well againſt you, as againſt her implacable relations.

He wiſhed he had not come to England at all, or had come ſooner; and hoped I would apprize him of the whole mournful ſtory, at a proper ſeaſon. He added, that he had thoughts, when he came over, of fixing here for the remainder of his days: but now, as it was impoſſible his couſin could recover, he would go abroad again, and reſettle himſelf at Florence or Leghorn.

THE lady has been giving orders, with great preſence of mind, about her body; directing her nurſe and her maid of the houſe to put her into her coffin as ſoon as ſhe is cold. Mr. Belford, ſhe ſaid, would know the reſt by her will.

SHE has juſt now given from her boſom, where ſhe always wore it, a miniature picture ſet in gold of Miſs Howe: ſhe gave it to Mrs. Lovick, deſiring her to fold it up in white paper, and direct it, '*To Charles Hickman, Eſq.*' and to give it to me, when ſhe was departed, for that gentleman.

She looked upon the picture, before ſhe gave it her—'*Sweet and ever-amiable Friend — Companion — Siſter — Lover!*' ſaid ſhe—And kiſſed it four ſeveral times, once at each tender appellation.

YOUR other ſervant is come.—Well may you be impatient!—Well may you!—But do you think I can leave off in the middle of a converſation, to run and ſet down what offers, and ſend it away piece-meal as I write?—If I *could*, muſt I not loſe one half, while I put down the other?

This event is nearly as intereſting to *me* as it is to *you*. If you are more grieved than I, there can be but one reaſon for it; and that's at your heart!—I had rather loſe all the friends I have in the world, (yourſelf in the number) than this divine lady; and ſhall be unhappy whenever I think of her ſufferings, and of her merit; though I have nothing to reproach myſelf by reaſon of the former.

I ſay not this, juſt now, ſo much to reflect upon you, as to expreſs my own grief; though your conſcience, I ſuppoſe, will make you think otherwiſe.

Your poor fellow, who ſays, that he begs for *his life* in deſiring to be diſpatched back with a letter, tears this from me—Elſe perhaps (for I am juſt ſent for down) a quarter of an hour would make you—not *eaſy* indeed—but *certain*—And that, in a *ſtate* like yours, to a *mind* like yours, is a relief.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, 4 O'CLOCK.

LETTER XIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO RICHARD MOWBRAY, ESQ.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

DEAR MOWBRAY,

I Am glad to hear you are in town.—Throw yourſelf, the moment this comes to your hand, (if poſſible with Tourville) in the way of the man who leaſt of all men deſerves the love of the worthy heart; but moſt that of thine and Tourville; elſe the news I ſhall moſt probably ſend him within an hour or two, will make annihilation the greateſt bleſſing he has to wiſh for.

You will find him between Piccadilly and Kenſington, moſt probably on horſeback, riding backwards and forwards in a crazy way; or put up, perhaps, at ſome inn or tavern in the way; a waiter poſſibly, if ſo, watching for his ſervant's return to him from me.

HIS man Will is juſt come to me. He will carry this to you in his way back, and be your director. Hie away in a coach, or any how. Your being with him may ſave either his or a ſervant's life.—See the bleſſed effects of triumphant libertiniſm!—Sooner or later it comes home to us, and all concludes in gall and bitterneſs!—Adieu.

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

CURSE upon the colonel, and curſe upon the writer of the laſt letter I received, and upon all the world! Thou to pretend to be as much intereſted in my Clariſſa's fate as myſelf! 'Tis well for one of us, that this was not ſaid to me, inſtead of written—Living or dying, ſhe is mine—and mine only. Have I not earned her dearly?—Is not damnation likely to be the purchaſe to me, though a happy eternity will be hers?

An eternal ſeparation!—O God!—O God!—How can I bear that thought!—But yet there is life!—Yet, therefore, hope—Enlarge my hope, and thou ſhalt be my good genius, and I will forgive thee every thing.

For this laſt time—But it muſt not, ſhall not, be the *laſt*—Let me hear, the moment

moment thou receiveſt this—what I *am* to be—For, at preſent, I am

The moſt miſerable of men.

ROSE AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, 5 O'CLOCK.

My fellow tells me, that thou art ſending Mowbray and Tourville to me. I want them not. My ſoul's ſick of them, and of all the world; but moſt of myſelf. Yet, as they ſend me word they will come to me immediately, I will wait for them, and for thy next. —O Belford! let it not be—But haſten it, haſten it, be what it may.

LETTER XXI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SEVEN O'CLOCK, THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 7.

I Have only to ſay at preſent—Thou wilt do well to make a tour to Paris; or wherever elſe thy deſtiny ſhall lead thee!!!—

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER XXII.

MR. MOWBRAY, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

UXBRIDGE, SEPT. 7, BETWEEN 11 AND 12 AT NIGHT.

DEAR JACK,

I Send by poor Lovelace's deſire, for *particulars* of the fatal breviate thou ſenteſt him this night. He cannot bear to ſet pen to paper; yet wants to know every minute paſſage of Miſs Harlowe's departure. Yet, why he ſhould, I cannot ſee; for if ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone; and who can help it?

I never heard of ſuch a woman in my life. What great matters has ſhe ſuffered, that grief ſhould kill her thus?

I wiſh the poor fellow had never known her. From firſt to laſt, what trouble ſhe has coſt him! The charming fellow has been half loſt to us ever ſince he purſued her. And what is there in one woman more than another, for matter of that?

It was well we were with him when your note came. You ſhewed your true friendſhip in your foreſight. Why, Jack, the poor fellow was quite beſide himſelf—Mad as any man ever was in Bedlam.

Will brought him the letter juſt after we had joined him at the Bohemia Head; where he had left word at the Roſe at Knightſbridge he ſhould be; for he had been ſauntering up and down, backwards and forwards, expecting us, and his fellow. Will, as ſoon as he delivered it, got out of his way; and when he opened it, never was ſuch a piece of ſcenery. He trembled like a devil at receiving it: fumbled at the ſeal, his fingers in a palſy, like Tom Doleman's; his hand ſhake, ſhake, ſhake, that he tore the letter in two, before he could come at the contents: and when he had re'd them, off went his hat to one corner of the room, his wig to the other—'Damnation ſeize the world!' and a whole volley of ſuch-like *execrations* wiſhes; running up and down the room, and throwing up the ſaſh, and pulling it down, and ſmiting his forehead with his double fiſt, with ſuch force as would have felled an ox, and ſtamping and tearing, that the landlord ran in, and faſter out again. And this was the *diſtraction ſcene* for ſome time.

In vain was all Jemmy or I could ſay to him. I offered once to take hold of his hands, becauſe he was going to do himſelf a miſchief, as I believed, looking about for his piſtols, which he had laid upon the table, but which Will, unſeen, had taken out with him, [A faithful honeſt dog, that Will! I ſhall for ever love the fellow for it] and he hit me a damned dowſe of the chops, as made my noſe bleed. 'Twas well 'twas he; for I hardly knew how to take it.

Jemmy raved at him, and told him, How wicked it was in him, to be ſo brutiſh to abuſe a friend, and run mad for a woman. And then he ſaid, He was ſorry for it; and then Will ventured in with water and a towel; and the dog rejoiced, as I could ſee by his look, that I *had it* rather than he.

And ſo, by degrees, we brought him a little to his reaſon, and he promiſed to behave more like a man. And ſo I forgave him: and we rode on in the dark to *here* at Doleman's. And we tried to ſhame him out of his mad ungovernable fooliſhneſs: for we told him, as how ſhe was but a woman, and an obſtinate perverſe woman too; and how could he help it?

And you know, Jack, (As we told him moreover) that it was a ſhame to manhood, for a man, who had ſerved twenty and twenty women as bad or worſe, let him have ſerved Miſs Harlowe never ſo bad, ſhould give himſelf ſuch *obſtropulous* airs, becauſe ſhe would die: and we adviſed him never to attempt

tempt a woman proud of her character and virtue, as they call it, any more: for why? The conqueſt did not pay trouble; and what was there in one woman more than another? Hay, you know, Jack!—And thus we comforted him, and adviſed him.

But yet his damned addled pate runs upon this lady as much now ſhe's dead, as it did when ſhe was living. For, I ſuppoſe, Jack, it is no joke: ſhe is certainly and *bona fide* dead? I'n't ſhe? If not, thou deſerveſt to be doubly damned for thy fooling, I tell thee that. So he will have me write for particulars of her *departure*.

He won't hear the word *dead* on any account. A ſqueamiſh puppy! How love unmans and ſoftens! And ſuch a *noble* fellow as this too! Rot him for an ideot, and an oaf! I have no patience with the looliſh *duncical* dog—Upon my ſoul, I have not!

So ſend the account, and let him howl over it, as I ſuppoſe he will.

But he muſt and ſhall go abroad: and in a month or two Jemmy, and you, and I, will join him, and he'll ſoon get the better of this chicken-hearted folly, never fear; and will then be aſhamed of himſelf: and then we'll not ſpare him; though *now*, poor fellow, it were pity to *lay on him ſo thick* as he deſerves. And do thou, till then, ſpare all reflections upon him; for, it ſeems, thou haſt *worked him* unmercifully.

I was willing to give thee ſome account of the hand we have had with the roaring fellow, who had certainly been a loſt man, had we not been with him; or he would have killed ſomebody or other. I have no doubt of it. And *now* he is but very middling; ſits grinning like a man in ſtraw; curſes and ſwears, and is confounded gloomy: and creeps into holes and corners, like an old hedge-hog hunted for his greaſe.

And ſo adieu, Jack. Tourville, and all of us, wiſh for thee; for no one has the influence upon him that thou haſt.

R. MOWBRAY.

As I promiſed him that I would write for the particulars above-ſaid, I write this after all are gone to bed; and the fellow is to ſet out with it by day-break.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

I May as well try to write; ſince, were I to go to bed, I ſhall not ſleep. I never had ſuch a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demiſe of this admirable woman; whoſe ſoul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is huſh and ſtill; the family retired; but not one of them, and leaſt of all her poor couſin, I dare ſay, to reſt.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my laſt, I was ſent for down; and, as thou uſedſt to like my deſcriptions, I will give thee the woeful ſcene that preſented itſelf to me, as I approached the bed.

The colonel was the firſt that took my attention, kneeling on the ſide of the bed, the lady's right-hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; although ſhe had been comforting him, as the women ſince told me, in elevated ſtrains, but broken accents.

On the other ſide of the bed ſat the good widow; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head againſt the bed's head in a moſt diſconſolate manner; and turning her face to me, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, 'O, Mr. Belford,' cried ſhe, with folded hands—'The dear 'lady—' A heavy ſob permitted her not to ſay more.

Mrs. Smith, with claſped fingers, and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the Only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her nurſe was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand ſhe held an ineffectual cordial, which ſhe had juſt been offering to her dying miſtreſs; her face was ſwoln with weeping; (though uſed to ſuch ſcenes as this) and ſhe turned her eyes towards me, as if ſhe called upon me by them to join in the helpleſs ſorrow; a freſh ſtream burſting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the houſe with her face upon her folded arms, as ſhe ſtood leaning againſt the wainſcot, more audibly expreſſed her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been ſilent a few minutes, and ſpeechleſs, as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I ſaid, in her couſin's. But when Mrs. Lovick on my approach pronounced my name, 'O! Mr. Belford,' ſaid ſhe, with a faint inward voice, but very diſtinct nevertheleſs—'Now!—'Now!' [in broken periods ſhe ſpoke]—'I bleſs God for his mercies to his poor 'creature—will all ſoon be over—A

'few—

'few—a very few moments—will end 'this ſtrife—And I ſhall be happy!

'Comfort here, Sir,'—turning her head to the colonel—'Comfort my couſin—See! the blame—able kindneſs—'He would not wiſh me to be happy—'ſo *ſoon!*'

Here ſhe ſtopt, for two or three minutes, earneſtly looking upon him: then reſuming, 'My deareſt couſin,' ſaid ſhe, 'be comforted—What is dying but the 'common lot?—The mortal frame may '*ſeem* to labour—But that is all!—It is 'not ſo hard to die, as I believed it to 'be!—The preparation is the difficulty '—I bleſs God, I have had time for 'that—The reſt is worſe to beholders, 'than to me!—I am all bleſſed hope—'Hope itſelf.' She *look'd* what ſhe ſaid, a ſweet ſmile beaming over her countenance.

After a ſhort ſilence, 'Once more, 'my dear couſin,' ſaid ſhe, but ſtill in broken accents, 'commend me moſt dutifully to my father and mother.'—There ſhe ſtopt. And then proceeding—'To my ſiſter—To my brother—To my 'uncles—And tell them, I bleſs them 'with my parting breath—for all their 'goodneſs to me—Even for their diſpleaſure, I bleſs them—Moſt happy 'has been to me my puniſhment *here!* 'Happy indeed!'

She was ſilent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her couſin held not between his. Then, '*O*, '*death!*' ſaid ſhe, '*where is thy ſting?*' [The words I remember to have heard in the burial-ſervice read over my uncle and poor Belton.] And after a pauſe—'*It is good for me that I was afflicted!*' Words of Scripture, I ſuppoſe.

Then turning towards us, who were loſt in ſpeechleſs ſorrow—'O dear, *dear* 'gentlemen,' ſaid ſhe, 'you know not 'what *foretaſtes*—what *aſſurances*—' And there ſhe again ſtopped, and look'd up, as if in a thankful rapture, ſweetly ſmiling.

Then turning her head towards me—'Do *you*, Sir, tell your friend, that I 'forgive him!—And I pray to God to 'forgive him!'—Again pauſing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that He would. 'Let him know how happily I 'die:—and that ſuch as my own, I wiſh 'to be his laſt hour.'

She was again ſilent for a few moments: and then reſuming—'My ſight 'fails me!—Your voices only—' [for we both applauded her Chriſtian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own;] 'and the voice of grief 'is alike in all.—Is not this Mr. Mor-'den's hand?' preſſing one of his with that he had juſt let go.—'Which is Mr. 'Belford's?' holding out the other. I gave her mine. 'God Almighty bleſs 'you both,' ſaid ſhe, 'and make you 'both—in your laſt hour—for you *muſt* 'come to this—happy as I am!'

She pauſed again, her breath growing ſhorter; and, after a few minutes, 'And 'now, my deareſt couſin, give me your 'hand—Nearer—ſtill nearer—' drawing it towards her; and ſhe preſſed it with her dying lips—'God protect you, dear, 'dear Sir—And once more, receive my 'beſt and moſt grateful thanks—And 'tell my dear Miſs Howe—and vouch-'ſafe to ſee, and to tell my worthy Nor-'ton—She will be one day, I fear not, 'though now lowly in her fortunes, a 'ſaint in Heaven—Tell them both, that 'I remember them with thankful bleſ-'ſings in my laſt moments!—And pray 'God to give them happineſs *here* for 'many, many years, for the ſake of 'their friends and lovers; and an hea-'venly crown *hereafter*; and ſuch aſ-'ſurances of it, as I have, through the 'all-ſatisfying merits of my bleſſed Re-'deemer.'

Her ſweet voice and broken periods methinks ſtill fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a ſhort ſilence, in a more broken and faint accent—'And you, Mr. 'Belford,' preſſing my hand, 'may God 'preſerve you, and make you ſenſible of 'all your errors—You ſee, in me, how 'all ends—May *you* be—' And down ſunk her head upon her pillow, ſhe fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought ſhe was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burſt of grief.

But ſoon ſhewing ſigns of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I beſought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-pronounced bleſſing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head ſix ſeveral times, as we have ſince recollected, as if diſtinguiſhing every perſon preſent; not forgetting the nurſe and the maid-ſervant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crouding in for the divine lady's laſt bleſſing; and ſhe ſpoke faltering and inwardly—'Bleſs—bleſs—bleſs—you all—'And now—And now—' [holding up her almoſt lifeleſs hands for the laſt time] 'Come—O come—Bleſſed Lord—'JESUS!'

And with theſe words, the laſt but half

half pronounced, expired:—such a ſmile, ſuch a charming ſerenity overſpreading her ſweet face at the inſtant, as ſeemed to manifeſt her eternal happineſs already begun.

O, Lovelace!—but I can write no more!

I RESUME my pen to add a few lines. While warm, though pulſeleſs, we preſſed each her hand with our lips; and then retired into the next room.

We looked at each other, with intent to ſpeak: but, as if one motion governed, as one cauſe affected both, we turned away ſilent.

The colonel ſighed as if his heart would burſt: at laſt, his face and hands uplifted, his back towards me, 'Good 'Heaven!' ſaid he to himſelf, 'ſupport 'me!—And is it thus, O flower of na-'ture!'—Then pauſing—'And muſt we 'no more—*Never more!*—My bleſſed, 'bleſſed couſin!' uttering ſome other words, which his ſighs made inarticulate:—And then, as if recollecting himſelf—'Forgive me, Sir!—Excuſe me, 'Mr. Belford!' And, ſliding by me, 'Anon I hope to ſee you, Sir.'—And down ſtairs he went, and out of the houſe, leaving me a ſtatue.

When I recovered, I was ready to repine at what I *then* called an unequal diſpenſation; forgetting her happy preparation, and ſtill happier departure; and that ſhe had but drawn a common lot; triumphing in it, and leaving behind her, every-one leſs aſſured of happineſs, though equally certain that the lot would one day be their own.

She departed exactly at forty minutes after ſix o'clock, as by her watch on the table.

And thus died Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, in the bloſſom of her youth and beauty: and who, her tender years conſidered, has not left behind her her ſuperior in extenſive knowledge, and watchful prudence; nor hardly her equal for unblemiſhed virtue, exemplary piety, ſweetneſs of manners, diſcreet generoſity, and true chriſtian charity: and theſe all ſet off by the moſt graceful modeſty and humility; yet on all proper occaſions, manifeſting a noble preſence of mind, and true magnanimity: ſo that ſhe may be ſaid to have been not only an ornament to her ſex, but to human nature.

A better pen than mine may do her fuller juſtice. Thine, I mean, O, Lovelace! For well doſt thou know how much ſhe excelled in the graces both of mind and perſon, natural and acquired, all that is woman. And thou alſo canſt beſt account for the cauſe of her immature death, through thoſe calamities which in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, from the higheſt pitch of felicity, (every-one in a manner adoring her) brought her to an exit ſo happy for herſelf, but, that it was ſo *early*, ſo much to be deplored by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

This taſk, then, I leave to thee: but now I can write no more, only that I am a ſympathizer in every part of thy diſtreſs, except (and yet it is cruel to ſay it) in that which ariſes from thy guilt.

ONE O'CLOCK, FRIDAY MORNING.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

NINE, FRIDAY NOON.

I Have no opportunity to write at length, having neceſſary orders to give on the melancholy occaſion. Joel, who got to me by ſix in the morning, and whom I diſpatched inſtantly back with the letter I had ready from laſt night, gives me but an indifferent account of the ſtate of your mind. I wonder not at it; but time (and nothing elſe can) will make it eaſier to you: if (that is to ſay) you have compounded with your conſcience; elſe it may be heavier every day than other.

TOURVILLE tells us what a way you are in. I hope you will not think of coming hither. The lady in her will deſires you may not ſee her. Four copies are making of it. It is a long one; for ſhe gives her reaſons for all ſhe wills. I will write to you more particularly as ſoon as poſſibly I can.

THREE letters are juſt brought by a ſervant in livery, directed, '*To Miſs* '*Clariſſa Harlowe.*' I will ſend copies of them to you. The contents are enough to make one mad. How would this poor lady have rejoiced to receive them!—And yet, if ſhe had, ſhe would not have been enabled to ſay, as ſhe nobly did, *That God would not let her depend for comfort upon any but Himſelf.*—And indeed for ſome days paſt ſhe had ſeemed to have got above all worldly conſiderations—Her *fervent love, even for her Miſs Howe*, as ſhe acknowledged, having given way to *ſupremer fervors.*

LETTER XXV.

MRS. NORTON, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6.

AT length, my beſt-beloved Miſs Clary, every-thing is in the wiſhed train: for all your relations are unanimous in your favour. Even your brother and ſiſter are with the foremoſt to be reconciled to you.

I knew it muſt end thus! By patience, and perſevering ſweetneſs, what a triumph have you gained!

This happy change is owing to letters received from your phyſician, from your couſin Morden, and from Mr. Brand.

Colonel Morden will be with you no doubt before this can reach you, with his pocket-book filled with money-bills, that nothing may be wanting to make you eaſy.

And *now*, all our hopes, all our prayers, are, that this good news may reſtore you to ſpirits and health; and that (ſo long withheld) it may not come too late.

I know how much your dutiful heart will be raiſed with the joyful tidings I write you, and ſtill ſhall more particularly tell you of, when I have the happineſs to ſee you: which will be by next Saturday, at fartheſt; perhaps on Friday afternoon, by the time you can receive this.

For this day, being ſent for by the general voice, I was received by every-one with great goodneſs and condeſcenſion, and *entreated* (for that was the word they were pleaſed to uſe, when I needed *no* entreaty, I am ſure), to haſten up to you, and to aſſure you of all their affectionate regards to you: and your father bid me ſay a'l the kind things that were in my *heart* to ſay, in order to comfort and raiſe you up, and they would hold themſelves bound to make them good.

How agreeable is this commiſſion to your Norton! My heart will overflow with kind ſpeeches, never fear! I am alrea'y meditating what I ſhall ſay, to cheer and raiſe you up, in the names of every-one dear and near to you. And ſorry I am, that I cannot this moment ſet out, as I might, inſtead of writing, would they favour my eager impatience with their chariot; but as it was not offered, it would be preſumption to have aſked for it: and to-morrow a hired chaiſe-and pair will be ready; but at what hour I know not.

How I long once more to fold my dear precious young lady to my fond, my *more* than fond, my *maternal* boſom!

Your ſiſter will write to you, and ſend her letter, with this, by a particular hand.

I muſt not let them ſee what I write, becauſe of my wiſh about the chariot.

Your uncle Harlowe will alſo write, and (I doubt not) in the kindeſt terms: for they are all extremely alarmed and troubled at the dangerous way your doctor repreſents you to be in; as well as delighted with the character he gives you. Would to Heaven the good gentleman had written *ſooner!* And yet he writes, that you know not he has *now* written. But it is all our confidence, and our conſolation, that he would not have written at all, had he thought it too late.

They will preſcribe no conditions to you, my dear young lady; but will leave all to your own duty and diſcretion. Only your brother and ſiſter declare, they will never yield to call Mr. Lovelace brother: nor will your father, I believe, be eaſily brought to think of him for a ſon.

I am to bring you down with me as ſoon as your health and inclination will permit. You will be received with open arms. Every-one longs to ſee you. All the ſervants pleaſe themſelves, that they ſhall be permitted to kiſs your hands. The pert Betty's note is already changed; and ſhe now runs over in your juſt praiſes. What friends does proſperity make! What enemies adverſity! It always was, and always will be ſo, in every ſtate of life, from the throne to the cottage.—But let all be forgotten now on this jubilee change: and may you, my deareſt Miſs, be capable of rejoicing in this good news; as I know you *will* rejoice, if capable of any thing.

God preſerve you to our happy meeting! And I will, if I may ſay ſo, weary Heaven with my inceſſant prayers to preſerve and reſtore you afterwards!

I need not ſay how much I am, my dear young lady, *your ever-affectionate, and devoted*

JUDITH NORTON.

An unhappy delay as to the chaiſe, will make it Saturday morning before I can fold you to my fond heart.

LETTER XXVI.

MISS ARABELLA HARLOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDN. MORNING, SEPT. 6.

DEAR SISTER,

WE have juſt heard that you are exceedingly ill. We all loved you as never young creature was loved: you are ſenſible of that, ſiſter Clary. And you have been very naughty—But we could not be angry always.

We are indeed more afflicted with the news of your being ſo very ill than I can expreſs: for I ſee not but, after this ſeparation, (as we underſtand that your misfortune has been greater than your fault, and that, however unhappy, you have demeaned yourſelf like the good young creature you uſed to be) we ſhall love you better, if poſſible, than ever.

Take comfort, therefore, ſiſter Clary, and don't be too much caſt down—Whatever your mortifications may be from ſuch noble proſpects over-clouded, and from the reflections you will have from *within*, on your faulty ſtep, and from the ſullying of ſuch a charming character by it, you will receive none from *any of us:* and, as an earneſt of your papa's and mamma's favour and reconciliation, they aſſure you by me of their bleſſing and hourly prayers.

If it will be any comfort to you, and my mother finds this letter is received as we expect, (which we ſhall know by the good effect it will have upon your health) ſhe will herſelf go to town to you. Mean time, the good woman you ſo dearly love will be haſtened up to you; and ſhe writes by this opportunity, to acquaint you of it, and of all our returning love.

I hope you will rejoice at this good news. Pray let us hear that you do. Your next grateful letter on this occaſion; eſpecially if it gives us the pleaſure of hearing you are better upon this news, will be received with the ſame (if not greater) delight, than we uſed to have in all your prettily penn'd epiſtles. Adieu, my dear Clary! I am, *your loving ſiſter, and true friend,*

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVII.

TO HIS DEAR NIECE MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6.

WE were greatly grieved, my beloved Miſs Clary, at your fault; but we are ſtill more, if poſſible, to hear you are ſo very ill; and we are ſorry things have been carried ſo far.

We know your talents, my dear, and how movingly you could write, whenever you pleaſed; ſo that nobody could ever deny you any-thing; and, believing you depended on your pen, and little thinking you were ſo ill, and that you had lived ſo regular a life, and are ſo truly penitent, are much troubled every-one of us, your brother and all, for being ſo ſevere. Forgive my part in it, my deareſt Clary. I am your *ſecond papa*, you know. And you *uſed* to love me.

I hope you'll ſoon be able to come down, and, after a while, when your indulgent parents can ſpare you, that you will come to me for a whole month, and rejoice my heart, as you uſed to do. But if, through illneſs, you cannot ſo ſoon come down as we wiſh, I will go up to you; for I long to ſee you. I never more longed to ſee you in my life; and you was always the darling of my heart, you know.

My brother Antony deſires his hearty commendations to you, and joins with me in the tendereſt aſſurance, that all ſhall be well, and, if poſſible, better than ever; for we now have been ſo long without you, that we know the miſs of you, and even hunger and thirſt, as I may ſay, to ſee you, and to take you once more to our hearts: whence indeed you was never baniſhed ſo far as our concern for the unhappy ſtep made *us* think and *you* believe you were. Your ſiſter and brother both talk of ſeeing you in town: ſo does my dear ſiſter, your indulgent mother.

God reſtore your health, if it be his will: elſe, you know not what will become of *your truly loving uncle and ſecond papa,*

JOHN HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 8, PAST TEN.

I Will now take up the account of our proceedings from my letter of laſt night, which contained the dying words of this incomparable lady.

As ſoon as we had ſeen the laſt ſcene cloſed (ſo bleſſedly for herſelf!) we left the body to the care of the good women, who, according to the orders ſhe had given them that very night, removed

moved her into that laſt houſe which ſhe had diſplayed ſo much fortitude in providing.

In the morning, between ſeven and eight o'clock, according to appointment, the colonel came to me here. He was very much indiſpoſed. We went together, accompanied by Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, into the deceaſed's chamber. We could not help taking a view of the lovely corpſe, and admiring the charming ſerenity of her noble aſpect. The women declared, they never ſaw death ſo lovely before; and that ſhe looked as if in an eaſy ſlumber, the colour having not quite left her cheeks and lips.

I unlocked the drawer, in which (as I mentioned in a former) ſhe had depoſited her papers. I told you in mine of Monday laſt, that ſhe had the night before ſealed up with three black ſeals, a parcel inſcribed, '*As ſoon as I am certainly dead, this is to be broke open by Mr. Belford.*' I accuſed myſelf for having not done it over night. But really I was then incapable of any-thing.

I broke it open accordingly, and found in it no leſs than eleven letters, each ſealed with her own ſeal, and black wax, one of which was directed to me.

I will incloſe a copy of it.

'TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

'SUNDAY EVENING, SEPT. 3.

'SIR,

'I TAKE this laſt and ſolemn occaſion to repeat to you my thanks for all your kindneſs to me at a time when I moſt needed countenance and protection.

'A few conſiderations I beg leave, as *now* at your peruſal of this, from the dead, to preſs upon you, with all the warmth of a ſincere friendſhip.

'By the time you will ſee this, you will have had an inſtance, I humbly truſt, of the comfortable importance of a pacified conſcience, in the laſt hours of one, who, *to* the laſt hour, will with your eternal welfare.

'The great Duke of Luxemburgh, as I have heard, on his death-bed, declared, that he would then much rather have had it to reflect upon, that he had adminiſtered a cup of cold water to a worthy poor creature in diſtreſs, than that he had won ſo many battles as he had triumphed for—And, as one well obſerves, all the ſentiments of worldly grandeur vaniſh at that unavoidable moment which decides the deſtiny of men.

'If then, Sir, at the tremendous hour, it be thus with the conquerors of armies, and the ſubduers of nations, let me in very few words (many are not needed) aſk, what, at that period, muſt be the reflections of thoſe (if *capable* of reflection) who have lived a life of ſenſe and offence; whoſe ſtudy and whoſe pride moſt ingloriouſly have been to ſeduce the innocent, and to ruin the weak, the unguarded and the friendleſs; made ſtill more friendleſs by *their* baſe ſeductions?—Oh! Mr. Belford, weigh, ponder, and reflect upon it, now, that in health, and in vigour of mind and body, the reflections will moſt avail you—What an ungrateful, what an unmanly, what a meaner than reptile pride is this!

'In the next place, Sir, let me beg of you, for *my ſake*, who AM, or, as *now* you will beſt read it, *have been*, driven to the neceſſity of applying to you to be the executor of my will, that you will bear according to that generoſity which I think to be in you, with all my friends, and particularly with my brother, (who is really a worthy young man, but perhaps a little too headſtrong in his firſt reſentments and conceptions of things) if any-thing, by reaſon of this truſt, ſhould fall out diſagreeably; and that you will ſtudy to make peace, and to reconcile all parties; and more eſpecially, that you, who ſeem to have a great influence upon your *ſtill more* headſtrong friend, will interpoſe, if occaſion be, to prevent *further* miſchief—For ſurely, Sir, that violent ſpirit may ſit down ſatisfied with the evils he has already wrought; and, particularly, with the wrongs, the heinous and ignoble wrongs, he has in me done to my family, wounded in the tendereſt part of it's honour.

'For your compliance with this requeſt I have already your repeated promiſe. I claim the obſervance of it, therefore, as a debt from you: and though I hope I need not doubt it, yet I was willing, on this ſolemn, this *laſt* occaſion, thus earneſtly to re-enforce it.

'I have another requeſt to make to you: it is only, that you will be pleaſed, by a particular meſſenger, to forward the encloſed letters as directed.

'And now, Sir, having the preſumption to think that an *uſeful* member is loſt to ſociety by means of the unhappy

'py ſtep which has brought my life ſo 'ſoon to it's period, let me hope, that I 'may be an humble inſtrument, in the 'hands of Providence, to reform a man 'of your abilities; and then I ſhall 'think that loſs will be more abundantly 'repaired to the world, while it will be, 'by God's goodneſs, my gain: and I 'ſhall have this farther hope, that once 'more I ſhall have an opportunity, in a 'bleſſed eternity, to thank you, as I 'now repeatedly do, for the good you 'have done to, and the trouble you 'will have taken for, Sir, *your obliged 'ſervant*,

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

The other letters are directed, To her father, To her mother, One to her two uncles, To her brother, To her ſiſter, To her aunt Hervey, To her couſin Morden, To Miſs Howe, To Mrs. Norton, and laſtly one to you, in performance of her promiſe, *that a letter ſhould be ſent you when ſhe arrived at her father's houſe!*——I will withold this laſt till I can be aſſured, that you will be fitter to receive it than Tourville tells me you are at preſent.

Copies of all theſe are ſealed up, and entitled—'*Copies of my ten poſthumous letters, for* J. Belford, *Eſq.*'—and put in among the bundle of papers left to my direction, which I have not yet had leiſure to open.

No wonder, while able, that ſhe was always writing, ſince thus only of late could ſhe employ that time, which heretofore, from the long days ſhe made, cauſed ſo many beautiful works to ſpring from her fingers. It is my opinion, that there never was a woman ſo young, who wrote ſo much, and with ſuch celerity. Her thoughts keeping pace, as I have ſeen, with her pen, ſhe hardly ever ſtopped or heſitated; and very ſeldom blotted out, or altered. It was a natural talent ſhe was miſtreſs of, among many other extraordinary ones. I gave the colonel his letter, and ordered Harry inſtantly to get ready to carry the others. Mean time (retiring into the next apartment) we opened the will. We were both ſo much affected in peruſing it, that at one time the colonel, breaking off, gave it to me to read on; at another I gave it back to him to proceed with; neither of us being able to read it through without ſuch tokens of ſenſibility as affected the voices of each.

Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Smith, and her nurſe, were ſtill more touched, when we read thoſe articles in which they are reſpectively remembered: but I will avoid mentioning the particulars, (except in what relates to the thread of my narration) as in proper time I ſhall ſend you a copy of it.

The colonel told me, he was ready to account with me for the money and bills he had brought up from Harlowe Place; which would enable me, as he ſaid, directly to execute the legacy-parts of the will; and he would needs at that inſtant force into my hands a paper relating to that ſubject. I put it into my pocket-book, without looking into it; telling him, That as I hoped he would do all in his power to promote a literal performance of the will, I muſt beg his advice and aſſiſtance in the execution of it.

Her requeſt to be buried with her anceſtors, made a letter of the following import neceſſary, which I prevailed upon the colonel to write; being unwilling myſelf (ſo *early* at leaſt) to appear officious in the eye of a family which probably wiſhes not any communication with me.

'TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUN. ESQ.

'SIR,

'THE letter which the bearer of 'this brings with him, will, I preſume, 'make it unneceſſary to acquaint you 'and my couſins with the death of the 'moſt excellent of women. But I am 'requeſted by her executor, who will 'ſoon ſend you a copy of her laſt will, 'to acquaint her father (which I chuſe 'to do by your means) that in it ſhe 'earneſtly deſires to be laid in the family-vault, at the feet of her grandfather.

'If her father will not admit of it, 'ſhe has directed her body to be buried 'in the church-yard of the pariſh where 'ſhe died.

'I need not tell you, that a ſpeedy 'anſwer to this is neceſſary.

'Her beatification commenced yeſterday afternoon, exactly at forty minutes 'after ſix.

'I can write no more, than that I am '*yours*, &c.

'WM. MORDEN.

'FRIDAY MORN. SEPT. 8.'

By the time this was written, and by the colonel's leave tranſcribed, Harry came booted and ſpurred, his horſe at the door; and I delivered him the letters to the family, with thoſe to Mrs. Norton and Miſs Howe, (eight in all) together

together with the above of the colonel to Mr. James Harlowe: and gave him orders to make the utmoſt diſpatch with them.

The colonel and I have beſpoke mourning for ourſelves and ſervants.

LETTER XXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SAT. TEN O'CLOCK.

POOR Mrs. Norton is come. She was ſet down at the door; and would have gone up ſtairs directly. But Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick being together and in tears, and the former hinting too ſuddenly to the truly venerable woman the fatal news, ſhe ſunk down at her feet, in fits; ſo that they were forced to breathe a vein, to bring her to herſelf, and to a capacity of exclamation: and then ſhe ran on to Mrs. Lovick and me, who entered juſt as ſhe recovered, in praiſe of the lady, in lamentations for her, and invectives againſt you: but yet ſo circumſcribed were her invectives, that I could obſerve in them the woman well-educated, and in her lamentations the paſſion chriſtianized, as I may ſay.

She was impatient to ſee the corpſe. The women went up with her. But they owned, that they were too much affected themſelves on this occaſion to deſcribe her extremely affecting behaviour.

With trembling impatience ſhe puſhed aſide the coffin lid. She bathed the face with her tears, and kiſſed her cheeks and forehead, as if ſhe were living. It was *ſhe* indeed: ſhe ſaid: her ſweet young lady! her very ſelf! Nor had death, which changed all things, a power to alter her lovely features! She admired the ſerenity of her aſpect. She no doubt was happy, ſhe ſaid, as ſhe had written to her ſhe ſhould be: but how many miſerable creatures had ſhe left behind her!—The good woman lamenting that ſhe herſelf had lived to be one of them.

It was with difficulty they prevailed upon her to quit the corpſe; and when they went into the next apartment, I joined them, and acquainted her with the kind legacy her beloved young lady had left her: but this rather augmented, than diminiſhed her concern. She ought, ſhe ſaid, to have attended her in perſon. What was the world to her, wringing her hands, now the child of her boſom, and of her heart, was no more? Her principal conſolation, however, was, that ſhe ſhould not long ſurvive her. She hoped, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe did not ſin, in wiſhing ſhe might not.

It was eaſy to obſerve, by the ſimilitude of ſentiments ſhewn in this and other particulars, that the divine lady owed to this excellent woman many of her good notions.

I thought it would divert the poor gentlewoman, and not altogether unſuitably, if I were to put her upon furniſhing mourning for herſelf; as it would rouze her, by a ſeaſonable and neceſſary employment, from that diſmal lethargy of grief, which generally ſucceeds the too violent anguiſh with which a gentle nature is accuſtomed to be torn upon the firſt communication of the unexpected loſs of a dear friend. I gave her therefore the thirty guineas bequeathed to her and to her ſon for mourning; the only mourning which the teſtatrix has mentioned: and deſired her to loſe no time in preparing her own, as I doubted not, that ſhe would accompany the corpſe, if it were permitted to be carried down.

The colonel propoſes to attend the herſe, if his kindred give him not freſh cauſe of diſpleaſure; and will take with him a copy of the will. And being intent to give the family ſome favourable impreſſions of me, he deſired me to permit him to take with him the copy of the poſthumous letter to me: which I readily granted. He is ſo kind as to promiſe me a minute account of all that ſhall paſs on the melancholy occaſion. And we have begun a friendſhip and ſettled a correſpondence, which but *one incident* can poſſibly happen to interrupt to the end of our lives. And that I hope will not happen.

But what muſt be the grief, the remorſe, that will ſeize upon the hearts of this hitherto inexorable family, on the receiving of the poſthumous letters, and that of the colonel appriſing them of what has happened! I have given requiſite orders to an undertaker, on the ſuppoſition that the body will be permitted to be carried down; and the women intend to fill the coffin with aromatick herbs.

The colonel has obliged me to take the bills and draughts which he brought up with him, for the conſiderable ſums accrued ſince the grandfather's death from the lady's eſtate.

I could have ſhewn to Mrs. Norton the copies of the two letters which ſhe miſſed by coming up. But her grief

wants not the heightenings which the reading of them would have given her.

I HAVE been dipping into the copies of the poſthumous letters to the family, which Harry has carried down. Well may I call this lady divine. They are all calculated to give comfort rather than reproach, though their cruelty to her merited nothing *but* reproach. But were I in any of their places, how much rather had I, that ſhe had quitted ſcores with me by the moſt ſevere recrimination, than that ſhe ſhould thus nobly triumph over me by a generoſity that has no example! I will incloſe ſome of them, which I deſire you to return as ſoon as you can.

LETTER XXX.

TO THE EVER-HONOURED JAMES HARLOWE, SEN. ESQ.

MOST DEAR SIR,

WITH exulting confidence now does your emboldened daughter come into your awful preſence by theſe lines, who dared not but upon this occaſion to look up to you with hopes of favour and forgiveneſs; ſince, when this comes to your hands, it will be out of her power ever to offend you more.

And now let me bleſs you my honoured papa, and bleſs you, as I write, upon my knees, for all the benefits I have received from your indulgence: for your fond love to me in the days of my prattling innocence: for the virtuous education you gave me: and for, the crown of all, the happy end, which, through Divine Grace, by means of that virtuous education, I hope, by the time you will receive this, I ſhall have made. And let me beg of you, dear venerable Sir, to blot from your remembrance, if poſſible, the laſt unhappy eight months; and then I ſhall hope to be remembered with advantage for the pleaſure you had the goodneſs to take in your Clariſſa.

Still on her knees, let your poor penitent implore your forgiveneſs of all her faults and follies; more eſpecially of that fatal error which threw her out of your protection.

When you know, Sir, that I have never been faulty in my will: that ever ſince my calamity became irretrievable, I have been in a ſtate of preparation: that I have the ſtrongeſt aſſurance, that the Almighty has accepted my unfeigned repentance; and that by this time you will (as I humbly preſume to hope) have been the means of adding one to the number of the bleſſed; you will have reaſon for joy rather than ſorrow. Since, had I eſcaped the ſnares by which I was entangled, I might have wanted thoſe exerciſes which I look upon now as ſo many mercies diſpenſed to wean me betimes from a world that preſented itſelf to me with proſpects too alluring: and in that caſe (too eaſily ſatisfied with *worldly* felicity) I might not have attained to that bleſſedneſs, in which now, on your reading of this, I humbly preſume, (through the Divine Goodneſs) I am rejoicing.

That the Almighty, in his own good time, will bring you, Sir, and my ever-honoured mother, after a ſeries of earthly felicities, of which may my unhappy fault be the only interruption, (and very grievous I know that muſt have been) to rejoice in the ſame bleſſed ſtate, is the repeated prayer of, Sir, *your now happy daughter*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE EVER-HONOURED MRS. HARLOWE.

HONOURED MADAM,

THE laſt time I had the boldneſs to write to you, it was with all the conſciouſneſs of a ſelf-convicted criminal, ſupplicating her offended judge for mercy and pardon. I now, by theſe lines, approach you with more aſſurance; but, nevertheleſs, with the higheſt degree of reverence, gratitude, and duty. The reaſon of my aſſurance, my letter to my papa will give: and as I humbly on my knees implored *his* pardon, ſo now, in the ſame dutiful manner, do I ſupplicate yours, for the grief and trouble I have given you.

Every vein of my heart has bled for an unhappy raſhneſs; which (although involuntary as to the act) from the moment it was committed, carried with it it's own puniſhment; and was accompanied with a true and ſincere penitence.

God, who has been a witneſs of my diſtreſſes, knows, that great as they have been, the greateſt of all was the diſtreſs that I knew I muſt have given to you, Madam, and to my father, by a ſtep that had ſo very ugly an appearance in your eyes, and his; and indeed in the eyes of all my family: a ſtep ſo unworthy of *your* daughter, and of the education you had given her!

But

But HE, I presume to hope, has forgiven me; and at the instant this will reach your hands, I humbly trust, I shall be rejoicing in the blessed fruits of His forgiveness. And be this your comfort, my ever-honoured mamma, that the principal end of your pious care for me is attained, though not in the way so much hoped for.

May the grief which my fatal error has given to you both, be the only grief that shall ever annoy you in this world! —May you, Madam, long live to sweeten the cares, and heighten the comforts, of my papa!—May my sister's continued, and, if possible, augmented duty, happily make up to you the loss you have sustained in me! And whenever my brother and she change their single state, may it be with such satisfaction to you both, as may make you forget my offence; and remember me only in those days, in which you took pleasure in me! And, at last, may a happy meeting with your forgiven penitent, in the eternal mansions, augment the bliss of her, who, purified by sufferings, already, when this salutes your hands, presumes she shall be *the happy, and for ever happy*,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXII.

TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUN. ESQ.

SIR,

THERE was but one time, but one occasion, after the rash step I was precipitated upon, that I would hope to be excused looking up to you in the character of a brother and a friend. And NOW is that time, and THIS the occasion. NOW at reading this, will you pity your late unhappy sister! NOW will you afford to her *memory* that kind concern which you refused to her before!

I write, my brother, in the first place, to beg your pardon for the offence my unhappy step gave to you, and to the rest of a family so dear to me.

Virgin purity should not so behave as to be suspected: yet when you come to know all my story, you will find further room for pity, if not for *more* than pity, for your late unhappy sister!

O that passion had not been deaf!—that misconception would have given way to enquiry!—That your rigorous heart, if it could not itself be softened, (moderating the power you had obtained over every-one) had permitted other hearts more indulgently to expand!

But I write not to give pain. I had rather you should think me faulty still, than take to yourself the consequence that will follow from acquitting me.

Abandoning, therefore, a subject which I had not intended to touch upon, (for I hope, at the writing of this, I am above the spirit of recrimination) let me tell you, Sir, that my next motive for writing to you in this last and most solemn manner, is, To beg of you to forego any active resentments (which may endanger a life so precious to all your friends) against the man to whose elaborate baseness I owe my worldly ruin.

For, ought an innocent man to run an *equal* risque with a guilty one?—A *more* than equal risque, as the guilty one has been long enured to acts of violence, and is skilled in the arts of offence?

You would not arrogate to yourself God's province, who has said, '*Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it.*'—If you would, I tremble for the consequence: for will it not be suitable to the Divine Justice to punish the *presumptuous* innocent (as you would be in this case) in the *very* error, and that by the hand of the *self defending* guilty —Reserving *him* for a future day of vengeance for his accumulated crimes?

Leave then the poor wretch to the Divine Justice. Let your sister's fault die with her. At least, let it not be revived in blood. Life is a short stage where longest. A little time hence, the now green head will be grey, if it lives this little time: and if Heaven will afford him time for repentance, why should not *you*?

Then think, my brother, what will be the consequence to your dear parents if the guilty wretch who has occasioned to them the loss of a daughter, should likewise deprive them of their best hope, and only son, more worth in the family account than several daughters?

Would you add, my brother, to those distresses which you hold your sister so inexcusable for having (although from involuntary and undesigned causes) given?

Seek not then, I beseech you, to extend the evil consequences of your sister's error. His conscience, when it shall please God to touch it, will be sharper than your sword.

I have still another motive for writing to you in this solemn manner: it is, to entreat you to watch over your passions. The principal fault I knew

you to be guilty of, is, the violence of your temper when you think yourself in the right; which you would oftener be, but for that very violence.

You have several times brought your life into danger by it.

Is not the man guilty of a high degree of injustice, who is more apt to *give* contradiction, than able to *bear* it? How often, with you, has impetuosity brought on abasement? A consequence too natural.

Let me then caution you, dear Sir, against a warmth of temper, an impetuosity when moved, and you so *ready* to be moved, that may hurry you into unforeseen difficulties; and which it is in some measure a sin not to endeavour to restrain. God enable you to do it for the sake of your own peace and safety, as well present as future! and for the sake of your family and friends, who all see your fault, but are tender of speaking to you of it!

As for me, my brother, my punishment has been seasonable. God gave me grace to make a right use of my sufferings. I early repented. I never loved the man half so much as I hated his actions, when I saw what he was capable of. I gave up my *whole* heart to a better hope. God blessed my penitence and my reliance upon Him. And now I presume to say, I AM HAPPY.

May Heaven preserve you in safety, health, and honour, and long continue your life for a comfort and stay to your honoured parents! And may you, in the change of your single state, meet with a wife as agreeable to every-one else as to yourself, and be happy in a hopeful race, and not have one Clarissa among them, to embitter your comforts when she should give you *most* comfort! But may my example be of use to warn the dear creatures whom once I hoped to live to see and to cherish, of the evils with which this deceitful world abounds! are the prayers of *your affectionate sister*,

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO MISS HARLOWE.

NOW may you, my dear Arabella, unrestrained by the severity of your virtue, let fall a pitying tear on the past faults and sufferings of your late unhappy sister; since, *now*, she can never offend you more. The Divine Mercy, which first inspired her with repentance, (an *early* repentance it was; since it preceded her sufferings) for an error which she offers not to extenuate, although perhaps it were capable of some extenuation, has *now*, at the instant that you are reading this, as I humbly hope, blessed her with the fruits of it.

Thus already, even while she writes, in imagination, purified and exalted, she the more fearlessly writes to her sister; and NOW is assured of pardon for all those little occasions of displeasure which her frowarder youth might give you; and for the disgrace which her fall has fastened upon you, and upon her family.

May you, my sister, continue to bless those dear and honoured relations, whose indulgence so well deserves your utmost gratitude, with those cheerful instances of duty and obedience which have hitherto been so acceptable to *them*, and praise-worthy in *you*! And may you, when a suitable proposal shall offer, fill up more worthily that chasm, which the loss they have sustained in me has made in their family!

Thus, my Arabella! my only sister! and for many happy years, my friend! most fervently prays that sister, whose affection for you, no acts, no unkindness, no misconstruction of her conduct, could cancel! And who NOW, made perfect (as she hopes) through sufferings, stiles herself, *the happy*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO JOHN AND ANTONY HARLOWE, ESQRS.

HONOURED SIRS,

WHEN these lines reach your hands, your late unhappy niece will have known the end of all her troubles; and, as she humbly hopes, will be rejoicing in the mercies of a gracious God, who has declared, that he will forgive the truly penitent of heart.

I write, therefore, my dear uncles, and to you both in one letter, (since your fraternal love has made you both but as one person) to give you comfort, and not distress; for, however sharp my afflictions have been, they have been but of short duration; and I am betimes (happily as I hope) arrived at the end of a painful journey.

At the same time, I write to thank you both for all your kind indulgence to me, and to beg your forgiveness of my last, my *only* great fault to you and to my family.

The ways of Providence are unsearchable. Various are the means made use of by it, to bring poor sinners to a sense of

of their duty. Some are drawn by love, others are driven by terrors, to their Divine Refuge. I had for eighteen years out of nineteen, rejoiced in the favour and affection of every-one. No trouble came near to my heart. I feemed to be one of thofe defigned to be drawn by the filken cords of love.—But, perhaps, I was too apt to value myfelf upon the love and favour of every-one: the merit of the good I delighted to do, and of the inclinations which were given me, and which I could not *help* having, I was, perhaps, too ready to attribute to myfelf; and now, being led to account for the cauſe of my temporary calamities, find, I had a ſecret pride to be puniſhed for, which I had not fathomed: and it was neceſſary, perhaps, that ſome ſore and terrible misfortunes ſhould befal me, in order to mortify that my pride, and that my vanity.

Temptations were accordingly ſent. I ſhrunk in the day of trial. My diſcretion, which had been ſo cried up, was found wanting when it came to be weighed in an equal balance. I was betrayed, fell, and became the bye-word of my companions, and a diſgrace to my family, which had prided itſelf in me perhaps too much. But as my fault was not that of a culpable will, when my pride was ſufficiently mortified, I was not ſuffered (although ſurrounded by dangers, and entangled in ſnares) to be totally loſt: but, purified by ſufferings, I was fitted for the change I have NOW, at the time you will receive this, ſo newly, and, as I humbly hope, ſo happily experienced.

Rejoice with me, then, dear Sirs, that I have weathered ſo great a ſtorm. Nor let it be matter of concern, that I am cut off in the bloom of youth. 'There 'is no inquiſition in the grave,' ſays the wiſe man, 'whether we lived ten 'or an hundred years; and the day of 'death is better than the day of our 'birth.'

Once more, dear Sirs, accept my grateful thanks for all your goodneſs to me, from my early childhood, to the day, the unhappy day, of my error!—Forgive that error!—And God give us a happy meeting in a bleſſed eternity; prays *your moſt dutiful and obliged hiſ-woman*, CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Mr. Belford gives the lady's poſthumous letters to Mrs. Hervey, Miſs Howe, and Mrs. Norton, at length likewiſe: but although every letter varies in ſtile as well as matter from the others; yet, as they are written on the ſame ſubject, and are pretty long, it is thought proper to abſtract them.

'That to her aunt Hervey is written 'in the ſame pious and generous ſtrain 'with thoſe preceding, ſeeking to give 'comfort rather than diſtreſs. "The "Almighty, I hope," ſays ſhe, "has "received and bleſſed my penitence, "and I am happy. Could I have been "more than ſo, at the end of what is "called a *happy* life of twenty, or thirty, "or forty years to come? And what "are twenty, or thirty, or forty years, "to look back upon? In half of any "of theſe periods, what friends might "not I have mourned for? what tempt-"ations from worldly proſperity might "I not have encountered with? And "in ſuch a caſe, immerſed in earthly "pleaſures, how little likelihood, that, "in my laſt ſtage, I ſhould have been "bleſſed with ſuch a preparation and "reſignation, as I have now been bleſſed "with."

'She proceeds as follows: "Thus "much, Madam, of comfort to you "and to myſelf from this diſpenſation. "As to my dear parents, I hope they "will conſole themſelves, that they "have ſtill many bleſſings left, which "ought to balance the troubles my er-"ror has given them: that, unhappy "as I have been to be the interrupter "of their felicities, they never, till this "my fault, knew any *heavy evil*: that "afflictions patiently borne, may be "turned into bleſſings: that uninter-"rupted happineſs is not to be expected "in this life: that, after all, they have "not, as I humbly preſume to hope, "the probability of the everlaſting per-"dition of their child to deplore: and "that, in ſhort, when my ſtory comes "to be fully known, they will have the "comfort to find, that my ſufferings "redound more to my honour than to "my diſgrace.

"Theſe conſiderations will, I hope, "make their temporary loſs of but *one* "child out of *three*, (unhappily cir-"cumſtanced too as ſhe was) matter of "greater conſolation than affliction. "And the rather, as we may hope for "a happy meeting once more, never to "be ſeparated either by time or of-"fences."

'She concludes this letter with an 'addreſs to her couſin Dolly Hervey, 'whom ſhe calls her amiable couſin; 'and thankfully remembers for the part 'ſhe took in her afflictions.—"O my

"dear couſin, let your worthy heart be "guarded againſt thoſe deluſions, which "have been fatal to my worldly happi-"neſs!—That pity, which you beſtowed "upon *me*, demonſtrates a gentleneſs of "nature, which may poſſibly ſubject you "to misfortunes, if your eye be per-"mitted to miſlead your judgment.—"But a ſtrict obſervance of your filial "duty, my deareſt couſin, and the pre-"cepts of ſo prudent a mother as you "have the happineſs to have, (enforced "by ſo ſad an example in your own fa-"mily as I have ſet) will, I make no "doubt, with the Divine Aſſiſtance, "be your guard and ſecurity."

'The poſthumous letter to Miſs 'Howe is extremely tender and affec-'tionate. She pathetically calls upon 'her to rejoice that all her Clariſſa's 'troubles are now at an end; that the 'ſtate of temptation and trial, of doubt 'and uncertainty, is now over with her; 'and that ſhe has happily eſcaped the 'ſnares that were laid for her ſoul: the 'rather to rejoice, as that her misfor-'tunes were of ſuch a nature, that it 'was impoſſible ſhe could be tolerably 'happy in this life.

'She thankfully acknowledges the 'favours ſhe had received from Mrs. 'Howe and Mr. Hickman; and ex-'preſſes her concern for the trouble ſhe 'has occaſioned to the former, as well 'as to her; and prays, that all the 'earthly bleſſings they uſed to wiſh to 'each other, may ſingly devolve upon '*her*.

'She beſeeches her, That ſhe will 'not ſuſpend the day, which muſt ſup-'ply to herſelf the friend ſhe will have 'loſt in her, and give to herſelf a ſtill 'nearer and dearer relation.

'She tells her, That her choice (a 'choice made with the approbation of 'all her friends) has fallen upon a ſin-'cere, an honeſt, a virtuous, and, what 'is more than all, a *pious* man; a man, 'who, although he admires her perſon, 'is ſtill more in love with the graces of 'her mind. And as thoſe graces are 'improveable with every added year of 'life, which will impair the tranſitory 'ones of perſon, what a firm baſis, in-'fers ſhe, has Mr. Hickman choſen to 'build his love upon!

'She prays, That God will bleſs them 'together: and that the remembrance 'of her, and of what ſhe has ſuffered, 'may not interrupt their mutual hap-'pineſs; ſhe deſires them to think of 'nothing but what ſhe *now is*; and that 'a time will come, when they ſhall meet 'again, never to be divided.

'To the Divine Protection, mean 'time, ſhe commits her; and charges 'her, by the love that has always ſub-'ſiſted between them, that ſhe will not 'mourn too heavily for her; and again 'calls upon her, after a gentle tear, 'which ſhe will allow her to let fall in 'memory of their uninterrupted friend-'ſhip, to rejoice that ſhe is ſo early re-'leaſed; and that ſhe is purified by her 'ſufferings, and is made, as ſhe aſſuredly 'truſts, by God's goodneſs, eternally 'happy.'

The poſthumous letters to Mr. LOVELACE *and Mr.* MORDEN *will be inſerted here-after: as will alſo the ſubſtance of that written to Mrs.* NORTON.

LETTER XXXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVE-LACE, ESQ.

SAT. AFTERNOON, SEPT. 9.

I Underſtand, that thou breatheſt nothing but revenge againſt *me*, for treating thee with ſo much freedom; and againſt the accurſed woman and her infernal crew. I am not at all concerned for thy menaces againſt myſelf. It is my deſign to make thee *feel*. It gives me pleaſure to find my intention anſwered. And I congratulate thee, that thou haſt not loſt that ſenſe.

As to the curſed crew, well do they deſerve the fire *here*, that thou threat-eneſt them with, and the fire hereafter, that ſeems to await them. But I have this moment received news which will, in all likelihood, ſave thee the guilt of puniſhing the old wretch for her ſhare of wickedneſs as thy *agent*. But if that happens to her which is likely to hap-pen, wilt thou not tremble for what may befal the *principal?*

Not to keep thee longer in ſuſpence; laſt night, it ſeems, the infamous wo-man got ſo heartily intoxicated with her beloved liquor, arrack punch, at the expence of Colonel Salter, that, miſ-taking her way, ſhe fell down a pair of ſtairs, and broke her leg: and now, after a dreadful night, ſhe lies foaming, raving, roaring, in a burning fever, that wants not any other fire to ſcorch her into a feeling more exquiſite and durable than any thy vengeance could give her.

The wretch has requeſted me to come to her: and, leſt I ſhould refuſe a com-mon meſſenger, ſent her vile aſſociate,

Sally

Sally Martin; who not finding me at Soho, came hither; another part of her buſineſs being to procure the divine lady's pardon for the old creature's wickedneſs to her.

This devil incarnate, Sally, declares, that ſhe never was ſo ſhocked in her life, as when I told her the lady was dead.

She took out her ſalts to keep her from fainting; and when a little recovered, ſhe accuſed herſelf for her part of the injuries the lady had ſuſtained; as ſhe ſaid, Polly Horton would do for hers; and ſhedding tears, declared, that the world never produced ſuch another woman. She called her the ornament and glory of her ſex; acknowledged, that her ruin was owing more to *their inſtigations*, than even (ſavage as thou art) to *thy own vileneſs*; ſince thou wert inclined to have done her juſtice more than once, had they not kept up thy profligate ſpirit to it's height.

This wretch would fain have been admitted to a ſight of the corpſe; but I refuſed her requeſt with execrations.

She could forgive herſelf, ſhe ſaid, for every-thing but her inſults upon the admirable lady at Rowland's: ſince all the reſt was but in purſuit of a *livelihood*, to which ſhe had been reduced, and ſhe boaſted, from better expectations, and which hundreds follow as well as ſhe. I did not aſk her, *By whom reduced?*

At going away, ſhe told me, that the old monſter's bruiſes are of more dangerous conſequence than the fracture: that a mortification is apprehended: and that the vile wretch has ſo much compunction of heart, on recollecting her treatment of Miſs Harlowe, and is ſo much ſet upon procuring her forgiveneſs, that ſhe is ſure the news ſhe has to carry her, will haſten her end.

All theſe things I leave upon thy reflection.

LETTER XXXVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SAT. NIGHT.

YOUR ſervant gives me a dreadful account of your raving unmanageableneſs. I wonder not at it. But as nothing violent is laſting, I dare ſay, that your habitual gaiety of heart will quickly get the better of your phrenzy: and the rather do I judge ſo, as your fits are of the raving kind, (ſuitable to your natural impetuoſity) and not of that melancholy ſpecies which ſeizes ſlower ſouls.

For this reaſon I will proceed in writing to you, that my narrative may not be broken by your diſcompoſure; and that the contents of it may *find you*, and help you to reflection, when you ſhall be reſtored.

Harry is returned from carrying the poſthumous letters to the family, and to Miſs Howe; and that of the colonel, which acquaints James Harlowe with his ſiſter's death, and with her deſire to be interred near her grandfather.

Harry was not admitted into the preſence of any of the family. They were all aſſembled together, it ſeems, at Harlowe Place, on occaſion of the colonel's letter, which informed them of the lady's dangerous way; and were comforting themſelves, as Harry was told, with hopes that Mr. Morden had made the worſt of her ſtate, in order to quicken their reſolutions.

It is eaſy then to judge what muſt be their grief and ſurprize on receiving the fatal news which the letters Harry ſent in to them communicated.

He ſtaid there long enough to find the whole houſe in confuſion; the ſervants running different ways; lamenting and wringing their hands as they ran; the female ſervants particularly; as if ſomebody (poor Mrs. Harlowe, no doubt; and perhaps Mrs. Hervey too) were in fits.

Every-one was in ſuch diſorder, that he could get no commands, nor obtain any notice of himſelf. The ſervants ſeemed more inclined to execrate than welcome him—'O maſter; O young 'man!' cried three or four together, 'what diſmal tidings have you brought!' They helped him, at the very firſt word, to his horſe; which with great civility they had put up on his arrival: and he went to an inn; and purſued on foot his way to Mrs. Norton's; and finding her come to town, left the letter he carried down for her with her ſon, (a fine youth;) who when he heard the fatal news, burſt out into a flood of tears—firſt lamenting the lady's death, and then crying out, What, what, would become of his poor mother!—How would ſhe ſupport herſelf, when ſhe ſhould find, on her arrival in town, that the dear lady, who was ſo deſervedly the darling of her heart, was no more!

He proceeded to Miſs Howe's, with the letter for her. That lady, he was told, had juſt given orders for a young man,

man, a tenant's ſon, to poſt to London, to bring her news of her dear friend's condition, and whether ſhe ſhould herſelf be encouraged, by an account of her being ſtill alive, to make her a viſit; every-thing being ordered to be in readineſs for her going up, on his return with the news ſhe wiſhed and prayed for with the utmoſt impatience. And Harry was juſt in time to prevent the man's ſetting out.

He had the precaution to deſire to ſpeak with Miſs Howe's woman or maid, and communicated to her the fatal tidings, that ſhe might break them to her young lady. The maid herſelf was ſo affected, that her old lady (who, Harry ſaid, ſeemed to be *every-where at once*) came to ſee what ailed her, and was herſelf ſo ſtruck with the communication, that ſhe was forced to ſit down in a chair: 'O the ſweet creature!' ſaid ſhe —'And is it come to this!—O my poor 'Nancy!'—How ſhall I be able to break 'the matter to my Nancy!'

Mr. Hickman was in the houſe. He haſtened in to comfort the old lady—But he could not reſtrain his own tears. He feared, he ſaid, when he was laſt in town, that this ſad event would *ſoon* happen: but little thought it would be ſo *very* ſoon!—'But ſhe is happy, I am 'ſure,' ſaid the good gentleman.

Mrs. Howe, when a little recovered, went up, in order to break the news to her daughter. She took the letter and her ſalts in her hand. And they had occaſion for the latter. For the houſekeeper ſoon came hurrying down into the kitchen, her face overſpread with tears—Her young miſtreſs had fainted away, ſhe ſaid—Nor did ſhe wonder at it. Never did there live a lady more deſerving of general admiration and lamentation, than Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe! and never was there a ſtronger friendſhip diſſolved by death than between her young lady and her.

She hurried with a lighted wax-candle, and with feathers, to burn under the noſe of her young miſtreſs; which ſhewed that ſhe continued in fits.

Mr. Hickman afterwards, with his uſual humanity, directed that Harry ſhould be taken care of all night; it being then the cloſe of day. He aſked him after my health. He expreſſed himſelf exceſſively afflicted, as well for the death of the moſt excellent of women, as for the juſt grief of the lady, whom he ſo paſſionately loves. But he called the departed lady an angel of light. 'We 'dreaded, ſaid he, '(tell your maſter) 'to read the letter ſent—But we needed not—'Tis a bleſſed letter—written 'by a bleſſed hand!—But the conſola-'tion ſhe aims to give, will for the pre-'ſent heighten the ſenſe we all ſhall have 'of the loſs of ſo excellent a creature! 'Tell Mr. Belford, that I thank God I 'am not the man who had the unmerit-'ed honour to call himſelf her brother.'

I know how terribly this *great* cataſtrophe (as I may call it, ſince ſo many perſons are intereſted in it) affects *thee*. I ſhould have been glad to have had particulars of the diſtreſs which the firſt communication of it muſt have given to the *Harlowes*. Yet who but muſt pity the unhappy mother?

LETTER XXXVII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

SUNDAY MORN. 8 O'CLOCK, SEPT. 10.

I Staid at Smith's till I ſaw the laſt of all that is mortal of the divine lady.

As ſhe had directed rings by her will to ſeveral perſons, with her hair to be ſet in cryſtal, the afflicted Mrs. Norton cut off, before the coffin was cloſed, four charming ringlets; one of which the colonel took for a locket, which, he ſays, he will cauſe to be made, and wear next his heart in memory of his beloved couſin.

Between four and five in the morning, the corpſe was put into the herſe; the coffin before being filled, as intended, with flowers and aromatick herbs, and proper care taken to prevent the corpſe ſuffering (to the eye) from the joſtling of the herſe.

Poor Mrs. Norton is extremely ill. I gave particular directions to Mrs. Smith's maid (whom I have ordered to attend the good woman in a mourning chariot) to take care of her. The colonel, who rides with his ſervants, within view of the herſe, ſays, that he will ſee my orders in relation to her enforced.

When the herſe moved off, and was out of ſight, I locked up the lady's chamber, into which all that had belonged to her was removed.

I expect to hear from the colonel as ſoon as he is got down, by a ſervant of his own.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. MOWBRAY, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

UXBRIDGE, SUNDAY MORN. 9 O'CLOCK.

DEAR JACK,

I Send you incloſed a letter from Mr. Lovelace; which, though written in the

the curſed algebra, I know to be ſuch a one as will ſhew what a *queer* way he is in; for he read it to us with the air of a tragedian. You will ſee by it what the mad fellow had intended to do, if we had not all of us interpoſed. He was actually ſetting out with a ſurgeon of this place, to have the lady opened and embalmed.—Rot me if it be not my full perſuaſion, that if he had, her heart would have been found to be either iron or marble.

We have got Lord M. to him. His lordſhip is alſo much afflicted at the lady's death. His ſiſters and nieces, he ſays, will be ready to break their hearts. What a rout's here about a woman! For after all ſhe was no more.

We have taken a pailful of black bull's blood from him; and this has lowered him a little. But he threatens Colonel Morden, he threatens you for your curſed reflections, [curſed reflections indeed, Jack!] and curſes all the world and himſelf, too.

Laſt night his mourning (which is full as deep as for a wife) was brought home, and his fellow's mourning too. And, though eight o'clock, he would put it on, and make them attend him in theirs.

Every-body blames him on this lady's account. But I ſee not for why. She was a *vixen* in her virtue. What a pretty fellow ſhe has ruined—Hey, Jack!—And her relations are ten times more to blame than he. I will prove this to the teeth of them all. If *they* could uſe her ill, why ſhould they expect *him* to uſe her well?—You or I, or Tourville, in his ſhoes, would have done as he has done. *Are not all the girls forewarned?*—Why then ſhould ſuch curſed *quaxoms* take him?—Who would have thought he had been ſuch *poor blood?* Now [Rot the puppy!] to ſee him ſit ſilent in a corner, when he has tired himſelf with his mock majeſty, and with his argumentation, (who ſo fond of *arguing* as he?) and teaching his ſhadow to make mouths againſt the wainſcot—The devil fetch me, if I have patience with him!

But he has had no reſt for theſe ten days: that's the thing!—You muſt write to him; and pr'ythee coax him, Jack, and ſend him what he writes for, and give him all his way: there will be no bearing him elſe. And get the lady buried as faſt as you can; and don't let him know where.

This letter ſhould have gone yeſterday. We told him it did. But were in hopes he would not have enquired after it again. But he raves *as he has not* any anſwer.

What he *vouchſafed* to read of other of your letters has given my lord ſuch a curioſity, as makes him deſire you to continue your accounts. Pray do: but not in your helliſh *Arabick*; and we will let the poor fellow only into what we think fitting for his preſent way.

I live a curſed dull poking life here. With what I ſo lately ſaw of poor Belton, and what I now ſee of this charming fellow, I ſhall be as crazy as he ſoon, or as dull as thou, Jack; ſo muſt ſeek for better company in town than either of you. I have been forced to read ſometimes to divert me; and you know I hate reading. It preſently ſets me into a fit of drowſineſs; and then I yawn and ſtretch like a devil.

I never wrote ſuch a long letter in my life. My wriſts and my fingers and thumb ache damnably. The pen is an hundred weight at leaſt. And my eyes are ready to drop out of my head upon the paper.—The cramp but this minute in my fingers. Rot the gooſe and the gooſe-quill! I will write no more long letters for a twelvemonth to come. Yet one word: we think the mad fellow coming to. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

UXBRIDGE, SAT. SEPT. 9.

JACK,

I Think it abſolutely right that my ever-dear and beloved lady ſhould be opened and embalmed. It muſt be done out of hand—this very afternoon. Your acquaintance Tomkins, and old Anderſon of this place, whom I will bring with me, ſhall be the ſurgeons. I have talked to the latter about it.

I will ſee every-thing done with that decorum which the caſe, and the ſacred perſon of my beloved, require.

Every-thing that can be done to preſerve the charmer from decay, ſhall alſo be done. And when ſhe *will* deſcend to her original duſt, or cannot be kept longer, I will then have her laid in my family-vault, between my own father and mother. Myſelf, as I am in my *ſoul*, ſo in *perſon*, chief mourner. But her *heart*, to which I have ſuch unqueſtionable pretenſions, in which once I had

ſo

ſo large a ſhare, and which I will prize above my own, I *will* have. I will keep it in ſpirits. It ſhall never be out of my ſight. And all the charges of *ſepulture* too ſhall be mine.

Surely nobody will diſpute my right to her. Whoſe was ſhe living? whoſe is ſhe dead, but mine?—Her curſed parents, whoſe barbarity to her, no doubt, was the *true* cauſe of her death, have long ſince renounced her. She left *them* for *me*. She choſe *me* therefore: And I was her huſband. What though I treated her like a villain? Do I not pay for it now? Would ſhe not have been mine had I not? Nobody will diſpute but ſhe would. And has ſhe not forgiven me?—I am then in *ſtatu quo prius* with her—Am I not?—As if I had never offended? Whoſe then can ſhe be but mine?

I will free you from your executorſhip, and all your cares.

Take notice, Belford, that I do hereby actually diſcharge you, and every-body, from all the cares and troubles relating to her. And as to her laſt teſtament, I will execute it myſelf.

There were no articles between us, no ſettlements; and ſhe is mine, as you ſee I have proved to a demonſtration; nor could ſhe diſpoſe of herſelf but as I pleaſed. Damnation ſeize me then if I make not good my right againſt all oppoſers!

Her bowels, if her friends are very ſolicitous about them, and very humble and ſorrowful, (and none have they of their own) ſhall be ſent down to them—To be laid with *her* anceſtors—unleſs ſhe has ordered otherwiſe. For, except that, ſhe ſhall not be committed to the unworthy earth, ſo long as ſhe can be kept out of it; her will ſhall be performed in every-thing.

I ſend in the mean time for a lock of her hair.

I charge you ſtir not in any part of her will, but by my expreſs direction. I will order every-thing myſelf. For am I not her huſband? And being forgiven by her, am I not the choſen of her heart? What elſe ſignifies her forgiveneſs?

The two inſufferable wretches you have ſent me, plague me to death, and would treat me like a babe in ſtrings. Damn the fellows, what can they mean by it? Yet that crippled monkey Doleman joins with them. And, as I hear them whiſper, they have ſent for Lord M.—To *controul* me, I ſuppoſe.

What can they mean by this uſage? Sure all the world is run mad but myſelf. They treat me as they ought every-one of themſelves to be treated. The whole world is but one great bedlam. God confound it, and every-thing in it, ſince now my beloved Clariſſa Lovelace—no more Harlowe—Curſe upon that name, and every-one called by it!

What I write to you for is,

1. To forbid you intermeddling with any-thing relating to her. To forbid Morden intermeddling alſo. If I remember right, he has threatened me, and curſed me, and uſed me ill—And let him be gone from her, if he would avoid my reſentments.

2. To ſend me a lock of her hair inſtantly by the bearer.

3. To engage Tomkins to have every-thing ready for the opening and embalming. I ſhall bring Anderſon with me.

4. To get her will and every-thing ready for my peruſal and conſideration.

I will have poſſeſſion of her dear heart this very night; and let Tomkins provide a proper receptacle and ſpirits, till I can get a golden one made for it.

I will take her papers. And as no one can do her memory juſtice equal to myſelf, and I will not ſpare myſelf, who can better ſhew the world what ſhe was, and what a villain he, that could uſe her ill? And the world ſhall alſo ſee, what implacable and unworthy parents ſhe had.

All ſhall be ſet forth in words at length. No mincing of the matter. Names undiſguiſed as well as facts. For as I ſhall make the worſt figure in it myſelf, and have a right to treat myſelf as nobody elſe ſhall; who will controul me? who dare call me to account?

Let me know if the damn'd mother be yet the ſubject of the devil's own vengeance—if the old wretch be dead or alive? Some exemplary miſchief I muſt yet do. My revenge ſhall ſweep away that devil, and all my oppoſers of the cruel Harlowe family from the face of the earth. Whole hecatombs ought to be offered up to the manes of my Clariſſa Lovelace.

Although her will may in ſome reſpects croſs mine, yet I expect to be obſerved. I will be the interpreter of hers.

Next to mine, hers ſhall be obſerved; for ſhe is my wife; and ſhall be

be to all eternity. I will never have another.

Adieu, Jack. I am preparing to be with you. I charge you, as you value my life or your own, do not oppoſe me in any-thing relating to my Clariſſa Lovelace.

My temper is entirely altered. I know not what it is to laugh, or ſmile, or be pleaſant. I am grown cholerick and impatient, and will not be controuled.

I write this in characters as I uſed to do, that nobody but you ſhould know what I write. For never was any man plagued with impertinents, as I am.

R. LOVELACE.

IN A SEPARATE PAPER INCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.

LET me tell thee in characters ſtill, that I am in a dreadful way juſt now. My brain is all boiling like a cauldron over a fiery furnace. What a devil is the matter with me, I wonder! I never was ſo ſtrange in my life.

In truth, Jack, I have been a moſt execrable villain. And when I conſider all my actions to this angel of a woman, and in her the piety, the charity, the wit, the beauty, I have *helped* to deſtroy, and the good to the world I have thereby been a means of fruſtrating, I can pronounce damnation upon myſelf. How then can I expect mercy anywhere elſe!

I believe I ſhall have no patience with you when I ſee you. Your damned ſtings and reflections have almoſt turned my brain.

But here Lord M. they tell me, is come! Damn him, and thoſe who ſent for him!

I know not what I have written. But her dear heart and a lock of her hair I will have, let who will be the gainſayers!—For is ſhe not mine?—Whoſe elſe can ſhe be?—She has no father or mother, no ſiſter, no brother; no relations but me. And my beloved is mine; and I am hers: and that's enough.—But oh!—

'She's out! The damp of death has quench'd
'her quite!
'Thoſe ſpicy doors, her lips, are ſhut, cloſe
'lock'd,
'Which never gale of life ſhall open more!'

And is it ſo? Is it *indeed* ſo?—Good God!—Good God!—But they will not let me write on. I muſt go down to this officious peer—Who the devil ſent for him?

LETTER XL.

MR. BELFORD, TO RICHARD MOWBRAY, ESQ.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 10. FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON.

I Have yours, with our unhappy friend's incloſed. I am glad my lord is with him. As I preſume that his phrenzy will be but of ſhort continuance, I moſt earneſtly wiſh, that on his recovery he could be prevailed upon to go abroad. Mr. Morden, who is inconſolable, has ſeen by the will, (as indeed he ſuſpected before he read it) that the caſe was more than a common ſeduction; and has dropt hints already, that he looks on himſelf, on that account, as freed from his promiſes made to the dying lady, which were, that he would not ſeek to avenge her death.

You muſt make the recovery of his health the motive for urging him on this head, for, if you hint at his own ſafety, he will not ſtir, but rather ſeek the colonel.

As to the lock of hair, you may eaſily pacify him (as you once ſaw the angel) with hair near the colour, if he be intent upon it.

At my lord's deſire I will write on, and in my common hand; that you may judge what is, and what is not, fit to be read to Mr. Lovelace at preſent. But as I ſhall not forbear reflections as I go along, in hopes to reach his heart on his recovery, I think it beſt to direct myſelf to him ſtill; and that as if he were not diſordered.

As I ſhall not have leiſure to take copies, and yet am willing to have the whole ſubject before me, for my own future contemplation: I muſt inſiſt upon a return of my letters ſome time hence. Mr. Lovelace knows that this is one of my conditions; and has hitherto complied with it.

Let me moſt earneſtly coniure thee, and the idle flutterer Tourville, from what you have ſeen of poor Belton's exit; from our friend Lovelace's phrenzy, and the occaſion of it; and from the terrible condition in which the wretch Sinclair lies; to ſet about an immediate change of life and manners. For my own part, I am determined, be your reſolutions what they may, to take the advice I give. *As witneſs,*

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XLI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

O Lovelace! I have a ſcene to paint in relation to the wretched Sinclair, that, if I do it juſtice, will make thee ſeriouſly ponder and reflect, or nothing can. I will lead thee to it in order; and that in my uſual hand, that thy compeers may be able to read it as well as thyſelf.

When I had written the preceding letter, not knowing what to do with myſelf; recollecting and in vain wiſhing for delightful and improving converſation, which I had now for ever loſt; I thought I had as good begin the taſk, which I had for ſome time paſt *reſolved* to begin; that is to ſay, to go to church; and ſee if I could not reap ſome benefit from what I ſhould hear there. Accordingly, I determined to go to hear the celebrated preacher at St. James's church. But, as if the devil (for ſo I was then ready to conclude) thought himſelf concerned to prevent my intention, a viſit was made me, juſt as I was dreſſed, which took me off from my purpoſe.

From whom ſhould this viſit be, but from Sally Martin, accompanied by Mrs. Carter, the ſiſter of the infamous Sinclair! the ſame, I ſuppoſe I need not tell you, who keeps the bagnio near Bloomſbury.

Theſe told me that the ſurgeon, apothecary, and phyſician, had all given the wretched woman over; but that ſhe ſaid, She ſhould not die, nor be at reſt, till ſhe ſaw me: and they beſought me to accompany them in the coach they came in, if I had one ſpark of charity, of *Chriſtian* charity, as they called it, left.

I was very loth to be diverted from my purpoſe by a requeſt ſo unwelcome, and from people ſo abhorred; but at laſt went, and we got thither by ten: where a ſcene ſo ſhocking preſented itſelf to me, that the death of poor deſponding Belton is not, I think, to be compared with it.

The old wretch had once put her leg out by her rage and violence, and had been crying, ſcolding, curſing, ever ſince the preceding evening, that the ſurgeon had told her it was impoſſible to ſave her; and that a mortification had begun to ſhew itſelf; inſomuch that, purely in compaſſion to their own *ears*, they had been forced to ſend for another ſurgeon, purpoſely to tell her, though againſt his judgment, and (being a friend of the other) to ſeem to convince *him*, that he miſtook her caſe; and that if ſhe would be patient, ſhe might recover. But, nevertheleſs, her apprehenſions of death, and her antipathy to the thoughts of dying, were ſo ſtrong, that their impoſture had not the intended effect, and ſhe was raving, crying, curſing, and even howling, more like a wolf than a human creature, when I came; ſo that as I went up-ſtairs, I ſaid, 'Surely this noiſe, this howling, cannot 'be from the unhappy woman!'—Sally ſaid it was; and aſſured me, that it was nothing to the noiſe ſhe had made all night; and ſtepping into her room before me, 'Dear *Madam* Sinclair,' ſaid ſhe, 'forbear this noiſe! It is more like 'that of a bull than a woman!—Here 'comes Mr. Belford; and you'll fright 'him away if you bellow at this rate.'

There were no leſs than eight of her curſed daughters ſurrounding her bed when I entered; one of her partners, Polly Horton, at their head; and now Sally, her other partner, and *Madam* Carter, as they called her, (for they are all *Madams* with one another) made the number ten: all in ſhocking diſhabille, and without ſtays, except Sally, Carter and Polly; who, not daring to leave her, had not been in bed all night.

But when I approached the *old wretch*, what a ſpectacle preſented itſelf to my eyes!

Her misfortune has not at all ſunk, but rather, as I thought, increaſed her fleſh; rage and violence perhaps ſwelling her muſcular features. Behold her then, ſpreading the whole troubled bed with her huge quaggy carcaſe: her mill-poſt arms held up; her broad hands clenched with violence; her big eyes, goggling and flaming-red as we may ſuppoſe thoſe of a ſalamander; her matted griſly hair, made irreverend by her wickedneſs, (her clouted head-dreſs being half off, ſpread about her fat ears and brawny neck;) her livid lips parched, and working violently; her broad chin in convulſive motion; her wide mouth, by reaſon of the contraction of her forehead, (which ſeemed to be half-loſt in it's own frightful furrows) ſplitting her face, as it were, into two parts; and her huge tongue hideouſly rolling in it; having, puffing as if for breath; her bellows-ſhaped and various-coloured breaſts aſcending by turns to her chin, and deſcending out of ſight, with the violence of her gaſpings.

This was the ſpectacle, as recollecti-

on

on has enabled me to deſcribe it, that this wretch made to my eye, when I approached her bed-ſide, ſurrounded, as I ſaid, by her ſuffragans and daughters, who ſurveyed her with ſcouling frighted attention, which one might eaſily ſee had more in it of horror and ſelf-concern, (and *ſelf-condemnation* too) than of love or pity; as who ſhould ſay—'See! what we ourſelves muſt one day 'be!'

As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, her naturally-big voice, more hoartened by her ravings, broke upon me:—'O Mr. Bel-'ford!—O Sir!—ſee what I am come 'to!—See what I am brought to!—To 'have ſuch a curſed crew about me, and 'not one of them to take care of me! 'But to let me tumble down-ſtairs ſo 'diſtant from the room I went from!—'ſo diſtant from the room I meant to go 'to!—Curſed, curſed be every careleſs 'devil!—May this or worſe be their fate 'every-one of them!'

And then ſhe curſed and ſwore moſt vehemently, and the more, as two or three of them were excuſing themſelves on the ſcore of their being at that time as unable to help themſelves as ſhe. As ſoon as ſhe had cleared the paſſage of her throat by the oaths and curſes which her wild impatience made her utter, ſhe began in a more hollow and whining ſtrain to bemoan herſelf.—'And here,' ſaid ſhe—'Heaven grant me patience!'—[clenching and unclenching her hands]—'am I to die thus miſerably!—of a 'broken leg in my old age!—ſnatched 'away by means of my own intemper-'ance!—Self-do! Self-undone!—No 'time for my affairs! No time to re-'pent!—And in a few hours—(Oh!—'Oh!'—with another long howling 'O—h! U—gh—o! a kind of ſcreaming key terminating it)—'who knows—'who can tell *where* I ſhall be?—Oh! 'that indeed I never, never had had a 'being!'

What could one ſay to ſuch a wretch as this, whoſe whole life had been ſpent in the moſt diffuſive wickedneſs, and who no doubt has numbers of ſouls to anſwer for? Yet I told her, She muſt be patient: that her violence made her worſe: and that, if ſhe would compoſe herſelf, ſhe might get into a frame more proper for her preſent circumſtances.

'Who, I?' interrupted ſhe: 'I get 'into a better frame! I, who can nei-'ther cry, nor pray! Yet already feel 'the torments of the damn'd! What 'mercy can I expect? What hope is 'left for me?—Then, that ſweet crea-'ture! That incomparable Miſs Har-'lowe! She, it ſeems, is dead and gone! '—O that curſed man! Had it not been 'for *him!* I had never had this, the 'moſt crying of all my ſins, to anſwer 'for!'

And then ſhe ſet up another howl.

'And *is* ſhe dead?—Indeed dead?' proceeded ſhe, when her howl was over. —'O what an angel have I been the 'means of deſtroying! For though it 'was that wicked man's fault that ever 'ſhe was in my houſe, yet it was mine—'and yours—and yours—and yours—'devils as we all were,'—[turning to Sally, to Polly, and to one or two more]—'that he did not do her juſtice! And 'that, *that* is my curſe, and will one 'day be yours!' And then again ſhe howled.

I ſtill adviſed patience. I ſaid, that if her time were to be ſo ſhort as ſhe apprehended, the more ought ſhe to endeavour to compoſe herſelf: and then ſhe would at leaſt die with more eaſe to herſelf—and ſatisfaction to her friends, I was *going* to ſay—But the word *die* put her into a violent raving, and thus ſhe broke in upon me. 'Die, did you 'ſay, Sir?—*Die!*—I *will not*—I *cannot* 'die!—I know not *how* to die!—*Die*, 'Sir!—And *muſt* I then die?—Leave 'this world!—I cannot bear it!—And 'who brought *you* hither, Sir?' [her eyes ſtriking fire at me] 'Who brought 'you hither to tell me I muſt *die*, Sir? '—I cannot, I will not leave this world. 'Let others die, who with for another! 'who expect a better!—I have had my 'plagues in this; but would compound 'for all future hopes, ſo as I may be 'nothing after this!'

And then ſhe howled and bellowed by turns.

By my faith, Lovelace, I trembled in every joint; and looking upon *her* who ſpoke this, and roared thus, and upon the *company* round me, I more than once thought myſelf to be in one of the infernal manſions.

Yet will I proceed, and try, for thy good, if I can ſhock thee but half as much with my deſcriptions, as I was ſhocked with what I ſaw and heard.

'Sally!—Polly!—Sifter Carter!' ſaid ſhe, 'did you not tell me I might re-'*cover*? Did not the *ſurgeon* tell me I 'might?'

'And ſo you *may*,' cried Sally; Mon-'ſieur Garon ſays you may, if you'll be 'patient. But, as I have often told you 'this bleſſed morning, you are readier 'to take deſpair from your own fears,

'than comfort, from all the hope we 'can give you.'

'Yet,' cried the wretch, interrupting, 'does not Mr. Belford (and to *him* 'you have told the truth, though you 'won't to *me*; does not he) tell me I 'shall *die*?—I cannot bear it! I cannot 'bear the *thoughts* of dying!'

And then, but that half a dozen at once endeavoured to keep down her violent hands, would she have beaten herself; as it seems she had often attempted to do from the time the surgeon popt out the word *mortification* to her.

'Well, but to what purpose,' said I, (turning aside to her sister, and to Sally and Polly) 'are these hopes given her, 'if the gentlemen of the faculty give her 'over? You should let her know the 'worst, and then she *must* submit; for 'there is no running away from death. 'If she has any matters to settle, put her 'upon settling them; and do not, by 'telling her she will live when there is 'no room to expect it, take from her 'the opportunity of doing needful 'things. Do the surgeons actually give 'her over?'

'They do,' whispered they. 'Her 'gross habit, they say, gives no hopes. 'We have sent for both surgeons, whom 'we expect every minute.'

Both the surgeons (who are French; for Mrs. Sinclair had heard Tourvills launch out in the praise of French surgeons) came in while we were thus talking. I retired to the farther end of the room, and threw up a window for a little air, being half-poisoned by the effluvia arising from so many contaminated carcases; which gave me no imperfect idea of the stench of gaols, which, corrupting the ambient air, gives what is called the prison distemper.

I came back to the bed-side when the surgeons had inspected the fracture; and asked them, If there were any expectation of her life?

One of them whispered me, There was none: that she had a strong fever upon her, which alone, in such a habit, would probably *do the business*; and that the mortification had visibly gained upon her since they were there six hours ago.

'Will amputation save her? Her af-'fairs and her mind want settling. A 'few days added to her life may be of 'service to her in both respects.'

They told me the fracture was high in her leg; that the knee was greatly bruised; that the mortification, in all probability, had spread half-way of the *femur*: and then, getting me between them, (three or four of the women joining us, and listening with their mouths open, and all the signs of *ignorant wonder* in *their* faces, as there appeared of *self-sufficiency* in those of the *artists*) did they by turns fill my ears with an anatomical description of the leg and thigh; running over with terms of art, of the *tarsus*, the *metatarsus*, the *tibia*, the *patella*, the *os tali*, the *os tibiæ*, the *tibialis posticus* and *tibialis anticus*, up to the *os femoris*, to the *acetabulum* of the *os ischion*, the *great trochanter*, *glutæus*, *triceps*, *lividus*, and *little rotators*; in short, of all the muscles, cartilages, and bones, that constitute the leg and thigh from the great toe to the hip; as if they would shew me, that all their science had penetrated their heads no farther than their mouths; while Sally lifted up her hands with a, 'Laud bless me! Are all 'surgeons so learned!'—But at last both the gentlemen declared, That if she and her friends would consent to amputation, they would *whip off her leg in a moment*.

Mrs. Carter asked, To what purpose, if the operation would not save her?

'Very true,' they said; but it might be a satisfaction to the patient's friends, that all was done that could be done.

And so the poor wretch was to be lanced and quartered, as I may say, for an experiment only! And, without any hope of benefit from the operation, was to pay the surgeons for tormenting her!

All the time that the surgeons ran on with their anatomical process, the wretched woman most frightfully roared and bellowed; which the gentlemen (who shewed themselves to be of the class of those who are not affected with the evils they do not *feel*) took no other notice of, than by raising *their* voices to be *heard*, as she raised *hers*—Being evidently more solicitous to increase their acquaintance, and to propagate the notion of their skill, than to attend to the clamours of the poor wretch whom they were called in to relieve; though by this very means, like the dog and the shadow in the fable, they lost both aims with me; for I never was deceived in one rule, which I made early; to wit, *That the stillest water is the deepest*, while the bubbling stream only betrays shallowness; and that stones and pebbles lie there so near the surface, to point out the best place to ford a river dry-shod.

As nobody cared to tell the unhappy wretch what every-one apprehended

must follow, and what the surgeons convinced me soon would, I undertook to be the denuncer of her doom. Accordingly, the operators being withdrawn, I sat down by the bed-side, and said, 'Come, Mrs. Sinclair, let me advise 'you to forbear these ravings at the 'carelessness of those, who, I find, at 'the time, could take no care of them-'selves; and since the accident *has* hap-'pened, and cannot be remedied, to 'resolve to make the best of the matter: 'for all this violence but enrages the 'malady, and you will probably fall 'into a delirium, if you give way to it, 'which will deprive you of that reason 'which you ought to make the best of, 'for the time it may be lent you.'

She turned her head towards me, and hearing me speak with a determined *voice*, and seeing me assume as determined an *air*, became more calm and attentive.

I went on, telling her, that I was glad, from the hints she had given, to find her concerned for her past misspent life, and particularly for the part she had had in the ruin of the most excellent woman on earth: that if she would compose herself, and patiently submit to the consequence of an evil she had brought upon herself, it might possibly be happy for her yet. 'Mean time,' continued I, 'tell me, with temper and calmness, 'Why was you so desirous to see me?'

She seemed to be in great confusion of thought, and turned her head this way and that; and at last, after much hesitation, said, 'Alas, for me! I 'hardly know *what* I wanted with you. 'When I awoke from my intemperate 'trance, and found what a cursed way I 'was in, my conscience smote me, and 'I was for catching, like a drowning 'wretch, at every straw. I wanted to 'see every-body and any-body but those 'I did see; every-body who I thought 'could give me comfort. Yet could I 'expect none from *you* neither; for you 'had declared yourself my enemy, al-'though I had never done you harm: 'for what, Jackey,' in her old tone, whining through her nose, 'was Miss 'Harlowe to you?—But *she* is happy! '—But oh! what will become of *me*? '—Yet tell me, (for the surgeons have 'told *you* the truth, no doubt) tell me, 'Shall I do well again? May I recover? 'If I *may*, I will begin a new course of 'life: as I hope to be saved, I will.—'I'll renounce you all—every one of 'you,' [looking round her] 'and 'scrape all I can together, and live a 'life of penitence; and when I die, leave 'it all to charitable uses—I will, by my 'soul—Every doit of it to charity—But 'this once,' lifting up her rolling eyes, and folded hands, (with a wry-mouthed earnestness, in which every muscle and feature of her face bore it's part) 'this one 'time—Good God of Heaven and earth, 'but this once! this once!' repeating those words five or six times, 'spare thy 'poor creature, and every hour of my 'life shall be passed in penitence and 'atonement: upon my soul it shall!'

'Less vehement! a little less vehe-'ment!' said I—'It is not for me, who 'have led so free a life, as you but too 'well know, to talk to you in a re-'proaching strain, and to set before you 'the iniquity you have lived in, and the 'many souls you have helped to de-'stroy. But as you are in so penitent a 'way, if I might advise, you should send 'for a good clergyman, the purity of 'whose life and manners may make all 'these things come from him with a bet-'ter grace than they can from me.'

'How, Sir! What, Sir!' interrupting me. 'Send for a parson?—Then 'you indeed think I shall die! Then 'you think there is no room for hope! '——A parson, Sir!——Who sends for 'a parson, while there is any hope left? '—The sight of a parson would be death 'immediate to me!—I cannot, cannot 'die!—What! cut off in the midst of 'my sins!'

And then she began again to rave.

'I cannot bear,' said I, rising from my seat with a stern air, 'to see a rea-'sonable creature behave so outrage-'ously!—Will this vehemence, think 'you, mend the matter? Will it avail 'you any-thing? Will it not rather 'shorten the life you are so desirous to 'have lengthened, and deprive you of 'the only opportunity you can ever have 'to settle your affairs for both worlds? '—Death is but the common lot: and 'if it will be *yours* soon,' looking at *her* —'it will be also *yours*—and *yours*—and '*yours*—' speaking with a raised voice, and turning to every trembling devil round her, [for they all shook at my forcible application]—'and *mine* also.—'And you have reason to be thankful,' turning again to her, 'that you did not 'perish in that act of intemperance which 'brought you to this: for it might have 'been your neck, as *well* as your leg; 'and then you had not had the oppor-'tunity you now have for repentance—

'And,

'And, the Lord have mercy upon you! 'into what a ſtate might you have a-'woke!'

Then did the poor wretch ſet up an inarticulate frightful howl, ſuch a one as I never before heard uttered, as if already pangs infernal had taken hold of her; and ſeeing every-one half-frighted, and me motioning to withdraw, 'O pity me, pity me, Mr. Bel-'ford,' cried ſhe, her words interrupted by groans—'I find you think I ſhall 'die!—And *what* I may be, and *where*, 'in a very few hours—Who can tell?'

I told her, it was in vain to flatter her: it was my opinion ſhe would not recover.

I was going to re-adviſe her to calm her ſpirits, and endeavour to reſign herſelf, and to make the beſt of the opportunity yet left her; but this declaration ſet her into a moſt outrageous raving. She would have torn her hair, and beaten her breaſt, had not ſome of the wretches held her hands by force, while others kept her as ſteady as they could, leſt ſhe ſhould again put out her new-ſet leg: ſo that, ſeeing her thus incapable of advice, and in a perfect phrenzy, I told Sally Martin, that there was no bearing the room; and that their beſt way was to ſend for a miniſter to pray by her, and to reaſon with her, as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be capable of it. And ſo I left them; and never was ſo ſenſible of the benefit of freſh air, as I was the moment I entered the ſtreet.

Nor is it to be wondered at, when it is conſidered, that to the various ill ſmells, that will be always found in a cloſe ſick-bed room, (for generally, when the phyſician comes, the air is ſhut out) *this* of Mrs. Sinclair was the more particulary offenſive, as, to the ſcent of plaiſters, ſalves, and ointments, were added the ſtenches of ſpirituous liquors, burnt and unburnt, of all denominations: for one or other of the creatures, under pretence of colicks, gripes, or qualms, were continually calling for ſupplies of theſe, all the time I was there. And yet this is thought to be a genteel houſe of the ſoft: and all the proſtitutes in it are proſtitutes of price, and their viſitors people of note.

O, Lovelace! what lives do moſt of us rakes and libertines lead! What company do we keep! And, for *ſuch* company, what ſociety renounce, or endeavour to make like theſe!

What woman, nice in her perſon, and of purity in her mind and manners, did ſhe know what miry wallowers the generality of men of our claſs are in themſelves, and conſtantly trough and ſty with, but would deteſt the thoughts of aſſociating with ſuch filthy ſenſualiſts, whoſe favourite taſte carries them to mingle with the dregs of ſtews, brothels, and common-ſewers?

Yet, to ſuch a choice are many worthy women betrayed, by that falſe and inconſiderate notion, raiſed and propagated, no doubt, by the author of all deluſion, *That a reformed rake makes the beſt huſband*. We rakes, indeed, are bold enough to ſuppoſe, that women in general are as much rakes in their *hearts*, as the libertines ſome of them ſuffer themſelves to be taken with, are in their *practice*. A ſuppoſition, therefore, which it behoves perſons of true honour of that ſex, to diſcountenance, by rejecting the addreſs of every man, whoſe character will not ſtand the teſt of that virtue which is the glory of a woman: and indeed, I may ſay, of a man too: why ſhould it not?

How, indeed, can it be, if this point be duly weighed, that a man who thinks *alike of all the ſex*, and knows it to be in the *power* of a wife to do him the greateſt diſhonour man can receive, and doubts not her *will* to do it, if *opportunity offer*, and *importunity be not wanting*: that *ſuch* a one, from *principle*, ſhould be a good huſband to *any* woman? And, indeed, little do innocents think, what a *total revolution* of manners, what a *change of fixed habits*, nay, what a *conqueſt of bad nature*, and what a portion of *divine* GRACE, is required, to make a man a *good huſband*, a *worthy father*, and *true friend*, from *principle*; eſpecially when it is conſidered, that it is not in a man's *own power* to reform when he will. *This* (to ſay nothing of my own experience) thou, Lovelace, haſt found in the progreſs of thy attempts upon the divine Miſs Harlowe. For whoſe remorſes could be deeper, or more frequent, yet more tranſient than thine!

Now, Lovelace, let me know if the word *grace* can be read from my pen without a ſneer from thee and thy aſſociates? I own that once it ſounded oddly in *my* ears. But I ſhall never forget what a grave man once ſaid on this very word—That with him it was a rake's *ſhibboleth*. [See Judges xii. 6.] He had always hopes of one who could bear the mention of it without ridiculing it; and ever gave him up for an abandoned man, who made a jeſt of it, or of him who uſed it.

Don't be diſguſted, that I mingle ſuch

ſuch grave reflections as theſe with my narratives. It becomes me, in my preſent way of thinking, to do ſo, when I ſee in Miſs Harlowe, how all human excellence, and in poor Belton, how all inhuman libertiniſm, and am near ſeeing in this abandoned woman, how all diabolical profligacy, end. And glad ſhould I be for your own ſake, for your ſplendid family's ſake, and for the ſake of all your intimates and acquaintances, that you were labouring under the ſame impreſſions, that ſo *we*, who have been companions in (and promoters of one another's) wickedneſs, might join in a general atonement to the utmoſt of our power.

I came home reflecting upon all theſe things, more edifying to me than any ſermon I could have heard preached: and I ſhall conclude this long letter with obſerving, that although I left the wretched howler in a high phrenzy-fit, which was exceſſively ſhocking to the by-ſtanders; yet her phrenzy muſt be the happieſt part of her dreadful condition: for when ſhe is *herſelf*, as it is called, what muſt be her reflections upon her paſt profligate life, throughout which it has been her conſtant delight and buſineſs, devil-like, to make others as wicked as herſelf! What muſt her terrors be (a hell already begun in her mind!) on looking forward to the dreadful ſtate ſhe is now upon the verge of!—But I drop my trembling pen.

To have done with ſo ſhocking a ſubject at once, we ſhall take notice, That Mr. Belford, in a future letter, writes, that the miſerable woman, to the ſurprize of the operators themſelves, (through hourly increaſing tortures of body and mind) held out ſo long as till Thurſday, Sept. 21. And then died in ſuch agonies as terrified into a tranſitory penitence all the wretches about her.

LETTER XLII.

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SUNDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 10.

DEAR SIR,

ACCORDING to my promiſe, I ſend you an account of matters here. Poor Mrs. Norton was ſo very ill upon the road, that, ſlowly as the herſe moved, and the chariot followed, I was afraid we ſhould not have got her to St. Alban's. We put up there as I had intended. I was in hopes that ſhe would have been better for the ſtop: but I was forced to leave her behind me. I ordered the ſervant-maid you were ſo conſiderately kind as to ſend down with her, to be very careful of her; and left the chariot to attend her. She deſerves all the regard that can be paid her; not only upon my couſin's account, but on her own—She is an excellent woman.

When we were within five miles of Harlowe Place, I put on a hand-gallop. I ordered the herſe to proceed more ſlowly ſtill, the croſs-road we were in being rough; and having more time before us than I wanted; for I wiſhed not the herſe to be in till near duſk. I got to Harlowe Place about four o'clock. You may believe I found a mournful houſe. You deſire me to be very minute.

At my entrance into the court, they were all in motion. Every ſervant whom I ſaw had ſwelled eyes, and looked with ſo much concern, that at firſt I apprehended ſome new diſaſter had happened in the family. Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe, and Mrs. Hervey, were there. They all helped on one another's grief, as they had before done each other's hardneſs of heart.

My couſin James met me at the entrance of the hall. His countenance expreſſed a fixed concern; and he deſired me to excuſe his behaviour the laſt time I was there.

My couſin Arabella came to me full of tears and grief.

'O, couſin!' ſaid ſhe, hanging upon my arm, 'I dare not aſk you any queſ-'tions!'—About the approach of the herſe, I ſuppoſe ſhe meant.

I myſelf was full of grief; and, without going farther or ſpeaking, ſat down in the hall in the firſt chair.

The brother ſat down on one hand of me, the ſiſter on the other. Both were ſilent. The latter in tears.

Mr. Antony Harlowe came to me ſoon after. His face was overſpread with all the appearance of woe. He requeſted me to walk into the parlour; where, as he ſaid, were all his fellow-mourners.

I attended him in. My couſins James and Arabella followed me.

A perfect concert of grief, as I may ſay, broke out the moment I entered the parlour.

My couſin Harlowe, the dear creature's father, as ſoon as he ſaw me, ſaid, 'O, couſin, couſin, of all our fa-'mily,

'mily, you are the only one who have 'nothing to reproach yourself with!—'*You* are a happy man!'

The poor mother bowing her head to me in speechless grief, sat with her handkerchief held to her eyes with one hand. The other hand was held by her sister Hervey, between both hers; Mrs. Hervey weeping upon it.

Near the window, sat Mr. John Harlowe, his face and his body turned from the sorrowing company; his eyes red and swelled.

My cousin Antony, at his re-entering the parlour, went towards Mrs. Harlowe—'Don't, dear sister!' said he.—Then towards my cousin Harlowe—'Don't, dear brother!—Don't thus 'give way—' And without being able to say another word, went to a corner of the parlour, and, wanting himself the comfort he would fain have given, sunk into a chair, and audibly sobbed.

Miss Arabella followed her uncle Antony, as he walked in before me, and seemed as if she would have spoken to the pierced mother some words of comfort. But she was unable to utter them, and got behind her mother's chair; and inclining her face over it, on the unhappy lady's shoulder, seemed to claim the consolation that indulgent parent used, but then was unable to afford her.

Young Mr. Harlowe, with all his vehemence of spirit, was now subdued. His self-reproaching conscience, no doubt, was the cause of it.

And what, Sir, must their thoughts be, which, at that moment, in a manner deprived them of all motion, and turned their speech into sighs and groans!—How to be pitied, how greatly to be pitied! all of them! But how much to be cursed that abhorred Lovelace, who, as it seems, by arts uncommon, and a villainy without example, has been the sole author of a woe so complicated and extensive!—God judge me, as—But I stop—The man (the *man* can I say?) is your friend!—He already suffers, you tell me in his intellect—Restore him, Heaven, to that—If I find the matter come out, as I *apprehend* it will—Indeed her own hint of his usage of her, as in her will, is enough—Nor think, my beloved cousin, thou darling of my heart! that thy gentle spirit, breathing charity and forgiveness to the vilest of men, shall avail him!—But once more I stop—Forgive me, Sir!—Who could behold such a scene, who could recollect it in order to describe it, (as minutely as you wished me to relate how this unhappy family were affected on this sad occasion) every-one of the mourners nearly related to himself, and not to be exasperated against the author of all!

As I was the only person (grieved as I was myself) from whom any of them, at that instant, could derive comfort; 'Let us not,' said I, 'my dear cousin,' approaching the inconsolable mother, 'give way to a grief, which, however 'just, can now avail us nothing. We 'hurt ourselves, and cannot recal the 'dear creature for whom we mourn. 'Nor would you wish it, if you knew 'with what assurances of eternal happi-'ness she left the world—She is happy, 'Madam!—Depend upon it, she is happy!—And comfort yourselves with 'that assurance!'

'O cousin, cousin!' cried the unhappy mother, withdrawing her hand from that of her sister Hervey, and pressing mine with it, 'You know not 'what a child I have lost!'—Then in a lower voice. 'And *how* lost!—That 'it is that makes the loss insupport-'able.'

They all joined in a kind of melancholy chorus, and each accused him and herself, and some of them one another. But the eyes of all, in turn, were cast upon my cousin James, as the person who had kept up the general resentment against so sweet a creature. While he was hardly able to bear his own remorse: nor Miss Harlowe hers; she breaking out into words, 'How taunt-'ingly did I write to her! How barba-'rously did I insult her! Yet how pa-'tiently did she take it!—Who would 'have thought she had been so near her 'end!—O brother, brother!—But for '*you*!—But for *you*!'—'Double not 'upon me,' said he, 'my own woes! 'I have every-thing before me that 'has passed! I thought only to re-'claim a dear creature that had erred! 'I intended not to break her tender 'heart! But it was the villainous Love-'lace who did that—Not any of us! '—Yet, cousin, did she not attribute all 'to *me*?—I fear she did!—Tell me 'only, did she *name* me, did she *speak* 'of me in her last hours? I hope she, 'who could forgive the greatest villain 'on earth, and plead that he may be 'safe from our vengeance, I *hope* she 'could forgive *me*.'

'She died blessing you all; and jus-'tified rather than condemned your se-'verity to her.' Their

Then they ſet up another general lamentation. 'We ſee,' ſaid her father, 'enough, we ſee in her heart-piercing 'letters to us, what a happy frame ſhe 'was in a few days before her death— 'But did it hold to the laſt? Had ſhe 'no repinings? Had the dear child no 'heart-burnings?'

'None at all!—I never ſaw, and 'never ſhall ſee, ſo bleſſed a *departure*: 'and no wonder; for I never heard of 'ſuch a *preparation*. Every hour, for 'weeks together, was taken up in it. 'Let this be our comfort: we need only 'to wiſh for ſo happy an end for our'ſelves, and for thoſe who are neareſt 'to our hearts. We may any of us 'be grieved for acts of unkindneſs to 'her: but had all happened that once 'ſhe wiſhed for, ſhe could not have made 'a happier, perhaps not ſo happy an 'end.'

'Dear ſoul!' and 'Dear ſweet ſoul!' the father, uncles, ſiſter, my couſin Hervey, cried out all at once, in accents of anguiſh inexpreſſibly affecting.

'We muſt for ever be diſturbed for 'thoſe acts of unkindneſs to ſo ſweet 'a child!' cried the unhappy mother. '—Indeed! indeed!' [ſoftly to her ſiſter Hervey] 'I have been too paſſive, 'much too paſſive, in this caſe!—The 'temporary quiet I have been ſo ſtu'dious all my life to preſerve, has coſt 'me everlaſting diſquiet!'——There ſhe ſtopt.

'*Dear ſiſter!*' was all Mrs. Hervey could ſay.

'I have done but half my duty to the 'deareſt and moſt meritorious of chil'dren!' reſumed the ſorrowing mother. —'Nay, *not* half!—How have we har'dened our hearts againſt her!'—Again her tears denied paſſage to her words.

'*My deareſt, deareſt ſiſter!*' again was all Mrs. Hervey could ſay.

'Would to Heaven,' proceeded, exclaiming, the poor mother, 'I had but '*once* ſeen her!' Then turning to my couſin James, and his ſiſter—'O my 'ſon!—O my Arabella!—If WE were 'to receive as little mercy—' And there again ſhe ſtopt, her tears interrupting her further ſpeech; every-one, all the time, remaining ſilent; their countenances ſhewing a grief in their hearts too big for expreſſion.

Now you ſee, Mr. Belford, that my deareſt couſin could be allowed all her merit!—*What a dreadful thing is after-reflection upon a conduct ſo perverſe and unnatural?*

O this curſed friend of yours, Mr. Belford! This deteſted Lov[illegible] To him, to him is owing—

Pardon me, Sir. I will lay down my pen till I have recovered my temper.

ONE IN THE MORNING.

In vain, Sir, have I endeavoured to compoſe myſelf to reſt. You wiſhed me to be very particular, and I cannot help it. This melancholy ſubject fills my whole mind. I will proceed, though it be midnight.

About ſix o'clock the herſe came to the outward gate—The pariſh-church is at ſome diſtance; but the wind ſetting fair, the afflicted family were ſhock, juſt before it came, into a freſh fit of grief, on hearing the funeral bell tolled in a very ſolemn manner. A reſpect, as it proved, and as they all gueſſed, paid to the memory of the dear deceaſed, out of officious love, as the herſe paſſed near the church.

Judge, when their grief was ſo great in expectation of it, what it muſt be when it arrived.

A ſervant came in to acquaint us, with what it's lumbering heavy noiſe up the paved inner court-yard apprized us of before. He ſpoke not. He could not ſpeak. He looked, bowed, and withdrew.

I ſtept out. No one elſe could then ſtir. Her brother, however, ſoon followed me. When I came to the door, I beheld a ſight very affecting.

You have heard, Sir, how univerſally my dear couſin was beloved. By the poor and middling ſort eſpecially, no young lady was ever ſo much beloved. And with reaſon: ſhe was the common patroneſs of all the honeſt poor in her neighbourhood.

It is natural for us, in every deep and ſincere grief, to intereſt all we know in what is ſo concerning to ourſelves. The ſervants of the family, it ſeems, had told *their* friends, and thoſe *theirs*; that though, living, their dear young lady could not be received nor looked upon, her body was permitted to be brought home. The ſpace of time was ſo confined, that thoſe who knew when ſhe died, muſt eaſily gueſs *near the time* the herſe was to come. A herſe, paſſing through country villages, and from London, however ſlenderly attended, (for the chariot, as I have ſaid, waited upon poor Mrs. Norton) takes every-one's attention. Nor was it hard to gueſs whoſe *this* muſt be, though not adorned by eſcutcheons, when the croſs-roads to Harlowe Place were taken, as ſoon

ſame as he came within ſix miles of it: ſo that the herſe, and the ſolemn tolling of the bell, had drawn together at leaſt fifty of the neighbouring men, women, and children, and ſome of good appearance. Not a ſoul of them, it ſeems, with a dry eye, and each lamenting the death of this admirable lady, *who*, as I am told, *never ſtirred out, but ſomebody was the better for her*.

Theſe, when the coffin was taken out of the herſe, crouding about it, hindered, for a few moments, it's being carried in; the young people ſtruggling who ſhould bear it; and yet, with reſpectful *whiſperings*, rather than clamorous *contention*. A mark of veneration I had never before ſeen paid, upon any occaſion, in all my travels, from the under-bred many, from whom noiſe is generally inſeparable in all their emulations.

At laſt ſix maidens were permitted to carry it in by the ſix handles.

The corpſe was thus borne, with the moſt ſolemn reſpect, into the hall, and placed for the preſent upon two ſtools there. The plates, and emblems, and inſcription, ſet every one gazing upon it, and admiring it. The more, when they were told, that all was of her own ordering. They wiſhed to be permitted a ſight of the corpſe; but rather mentioned this as their *wiſh* than as their *hope*. When they had all ſatisfied their curioſity, and remarked upon the emblems, they diſperſed with bleſſings upon her memory, and with tears and lamentations; pronouncing her to be happy; and inferring, were *ſhe* not ſo, what would become of them? While others ran over with repetitions of the good ſhe delighted to do. Nor were there wanting thoſe among them, who heaped curſes upon the man who was the author of her faſt.

The ſervants of the family then got about the coffin. They could not before: and that afforded a new ſcene of ſorrow: but a ſilent one; for they ſpoke only by their eyes, and by ſighs, looking upon the lid, and upon one another, by turns, with hands lifted up. The preſence of their young maſter poſſibly might awe them, and cauſe their grief to be expreſſed only in dumb ſhew.

As for Mr. James Harlowe, (who accompanied me, but withdrew when he ſaw the crowd) he ſtood looking upon the lid, when the people had left it, with a fixed attention: yet, I dare ſay, knew not a ſymbol or letter upon it at that moment, had the queſtion been aſked him. In a profound reverie he ſtood, his arms folded, his head on one ſide, and marks of ſtupefaction imprinted upon every feature.

But when the corpſe was carried into the leſſer parlour, adjoining to the hall, which ſhe uſed to call *her* parlour, and put upon a table in the midſt of the room, and her father and mother, the two uncles, her aunt Hervey, and her ſiſter, came in, joining her brother and me, with trembling feet, and eager woe, the ſcene was ſtill more affecting. Their ſorrow was heightened, no doubt, by the remembrance of their unforgiving ſeverity: and now ſeeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who ſo lately was driven thence by their indiſcreet violence; never, never more to be reſtored to them! no wonder that their grief was more than common grief.

They would have withheld the mother, it ſeems, from coming in: but when they could not, though undetermined before, they all bore her company, led on by an impulſe they could not reſiſt. The poor lady but juſt caſt her eye upon the coffin, and then ſnatched it away, retiring with paſſionate grief towards the window; yet addreſſing herſelf, with claſped hands, as if to her beloved daughter: 'O my child, my 'child!' cried ſhe; 'thou pride of my 'hope! Why was I not permitted to 'ſpeak pardon and peace to thee!—O 'forgive thy cruel mother!'

Her ſon (his heart then ſoftened, as his eyes ſhewed) beſought her to withdraw: and her woman looking in at that moment, he called her to aſſiſt him in conducting her lady into the middle-parlour; and then returning, met his father going out the door, who alſo had but juſt caſt his eye on the coffin, and yielded to my intreaties to withdraw. His grief was too deep for utterance, till he ſaw his ſon coming in; and then, fetching a heavy groan, 'Never,' ſaid he, 'was ſorrow like 'my ſorrow!—O Son! Son!'—in a reproaching accent, his face turned from him.

I attended him through the middle-parlour, endeavouring to conſole him. His lady was there in agonies. She took his e.e. He made a motion towards her: 'O my dear,' ſaid he—But turning ſhort, his eyes as full as his heart, he haſtened through to the great parlour: and when there, he deſired me to leave him to himſelf.

The

The uncles and the ſiſter looked and turned away, very often, upon the emblems, in ſilent ſorrow. Mrs. Hervey would have read to them the inſcription —Theſe words ſhe did read, '*Here the 'wicked ceaſe from troubling*—' But could read no farther. Her tears fell in large drops upon the plate ſhe was contemplating; and yet ſhe was deſirous of gratifying a curioſity that mingled impatience with her grief becauſe ſhe could *not* gratify it, although ſhe often wiped her eyes as they flowed.

Judge you, Mr. Belford, (for you have great humanity) how *I* muſt be affected. Yet was I forced to try to comfort them all.

But here I will cloſe this letter in order to ſend it to you in the morning early. Nevertheleſs, I will begin another, upon ſuppoſition that my doleful prolixity will not be diſagreeable to you. Indeed I am altogether indiſpoſed for reſt, as I mentioned before. So can do nothing but write. I have alſo more melancholy ſcenes to paint. My pen, if I may ſo ſay, is untired. Theſe ſcenes are freſh upon my memory: and I myſelf, perhaps, may owe to you the favour of a review of them, with ſuch other papers as you ſhall think proper to oblige me with, *when heavy grief has given way to milder melancholy*.

My ſervant, in his way to you with this letter, ſhall call at St. Alb-n's upon the good woman, that he may inform you how ſhe does. Miſs Arabella aſked me after her, when I withdrew to my chamber; to which ſhe complaiſantly accompanied me. She was much concerned at the bad way we left her in; and ſaid her mother would be more ſo.

No wonder that the dear departed, who foreſaw the remorſe that would fall to the lot of this unhappy family when they came to have the news of her death confirmed to them, was ſo grieved for their apprehended grief, and *endeavoured to comfort them by her poſthumous letters*. But it was ſtill a greater generoſity in her to try to excuſe them to me, as ſhe did when we were alone together, a few hours before ſhe died; and to aggravate more than (as far as I can find) ſhe ought to have done, the only error ſhe was ever guilty of. The more freely, however, perhaps (exalted creature!) that I might think the better of her friends, although at her own expence. I am, dear Sir, *your faithful and obedient ſervant*,

WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XLIII.

COLONEL MORDEN.

IN CONTINUATION.

WHEN the unhappy mourners were all retired, I directed the lid of the coffin to be unſcrewed, and cauſed ſome freſh aromaticks and flowers to be put into it.

The corpſe was very little altered, notwithſtanding the journey. The ſweet ſmile remained.

The maids who brought the flowers were ambitious of ſtrewing them about it: they poured forth freſh lamentations over her; each wiſhing ſhe had been ſo happy as to have been allowed to attend her in London. One of them particularly, who is, it ſeems, my couſin Arabella's perſonal ſervant, was more clamorous in her grief than any of the reſt; and the moment ſhe turned her back, all the others allowed ſhe had reaſon for it. I enquired afterwards about her, and found, that this creature was ſet over my dear couſin, when ſhe was confined to her chamber by indiſcreet ſeverity.

Good Heaven! that they ſhould treat, and ſuffer thus to be treated, a young lady, who was qualified to give laws to all her family!

When my couſins were told, that the lid was unſcrewed, they preſſed in again, all but the mournful father and mother, as if by conſent. Mrs. Hervey kiſſed her pale lips. 'Flower of the world!' was all ſhe could ſay; and gave place to Miſs Arabella; who kiſſing the forehead of *her* whom ſhe had ſo cruelly treated, could only ſay, to my couſin James, (looking upon the corpſe, and him) 'O brother!'—While he, taking the fair lifeleſs hand, kiſſed it, and retreated with precipitation.

Her two uncles were ſpeechleſs. They ſeemed to wait each other's example, whether to look upon the corpſe, or not. I ordered the lid to be replaced; and then they preſſed forward, as the others again did, to take a laſt farewel of the caſket which ſo lately contained ſo rich a jewel.

Then it was that the grief of each found fluent expreſſion; and the fair corpſe was addreſſed to, with all the tenderneſs that the ſincereſt love and warmeſt admiration could inſpire; each according to their different degrees of relationſhip, as if none of them had before looked upon her. She was their *very* niece! both uncles ſaid—The in-

joined faint! her uncle Harlowe—The ſame ſmiling ſiſter! Arabella—The dear creature! all of them—The ſame ſweet compoſure! The ſame natural dignity!—*She* was queſtionleſs happy! That ſweet ſmile betokened *her* being ſo!—*Themſelves* moſt unhappy!—And then, once more, the brother took the lifeleſs hand, and vowed revenge upon it, on the curſed author of all this diſtreſs.

The unhappy parents propoſed to take one laſt view and farewel of their once darling daughter. The father was got to the parlour-door, after the inconſolable mother: but neither of them were able to enter it. The mother ſaid, She muſt once more ſee the child of her heart, or ſhe ſhould never enjoy herſelf. But they both agreed to refer their melancholy curioſity till the next day; and hand in hand retired inconſolable, and ſpeechleſs both, their faces overſpread with woe, and turned from each other, as unable each to behold the diſtreſs of the other.

When all were withdrawn, I retired, and ſent for my couſin James, and acquainted him with his ſiſter's requeſt in relation to the diſcourſe to be pronounced at her interment; telling him how neceſſary it was, that the miniſter, whoever he were, ſhould have the earlieſt notice given him that the caſe would admit. He lamented the death of the Reverend Dr. Lewen, who, as he ſaid, was a great admirer of his ſiſter, as ſhe was of him, and would have been the fitteſt of all men for that office. He ſpoke with great aſperity of Mr. Brand, upon whoſe light enquiry after his ſiſter's character in town, he was willing to lay ſome of the blame due to himſelf. Mr. Melvill, Dr. Lewen's aſſiſtant, muſt, he ſaid, be the man; and he praiſed him for his abilities, his elocution, and unexceptionable manners; and promiſed to engage him early in the morning.

He called out his ſiſter, and ſhe was of his opinion. So I left this upon them.

They both, with no little warmth, hinted their diſapprobation of you, Sir, for their ſiſter's executor, on the ſcore of your intimate friendſhip with the author of her ruin.

You muſt not reſent any-thing I ſhall communicate to you of what they ſay on this occaſion: depending that you will not, I ſhall write with the greater freedom.

I told them how much my dear couſin was obliged to your friendſhip and humanity: the injunctions ſhe had laid you under, and your own inclination to obſerve them. I ſaid, That you were a man of honour: that you were deſirous of conſulting me, becauſe you would not willingly give offence to any of them; and that I was very fond of cultivating your favour and correſpondence.

They ſaid, There was no need of an executor out of their family; and they hoped that you would relinquiſh ſo *unneceſſary* a truſt, as they called it. My couſin James declared, that he would write to you as ſoon as the funeral was over, to deſire that you would do ſo, upon proper aſſurances that all that the will preſcribed ſhould be performed.

I ſaid, You were a man of reſolution: that I thought he would hardly ſucceed; for that you made a point of honour of it.

I then ſhewed them their ſiſter's poſthumous letter to you; in which ſhe confeſſes her obligations to you, and regard for you, and for your future welfare. You may believe, Sir, they were extremely affected with the peruſal of it.

They were ſurpriſed, that I had given up to you the produce of her grandfather's eſtate, ſince his death. I told them plainly, that they muſt thank themſelves if any-thing diſagreeable to them occurred from their ſiſter's deviſe; deſerted, and thrown into the hands of ſtrangers, as ſhe had been.

They ſaid, they would report all I had ſaid to their father and mother; adding, that great as their trouble was, they found they had more ſtill to come. But if Mr. Belford *were to be* the executor of her will, contrary to their hopes, they beſought me to take the trouble of tranſacting every-thing with you; that a friend of the man to whom they owed all their calamity, might not appear to them.

They were extremely moved at the text their ſiſter had choſen for the ſubject of the funeral diſcourſe. I had extracted from the will that article, ſuppoſing it probable, that I might not ſo ſoon have an opportunity to ſhew them the will itſelf, as would otherwiſe have been neceſſary, on account of the interment; which cannot be delayed.

MONDAY MORNING, BETWEEN EIGHT AND NINE.

THE unhappy family are preparing for a mournful meeting at breakfaſt. Mr. James Harlowe, who has had as little

M.r Hogg's New Novelist's Magazine.



Mr.r HARLOWE visiting the Corpse of CLARISSA

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Belle reſt as I, has written to Mr. Melvill, who has promiſed to draw up a brief eulogium on the deceaſed. Miſs Howe is expected here by-and-by, to ſee, for the laſt time, her beloved friend.

Miſs Howe, by her meſſenger, deſires ſhe may not be taken any notice of. She ſhall not tarry ſix minutes, was the word. Her deſire will be eaſily granted her.

Her ſervant, who brought the requeſt, if it were denied, was to return, and meet her; for ſhe was ready to ſet out in her chariot, when he got on horſeback.

If he met her not with the refuſal, he was to ſtay here till ſhe came. I am, Sir, *your faithful humble ſervant*,

WILLIAM MORDEN.

LETTER XLIV.

COLONEL MORDEN.

IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 11.

SIR,

WE are ſuch bad company here to one another, that it is ſome relief to retire and write.

I was ſummoned to breakfaſt about half an hour after nine. Slowly did the mournful congreſs meet. Each, lifeleſs and ſpiritleſs, took our places, with ſwoln eyes, enquiring, without expecting any tolerable account, how each had reſted.

The ſorrowing mother gave for anſwer, That ſhe ſhould never more know what reſt was.

By the time we were well ſeated, the bell ringing, the outward gate opening, a chariot rattling over the pavement of the court-yard, put them into emotion.

I left them; and was juſt time enough to give Miſs Howe my hand, as ſhe alighted: her maid in tears remaining in the chariot.

I think you told me, Sir, you never ſaw Miſs Howe. She is a fine graceful young lady. A fixed melancholy on her whole aſpect, overclouded a vivacity and fire, which, nevertheleſs, darted now-and-then through the awful gloom. I ſhall ever reſpect her for her love to my dear couſin.

'Never did I think,' ſaid ſhe, as ſhe gave me her hand, 'to enter more theſe 'doors: but, living or dead, *Clariſſa* 'brings me after her any-whither!'

She entered with me the little parlour; and ſeeing the coffin, withdrew her hand from mine, and with impatience puſhed aſide the lid. As impatiently ſhe removed the face-cloth. In a wild air, ſhe claſped her uplifted hands together; and now looked upon the corpſe, now up to Heaven, as if appealing to that. Her boſom heaved and fluttered diſcernible through her handkerchief, and at laſt ſhe broke ſilence—'O Sir! —See you not here!—' See you not 'here!—the glory of her ſex!—Thus 'by the moſt villainous of yours—*that* —laid low!

'O my bleſſed friend!'—ſaid ſhe— 'My ſweet companion!—my lovely 'monitreſs!'—kiſſing her lips at every tender appellation—'And is this all!— 'Is it all, of my CLARISSA's ſtory!'

Then, after a ſhort pauſe, and a profound ſigh, ſhe turned to me, and then to her breathleſs friend. 'But *is* ſhe— 'can ſhe be—really dead!—O no!— 'She only ſleeps!—Awake, my beloved 'friend!—My ſweet clay-cold friend, 'awake!—Let thy Anna Howe revive 'thee—by her warm breath revive 'thee—my dear creature!'—And, kiſſing her again, 'Let my warm lips ani- 'mate thy cold ones!'

Then, ſighing again, as from the bottom of her heart, and with an air, as if diſappointed, that ſhe anſwered not, 'And can ſuch perfection end thus!— 'And art thou really and indeed flown 'from thine Anna Howe!—O my un- 'kind CLARISSA!'

She was ſilent a few moments, and then, ſeeming to recover herſelf, ſhe turned to me—'Forgive, forgive, Mr. 'Morden, this wild phrenzy!—I am 'not myſelf!—I never ſhall be!—You 'knew not the excellence—no, not *half* 'the excellence—that is thus laid low!' —Repeating, 'This cannot, ſurely, be 'all of my CLARISSA's ſtory!'

Again pauſing—'One tear, my be- 'loved friend, didſt thou allow me!— 'But this *dumb* ſorrow!—O for a tear 'to eaſe my full-ſwoln heart, that is 'juſt burſting!

'But why, Sir—why, Mr. Morden— 'was ſhe ſent *hither*?—Why not to *us*? '—She has no father, no mother, no 'relation—no, not *one*!—They had all 'renounced her. I was her ſympathi- 'zing friend—And had not I the beſt 'right to my dear creature's remains? '—And muſt names, without nature, 'be preferred to ſuch a love as mine!'

Again ſhe kiſſed her lips, each cheek, her forehead;—and ſighed as if her heart would break.

'But why, why,' ſaid ſhe, 'was I 'witheld from ſeeing my deareſt dear 'friend, before ſhe commenced angel? '—Delaying ſtill, and *too eaſily* ſa- 'tisfied

'*fettled* to delay, the friendly visit that 'my heart panted after; what pain will 'this reflection give me!—O my blessed 'friend! Who knows—who knows—had I come in time, what my cordial 'comfortings might have done for thee! '—But,' looking round her, as if she apprehended seeing some of the family, 'one more kiss, my angel, my friend, 'my ever-to-be-regretted, lost companion! And let me fly this hated house, 'which I never loved but for thy sake! '—Adieu, then, my dearest CLARISSA! '—*Thou* art happy, I doubt not, as thou 'assuredst me in thy last letter!—O may 'we meet, and rejoice together, where 'no villainous *Lovelaces*, no hard-hearted '*relations*, will ever shock our innocence, 'or ruffle our felicity!'

Again she was silent, unable to go, though seeming to intend it; struggling, as it were, with her grief, and heaving with anguish: at last, happily, a flood of tears gushed from her eyes—'Now! '—Now!' said she—'shall I—shall I—'be easier. But for this kind relief, my 'heart would have burst asunder—'More, many more tears than these are 'due to my CLARISSA, whose counsel 'has done for me what mine could not 'do for her!—But why,' looking earnestly upon her, her hands clasped and lifted up—'But why do I thus lament 'the HAPPY? And that thou art so, is 'my comfort. It is—it is—my dear 'creature!'—kissing her again.

'Excuse me, Sir,' [turning to me, who was as much moved as herself;] 'I loved the dear creature, as never wo-'man loved another. Excuse my fran-'tick grief. How has the glory of her 'sex fallen a victim to villainy, and to 'hard-heartedness!'

'Madam,' said I, 'they all have it!—'Now indeed they have it—'

'And let them have it!—I should 'belye my love for the friend of my 'heart, were I to pity them!—But how 'unhappy am I,' [looking upon her] 'that I saw her not before these eyes 'were shut, before these lips were for 'ever closed!—Oh, Sir! you know not 'the wisdom that continually flowed 'from these lips when she spoke!—Nor 'what a friend I have lost!'

Then, surveying the lid, she seemed to take in at once the meaning of the emblems; and this gave her so much fresh grief, that though she several times wiped her eyes, she was unable to read the inscription and texts: turning therefore to me, 'Favour me, Sir, I pray 'you, by a line, with the description of 'these emblems, and with these texts: 'and if I might be allowed a lock of 'the dear creature's hair—'

I told her, that her executor would order both; and would also send her a copy of her last will; in which she would find the most grateful remembrances of her love for her, whom she calls *the sister of her heart*.

'Justly,' said she, 'does she call me 'so; for we had but one heart, but one 'soul, between us: and now my better 'half is torn from me—*what shall I do?*

But looking round her, on a servant's stepping by the door, as if again she had apprehended it was some of the family—'Once more,' said she, 'a solemn, an 'everlasting adieu!—Alas for *me!* a 'solemn, an everlasting adieu!'

Then again embracing her face with both her hands, and kissing it, and afterwards the hands of the dear deceased, first one, then the other, she gave me her hand, and, quitting the room with precipitation, rushed into her chariot; and, when there, with profound sighs, and a fresh burst of tears, unable to speak, she bowed her head to me, and was driven away.

The inconsolable company saw how much I had been moved, on my return to them. Mr. James Harlowe had been telling them what had passed between him and me: and, finding myself unfit for company, and observing, that they broke off talking at my coming in, I thought it proper to leave them to their consultations.

And here I will put an end to this letter; for indeed, Sir, the very recollection of this affecting scene has left me nearly as unable to proceed, as I was, just after it, to converse with my cousins. I am, Sir, with great truth, *your most obedient humble servant*,

WILLIAM MORDEN.

LETTER XLV.

COLONEL MORDEN.

IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 12.

THE good Mrs. Norton is arrived, a little amended in her spirits: owing to the very posthumous letters, as I may call them, which you, Mr. Belford, as well as I, apprehended would have had fatal effects upon her.

I cannot but attribute this to the right turn of her mind. It seems she has been enured to afflictions; and has lived in a constant hope of a *better* life; and, having no acts of unkindness to the dear deceased

deceaſed to reproach herſelf with, is moſt conſiderately reſolved to exert her *utmoſt* fortitude in order to comfort the ſorrowing mother.

O Mr. Belford, how does the character of my dear departed couſin riſe upon me from every mouth!—Had ſhe been my own child, or my ſiſter!—But do you think, that the man who occaſioned this great, this extended ruin—But I forbear.

The will is not to be looked into, till the funeral rites are performed. Preparations are making for the ſolemnity; and the ſervants, as well as principals of all the branches of the family, are put into cloſe mourning.

I have ſeen Mr. Melvill. He is a ſerious and ſenſible man. I have given him particulars to go upon in the diſcourſe he is to pronounce at the funeral: but had the leſs need to do this, as I find he is extremely well acquainted with the whole unhappy ſtory; and was a perſonal admirer of my dear couſin, and a ſincere lamenter of her misfortunes and death. The reverend Dr. Lewen, who is but very lately dead, was his particular friend, and had once intended to recommend him to her favour and notice.

I AM juſt returned from attending the afflicted parents, in an effort they made to ſee the corpſe of their beloved child. They had requeſted my company, and that of the good Mrs. Norton. A laſt leave, the mother ſaid, ſhe *muſt* take!

An *effort*, however, it was, and no more. The moment they came in ſight of the coffin, before the lid could be put aſide, 'O my dear,' ſaid the father, retreating, 'I cannot, I find I cannot, 'bear it!—Had I—Had I—Had I never 'been hard-hearted!'—Then turning round to his lady, he had but juſt time to catch her in his arms, and prevent her ſinking on the floor.—'O my deareſt life!' ſaid he, 'this is too much!—'Too much, indeed!—Let us, let us 'retire.' Mrs. Norton, who (attracted by the awful receptacle) had but juſt left the good lady, haſtened to her——'Dear, dear woman,' cried the unhappy parent, flinging her arms about her neck, 'bear me, bear me hence!—'O my child!—my child!—My own 'Clariſſa Harlowe!—Thou pride of my 'life ſo lately!—Never, never more, 'muſt I behold thee!'

I ſupported the unhappy father, Mrs. Norton the ſinking mother, into the next parlour. She threw herſelf on a ſettee there: he into an elbow-chair by her: the good woman at her feet, her arms claſped round her waiſt. The two mothers, as I may call them, of my beloved couſin, thus tenderly engaged!—What a variety of diſtreſs in theſe woeful ſcenes!

The unhappy father, in endeavouring to comfort his lady, loaded himſelf.—'Would to God, my dear,' ſaid he, 'would to God I had no more to charge 'myſelf with, than you have!—You re-'lented!—You would have prevailed 'upon *me* to relent!'

'The greater my fault,' ſaid ſhe, 'when I knew that diſpleaſure was car-'ried too high, to acquieſce as I did!—'What a barbarous parent was I, to let 'two angry children make me forget 'that I was mother to a third—To *ſuch* 'a third!'

Mrs. Norton uſed arguments and prayers to comfort her—'O my dear 'Norton,' anſwered the unhappy lady, 'you was the dear creature's *more natu-'ral* mother!—Would to Heaven I had 'no more to anſwer for than *you have!*'

Thus the unhappy pair unavailingly recriminated, till my couſin Hervey entered, and, with Mrs. Norton, conducted up to her own chamber the inconſolable mother. The two uncles, and Mr. Hervey, came in at the ſame time, and prevailed upon the afflicted father to retire with them to his—Both giving up all thoughts of ever more ſeeing the child whoſe death was ſo ſeverely regretted by them.

Time only, Mr. Belford, can combat with advantage ſuch a heavy deprivation as this. Advice will not do, while the loſs is recent. Nature will have way given to it, (and ſo it ought) till ſorrow has in a manner exhauſted itſelf; and then reaſon and religion will come in ſeaſonably with their powerful aids to raiſe the drooping heart.

I ſee here no face that is the ſame I ſaw at my firſt arrival. Proud and haughty every countenance then, unyielding to entreaty: now, how greatly are they humbled!—The utmoſt diſtreſs is apparent in every protracted feature, and in every burſting muſcle, of each diſconſolate mourner. Their eyes, which ſo lately flaſhed anger and reſentment, now are turned to every-one that approaches them, as if imploring pity!—*Could ever wilful hard-heartedneſs be more ſeverely puniſhed?*

The following lines of Juvenal are, upon

upon the whole, applicable to this houſe and family: and I have revolved them many times ſince Sunday evening—

'Humani generis mores tibi noſſe volenti
'Sufficit una domus: paucos conſumere dies, &
'Dicere te miſerum, poſtquam illinc veneris,
'aude.'

Let me add, That Mrs. Norton has communicated to the family the poſthumous letter ſent her. This letter affords a foundation for *future* conſolation to them; but at preſent it has new-pointed their grief, by making them reflect on their cruelty to ſo excellent a daughter, niece, and ſiſter. I am, dear Sir, *your very humble ſervant*,

WM. MORDEN.

LETTER XLVI.

COLONEL MORDEN.

IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 14.

WE are juſt returned from the ſolemnization of the laſt mournful rite. My couſin James and his ſiſter, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey, and *their* daughter, a young lady whoſe affection for my departed couſin ſhall ever bind me to her; my couſins John and Antony Harlowe, myſelf, and ſome other more diſtant relations of the names of Fuller and Allinſon, (who, to teſtify their reſpect to the memory of the dear deceaſed, had put themſelves in mourning) ſelf-invited, attended it.

The father and mother would have joined in theſe laſt honours had they been able: but they were both very much indiſpoſed; and continue to be ſo.

The inconſolable mother told Mrs. Norton, that the two mothers of the ſweeteſt child in the world, ought not, on this occaſion, to be ſeparated. She therefore deſired her to ſtay with *her*.

The whole ſolemnity was performed with great decency and order. The diſtance from Harlowe Place to the church is about half a mile. All the way the corpſe was attended by great numbers of people of all conditions.

It was nine when it entered the church; every corner of which was crouded. Such a profound, ſuch a ſilent reſpect did I never ſee paid at the funeral of princes. An attentive ſadneſs overſpread the face of all.

The eulogy pronounced by Mr. Melvill was a very pathetick one. He wiped his own eyes often, and made everybody preſent ſtill oftener wipe theirs.

The auditors were moſt particularly affected, when he told them that the ſolemn text was her own choice.

He enumerated her fine qualities, naming with honour their late worthy paſtor for his authority.

Every enumerated excellence was witneſſed to in different parts of the church in reſpectful whiſpers by different perſons, as of their own knowledge, as I have ſince been informed.

When he pointed to the pew where (doing credit to religion by her example) ſhe uſed to ſit or kneel, the whole auditory, as one perſon, turned to the pew with the moſt reſpectful ſolemnity, as if ſhe had been herſelf there.

When the gentleman attributed condeſcenſion and mingled dignity to her, a buzzing approbation was given to the attribute throughout the church; and a poor neat woman under my pew added, that ſhe was indeed all graciouſneſs, and would ſpeak to any-body.

Many eyes ran over, when he mentioned her charities, her well-judged charities. And her reward was decreed from every mouth, with ſighs and ſobs from ſome, and theſe words from others, 'The poor will dearly miſs her.'

The *cheerful giver* whom God is ſaid *to love*, was allowed to be *her*: and a young lady, I am told, ſaid, 'It was 'Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe's care to find 'out the unhappy, upon a ſudden diſ-'treſs, before the ſighing heart was 'overwhelmed by it.'

She had a ſet of poor people, choſen for their remarkable honeſty and ineffectual induſtry. Theſe voluntarily paid their laſt attendance on their benefactreſs; and mingling in the church as they could croud near the aiſle where the corpſe was on ſtands, it was the leſs wonder that her praiſes from the preacher met with ſuch general and ſuch grateful whiſpers of approbation.

Some it ſeems there were, who knowing her unhappy ſtory, remarked upon the dejected looks of the brother, and the drowned eyes of the ſiſter; O what would they now give, they'd warrant, had they not been ſo hard-hearted!—Others purſued, as I may ſay, the ſevere father, and unhappy mother, into their chambers at home—They anſwered for their relenting, now, that it was too late!—What muſt be their grief!—No *wonder* they could not be preſent!

Several expreſſed their aſtoniſhment, as people do every hour, that a man could live whom ſuch perfections could not engage to be juſt to her; to be *humane*,

mane, I may ſay.—And who, her rank and fortune conſidered, could be ſo diſregardful of his own *intereſt*, had he had no other motive to be juſt!

The good divine, led by his text, juſt touched upon the unhappy ſtep that was the cauſe of her untimely fate. He attributed it to the ſtate of things below, in which there could not be abſolute perfection. He very politely touched upon the noble diſdain ſhe ſhewed (though earneſtly ſolicited by a whole ſplendid family) to join intereſts with a man whom ſhe found unworthy of her eſteem and confidence: and who courted her with the utmoſt earneſtneſs to accept of him.

What he moſt inſiſted upon was, the happy end ſhe made; and thence drew conſolation to her relations, and inſtruction to the auditory.

In a word, his performance was ſuch as heightened the reputation which he had before in a very eminent degree obtained.

When the corpſe was to be carried down into the vault, (a very ſpacious one, within the church) there was great crouding to ſee the coffin-lid, and the devices upon it. Particularly two gentlemen muffled up in cloaks, preſſed forward. Theſe, it ſeems, were Mr. Mullins and Mr. Wyerley; both of them profeſſed admirers of my dear couſin.

When they came near the coffin, and caſt their eyes upon the lid, 'In that 'little ſpace,' ſaid Mr. Mullins, 'is 'included all human excellence!'—And then Mr. Wyerley, unable to contain himſelf, was forced to quit the church; and we hear is very ill.

It is ſaid that Mr. Solmes was in a remote part of the church wrapped round in a horſeman's coat: and that he ſhed tears ſeveral times. But I ſaw him not.

Another gentleman was there incognito, in a pew near the entrance of the vault, who had not been taken notice of, but for his great emotion when he looked over his pew, at the time the coffin was carried down to it's laſt place. This was Miſs Howe's worthy Mr. Hickman.

My couſins John and Antony, and their nephew James, choſe not to deſcend into the vault among their departed anceſtors.

Miſs Harlowe was extremely affected. Her *conſcience*, as well as her love, was concerned on the occaſion. She would go down with the corpſe of her dear, her only ſiſter, ſhe ſaid: but her brother would not permit it. And her overwhelmed eye purſued the coffin till ſhe could ſee no more of it: and then ſhe threw herſelf on the ſeat, and was near fainting away.

I accompanied it down, that I might not only ſatisfy myſelf, but you, Sir, her executor, that it was depoſited, as ſhe had directed, at the feet of her grandfather.

Mr. Melvill came down, contemplated the lid, and ſhed a few tears over it. I was ſo well ſatisfied with his diſcourſe and behaviour, that I preſented him on the ſolemn ſpot with a ring of ſome value; and thanked him for his performance.

And here I left the remains of my beloved couſin; having beſpoken my own place by the ſide of her coffin.

On my return to Harlowe Place, I contented myſelf with ſending my compliments to the ſorrowing parents, and retired to my chamber. Nor am I aſhamed to own, that I could not help giving way to a repeated fit of humanity, as ſoon as I entered it. I am, Sir, *your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant*,

WM. MORDEN.

P. S. You will have a letter from my couſin James, who hopes to prevail upon you to relinquiſh the executorſhip. It has not my encouragement.

LETTER XLVII.

MR. BELFORD, TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 16.

DEAR SIR,

I Once had thoughts to go down privately, in order, diſguiſed, to ſee the laſt ſolemnity performed. But there was no need to give myſelf this melancholy trouble, ſince your laſt letter ſo naturally deſcribes all that paſſed, that I have every ſcene before my eyes.

You croud me, Sir, methinks, into the ſilent ſlow proceſſion—Now with the ſacred bier do I enter the awful porch: now meaſure I, with ſolemn paces, the venerable aiſle: now, ambitious of a relationſhip to her, placed in a pew near to the eye-attracting coffin, do I liſten to the moving eulogy: now, through the buz of gaping, eye-ſwoln crowds, do I deſcend into the clammy vault, as a true executor, to ſee that part of her will performed with my own eyes. There, with a ſoul filled with muſing, do I number the ſurrounding

monuments of mortality, and contemplate the preſent ſtillneſs of ſo many once buſy vanities, crouded all into one poor vaulted nook, as if the living grudged room for the corpſes of thoſe, for which, when animated, the earth, the air, and the waters, could hardly find room. Then ſeeing her placed at the feet of him whoſe earthly delight ſhe was; and who, as I find, aſcribes to the pleaſure ſhe gave him, the prolongation of his own life; ſighing, and with averted face, I quit the ſolemn manſion, the ſymbolick coffin, and, for ever, the glory of her ſex; and aſcend with thoſe, who, in a few years, after a very ſhort blaze of life, will fill up other ſpaces of the ſame vault, which now (while they mourn only for her, whom they jointly perſecuted) they preſs with their feet.

Nor do your affecting deſcriptions permit me *here* to ſtop: but, aſcended, I mingle my tears and my praiſes with thoſe of the numerous ſpectators. I accompany the afflicted mourners back to their uncomfortable manſion; and make one in the general concert of unavailing woe; till retiring as I imagine, as *they* retire, like them, in reality, I give up to new ſcenes of ſolitary and ſleepleſs grief; reflecting upon the perfections I have ſeen the end of; and having no relief but from an indignation, which makes me approve of the reſentments of others againſt the *unhappy man*, and thoſe *equally unhappy relations of hers*, to whom the irreparable loſs is owing.

Forgive me, Sir, theſe reflections; and permit me, with this, to ſend you what you declined receiving till the funeral was over—

He gives him then an account of the money and effects, which he ſends him down by this opportunity, for the legatees at Harlowe Place, and in its neighbourhood; which he deſires him to diſpoſe of according to the will.

He alſo ſends him an account of other ſteps he has taken in purſuance of the will; and deſires to know, if Mr. Harlowe expects the diſcharge of the funeral expences from the effects in his hands; and the reimburſement of the ſums advanced to the teſtatrix ſince her grandfather's death.

Theſe expeditious proceedings (*ſays he*) will convince Mr. James Harlowe, that I am reſolved to ſee the will completely executed; and yet, by my manner of doing it, that I deſire not to give unneceſſary mortifications to the family, ſince every-thing that relates to them ſhall paſs through your hands.

LETTER XLVIII.

MR. JAMES HARLOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

HARLOWE PLACE, FRIDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 15.

SIR,

I Hope, from the character my worthy couſin Morden gives you, that you will excuſe the application I make to you, to oblige a whole family in an affair that much concerns their peace, and cannot equally concern any-body elſe. You will immediately judge, Sir, that this is the executorſhip of which my ſiſter has given you the trouble by her laſt will.

We ſhall all think ourſelves extremely obliged to you, if you pleaſe to relinquiſh this truſt to our own family; the reaſons which follow pleading for our expectation of this favour from you:

Firſt, becauſe ſhe never would have had the thought of troubling you, Sir, if ſhe had believed any of her near relations would have taken it upon themſelves.

Secondly, I underſtand, that ſhe recommends to you in the will to truſt to the honour of any of our family, for the performance of ſuch of the articles as are of a domeſtick nature. We are *any* of us, and *all* of us, if you requeſt it, willing to ſtake our honours upon this occaſion: and all you can deſire, as a man of honour, is, that the truſt be executed.

We are the more concerned, Sir, to wiſh you to decline this office, becauſe of your ſhort and accidental knowledge of the dear teſtatrix, and long and intimate acquaintance with the man to whom *ſhe* owed her ruin, and *we* the greateſt loſs and diſappointment (her manifold excellences conſidered) that ever befel a family.

You will allow due weight, I dare ſay, to this plea, if you make our caſe your own: and ſo much the readier, when I aſſure you, that your interfering in this matter, ſo much againſt our inclinations, (excuſe, Sir, my plain-dealing) will probably occaſion an oppoſition in ſome points, where otherwiſe there might be none.

What therefore I propoſe is, not that my father ſhould aſſume this truſt: he is too much afflicted to undertake it—Nor yet myſelf—I might be thought too much concerned in intereſt: but that it may be allowed to devolve upon my two uncles; whoſe known honour, and whoſe affection to the dear deceaſed, nobody

nobody ever doubted: and they will treat with you, Sir, through my couſin Morden, as to the points they will undertake to perform.

The trouble you have already had, will well entitle you to the legacy ſhe bequeathes you, together with the reimburſement of all the charges you have been at, and allowance of the legacies you have diſcharged, although you ſhould not have qualified yourſelf to act as an executor; as I preſume you have not *yet* done, nor will *now* do.

Your compliance, Sir, will oblige a family (who have already diſtreſs enough upon them) in the circumſtance that occaſions this application to you; and more particularly, Sir, *your moſt humble ſervant*,

JAMES HARLOWE, JUN.

I ſend this by one of my ſervants, who will attend your diſpatch.

LETTER XLIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO JAMES HARLOWE, JUN. ESQ.

SIR, SATURDAY, SEPT. 16.

YOU will excuſe my plain-dealing in turn: for I muſt obſerve, that if I had *not* the juſt opinion I have of the ſacred nature of the office I have undertaken, ſome paſſages in the letter you have favoured me with, would convince me that I ought not to excuſe myſelf from acting in it.

I need name only one of them. You are pleaſed to ſay, that your uncles, if the truſt be relinquiſhed to them, will *treat with me*, through Colonel Morden, *as to the points they will undertake to perform*.

Permit me, Sir, to ſay, that it is the *duty* of an executor to ſee *every point* performed, that *can* be performed. Nor will I leave the performance of mine to any other perſons, eſpecially where a qualifying is ſo directly intimated, and where all the branches of your family have ſhewn themſelves, with reſpect to the incomparable lady, to have but one mind.

You are pleaſed to urge, that ſhe recommends to me, the leaving to the honour of any of your family ſuch of the articles as are of a *domeſtick nature*. But admitting this to be ſo, does it not imply that the *other* articles are ſtill to obtain my care?—But even theſe, you will find by the will, ſhe gives not up; and to that I refer you.

I am ſorry for the hints you give of an *oppoſition*, where, as you ſay, there might be none, if I did not interfere. I ſee not, Sir, why your animoſity againſt a man who cannot be defended, ſhould be carried to ſuch a height againſt one who never gave you offence: and this only, becauſe he is acquainted with that man. I will not ſay all I might ſay on this occaſion.

As to the legacy to myſelf, I aſſure you, Sir, that neither my circumſtances, nor my temper, will put me upon being a gainer by the executorſhip. I ſhall take pleaſure to tread in the ſteps of the admirable teſtatrix in all I may; and rather will increaſe than diminiſh her poors fund.

With regard to the trouble that may attend the execution of the truſt, I ſhall not, in honour to her memory, value ten times more than this can give me. I have indeed two other executorſhips on my hands; but they ſit light upon me. And *ſurvivors cannot better or more charitably beſtow their time.*

I conceive that every article, but that relating to the poor's fund, (ſuch is the excellence of the diſpoſition of the moſt excellent of women) may be performed in two months time, at fartheſt.

Occaſions of litigation or offence ſhall not proceed from me. You need only apply to Colonel Morden, who ſhall command me in every-thing that the will allows me to oblige your family in. I do aſſure you, that I am as unwilling to obtrude myſelf upon it, as any of it can wiſh.

I own, that I have not yet proved the will; nor ſhall I do it till next week at ſooneſt, that you may have time for amicable objections, if ſuch you think fit to make through the colonel's mediation. But let me obſerve to you, Sir, That an executor's power, in ſuch inſtances as I have exerciſed it, is the ſame before the probate, as after it. He can even, without taking *that* out, *commence* an action, although he cannot *declare* upon it: and theſe acts of adminiſtration make him liable to actions himſelf. I am therefore very proper in the ſteps I have taken in part of the execution of this ſacred truſt; and want not *allowance* on the occaſion.

Permit me to add, That when you have peruſed the will, and coolly conſidered every-thing, it is my hope, that you will yourſelf be of opinion, that there can be no room for diſpute or oppoſition: and that if your family will join to expedite the execution, it will

be the moſt natural and eaſy way of ſhutting up the whole affair, and to have done with a man, ſo cauſeleſsly, as to his *own* particular, the object of your diſlike, as is, Sir, *your very humble ſervant (notwithſtanding)*

JOHN BELFORD.

The WILL.

To which the following preamble, written on a ſeparate paper, was ſtitched with black ſilk.

'To my EXECUTOR.

'I Hope I may be excuſed for expatiating, in divers parts of this ſolemn laſt act, upon ſubjects of importance. For I have heard of ſo many inſtances of confuſion and diſagreement in families, and ſo much doubt and difficulty, for want of abſolute clearneſs in the teſtaments of departed perſons, that I have often concluded, (were there to be no other reaſons but thoſe which reſpect the peace of ſurviving friends) that this laſt act, as to it's deſignation and operation, ought not to be the laſt in it's compoſition or making; but ſhould be the reſult of cool deliberation; and (as is more *frequently* than *juſtly* ſaid) of a *ſound mind and memory*; which too ſeldom are to be met with but in *ſound health*. All pretences of inſanity of mind are likewiſe prevented, when a teſtator gives reaſons for what he wills; all cavils about words are obviated; the obliged are aſſured; and they enjoy the benefit for whom the benefit was intended. Hence have I, for ſome time paſt, employed myſelf in penning down heads of ſuch a diſpoſition; which, as reaſons offered, I have altered and added to; ſo that I never was abſolutely deſtitute of a *will*, had I been taken off ever ſo ſuddenly. Theſe minutes and imperfect ſketches enabled me, as God has graciouſly given me time and ſedateneſs, to digeſt them into the form in which they appear.

'I CLARISSA HARLOWE, now, by ſtrange melancholy accidents, lodging in the pariſh of St. Paul, Covent Garden, being of ſound and perfect mind and memory, as I hope theſe preſents, drawn up by myſelf, and written with my own hand, will teſtify; do [this —— day of ——] in the year of our Lord ——— make and publiſh this my laſt will and teſtament in manner and form following:

'In the firſt place, I deſire that my body may lie unburied three days after my deceaſe, or till the pleaſure of my father be known concerning it. But the occaſion of my death not admitting of doubt, I will not, on any account, that it be opened; and it is my deſire, that it ſhall not be touched but by thoſe of my own ſex.

'I have always earneſtly requeſted, that my body might be depoſited in the family-vault with thoſe of my anceſtors. If it might be granted, I could now wiſh, that it might be placed at the feet of my dear and honoured grandfather. But as I have, by one very unhappy ſtep, been thought to diſgrace my whole lineage, and therefore this laſt honour may be refuſed to my corpſe; in this caſe, my deſire is, that it may be interred in the church-yard belonging to the pariſh in which I ſhall die; and that in the moſt private manner, between the hours of eleven and twelve at night; attended only by Mrs. Lovick, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and their maid-ſervant.

'But it is my deſire, that the ſame fees and dues may be paid which are uſually paid for thoſe who are laid in the beſt ground, as it is called, or even in the chancel.—And I bequeathe five pounds to be given at the diſcretion of the church-wardens, to twenty poor people, the Sunday after my interment; and this whether I ſhall be buried here or elſewhere.

'I have already given verbal directions, that after I am dead, (and laid out in the manner I have ordered) I may be put into my coffin as ſoon as poſſible: it is my deſire, that I may not be unneceſſarily expoſed to the view of any-body; except any of my relations ſhould vouchſafe, for the laſt time, to look upon me.

'And I could wiſh, if it might be avoided without making ill-will between Mr. Lovelace and my executor, that the former might not be permitted to ſee my corpſe. But if, as he is a man very uncontroulable, and as I am nobody's, he inſiſt upon viewing *her dead*, whom he ONCE before ſaw in a manner dead, let his gay curioſity be gratified. Let him behold, and triumph over the wretched remains of one who has been made a victim to his barbarous perfidy: but let ſome good perſon, as by my deſire, give him a paper, whilſt he is viewing the ghaſtly ſpectacle, containing theſe few words only—"Gay, cruel heart!

'behold

"behold here the remains of the once-
"ruined, yet now happy, Clariſſa Har-
"lowe!—See what thou thyſelf muſt
"quickly be—and REPENT!"

'Yet, to ſhew that I die in perfect 'charity with *all the world*, I do moſt 'ſincerely forgive Mr. Lovelace the 'wrongs he has done me.

'If my father can pardon the errors 'of his unworthy child, ſo far as to 'ſuffer her corpſe to be depoſited at 'the feet of her grandfather, as above 'requeſted, I could wiſh (my misfor-'tunes being ſo notorious) that a ſhort 'diſcourſe might be pronounced over 'my remains, before they be interred. 'The ſubject of the diſcourſe I ſhall 'determine before I conclude this writ-'ing.

'*So much written about what deſerves not 'the leaſt conſideration, and about what 'will be nothing when this writing comes 'to be opened and read, will be excuſed, 'when my preſent unhappy circumſtances 'and abſence from all my natural friends 'are conſidered.*

'And *now*, with regard to the worldly 'matters which I ſhall die poſſeſſed of, 'as well as to thoſe which of right ap-'pertain to me, either by the will of my 'ſaid grandfather or otherwiſe; thus do 'I diſpoſe of them.

'In the firſt place, I give and be-'queathe all the real eſtates in or to 'which I have any claim or title by the 'ſaid will, to my ever-honoured father 'James Harlowe, Eſq. and that rather 'than to my brother and ſiſter, to whom 'I had once thoughts of deviſing them, 'becauſe, if they ſurvive my father, 'thoſe eſtates will aſſuredly veſt in them, 'or one of them, by virtue of his fa-'vour and indulgence, as the circum-'ſtances of things with regard to mar-'riage-ſettlements, or otherwiſe, may 'require; or, as they may reſpectively 'merit by the continuance of their 'duty.

'The houſe late my grandfather's, 'called *The Grove*, and by him, in ho-'nour of me, and of ſome of my volun-'tary employments, *my Dairy Houſe*, and 'the furniture thereof as it now ſtands, '(the pictures and large iron-cheſt of 'old plate excepted) I alſo bequeathe to 'my ſaid father; only begging it as a 'favour that he will be pleaſed to per-'mit my dear Mrs. Norton to paſs the 'remainder of her days in that houſe; 'and to have and enjoy the apartments 'in it known by the name of *The Houſe-'keeper's Apartments*, with the furniture 'in them; and which (plain and neat) 'was bought for me by my grandfather, 'who delighted to call me his houſe-'keeper; and which therefore in his 'life-time I uſed as ſuch: the office to 'go with the apartments. And I am 'the more earneſt in this recommen-'dation, as I had once thought to have 'been very happy there with the good 'woman; and becauſe I think her pru-'dent management will be as benefi-'cial to my father, as his favour can be 'convenient to her.

'But with regard to what has ac-'crued from that eſtate, ſince my grand-'father's death, and to the ſum of nine 'hundred and ſeventy pounds, which 'proved to be the moiety of the money 'that my ſaid grandfather had by him 'at his death, and which moiety he be-'queathed to me for my ſole and ſepa-'rate uſe; [as he did the other moiety 'in like manner to my ſiſter] and which 'ſum (that I might convince my brother 'and ſiſter, that I wiſhed not for an in-'dependence upon my father's pleaſure) 'I gave into my father's hands, toge-'ther with the management and produce 'of the whole eſtate deviſed to me—'Theſe ſums, however conſiderable 'when put together, I hope I may be 'allowed to diſpoſe of abſolutely, as my 'love and my gratitude (not confined 'only to my own family, which is very 'wealthy in all it's branches) may war-'rant: and which therefore I ſhall diſ-'poſe of in the manner hereafter men-'tioned. But it is my will, and expreſs 'direction, that my father's account of 'the above-mentioned produce may be 'taken and eſtabliſhed abſolutely (and 'without contravention or queſtion) as 'he ſhall be pleaſed to give it to my 'couſin Morden, or to whom elſe he 'ſhall be pleaſed to give it; ſo as that 'the ſaid account be not ſubject to liti-'gation, or to the controul of my ex-'ecutor, or of any other perſon.

'My father, of his love and bounty, 'was pleaſed to allow me the ſame quar-'terly ſums that he allowed my ſiſter for 'apparel and other requiſites; and '(pleaſed with me then) uſed to ſay, 'that thoſe ſums ſhould not be deducted 'from the eſtate and effects bequeathed 'to me by my grandfather: but having '*mortally* offended him (as I fear it may 'be ſaid) by one unhappy ſtep, it may 'be expected that he will reimburſe 'himſelf thoſe ſums—It is therefore my 'will and direction, that he ſhall be al-'lowed to pay and ſatisfy himſelf for all 'ſuch quarterly or other ſums, which

'he

'he was ſo good as to advance me from 'the time of my grandfather's death; 'and that his account of ſuch ſums ſhall 'likewiſe be taken without queſtioning 'the money, however, which I left be- 'hind me in my eſcritoire, being to be 'taken in part of thoſe diſburſements.

'My grandfather, who, in his good- 'neſs and favour to me, knew no 'bounds, was pleaſed to bequeathe to 'me all the family pictures at his late 'houſe, ſome of which are very maſterly 'performances; with command, that if 'I died unmarried, or if married and 'had no deſcendants, they ſhould then 'go to that ſon of his (if more than one 'ſhould be then living) whom I ſhould 'think would ſet moſt value by them. 'Now, as I know that my honoured 'uncle, John Harlowe, eſq. was pleaſed 'to expreſs ſome concern that they were 'not left to him, as eldeſt ſon; and as 'he has a gallery where they may be 'placed to advantage; and as I have 'reaſon to believe, that he will be- 'queathe them to my father, if he ſur- 'vive him; who, no doubt, will leave 'them to my brother; I therefore be- 'queathe all the ſaid family pictures to 'my ſaid uncle John Harlowe. In theſe 'pictures, however, I include not one 'of my own, drawn when I was about 'fourteen years of age; which I ſhall 'hereafter in another article bequeathe.

'My ſaid honoured grandfather hav- 'ing a great fondneſs for the old family 'plate, which he would never permit 'to be changed, having lived, as he 'uſed to ſay, to ſee a great deal of it 'come into requeſt again in the revo- 'lution of faſhions; and having left 'the ſame to me, with a command to 'keep it entire; and with power at my 'death to bequeathe it to whomſoever 'I pleaſed that I thought would for- 'ward his deſire; which was, as he ex- 'preſſes it, that it ſhould be kept *to the 'end of time*; this family plate, which 'is depoſited in a large iron-cheſt, in 'the ſtrong room at his late dwelling- 'houſe, I bequeathe entire to my ho- 'noured uncle Antony Harlowe, Eſq. 'with the ſame injunctions which were 'laid on me; not doubting but he will 'confirm and ſtrengthen them by his 'own laſt will.

'I bequeathe to my ever-valued friend 'Mrs. Judith Norton, to whoſe piety 'and care, ſeconding the piety and care 'of my ever-honoured and excellent 'mother, I owe, morally ſpeaking, the 'qualifications, which for eighteen years 'of my life, made me beloved and re- 'ſpected, the full ſum of ſix hundred 'pounds, to be paid her within three 'months after my death.

'I bequeathe alſo to the ſame good 'woman thirty guineas, for mourning, 'for her and for her ſon, my foſter- 'brother.

'To Mrs. Dorothy Hervey, the only 'ſiſter of my honoured mother, I be- 'queathe the ſum of fifty guineas for a 'ring; and I beg of her to accept of 'my thankful acknowledgments for all 'her goodneſs to me from my infancy; 'and particularly for her patience with 'me, in the ſeveral altercations that 'happened between my brother and 'ſiſter, and me, before my unhappy de- 'parture from Harlowe Place.

'To my kind and much-valued cou- 'ſin Miſs Dolly Hervey, daughter of my 'aunt Hervey, I bequeath my watch and 'equipage, and my beſt Mechlin and 'Bruſſels head-dreſſes and ruffles; alſo 'my gown and petticoat of flowered 'ſilver of my own work; which having 'been made up but a few days before I 'was confined to my chamber, I never 'wore.

'To the ſame young lady, I be- 'queathe likewiſe my harpſichord, my 'chamber-organ, and all my muſick- 'books.

'As my ſiſter has a very pretty li- 'brary; and as my beloved Miſs Howe 'has alſo her late father's as well as her 'own; I bequeathe all my own books 'in general, with the caſes they are in, 'to my ſaid couſin Dolly Hervey. As 'they are not ill choſen for a woman's 'library, I know that ſhe will take the 'greater pleaſure in them (when her 'friendly grief is mellowed by time into 'a remembrance more ſweet than pain- 'ful) becauſe they were mine; and be- 'cauſe there are obſervations in many 'of them of my own writing; and ſome 'very judicious ones, written by the 'truly reverend Dr. Lewen.

'I alſo bequeathe to the ſame young 'lady twenty-five guineas for a ring, 'to be worn in remembrance of her true 'friend.

'If I live not to ſee my worthy couſin 'William Morden, Eſq. I deſire my 'humble and grateful thanks may be 'given to him for his favours and good- 'neſs to me; and particularly for his 'endeavours to reconcile my other 'friends to me, at a time when I was 'doubtful whether he would forgive 'me himſelf. As he is in great circum-

'ſtances,

'ſtances, I will only beg of him to accept of two or three trifles, in remembrance of a kinſwoman who always honoured *him* as much as he loved *her*. Particularly, of that piece of flowers which my uncle Robert, his father, was very earneſt to obtain, in order to carry it abroad with him.

'I deſire him likewiſe to accept of the little miniature picture ſet in gold, which his worthy father made me ſit for to the famous Italian maſter whom he brought over with him; and which he preſented to me, that I might beſtow it, as he was pleaſed to ſay, upon the man whom I ſhould be one day moſt inclined to favour.

'To the ſame gentleman I alſo bequeathe my roſe diamond ring, which was a preſent from his good father to me; and will be the more valuable to him on that account.

'I humbly requeſt Mrs. Annabella Howe, the mother of my dear Miſs Howe, to accept of my reſpectful thanks for all her favours and goodneſs to me, when I was ſo frequently a viſitor to her beloved daughter; and of a ring of twenty-five guineas price.

'My picture at full length, which is in my late grandfather's cloſet, (excepted in an article above from the family pictures) drawn when I was near fourteen years of age; about which time my dear Miſs Howe and I began to know, to diſtinguiſh, and to love one another, ſo dearly—I cannot expreſs how dearly—I bequeathe to that ſiſter of my heart: of whoſe friendſhip, as well in adverſity as proſperity, when I was deprived of all other comfort and comforters, I have had ſuch inſtances, as that our love can only be exceeded in that ſtate of perfection, in which I hope to rejoice with her hereafter, to all eternity.

'I bequeathe alſo to the ſame dear friend my beſt diamond ring, which, with other jewels, is in the private drawer of my eſcritoire: as alſo all my finiſhed and framed pieces of needle-work; the flower-piece excepted, which I have already bequeathed to my couſin Morden.

'Theſe pieces have all been taken down, as I have heard; and my relations will have no heart to put them up again: but if my good mother chuſes to keep back any one piece, (the above capital piece, as it is called, excepted) not knowing but ſome time hence ſhe may bear the ſight of it; I except that alſo from this general bequeſt; and direct it to be preſented to her.

'My whole-length picture in the Vandyke taſte, that uſed to hang in my own parlour, as I was permitted to call it, I bequeathe to my aunt Hervey, except my mother ſhould think fit to keep it herſelf.

'I bequeathe to the worthy Charles Hickman, Eſq. the locket, with the miniature-picture of the lady he beſt loves, which I have conſtantly worn, and ſhall continue to wear near my heart till the approach of my laſt hour. It muſt be the moſt acceptable preſent that can be made him, next to the *hand* of the dear original. And, O my dear Miſs Howe, let it not be long before you permit his claim to the *latter*—for indeed you know not the value of a virtuous mind in that ſex; and how preferable ſuch a mind is to one diſtinguiſhed by the more dazzling flights of unruly wit; although the latter were to be joined by that ſpecious outward appearance which too—too often attracts the haſty eye, and ſuſceptible heart.

'*Permit me, my dear friends, this ſolemn apoſtrophe, in this laſt ſolemn act, to a young lady ſo deſervedly dear to me!*

'I make it my earneſt requeſt to my dear Miſs Howe, that ſhe will not put herſelf into mourning for me. But I deſire her acceptance of a ring with my hair; and that Mr. Hickman will alſo accept of the like; each of the value of twenty-five guineas.

'I bequeathe to Lady Betty Lawrance, and to her ſiſter Lady Sarah Sadleir, and to the Right Honourable Lord M. and to their worthy nieces Miſs Charlotte and Miſs Martha Montague, each an enamelled ring, with a cypher Cl. H. with my hair in cryſtal, and round the inſide of each, the day, month, and year of my death: each ring, with brilliants, to coſt twenty guineas. And this as a ſmall token of the grateful ſenſe I have of the honour of their good opinions and kind wiſhes in my favour; and of their truly noble offer to me of a very conſiderable annual proviſion, when they apprehended me to be entirely deſtitute of any.

'To the reverend and learned Dr. Arthur Lewen, by whoſe inſtructions I have been equally delighted and benefited, I bequeathe twenty guineas for a ring. If it ſhould pleaſe God to call him to himſelf, before he can re-

'ceive

'ceive this final bequeſt, it is my will, 'that his worthy daughter may have the 'benefit of it.

'In token of the grateful ſenſe I have 'of the civilities paid me by Mrs. and 'Miſs Howe's domeſticks, from time 'to time, in my viſits there, I bequeathe 'thirty guineas to be divided among 'them, as their dear young miſtreſs 'ſhall think proper.

'To each of my worthy companions 'and friends, Miſs Biddy Lloyd, Miſs 'Fanny Alſton, Miſs Rachel Biddulph, 'and Miſs Cartwright Campbell, I be-'queathe five guineas for a ring.

'To my late maid-ſervant Hannah 'Burton, an honeſt, faithful creature, 'who loved *me*, reverenced my *mother*, 'and reſpected my *ſiſter*, and never 'ſought to do any-thing unbecoming of 'her character, I bequeathe the ſum of 'fifty pounds, to be paid within one 'month after my deceaſe, ſhe labouring 'under ill health: and if that ill health 'continue, I commend her for farther 'aſſiſtance to my good Mrs. Norton, to 'be put upon my poors fund, hereafter 'to be mentioned.

'To the coachman, groom, and two 'footmen, and five maids, at Harlowe 'Place, I bequeathe ten pounds each; to 'the helper, five pounds.

'To my ſiſter's maid Betty Barnes, 'I bequeathe ten pounds, to ſhew that 'I reſent not former diſobligations; 'which I believe were owing more to 'the inſolence of office, and to natural 'pertneſs, than to perſonal ill-will.

'All my wearing apparel, of what-'ever ſort, that I have not been oblig-'ed to part with, or which is not al-'ready bequeathed, (my linen excepted) 'I deſire Mrs. Norton will accept of.

'The trunks and boxes in which my 'cloaths are ſealed up, I deſire may not 'be opened, but in preſence of Mrs. 'Norton (or of ſome one deputed by 'her) and of Mrs. Lovick.

'To the worthy Mrs. Lovick above-'mentioned, from whom I have re-'ceived great civilities, and even ma-'ternal kindneſſes; and to Mrs. Smith, '(with whom I lodge) from whom *alſo* 'I have received great kindneſſes; I 'bequeathe all my linen, and all my 'unſold laces; to be divided equally be-'tween them, as they ſhall agree; or, 'in caſe of diſagreement, the ſame to 'be ſold, and the money ariſing to be 'equally ſhared by them.

'And I bequeathe to the ſame two 'good women, as a further token of my 'thankful acknowledgments of their 'kind love and compaſſionate concern 'for me, the ſum of twenty guineas 'each.

'To Mr. Smith, the huſband of Mrs. 'Smith above-named, I bequeathe the 'ſum of ten guineas, in acknowledg-'ment of his civilities to me.

'To Katharine, the honeſt maid-ſer-'vant of Mrs. Smith, to whom (having 'no ſervant of my own) I have been 'troubleſome, I bequeathe five guineas; 'and ten guineas more, in lieu of a ſuit 'of my wearing apparel, which once, 'with ſome linen, I thought of leaving 'to her. With this ſhe may purchaſe 'what may be more ſuitable to her lik-'ing and degree.

'To the honeſt and careful widow 'Anne Shelburne, my nurſe, over and 'above her wages, and the cuſtomary 'perquiſites, that may belong to her, 'I bequeathe the ſum of ten guineas. 'Hers is a careful, and (to perſons of 'ſuch humanity and tenderneſs) a me-'lancholy employment, attended in the 'latter part of life with great watching 'and fatigue, which is hardly ever 'enough conſidered.

'The few books I have at my pre-'ſent lodgings, I deſire Mrs. Lovick to 'accept of; and that ſhe be permitted, 'if ſhe pleaſe, to take a copy of my 'book of *Meditations*, as I uſed to call 'it; being extracts from the beſt books; 'which ſhe ſeemed to approve of, al-'though ſuited particularly to my own 'caſe. As for the book itſelf, perhaps 'my good Mrs. Norton will be glad to 'have it, as it is written all with my 'own hand.

'In the middle drawer of my eſcri-'toire at Harlowe Place, are many letters, 'and copies of letters, put up according 'to their dates, which I have written 'or received in a courſe of years, (ever 'ſince I learned to write) from and to 'my grandfather, my father and mo-'ther, my uncles, my brother and ſiſ-'ter, on occaſional little abſences; my 'late uncle Morden; my couſin Mor-'den; Mrs. Norton, and Miſs Howe, 'and other of my companions and 'friends, before my confinement at my 'father's: as alſo from the three reve-'rend gentlemen, Dr. Blome, Mr. 'Arnold, and Mr. Tomkins, now with 'God, and the very reverend Dr. 'Lewen, on ſerious ſubjects. As theſe 'letters exhibit a correſpondence that 'no perſon of my ſex need to be aſham-'ed of, allowing for the time of life 'when mine were written; and as many 'excellent things are contained in thoſe

'written

'written to me; and as Miss Howe, to 'whom most of them have been com- 'municated, wished formerly to have 'them, if she survived me: for these 'reasons I bequeathe them to my said 'dear friend Miss Anna Howe; and 'the rather, as she had for some years 'past a very considerable share in the 'correspondence.

'I do hereby make, constitute, and 'ordain, John Belford, of Edgeware, 'in the county of Middlesex, Esq. the 'sole executor of this my last will and 'testament; having previously obtain- 'ed his leave so to do. I have given the 'reasons which induced me to ask this 'gentleman to take upon him this trou- 'ble, to Miss Howe. I therefore refer 'to her on this subject.

'But I do most earnestly beg of him 'the said Mr. Belford, that in the exe- 'cution of his trust, he will (as he has 'repeatedly promised) studiously endea- 'vour to promote peace with, and sup- 'press resentments in, every-one; so 'as that all farther mischiefs may be 'prevented, as well *from*, as *to* his 'friend. And in order to this, I be- 'seech him to cultivate the friendship of 'my worthy cousin Morden; who, as 'I presume to hope, (when he under- 'stands it to be my dying request) will 'give him his advice and assistance in 'every article where it may be neces- 'sary: and who will perhaps be so good 'as to interpose with my relations, if 'any difficulty should arise about car- 'rying any of the articles of this my last 'will into execution, and to soften them 'into the wished for condescension:— 'for it is my earnest request to Mr. Bel- 'ford, that he will not seek by law, or 'by any sort of violence, either by word 'or deed, to extort the performance 'from *them*. If there be any articles of 'a merely domestick nature, that my re- 'lations shall think unfit to be carried 'into execution; such articles I leave 'entirely to my said cousin Morden and 'Mr. Belford to vary, or totally dis- 'pense with, as they shall agree upon 'the matter; or, if they two differ in 'opinion, they will be pleased to be 'determined by a third person, to be 'chosen by them both.

'Having been pressed by Miss Howe 'and her mother, to collect the parti- 'culars of my sad story, and given ex- 'pectation that I would, in order to do 'my character justice with all my friends 'and companions; but not having time 'before me for the painful task; it has 'been a pleasure to me to find, by ex- 'tracts kindly communicated to me by 'my said executor, that I may safely 'trust my fame to the justice done me 'by Mr. Lovelace, in his letters to him 'my said executor. And as Mr. Bel- 'ford has engaged to contribute what is 'in his power towards a compliment to 'be made of all that relates to my story, 'and knows my whole mind in this re- 'spect; it is my desire, that he will 'cause two copies to be made of this 'collection; one to remain with Miss 'Howe, the other with himself; and 'that he will shew or lend his copy, if 'required, to my aunt Hervey, for the 'satisfaction of any of my family; but 'under such restrictions as the said Mr. 'Belford shall think fit to impose; that 'neither any other person's safety may 'be endangered, nor his own honour 'suffer, by the communication.

'I bequeathe to my said executor, the 'sum of one hundred guineas, as a 'grateful, though insufficient acknow- 'ledgment of the trouble he will be at 'in the execution of the trust he has so 'kindly undertaken. I desire him like- 'wise to accept of twenty guineas for a 'ring: and that he will reimburse him- 'self for all the charges and expences 'which he shall be at in the execution 'of this trust.

'In the worthy Dr. H. I have found 'a physician, a father, and a friend. I 'beg of him, as a testimony of my gra- 'titude, to accept of twenty guineas for 'a ring.

'I have the same obligations to the 'kind and skilful Mr. Goddard, who 'attended me as my apothecary. His 'very moderate bill I have discharged 'down to yesterday. I have always 'thought it incumbent upon testators to 'shorten all they can the trouble of their 'executors. I know I under-rate the 'value of Mr. Goddard's attendances, 'when over and above what may accrue 'from yesterday, to the hour that will 'finish all, I desire fifteen guineas for a 'ring may be presented to him.

'To the reverend Mr. ———, who 'frequently attended me, and prayed 'by me in my last stages, I also be- 'queathe fifteen guineas for a ring.

'There are a set of honest, indigent 'people, whom I used to call *my poor*, 'and to whom Mrs. Norton conveys re- 'lief each month (or at shorter periods) 'in proportion to their necessities, from 'a sum I deposited in her hands, and 'from time to time recruited, as means 'accrued to me; but now nearly, if 'not wholly expended: *now*, that my

'fault may be as little aggravated as 'poſſible, by the ſufferings of the wor-'thy people whom Heaven gave me a 'heart to relieve; and as the produce 'of my grandfather's eſtate, (including 'the moſety of the ſums he had by him, 'and was pleaſed to give me, at his 'death, as above-mentioned) together 'with what I ſhall further appropriate 'to the ſame uſe in the ſubſequent arti-'cles, will, as I hope, more than an-'ſwer all my legacies and bequeſts; it 'is my will and deſire, that the remain-'der, be it little or much, ſhall become 'a fund to be appropriated, and I do 'hereby direct that it be appropriated, 'to the like purpoſes with the ſums 'which I put into Mrs. Norton's hands 'as aforeſaid—and this under the direc-'tion and management of the ſaid Mrs. 'Norton, who knows my whole mind in 'this particular. And in caſe of her 'death, or of her deſire to be acquitted 'of the management thereof, it is my 'earneſt requeſt to my dear Miſs Howe, 'that ſhe will take it upon herſelf, and 'that at her own death ſhe will transfer 'what ſhall remain undiſpoſed of at the 'time, to ſuch perſons, and with ſuch 'limitations, reſtrictions, and proviſoes, 'as ſhe ſhall think will beſt anſwer my 'intention. For, as to the manage-'ment and diſtribution of all or any 'part of it, while in Mrs. Norton's 'hands, or her own; I will, that it be 'entirely diſcretional, and without ac-'count, either to my executor, or any 'other perſon.

'Although Mrs. Norton, as I have 'hinted, knows my whole mind in this 'reſpect; yet it may be proper to men-'tion, in this laſt ſolemn act, that my 'intention is, that this fund be entirely 'ſet apart and appropriated to relieve 'temporarily, from the intereſt there-'of, (as I dare ſay it will be put out to 'the beſt advantage) or even from the 'principal, if need be, the honeſt, in-'duſtrious, labouring poor, only; when 'ſickneſs, lameneſs, unforeſeen loſſes, 'or other accidents, diſable them from 'following their lawful callings; or to 'aſſiſt ſuch honeſt people of large fami-'lies as ſhall have a child of good incli-'nations to put out to ſervice, trade, or 'huſbandry.

'It has always been a rule with me, 'in my little donations, to endeavour 'to aid and ſet forward the ſober and in-'duſtrious poor. Small helps, if ſeaſon-'ably afforded, will do for ſuch; and ſo 'the fund may be of more extenſive be-'nefit; an ocean of wealth will not be 'ſufficient for the idle and diſſolute: 'whom, therefore, ſince they will be 'always in want, it will be no charity to 'relieve, if worthier creatures would 'by relieving the others be deprived of 'ſuch aſſiſtance as may ſet the wheels of 'their induſtry going, and put them in 'a ſphere of uſeful action.

'But it is my expreſs will and direc-'tion, that let this fund come out to be 'ever ſo conſiderable, it ſhall be appli-'ed only in ſupport of the *temporary exi-'gences* of the perſons I have deſcribed; 'and that no one family or perſon re-'ceive from it, at one time, or in one 'year, more than the ſum of twenty 'pounds.

'It is my will and deſire, that the ſet 'of jewels which was my grandmother's, 'and preſented to me, ſoon after her 'death, by my grandfather, be valued; 'and the worth of them paid to my ex-'ecutor, if any of my family chuſe to 'have them; or otherwiſe that they be 'ſold, and go to the augmentation of 'my poor's fund.—But if they may be 'deemed an equivalent for the ſums my 'father was pleaſed to advance to me 'ſince the death of my grandfather, I 'deſire that they may be given up to 'him.

'I preſume, that the diamond neck-'lace, ſolitare, and buckles, which 'were properly my own, preſented by 'my mother's uncle Sir Joſias Brook-'land, will not be purchaſed by any 'one of my family, for a too obvious 'reaſon: in this caſe, I deſire, that they 'may be ſent to my executor, and that 'he will diſpoſe of them to the beſt ad-'vantage; and apply the money to the 'uſes of my will.

'In the beginning of this tedious 'writing, I referred to the latter part of 'it, the naming of the ſubject of the 'diſcourſe which I wiſhed might be de-'livered at my funeral, if permitted to 'be interred with my anceſtors. I think 'the following will be ſuitable to my 'caſe. I hope the alteration of the 'words *her* and *ſhe*, for *him* and *he*, may 'be allowable.

"Let not *her* that is deceived truſt in "vanity; for vanity ſhall be *her* re-"compence. *She* ſhall be accom-"pliſhed before *her* time; and *her* "branch ſhall not be green. *She* "ſhall ſhake off *her* unripe grape as "the vine, and ſhall caſt off *her* flower "as the olive." Job xv. 31, 32, 33.

'But if I am to be interred in town

'let

'let only the usual burial-service be read over my corpse.

'If my body be permitted to be carried down, I bequeath ten pounds to be given to the poor of the parish, at the discretion of the church-wardens, within a fortnight after my interment.

'If any necessary matter be omitted in this my will, or if any-thing appear doubtful or contradictory, as possibly may be the case; since, besides my inexperience in these matters, I am now, at this time very weak and ill; having put off the finishing hand a little too long, in hopes of obtaining the last forgiveness of my honoured friends; in which case I should have acknowledged the favour with a suitable warmth of duty, and filled up some blanks which I left to the very last, in a more agreeable manner to myself, than now I have been enabled to do—In case of such omissions and imperfections, I desire that my cousin Morden will be so good as to join with Mr. Belford in considering them, and in comparing them with what I have more explicitly written; and if, after *that*, any doubt remain, that they will be pleased to apply to Miss Howe, who knows my whole heart; and I desire that the construction of these three may be established: and I hereby establish it, provided it be unanimous, and direct it to be put in force, as if I had so written and determined myself.

'And now, O my blessed REDEEMER, 'do I, with a lively faith, humbly lay 'hold of thy meritorious death and 'sufferings: hoping to be washed clean 'in thy precious blood from all my 'sins; in the bare hope of the happy 'consequences of which, how light 'do those sufferings seem, (grievous 'as they were at the time) which, I 'confidently trust, will be a means, 'by thy grace, to work out for me a 'more exceeding and eternal weight 'of glory!

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

'Signed, sealed, published, and declared, 'the day and year above-written, by 'the said Clarissa Harlowe, as her last 'will and testament; contained in seven sheets of paper, all written with 'her own hand, and every sheet signed 'and sealed by herself, in the presence 'of us,

'JOHN WILLIAMS,
'ARTHUR BEDALL,
'ELIZABETH SWANTON.'

LETTER I.

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SAT. SEPT. 16.

I Have been employed in a most melancholy task. In reading the will of the dear deceased.

The unhappy mother and Mrs. Norton chose to be absent on the affecting occasion. But Mrs. Harlowe made it her earnest request, that every article of it should be fulfilled.

They were all extremely touched with the preamble.

The first words of the will—'I Clarissa Harlowe, now by strange melancholy accidents, lodging,' *&c.* drew tears from some, sighs from all.

The directions for her funeral, in case she were or were not permitted to be carried down; the mention of her orders having been given for the manner of her being laid out, and the presence of mind so visible throughout the whole, obtained their admiration, expressed by hands and eyes lifted up, and by falling tears.

When I read the direction, that her body was not to be viewed, except any of her relations should *vouchsafe for the last time to look upon her*; they turned away, and turned to me, three or four times alternately. Mrs. Hervey and Miss Arabella sobbed; the uncles wiped their eyes; the brother looked down; the father wrung his hands.

I was obliged to stop at the words, that she was *nobody's*.

But when I came to the address to be made to the accursed man, if he were not to be diverted from seeing *her* dead, whom once before he had seen in a manner dead—execration, and either vows or wishes of revenge, filled every mouth.

These were still more fervently renewed when they came to hear read her forgiveness of even this man.

You remember, Sir, on our first reading of the will in town, the observations I made on the foul play which it is evident the excellent creature met with from this abandoned man, and what I said upon the occasion. I am not used to repeat things of that nature.

The dear creature's noble contempt of the *nothing*, as she as nobly calls it, about which she had been giving such particular directions, to wit, her body; and her apologizing for the particularity of those directions from the circumstances she was in—had the same, and as strong an effect upon me, as when I first read the animated paragraph; and

painted by my eye, (by turns cast upon them all) affected them all.

When the article was read which bequeathed to the father the grandfather's estate, and the reason assigned for it, (so generous and so dutiful) the father could sit no longer; but withdrew, wiping his eyes, and lifting up his spread hands at Mr. James Harlowe; who arose to attend him to the door, as Arabella likewise did—All he could say—'O son! 'son!—O girl! girl!'—As if he reproached them for the parts they had acted, and put him upon acting.

But yet, on some occasions, this brother and sister shewed themselves to be true will-disputants.

Let tongue and eyes express what they will, Mr. Belford, the first reading of a will, where a person dies worth anything considerable, generally affords a true test of the relations love to the deceased.

The cloaths, the thirty guineas for mourning to Mrs. Norton, with the recommendation of the good woman for housekeeper at *the Grove*, were thought sufficient, had the article of 6ool. which was called monstrous, been omitted. Some other passages in the will were called *slights, and such whimsies as distinguish people of imagination from those of judgment.*

My cousin Dolly Hervey was grudged the library. Miss Harlowe said, That as she and her sister never bought the same books, she would take that to herself, and would *make it up* to her cousin Dolly *one way or other.*

I intend, Mr. Belford, to save you the trouble of interposing—The library *shall* be my cousin Dolly's.

Mrs. Hervey could hardly keep her seat. On *this* occasion, however, she only said, That her late dear and *ever*-dear niece, was *too good* to her and *hers.* But, *at another time*, she declared with tears, that she could not forgive herself for a letter she wrote, looking at Miss Arabella, whom, it seems, unknown to any-body, she had consulted before she wrote it, and which, she said, must have wounded a spirit, that now, she saw, had been too deeply wounded before.

'O my aunt,' said Arabella, 'no 'more of that!—Who would have 'thought that the dear creature had 'been such a penitent?'

Mr. John and Mr. Antony Harlowe were so much affected with the articles in their favour, (bequeathed to them without a word or hint of reproach or recrimination) that they broke out into self-accusations; and lamented, that their sweet niece, as they called her, was now got above all grateful acknowledgment and returns. Indeed, the mutual upbraidings and grief of all present, upon those articles in which every-one was remembered for good, so often interrupted me, that the reading took up above six hours. But curses upon the accursed man were a refuge to which they often resorted to exonerate themselves.

How wounding a thing, Mr. Belford, is a generous and well-distinguished forgiveness! What revenge can be more effectual, and more noble, were revenge intended, and were it wished to strike remorse into a guilty or ungrateful heart! But my dear cousin's motives were all duty and love. She seems indeed to have been, as much as mortal could be, Love itself. Love sublimed by a purity, by a true delicacy, that hardly any woman before her could boast of.—O Mr. Belford, what an example would she have given in every station of life, (as wife, mother, mistress, friend)! had her lot fallen upon a man blessed with a mind like her own!

The 6ool. bequeathed to Mrs. Norton, the library to Miss Hervey, and the remembrances to Miss Howe, were not the only articles grudged. Yet to what purpose did they regret the pecuniary bequests, when the poors fund, and not themselves, would have had the benefit, had not those legacies been bequeathed?

But enough passed to convince me, that my cousin was absolutely right in her choice of an executor out of the family. Had she chosen one in it, I dare say that her will would have been no more regarded than if it had been the will of a dead king; than that of Louis XIV. in particular; so flagrantly broken through by his nephew the Duke of Orleans before he was cold. The only will of that monarch, perhaps, which was ever disputed.

But little does Mr. James Harlowe think, that while he is grasping at hundreds, he will, most probably, lose thousands, if he be my survivor. A man of a spirit so selfish and narrow shall not be my heir.

You will better conceive, Mr. Belford, than I can express, how much they were touched at the hint, that the dear creature had been obliged to part with some of her cloaths.

Silent reproach seized every-one of them, when I came to the passage where

the

she mentions, that she deferred filling up some blanks, in hopes of receiving their last blessing and forgiveness.

I will only add, that they could not bear to hear read the concluding part, so solemnly addressed to her Redeemer. They all arose from their seats, and retuded out of the apartment we were in: and then, as I afterwards found, separated, in order to seek that consolation in solitary retirement, which, though they could not hope for from their own reflections, yet, at the time, they had less reason to expect in each other's company. I am, Sir, *your faithful and obedient servant,* WM. MORDEN.

LETTER LI.

MR. BELFORD, TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD M.

MY LORD, LONDON, SEPT. 14.

I Am very apprehensive, that the affair between Mr. Lovelace and the late excellent Miss Clarissa Harlowe will be attended with farther bad consequences, notwithstanding her dying injunctions to the contrary. I would therefore humbly propose, that your lordship, and his other relations, will forward the purpose your kinsman lately had to go abroad; where I hope he will stay till all is blown over. But as he will not stir, if he know the true motives of your wishes, the avowed inducement, as I hinted once to Mr. Mowbray, may be such as respects his own health both of person and mind. To Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville all countries are alike; and they perhaps will accompany him.

I am glad to hear that he is in a way of recovery: but this the rather induces me to press the matter. And I think no time should be lost.

Your lordship has heard, that I have the honour to be the executor of this admirable lady's last will. I transcribe from it the following paragraph.

He then transcribes the article which so gratefully mentions this nobleman, and the ladies of his family, in relation to the rings she bequeathes them, about which he desires their commands.

LETTER LII.

MISS MONTAGUE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 15.

SIR,

MY lord having the gout in his right-hand, his lordship, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, have commanded me to inform you, that before your letter came, Mr. Lovelace was preparing for a foreign tour. We shall endeavour to hasten him away on the motives you suggest.

We are all extremely affected with the dear lady's death. Lady Betty and Lady Sarah have been indisposed ever since they heard of it. They had pleased themselves, as had my sister and self, with the hopes of cultivating her acquaintance and friendship after he was gone abroad, upon her own terms. Her kind remembrance of each of us has renewed, though it could not heighten, our regrets for so irreparable a loss. We shall order Mr. Finch, our goldsmith, to wait on you. He has our directions about the rings. They will be long, long worn in memory of the dear testatrix.

Every-body is assured, that you will do all in your power to prevent *further* ill consequences from this melancholy affair. My lord desires his compliments to you. I am, Sir, *your humble servant,*

CH. MONTAGUE.

THIS collection having run into a much greater length than was wished, it is thought proper to omit several letters that passed between Colonel Morden, Miss Howe, Mr. Belford, and Mr. Hickman, in relation to the execution of the lady's will, *&c.*

It is, however, necessary to observe on this subject, That the unhappy mother, being supported by the two uncles, influenced the afflicted father to over-rule all his son's objections, and to direct a literal observation of the will; and at the same time to give up all the sums which he was empowered by it to reimburse himself; as also to take upon himself to defray the funeral expences.

Mr. Belford so much obliges Miss Howe by his steadiness, equity, and dispatch, and by his readiness to contribute to the directed collection, that she voluntarily entered into a correspondence with him, as the representative of her beloved friend. In the course of which, he communicated to her (in confidence) the letters which passed between him and Mr. Lovelace, and, by Colonel Morden's consent, those which passed between that gentleman and himself.

Miss Howe, in hers of the 20th, acknowledging the receipt of the letters, and papers, and legacies, sent with Mr. Belford's letter, assures him, That

so she shall be made of his communications, but what he shall approve of.

He had mentioned with compassion the distresses of the Harlowe family—'Persons of a *pitiful nature*,' says she, 'may pity them. I am not one of those. You, I think, pity the infernal man likewise; while I, from my heart, grudge him his phrenzy, because it deprives him of that remorse, which, I hope, on his recovery, will never leave him. At times, Sir, let me tell you, that I hate your whole sex for his sake; even men of unblameable characters, whom at those times I cannot but look upon as persons I have not yet *found out*.

'If my dear creature's personal jewels be sent up to you for sale, I desire that I may be the purchaser of them at the *highest* price—Of the necklace and solitaire particularly.

'O what tears did the perusal of my beloved's will cost me!—But I must not touch upon the heart-piercing subject. I can neither take it up, nor quit it, but with execration of the man whom all the world must execrate.'

Mr. Belford, in his answer, promises that she shall be the purchaser of the jewels, if they come into his hands.

He acquaints her, that the family had given Colonel Morden the keys of all that belonged to the dear departed: that the unhappy mother had (as the will allows) ordered a piece of needle-work to be set aside for her, and had desired Mrs. Norton to get the little book of *Meditations* transcribed, and to let her have the original, as it was all of her dear daughter's hand-writing; and as it might, when she could bear to look into it, administer consolation to herself. And that she had likewise reserved for herself her picture in the Vandyke taste.

Mr. Belford sends with this letter to Miss Howe the lady's memorandum-book; and promises to send her copies of the several posthumous letters. He tells her, that Mr. Lovelace being upon the recovery, he had inclosed the posthumous letter directed for him to Lord M. that his lordship might give it to him, or not, as he should find he could bear it. The following is a copy of that letter.

'TO MR. LOVELACE.

THURSDAY, AUG. 24.

'I Told you, in the letter I wrote to you on *Tuesday* last, that you should have another sent you when I had got into *my father's house*.

'I presume to say, that I am *now*, at your receiving of this, arrived there; and I invite you to follow me, as soon as you can be *prepared* for so great a journey.

'Not to allegorize further—My fate is *now*, at your perusal of this, accomplished. My doom is unalterably fixed: and I am either a miserable or happy being to all eternity. If *happy*, I owe it solely to the Divine Mercy; if *miserable*, to your undeserved cruelty.—And consider now, for your own sake, gay, cruel, fluttering, unhappy man; consider, whether the barbarous and perfidious treatment I have met with from you, was worthy the hazard of your immortal soul; since your wicked views were not to be effected but by the wilful breach of the most solemn vows that ever were made by man; and those aided by a violence and baseness unworthy of a human creature.

'In time then, once more, I wish you to consider your ways. Your golden dream cannot long last. Your present course can yield you pleasure no longer than you can keep off thought or reflection. A hardened insensibility is the only foundation on which your inward tranquillity is built. When once a dangerous sickness seizes you; when once effectual remorse breaks in upon you; how dreadful will be your condition! How poor a triumph will you then find it, to have been able, by a series of black perjuries, and studied baseness, under the name of gallantry or intrigue, to betray poor unexperienced young creatures, who perhaps knew nothing but their duty till they knew you!—Not one good action in the hour of languishing to recollect, not one worthy intention to revolve, it will be all reproach and horror; and you will wish to have it in your power to compound for annihilation.

'Reflect, Sir, that I can have no other motive in what I write, than your good, and the safety of other innocent creatures, who may be drawn in by your wicked arts and perjuries. You have not, in my wishes for your future welfare, the wishes of a supplant wife, endeavouring for her *own* sake, as well as for *yours*, to induce you to reform those ways. They are wholly as disinterested as undeserved. But I should mistrust my own penitence, were I capable of wishing to recompense evil for evil—if, black as your offences have been against me, I

could

'could not forgive, as I wish to be for-
'given.

'I repeat, therefore, that I *do* for-
'give you. And may the Almighty
'forgive you too! Nor have I, at the
'writing of this, any other essential re-
'grets than what are occasioned by the
'grief I have given to parents, who,
'till I knew you, were the most indul-
'gent of parents; by the scandal given
'to the other branches of my family;
'by the disreputation brought upon my
'sex; and by the offence given to vir-
'tue in my fall.

'As to myself, you have only robbed
'me of what once were my favourite
'expectations in the transient life I shall
'have quitted when you receive this.
'You have only been the cause that I
'have been cut off in the bloom of
'youth, and of curtailing a life that
'might have been agreeable to myself,
'or otherwise, as had suited the designs
'and ends of Providence. I have rea-
'son to be thankful, for being taken
'away from the evil of supporting my
'part of a yoke with a man so *unhappy*;
'I will only say, that, in all probability,
'every hour I had lived with him might
'have brought with it some new trou-
'ble. And I am (indeed through sharp
'afflictions and distresses) indebted to
'you, *secondarily*, as I humbly presume
'to hope, for so many years of glory,
'as might have proved years of danger,
'temptation, and anguish, had they been
'added to my mortal life.

'So, Sir, though no thanks to your
'*intention*, you have done me *real ser-*
'*vice*; and in return, I wish you hap-
'py. But such has been your life hi-
'therto, that you can have no time to
'lose, in setting about your repentance.
'Repentance to such as have lived only
'carelessly, and in the omission of their
'regular duties, and who never aimed
'to draw any poor creatures into evil,
'is not so easy a task, nor so much in
'our own power, as some imagine.
'How difficult a grace then to be ob-
'tained, where the guilt is premeditat-
'ed, wilful, and complicated!

'To say I once respected you with a
'preference, is what I ought to blush
'to own, since, at the very time, I was
'far from thinking you even a moral
'man; though I little thought that
'you, or indeed that any man breath-
'ing, could be—what you have proved
'yourself to be. But, indeed, Sir, I
'have long been greatly above you:
'for from my heart I have despised
'you, and all your ways, ever since I
'saw what manner of man you were.

'Nor is it to be wondered, that I
'should be able so to do, when that pre-
'ference was not grounded on ignoble
'motives. For I was weak enough, and
'presumptuous enough, to hope to be a
'means, in the hand of Providence, to
'reclaim a man, whom I thought wor-
'thy of the attempt.

'Nor have I yet, as you will see by
'the pains I take, on this solemn occa-
'sion, to awaken you out of your sen-
'sual dream, given over all hopes of
'this nature.

'Hear me, therefore, O Lovelace! I
'as one speaking from the dead—Lose
'no time—Set about your repentance
'instantly—Be no longer the instrument
'of Satan, to draw poor souls into those
'subtile snares, which at last shall en-
'tangle your own feet. Seek not to
'multiply your offences, till they be-
'come beyond the *power*, as I may say,
'of the Divine Mercy to forgive; since
'*justice*, no less than *mercy*, is an attri-
'bute of the Almighty.

'Tremble and reform, when you
'read what is *the portion of the wicked man*
'*from God*. Thus it is written.

"The triumphing of the wicked is
"short, and the joy of the hypocrite
"but for a moment. He is cast into
"a net by his own feet—He walketh
"upon a snare. Terrors shall make him
"afraid on every side, and shall drive
"him to his feet. His strength shall be
"hunger-bitten, and destruction shall
"be ready at his side. The first-born
"of death shall devour his strength.
"His remembrance shall perish from
"the earth: and he shall have no name
"in the streets. He shall be chased out
"of the world. He shall have neither
"son nor nephew among his people.
"They that have seen him shall say,
"Where is he?" "He shall fly away
"as a dream: he shall be chased away
"as a vision of the night. His meat is
"the gall of asps within him. He shall
"flee from the iron weapon, and the
"bow of steel shall strike him through.
"A fire not blown shall consume him.
"The heavens shall reveal his iniquity,
"and the earth shall rise up against him.
"The worm shall feed sweetly on him.
"He shall be no more remembered.—
"This is the fate of him that knoweth
"not God."

'Whenever you shall be inclined to
'consult the Sacred Oracles, from
'whence the above threatenings are
'extracted,

'entreated, you will find doctrines and 'texts which a truly penitent and con'trite heart may lay hold of for it's 'consolation.

'May yours, Mr. Lovelace, become 'such! And may you be enabled to 'escape the fate denounced against the 'abandoned man, and be entitled to the 'mercies of a long suffering and gracious 'God, is the sincere prayer of

'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

LETTER LIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 14.

EVER since the fatal seventh of this month, I have been lost to myself, and to all the joys of life. I might have gone farther back than that fatal seventh; which, for the future, I will never see anniversarily revolve but in fables; only till that cursed day I had some gleams of hope now-and-then darting in upon me.

They tell me of an odd letter I wrote to you. I remember I did write. But very little of the contents of what I wrote, do I remember.

I have been in a cursed way. Methinks something has been working strangely retributive. I never was such a fool as to disbelieve a Providence: yet am I not for resolving into judgments every-thing that seems to wear an avenging face. Yet if we must be punished either here or hereafter for our misdeeds, better *here*, say I, than *hereafter*. Have I not then an interest to think my punishment already not only begun but compleated; since what I have suffered, and do suffer, passes all description?

To give but one instance of the *retribution*—Here I, who was the barbarous cause of the loss of senses for a week together to the most inimitable of women, have been punished with the loss of my own—Preparative to—Who knows what—When, O when, shall I know a joyful hour?

I am kept excessively low; and excessively low I *am*. This sweet creature's posthumous letter sticks close to me. All her excellences rise up hourly to my remembrance.

Yet dare I not indulge in these melancholy reflections. I find my head strangely working again — Pen, be gone.

MONDAY, SEPT. 18.

HEAVY, damnably heavy and sick in soul, by Jupiter! I must come into their expedient. I must see what change of climate may do.

You tell these fellows, and you tell me, of repenting and reforming: but I can do neither. He who *can*, must not have the *extinction* of a Clarissa Harlowe to answer for.—Harlowe!—Curse upon the name! And curse upon myself for not changing it, as I might have done! —Yet have I no need of urging a curse upon myself—I have it effectually.

'To say I once respected you with a 'preference'—In what stiff language does maidenly modesty on these nice occasions express itself!—*To say I once loved you*, is the English; and there is truth and ease in the expression.—'To say I 'once loved you,' then let it be; 'is 'what I ought to blush to own.'

'And dost thou own it?—Excellent 'creature! and dost thou then own it?' —What music in these words from such an angel!—What would I give that my Clarissa were in being, and *could* and *would* own that she loved me?

'But, indeed, Sir, I have long been 'greatly above you.'

'Long, my blessed charmer!—Long, 'indeed—For you have been *ever* greatly 'above me, and above your sex, and 'above all the world.'

'That preference was not grounded 'on ignoble motives.'

What a wretch was I, to be so distinguished by her, and yet to be so unworthy of her hope to reclaim me!

Then, how generous her motives! Not for her *own* sake merely, not altogether for *mine*, did she hope to reclaim me; but equally for the sake of innocents who might otherwise be ruined by me.

And now, *why* did she write this letter, and *why* direct it to be given me when an event the most deplorable had taken place, but for my good, and with a view to the safety of innocents she knew not? — And *when* was this letter written?—Was it not at the time, at the very time, that I had been pursuing her, as I may say, from place to place; when her soul was bowed down by calamity and persecution; and herself was denied all forgiveness from relations the most implacable?

'Exalted creature! — And couldst 'thou at *such a time* and *so early*, and in '*such circumstances*, have so far subdued 'thy own just resentments, as to wish 'happiness to the principal author of all

'thy

'thy diſtreſſes? Wiſh happineſs to him
'who had robbed thee of all thy favou-
'rite expectations in this life? To him
'who had been the cauſe, that thou wert
'cut off in the bloom of youth?

'Heavenly aſpirer!—What a frame
'muſt thou be in, to be able to uſe the
'word ONLY, in mentioning theſe im-
'portant deprivations!—And as this
'was before thou puttedſt off mortality,
'may I not preſume that thou now,

"——with pitying eye,
"Not derogating from thy perfect bliſs,
"Survey'ſt all Heaven around, and wiſheſt
"for me?"

Conſider my ways.—'Dear life of my
'life! Of what avail is conſideration
'now, when I have loſt the dear crea-
'ture, for whoſe ſake alone it was worth
'while to *have* conſideration?—Loſt her
'beyond retrieving—Swallowed up by
'the greedy grave—For *ever* loſt her—
'That, *that's* the ſting—Matchleſs wo-
'man!—How does this reflection
'wound me!'

'Your golden dream cannot long
'laſt.'—'Divine propheteſs! my gold-
'en dream is *already* over. Thought
'and reflection *are* no longer to be kept
'off.—No *longer continues* that hardened
'inſenſibility thou chargeſt upon me.—
'Remorſe *has* broken in upon me.—
'Dreadful *is* my condition;—It *is* all
'reproach and horror with me!—A
'thouſand vultures in turn are preying
'upon my heart!'

But no more of theſe fruitleſs reflec-
tions—Since I am incapable of writing
any-thing elſe; ſince my pen will ſlide
into this gloomy ſubject, whether I will
or not; I will once more quit it; nor
will I again reſume it, till I can be more
it's maſter, and my own.

All I took pen to write for, is how-
ever unwritten. It was, in few words,
to wiſh you to proceed with your com-
munications, as uſual. And why ſhould
you not?—Since, in her ever-to-be-la-
mented death, I know every thing
ſhocking and grievous—Acquaint me,
then, with all thou knoweſt, which I do
not know: how her relations, her cruel
relations, take it; and whether now,
the barbed dart of after-reflection
ſticks not in their hearts, as in mine, up
to the very feathers?

I WILL ſoon quit this kingdom. For
now my Clariſſa is no more, what is
there in it (in the world indeed) worth
living for?—But ſhall I not firſt, by
ſome maſterly miſchief, avenge her and
myſelf upon her curſed family?

The accurſed woman, they tell me,
has broken her leg. Why was it not
her neck?—All, all, but what is owing
to her relations, is the fault of that wo-
man, and of her hell-born nymphs.
'*The greater the virtue, the nobler the tri-*
'*umph*,' was a ſentence for ever in their
mouths—I have had it ſeveral times in
my head to ſet fire to the execrable
houſe; and to watch at the doors and
windows, that not a devil in it eſcape
the conſuming flames. Had the houſe
ſtood by itſelf, I had certainly done it.

But, it ſeems, the old wretch is in
the way to be rewarded without my
help. A ſhocking letter is received of
ſomebody's, in relation to her—Yours,
I ſuppoſe—Too ſhocking for me, they
ſay, to ſee at preſent.

They govern me, as a child in ſtrings:
yet did I ſuffer ſo much in my fever,
that I am willing to bear with them, till
I can get tolerably well.

At preſent, I can neither eat, drink,
nor ſleep. Yet are my diſorders no-
thing to what they were: for, Jack, my
brain was on fire day and night: and
had it not been of the *aſbeſtos* kind, it
had all been conſumed.

I had no diſtinct ideas, but of dark
and confuſed miſery: *it was all remorſe*
and horror indeed! Thoughts of hang-
ing, drowning, ſhooting; then rage,
violence, miſchief, and deſpair, took
their turns with me. My lucid inter-
vals ſtill worſe, giving me to reflect
upon what I *was* the hour before, and
what I was likely to be next, and per-
haps for life—The ſport of enemies! the
laughter of fools! and the hanging-
ſleeved, go-carted property of hired
ſlaves; who were perhaps to find their
account in manacling and (abhorred
thought!) in perſonally abuſing me by
blows and ſtripes!

Who can bear ſuch reflections as
theſe? To be made to *fear* only, to ſuch
a one as me, and to fear *ſuch wretches*
too?—What a thing was this, but *re-*
motely to apprehend! And yet for a man
to be in ſuch a ſtate as to render it neceſ-
ſary for his deareſt friends to ſuffer this
to be done for his own ſake, and in
order to prevent further miſchief?—
There is no thinking of theſe things!

I will *not* think of them, therefore:
but will either get a train of cheerful
ideas, or hang myſelf, by to-morrow
morning.

'——To be a dog, and dead,
'Were paradiſe, to ſuch a life as mine.'

LETTER LIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20.

I Write to demand back again my laſt letter. I own it was my mind at the different times I wrote it; and, whatever ailed me, I could not help writing it. Such a gloomy impulſe came upon me, and increaſed as I wrote, that, for my ſoul, I could not forbear running into the miſerable.

'Tis ſtrange, very ſtrange, that a man's conſcience ſhould be able to force his fingers to write whether he will or not; and to run him into a ſubject he more than once, at the very time, reſolved not to think of.

Nor is it leſs ſtrange, that (no new reaſon occurring) he ſhould, in a day or two more, ſo totally change his mind; have his mind, I ſhould rather ſay, ſo wholly illuminated by gay hopes and riſing proſpects, as to be aſhamed of what he had written.

For, on re-peruſal of a copy of my letter, which fell into my hands by accident, in the hand-writing of my couſin Charlotte, who, unknown to me, had tranſcribed it, I find it to be ſuch a letter as an enemy would rejoice to ſee.

This I know, that were I to have continued but one week more in the way I was in when I wrote the latter part of it, I ſhould have been confined, and in ſtraw, the next: for I now recollect, that all my diſtemper was returning upon me with irreſiſtible violence—and that in ſpite of water-gruel and ſoupe-maigre.

I own, that I am ſtill exceſſively grieved at the diſappointment this admirable woman made it ſo much her whimſical choice to give me. But, ſince it has thus fallen out; ſince ſhe was determined to leave the world; and ſince ſhe actually ceaſes *to be*; ought I, who have ſuch a ſhare of life and health in hand, to indulge gloomy reflections upon an event that is paſſed; and *being* paſſed, cannot be recalled?—Have I not had a ſpecimen of what will be my caſe, if I do?

For, Belford, ('tis a folly to deny it) I have been, to uſe an old word, quite *beſtraught*.

Why, why did my mother bring me up to bear no controul? Why was I ſo educated, *as that to my very tutors it was a requeſt, that I ſhould not know what contradiction or diſappointment was?*—Ought ſhe not to have known what cruelty there was in her kindneſs?

What a puniſhment, to have my firſt very great diſappointment touch my intellect!—And intellects, once touched—But that I cannot bear to think of—Only thus far; the very repentance and amendment wiſhed me ſo heartily by my kind and croſs dear, have been invalidated and poſtponed, and who knows for how long? the *amendment* at leaſt:—Can a madman be capable of either?

Once touched, therefore, I muſt endeavour to baniſh thoſe gloomy reflections, which might *otherwiſe* have brought on the right turn of mind; and this, to expreſs myſelf in Lord M.'s ſtyle, that my wits may not be ſent a *woolgathering*.

For, let me moreover own to thee, that Dr. Hale, who was my good *Aſtolfo*, [You read Arioſto, Jack] and has brought me back my *wit-jar*, had much ado, by ſtarving diet, by profuſe phlebotomy, by flaying bliſters, eyelet-hole-cupping, a dark room, a mid-night ſolitude in a mid-day ſun, to effect my recovery. And now, for my comfort, he tells me, that I may ſtill have returns upon full moons—Horrible! moſt horrible!—and muſt be as careful of myſelf at both equinoctials, as Cæſar was warned to be of the Ides of March.

How my heart ſickens at looking back upon what I was! Denied the ſun, and all comfort: all my viſitors, low-born, tip-toe attendants: even thoſe tip-toe ſlaves never approaching me but periodically, armed with gallipots, boluſſes, and cephalick draughts; delivering their orders to me in hated whiſpers; and anſwering other curtain-holding impertinents, enquiring how I was, and how I took their execrable potions, whiſperingly too! What a curſed ſtill-life was this!—Nothing active in me, or about me, but the worm that never dies.

Again I haſten from the recollection of ſcenes, which *will*, at times, obtrude themſelves upon me.

Adieu, Belford!

But return me my laſt letter—and build nothing upon it's contents. I *muſt*, I *will*, I have *already*, overcome theſe fruitleſs gloominеſſes. Every hour my conſtitution riſes ſtronger and ſtronger to befriend me; and, except a tributary ſigh now-and-then to the memory of my heart's beloved, it gives me hope, that I ſhall quickly be what I was—Life, ſpirit,

ſpirit, gaiety, and once more the plague of a ſex, that has been my plague, and will be every man's plague at one time or other of his life. I repeat my deſire, however, that you will write to me as uſual. I hope you have good ſtore of particulars by you to communicate, when I can better bear to hear of the diſpoſitions that were made for all that was mortal of my beloved Clariſſa.

But it will be the joy of my heart to be told, that her implacable friends are plagued with remorſe. Such things as thoſe you may *now* ſend me: for company in miſery is ſome relief; eſpecially when a man can think thoſe he hates as miſerable as himſelf.

Once more, adieu, Jack!

LETTER LV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

I Am preparing to leave this kingdom. Mowbray and Tourville promiſe to give me their company in a month or two.

I'll give thee my route.

I ſhall firſt to Paris; and, for amuſement and diverſion ſake, try to renew ſome of my old friendſhips: thence to ſome of the German courts: thence, perhaps, to Vienna: thence deſcend through Bavaria and the Tyrol to Venice, where I ſhall keep the carnival: thence to Florence and Turin: thence again over Mount Cenis to France: and, when I return again to Paris, ſhall expect to ſee my friend Belford, who, by that time, I doubt not, will be all cruſted and bearded over with penitence, ſelf-denial, and mortification; a very anchoret, only an itinerant one, journeying over in hope to cover a multitude of his own ſins, by proſelyting his old companions.

Thou haſt made good reſolutions. If thou keepeſt them not, thou wilt never be able to keep any. But nevertheleſs, the devil and thy time of life are againſt thee: and ſix to one thou faileſt. Were it only that thou haſt *reſolved*, ſix to one thou faileſt. And if thou doſt, thou wilt become the ſcoff of men, and the triumph of devils.—Then how will I laugh at thee! For this warning is not from principle. Perhaps I wiſh it were: *but I never lyed to man, and hardly ever ſaid truth to woman.* The firſt is *what all free-livers cannot ſay:* the ſecond *what every one can.* LOVELACE.

I believe Charlotte and you are in private league together. Letters, I find, have paſſed between her and you, and Lord M. I have been kept ſtrangely in the dark of late; but will ſoon break upon you all, as the ſun upon a midnight thief.

Remember that you never ſent me the copy of my beloved's will.

LETTER LVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22.

JUST as I was ſitting down to anſwer yours of the 24th and 18th, in order to give you all the conſolation in my power, came your revoking letter of Wedneſday.

I am really concerned and diſappointed, that your firſt was ſo ſoon followed by one ſo contrary to it.

The ſhocking letter you mention, which your friends withold from you, is indeed from me. They may now, I ſee, ſhew you any-thing. Aſk them, then, for that letter, if you think it worth while to read aught about the true mother of your mind.

I WILL ſuppoſe, that thou haſt juſt read the letter thou calleſt ſhocking, and which I *intended* to be ſo. And let me aſk, What thou thinkeſt of it? Doſt thou not tremble at the horrors the vileſt of women labours with, on the apprehenſions of death, and future judgment?—How fit the reflections that muſt have been raiſed by the peruſal of this letter upon thy yet unclofed eyelet-holes? Will not ſome ſerious thoughts mingle with thy melilot, and tear off the callus of thy mind, as that may flay the leather from thy back, and as thy epiſpaſticks may ſtrip the parchment from thy plotting head? If not, then indeed is thy conſcience ſeared, and no hopes will lie for thee.

Mr. Belford then gives an account of the wretched Sinclair's terrible exit, which he had juſt then received.

If this move thee not, I have news to acquaint thee with, of another diſmal cataſtrophe that is but within this hour come to my ear, of another of thy bleſſed agents. Thy TOMLINSON!—Dying, and, in all probability, before this can reach thee, dead, in Maidſtone gaol. As thou ſayeſt in thy firſt letter, *ſomething ſtrangely retributive ſeems to be working.*

This is his caſe. He was at the head of a gang of ſmugglers, endeavouring

to carry off run-goods, landed laſt Tueſday, when a party of dragoons came up with them in the evening. Some of his comrades fled. M'Donald, being ſurrounded, attempted to fight his way through, and wounded his man; but having received a ſhot in his neck, and being cut deeply in the head by a broad-ſword, he fell from his horſe, was taken, and carried to Maidſtone goal: and there my informant left him, juſt dying, and aſſured of hanging if he recover.

Abſolutely deſtitute, he got a kinſman of his to apply to me, and, if in town, to the reſt of the confraternity, for ſomething, not to *ſupport* him was the word, (for he expected not to live till the fellow returned) but to bury him.

I never employed him but once, and then he ruined my project. I now thank Heaven that he did. But I ſent him five guineas, and promiſed him more, as from you, and Mowbray, and Tourville, if he live a few days, or to take his trial. And I put it upon you to make further enquiry of him, and to give him what you think fit.

His meſſenger tells me, That he is very penitent; that he weeps continually. He cries out, that he has been the vileſt of men: yet palliates, that his neceſſities made him worſe than he ſhould otherwiſe have been, [*An excuſe which none of us can plead:*] But that which touches him moſt of all, is a vile impoſture he was put upon, to ſerve a certain gentleman of fortune to the ruin of the moſt excellent woman that ever lived; and who, he had heard, was dead of grief.

Let me conſider, Lovelace—*Whoſe turn can be next?*—I wiſh it may not be thine. But ſince thou giveſt me one piece of advice, (which I ſhould indeed have thought out of character, hadſt thou not taken pains to convince me, that it proceeds not from *principle*) I will give thee another: and that is, *Proſecute, as faſt as thou canſt, thy intended tour.* Change of ſcene, and of climate, may eſtabliſh thy health: while this groſs air, and the approach of winter, may thicken thy blood; and, with the help of a conſcience that is upon the ſtruggle with thee, and like a cunning wreſtler watches it's opportunity to give thee another fall, may make thee miſerable for thy life.

I return your revoked letter. Don't deſtroy it, however. The ſame dialect may one day come in faſhion with you again.

As to the family at Harlowe Place, I have moſt affecting letters from Colonel Morden relating to their grief and compunction. But are you, to whom the occaſion is owing, entitled to rejoice in their diſtreſs?

I ſhould be ſorry, if I could not ſay, that what you have warned me of in *ſport*, makes me tremble in *earneſt*. I hope (for this is a ſerious ſubject with me, though nothing can be ſo with you) that I never ſhall deſerve, by my apoſtacy, to be the ſcoff of men, and the triumph of devils.

I have already begun my retributary purpoſes, as I may call them. I have ſettled an annual ſum for life upon poor John Loftus, whom I diſabled, while he was endeavouring to protect his young miſtreſs from my lawleſs attempts. I rejoice, that I ſucceeded not in that; as I do in recollecting many others of the like ſort, in which I miſcarried.

Poor Farley, who had become a bankrupt, I have ſet up again; but have declared, that the annual allowance I make her ſhall ceaſe, if I hear ſhe returns to her former courſes: and I have made her accountable for her conduct to the good widow Lovick; whom I have taken, at a handſome ſalary, for my houſekeeper at Edgware, (for I have let the houſe at Watford;) and ſhe is to diſpenſe the quarterly allotment to her, as ſhe merits.

This good woman ſhall have other matters of the like nature under her care, as we grow better acquainted: and I make no doubt that ſhe will anſwer my expectations, and that I ſhall be both confirmed and improved by her converſation: for ſhe ſhall generally ſit at my own table.

The undeſerved ſufferings of Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, her exalted merit, her exemplary preparation, and her happy end, will be ſtanding ſubjects with us.

She ſhall read *to* me, when I have no company; write *for* me, out of books, paſſages ſhe ſhall recommend. Her years (turned of fifty) and her good character, will ſecure me from ſcandal; and I have great pleaſure in reflecting, that I ſhall be better myſelf for making her happy.

Then, whenever I am in danger, I will read ſome of the admirable lady's papers: whenever I would abhor my former ways, I will read ſome of thine, and copies of my own.

The conſequence of all this will be, that I ſhall be the delight of my own relations of both ſexes, who were wont to look

look upon me as a loſt man. I ſhall have good order in my own family, becauſe I ſhall give a good example myſelf. I ſhall be viſited and reſpected, not perhaps by Lovelace, by Mowbray, and by Tourville, becauſe they cannot ſee me upon the *old* terms, and will not, perhaps, ſee me upon the *new*, but by the beſt and worthieſt gentlemen, clergy as well as laity, all around me. I ſhall look upon my paſt follies with contempt; upon my old companions with pity. Oaths and curſes ſhall be for ever baniſhed from my mouth: in their place ſhall ſucceed converſation becoming a rational being, and a gentleman. And inſtead of acts of *offence*, ſubjecting me perpetually to acts of *defence*, will I endeavour to atone for my paſt evils, by doing all the good in my power, and by becoming an univerſal benefactor to the extent of that power.

Now tell me, Lovelace, upon this faint ſketch of what I hope to *do*, and to *be*, if this be not a ſcheme infinitely preferable to the wild, the pernicious, the dangerous ones, both to body and ſoul, which we have purſued.

I wiſh I, could make my ſketch as amiable to you, as it appears to me. I wiſh it with all my ſoul: for I always loved you. It has been my misfortune that I did: for this led me into infinite riots and follies, of which, otherwiſe, I verily think, I ſhould not have been guilty.

You have a great deal more to anſwer for, than I have, were it only in the temporal ruin of this admirable woman. Let me now, while yet you have youth, and health, and intellect, prevail upon you: for I am afraid, very much afraid, that ſuch is the enormity of this ſingle wickedneſs, in depriving the world of ſuch a ſhining light, that if you do not quickly reform, it will be out of your power to reform at all; and that Providence, which has already given you the fates of your agents Sinclair and Tomlinſon to take warning by, will not let the principal offender eſcape, if he ſlight the warning.

You will, perhaps, laugh at me for theſe ſerious reflections. Do, if you will. I had rather you ſhould laugh at me for continuing in this way of thinking and acting, than triumph over me, as you threaten, on my ſwerving from purpoſes I have determined upon with ſuch good reaſon, and induced and warned by ſuch examples.

And ſo much for this ſubject at preſent.

I ſhould be glad to know when you intend to ſet out. I have too much concern for your welfare, not to wiſh you in a thinner air, and more certain climate.

What have Tourville and Mowbray to do, that they cannot ſet out with you? They will not covet my company, I dare ſay; and I ſhall not be able to endure theirs, when you are gone: take them therefore with you.

I will not, however, forſwear making you a viſit at Paris, at your return from Germany and Italy; but hardly with the hope of reclaiming you, if due reflection upon what I have ſet before you, and upon what you have written in your two laſt, will not by that time have done it.

I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſee you before you go. Once more I wiſh you were gone. This heavy iſland-air cannot do for you what that of the continent will.

I do not think I ought to communicate with you, as I uſed to do, on this ſide the Channel: let me, then, hear from you on the oppoſite ſhore, and you ſhall command the pen, as you pleaſe; and, honeſtly, the power, of

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 26.

FATE, I believe, in my conſcience, ſpins threads for tragedies, on purpoſe for thee to weave with.—Thy Watford uncle, poor Belton, the fair inimitable, [Exalted creature! and is ſhe to be found in ſuch a liſt!] the accurſed woman, and Tomlinſon, ſeem to have been all doomed to give thee a theme for the diſmal and the horrible:—and, by my ſoul, *thou doſt work it going*, as Lord M. would phraſe it.

That's the horrid thing: a man cannot begin to *think*, but *cauſes* for thought croud in upon him: the gloomy takes place, and mirth and gaiety abandon his heart for ever!

Poor M'Donald!—I am really ſorry for the fellow.—He was an uſeful, faithful, ſolemn varlet, who could act incomparably any part given him, and knew not what a bluſh was.—He really took honeſt pains for me in the laſt affair; which has coſt him and me ſo dearly in reflection. Often gravelled, as we both were, yet was he never daunted.—Poor M'Donald, I muſt once more ſay!

ſay!—For carrying on a ſolemn piece of roguery, he had no equal.

I was ſo ſolicitous to know if he were really as bad as thou haſt a knack of painting every-body whom thou ſingleſt out to exerciſe thy murdering pen upon, that I diſpatched a man and horſe to Maidſtone, as ſoon as I had thine; and had word brought me, that he died in two hours after he had received thy five guineas. And all thou wroteſt of his concern in relation to the ever-dear Miſs Harlowe, it ſeems, was true.

I can't help it, Belford!—I have only to add, that it is happy that the poor fellow lived not to be hanged; as it ſeems he would have been: for who knows, as he had got into ſuch a penitential ſtrain, what might have been in his dying ſpeech?

When a man has not *great* good to comfort himſelf with, it is right to make the beſt of the *little* that may offer. There never was any diſcomfort happened to mortal man, but ſome little ray of conſolation would dart in, if the wretch was not ſo much a wretch, as to *draw*, inſtead of *undraw*, the curtain to keep it out.

And ſo much, at this time, and for ever, for poor Captain Tomlinſon, as I call him.

Your ſolicitude to get me out of this heavy changeable climate exactly tallies with every-body's here. They all believe that travelling will eſtabliſh me. Yet I think I am quite well. Only theſe plaguy *new's* and *full's*, and the *equinoctial's*, fright me a little when I think of them; and that is always: for the whole family are continually ringing theſe changes in my ears, and are more ſedulouſly intent, than I can well account for, to get me out of the kingdom.

But wilt thou write often, when I am gone? Wilt thou then piece the thread where thou brokeſt it off? Wilt thou give me the particulars of *their* diſtreſs, who were my *auxiliaries* in bringing on the event that affects me?—Nay, *principals*, rather: ſince, ſay what thou wilt, what did I do worth a woman's breaking her heart for?

Faith and troth, Jack, I have had very hard uſage, as I have often ſaid:—to have ſuch a plaguy ill name given me, pointed at, ſcreamed out upon, run away from, as a mad dog would be; all my own friends ready to renounce me!—Yet I think I deſerve it all: for have I not been as ready to give up myſelf, as others are to condemn me?

What madneſs, what folly this!—Who will take the part of a man that condemns himſelf?—Who *can*? He that pleads guilty to an indictment, leaves no room for aught but the ſentence. Out upon me, for an impolitical wretch! I have not the art of the leaſt artful of any of our Chriſtian princes; who every day are guilty of ten times worſe breaches of faith; and yet, iſſuing out a manifeſto, they wipe their mouths, and go on from infraction to infraction, from robbery to robbery; commit devaſtation upon devaſtation; and deſtroy—for their *glory!* And are rewarded with the names of *conquerors*, and are dubb'd *Le Grand*; praiſed, and even deified, by orators and poets, for their butcheries and depredations.

While I, a poor, ſingle, harmleſs prowler; at leaſt *comparatively* harmleſs; in order to ſatisfy my hunger, ſteal but one poor lamb; and every mouth is opened, every hand is lifted up, againſt me.

Nay, as I have juſt now heard, I am to be *manifeſted* againſt, though no prince: for Miſs Howe threatens to have the caſe publiſhed to the whole world.

I have a good mind not to oppoſe it; and to write an anſwer to it, as ſoon as it comes forth, and exculpate myſelf, by throwing all the fault upon the *old ones*. And this I have to plead, ſuppoſing all that my worſt enemies can alledge againſt me were true—That I am not anſwerable for all the extravagant conſequences that this affair has been attended with; and which could not poſſibly be foreſeen. Proceed anon.

LETTER LVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

BUT what a pretty ſcheme of life haſt thou drawn out for thyſelf, and thy old widow! By my ſoul, Jack, I was mightily taken with it. There is but one thing wanting in it; and that will come of courſe: only to be in the commiſſion, and one of the quorum. Thou art already provided with a clerk, as good as thou'lt want, in the widow Lovick; for thou underſtandeſt law, and the conſcience: a good lord-chancellor between ye!—I ſhould take prodigious pleaſure to hear thee decide in a baſtard caſe, upon thy new notions, and old remembrances.

But raillery apart. [All gloom at heart, by Jupiter! although the pen and the countenance aſſume airs of levity!]

If, after all, thou canſt ſo eaſily repent and reform, as thou thinkeſt thou canſt: if thou canſt thus ſhake off thy old ſins, and thy old habits: and if thy old maſter will ſo readily diſmiſs ſo tried and ſo faithful a ſervant, and permit thee thus calmly to enjoy thy new ſyſtem; no room for ſcandal; all temptation ceaſing: and if at laſt (thy reformation warranted and approved by time) thou marrieſt, and liveſt honeſt:—why, Belford, I cannot but ſay, that if all theſe IF's come to paſs, thou ſtandeſt a good chance to be a happy man!

All I think, as I told thee in my laſt, is, that the devil knows his own intereſt too well, to let thee off ſo eaſily. Thou thyſelf telleſt me, that we cannot repent when we will. And indeed I found it ſo: for, in my lucid intervals, I made good reſolutions: but as health turned it's blythe ſide to me, and opened my proſpects of recovery, all my old inclinations and appetites returned; and this letter, perhaps, will be a thorough conviction to thee, that I *am* as wild a fellow as ever, or in the way to be ſo.

Thou aſkeſt me, very ſeriouſly, if, upon the faint ſketch thou haſt drawn, thy new ſcheme be not infinitely preferable to any of thoſe which we have ſo long purſued?—Why, Jack—Let me reflect—Why, Belford—I can't ſay—I can't ſay—but it is. To ſpeak out—It is really, as Biddy in the play ſays, a good comfortable ſcheme.

But when thou telleſt me, that it was thy misfortune to love me, becauſe thy value for me made thee a wickeder man than otherwiſe thou wouldſt have been; I deſire thee to revolve this aſſertion: and I am perſuaded, that thou wilt not find thyſelf in ſo right a train as thou imagineſt.

No falſe colourings, no gloſſes, does a true penitent aim at. Debaſement, diffidence, mortification, contrition, are all near of a kin, Jack; and inſeparable from a repentant ſpirit.—If thou knoweſt not this, thou art not got three ſteps (out of threeſcore) towards repentance and amendment. And let me remind thee, before the grand accuſer come to do it, that thou wert ever above being a paſſive follower in iniquity. Though thou hadſt not ſo good an invention as he to whom thou writeſt, thou hadſt as active an heart for miſchief, as ever I met with in man.

Then for improving an hint, thou wert always a true Engliſhman. I never ſtarted a roguery, that did not come out of *thy* forge in a manner ready anvilled and hammered for execution, when I have ſometimes been at a loſs to make any-thing of it myſelf.

I AM actually now employed in taking leave of my friends in the country. I had once thought of taking Tomlinſon, as I called him, with me: but his deſtiny has fruſtrated that intention.

Next Monday I think to ſee you in town; and then you, and I, and Mowbray, and Tourville, will laugh off that evening together. They will both accompany me (as I expect *you* will) to Dover, if not croſs the water. I muſt leave you and them good friends. They take extremely amiſs the treatment you have given them in your laſt letters. They ſay, you ſtrike at their underſtandings. I laugh at them; and tell them, that thoſe people who have *braſs*, are the moſt apt to be angry when it is called in queſtion.

Make up all the papers and narratives you can ſpare me againſt the time. The will particularly I expect to take with me. Who knows but that thoſe things, which will help to ſecure *you* in the way you are got into, may convert *me*? R. L.

Mr. Belford returns a very ſerious anſwer to the preceding letter; *which appears not.*

LETTER LIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO COLONEL MORDEN.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 21.

GIVE me leave, dear Sir, to addreſs myſelf to you in a very ſerious and ſolemn manner, on a ſubject that I muſt not, cannot, diſpenſe with; as I promiſed the divine lady, that I would do every-thing in my power to prevent that further miſchief of which ſhe was ſo very apprehenſive.

I will not content myſelf with diſtant hints. It is with very great concern that I have juſt now heard of a declaration which you are ſaid to have made to your relations at Harlowe Place; That you will not reſt till you have avenged your couſin's wrongs upon Mr. Lovelace.

Far be it from me to offer to defend the unhappy man, or even *unduly* to extenuate his crime! But yet I muſt ſay, that the family, by their perſecutions of the dear lady at firſt, and by their implacableneſs afterwards, ought,

at

at *leaſt*, to *ſhare* the blame with him. There is even great reaſon to believe, that a lady of ſuch a religious turn, her virtue neither to be ſurprized nor corrupted, her will inviolate, would have got over a *mere perſonal* injury; eſpecially as he would have done all that was in his power to repair it; and as, from the application of all his family in his favour, and other circumſtances attending his ſincere and voluntary offer, the lady might have condeſcended, with greater glory to herſelf, than if he had never offended.

When I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you next, I will acquaint you, Sir, with all the circumſtances of this melancholy ſtory; from which you will ſee, that Mr. Lovelace was extremely ill treated at firſt, by the whole family, this admirable lady excepted. This exception, I know, heightens his crime: but as his principal intention was but to try her virtue; and that he became ſo earneſt a ſuppliant to her for marriage; and as he has ſuffered ſo deplorably in the loſs of his reaſon, for not having it in his power to repair her wrongs; I preſume to hope that much is to be pleaded againſt ſuch a reſolution as you are ſaid to have made. I will read to you at the ſame time ſome paſſages from letters of his; two of which (one but this moment received) will convince you, that the unhappy man, who is but now recovering his intellects, needs no greater puniſhment than what he has from his own reflections.

I have juſt now read over the copies of the dear lady's poſthumous letters. I ſend them all to you, except that directed for Mr. Lovelace; which I reſerve till I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you. Let me entreat you to read once more *that* written to yourſelf; and *that* to her brother; which latter I now ſend you; as they are in point to the preſent ſubject.

I think, Sir, they are unanſwerable. Such, at leaſt, is the effect they have upon me, that I hope I ſhall never be provoked to draw my ſword again in a private quarrel.

To the weight theſe muſt needs have upon you, let me add, that the unhappy man has given no *new* occaſion of offence, ſince your viſit to him at Lord M.'s, when you was ſo well ſatisfied of his intention to atone for his crimes, that you yourſelf urged to your dear couſin her forgiveneſs of him.

Let me *alſo* (though I preſume to hope there is no need, when you coolly conſider every-thing) remind you of your own promiſe to your departing couſin; relying upon which, her laſt moments were the eaſier.

Reflect, my dear Colonel Morden, that the higheſt injury was to *her*: her family all have a ſhare in the *cauſe*: *ſhe* forgives it: why ſhould we not endeavour to imitate what we admire?

You aſked me, Sir, when in town, if a brave man could be a premeditatedly baſe one?—*Generally ſpeaking*, I believe bravery and baſeneſs are incompatible. But Mr. Lovelace's character, in the inſtance before us, affords a proof of the truth of the common obſervation, that there is no general rule but has it's exceptions: for England, I believe, as gallant a nation as it is deemed to be, has not in it a braver ſpirit than his; nor a man who has a greater ſkill at his weapons; nor more *calmneſs* with his ſkill.

I mention not this with a thought that it can effect Colonel Morden; who, if he be not withheld by SUPERIOR MOTIVES, as well as influenced by thoſe I have reminded him of, will tell me, that this ſkill, and this bravery, will make him the more worthy of being called upon by him.

To theſe SUPERIOR motives then I refer myſelf: and with the greater confidence; as a purſuit ending in blood would not, at *this time*, have the plea lie for it with *any-body*, which ſudden paſſion might have with *ſome*: but would be conſtrued by *all*, to be a cool and deliberate act of revenge for an evil abſolutely irretrievable: an act, of which a brave and noble ſpirit (ſuch as is the gentleman's to whom I now write) is not capable.

Excuſe me, Sir, for the ſake of my executorial duty and promiſe, keeping in eye the dear lady's *perſonal injunctions*, as well as *written will*, enforced by *letters poſthumous*. Every article of which (ſolicitous as we *both* are to ſee it duly performed) ſhe would have diſpenſed with, rather than farther miſchief ſhould happen on her account. *I am, dear* SIR, *your affectionate and faithful ſervant*,

J. BELFORD.

The following is the poſthumous letter to Colonel Morden, referred to in the above.

LETTER

LETTER LX.

SUPERSCRIBED,

TO MY BELOVED COUSIN WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.

TO BE DELIVERED AFTER MY DEATH.

MY DEAREST COUSIN,

AS it is uncertain from my preſent weak ſtate, whether, if living, I may be in a condition to receive as I ought the favour you intend me of a viſit, when you come to London, I take this opportunity to return you, while able, the humble acknowledgments of a grateful heart, for all your goodneſs to me from childhood till now: and more particularly for your preſent kind interpoſition in my favour—God Almighty for ever bleſs you, dear Sir, for the kindneſs you endeavoured to procure for me!

One principal end of my writing to you in this ſolemn manner, is, to beg of you, which I do with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, that when you come to hear the particulars of my ſtory, you will not ſuffer *active* reſentment to take place in your generous breaſt on my account.

Remember my dear couſin, that vengeance is God's province, and he has undertaken to repay it; nor will you, I hope, invade that province;—eſpecially as there is no neceſſity for you to attempt to vindicate my fame; ſince the offender himſelf, (before he is called upon) has ſtood forth, and offered to do me all the juſtice that you could have extorted from him, had I lived: and when your own perſon may be endangered by running an *equal* riſque with a *guilty man*.

Duelling, Sir, I need not tell *you*, who have adorned a publick character, is not only an uſurpation of the divine prerogative; but it is an inſult upon magiſtracy and good government. 'Tis an impious act. 'Tis an attempt to take away a life that ought not to depend upon a private ſword: an act, the conſequence of which is to hurry a ſoul (all it's ſins upon it's head) into perdition; endangering that of the poor triumpher—Since neither intend to give to the other that *chance*, as I may call it, for the divine mercy, in an opportunity for repentance, which each preſumes to hope for himſelf.

Seek not then, I beſeech you, Sir, to aggravate my fault, by a purſuit of blood, which muſt neceſſarily be deemed a conſequence of that fault. Give not the unhappy man the merit (were you aſſuredly to be the victor) of falling by your hand. At preſent he is the perfidious, the ungrateful deceiver; but will not the forfeiture of his life, and the probable loſs of his ſoul, be a dreadful expiation for having made me miſerable for *a few months* only, and through that miſery, by the divine favour, happy to all eternity?

In ſuch a caſe, my couſin, where ſhall the evil ſtop? And who ſhall avenge on you?—And who on your avenger?

Let the poor man's conſcience, then, dear Sir, avenge me. He will one day find puniſhment more than enough from that. Leave him to the chance of repentance. If the Almighty will give him time for it, why ſhould you deny it him?—Let him ſtill be the guilty aggreſſor; and let no one ſay, Clariſſa Harlowe is now amply revenged in his fall; or, in the caſe of yours, (which Heaven avert!) that her fault, inſtead of being buried in the grave, is perpetuated, and aggravated, by a loſs far greater than that of herſelf.

Often, Sir, has the *more* guilty been the vanquiſher of the *leſs*. An Earl of Shrewſbury, in the reign of Charles II. as I have read, endeavouring to revenge the greateſt injury that man can do to man, met with his death at Barn Elms, from the hand of the ignoble duke who had vilely diſhonoured him. Nor can it be thought an unequal diſpenſation, were it *generally* to happen, that the uſurper of the divine prerogative ſhould be puniſhed for his preſumption by the man whom he ſought to deſtroy, and who, however previouſly criminal, is put, in this caſe, upon a neceſſary act of ſelf-defence.

May Heaven protect you, Sir, in all your ways; and, once more I pray, reward you for all your kindneſs to me! A kindneſs ſo worthy of *your* heart, and ſo exceedingly grateful to *mine*: that of ſeeking to make peace, and to reconcile parents to a once beloved child; uncles to a niece late their favourite; and a brother and ſiſter to a ſiſter whom once they thought not unworthy of that tender relation. A kindneſs ſo greatly preferable to the vengeance of a murdering ſword.

Be a comforter, dear Sir, to my honoured parents, as you have been to me: and may we, through the divine goodneſs to us both, meet in that bleſſed eternity, into which, as I humbly truſt, I ſhall have entered when you read this!

So prays, and to her latest hour will pray, my dear cousin Morden, my friend, my guardian, but *not* my avenger.—[Dear Sir! remember that!—]

Your ever affectionate and obliged

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXI.

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 23.

DEAR SIR,

I Am very sorry that any-thing you have heard I have said should give you uneasiness.

I am obliged to you for the letters you have communicated to me; and still further for your promise to favour me with others occasionally.

All that relates to my dearest cousin I shall be glad to see, be it from whom it will.

I leave to your own discretion, what may or may not be proper for Miss Howe to see from a pen so free as mine.

I admire her spirit. Were she a *man*, do you think, Sir, *she*, at *this time*, would have your advice to take upon such a subject as that upon which you write?

Fear not, however, that your communications shall put me upon any measures that otherwise I should not have taken. The wickedness, Sir, is of such a nature, as admits not of aggravation.

Yet I do assure you, that I have not made any resolutions that will be a tie upon me.

I have indeed expressed myself with vehemence upon the occasion. Who could forbear to do so? But it is not my way to resolve in matters of moment, till opportunity brings the execution of my purposes within my reach. We shall see by what manner of spirit this young man will be actuated, on his recovery. If he continue to brave and defy a family which he has so irreparably injured—If—But resolutions depending upon future contingencies are best left to future determination, as I just now hinted.

Mean time, I will own, that I think my cousin's arguments unanswerable. No *good* man but must be influenced by them.—But, alas! Sir, who *is* good?

As to your arguments; I hope you will believe me, when I assure you, as I now do, that your opinion, and your reasonings, have, and will always have, great and deserved weight with me: and that I respect you still more than I did, if possible, for your expostulations in support of my cousin's pious injunctions to me. They come from *you*, Sir, with the greatest propriety, as her executor and representative; and likewise as you are a man of humanity, and a well-wisher to both parties.

I am not exempt from violent passions, Sir, any more than your friend; but then I hope they are only capable of being raised by other peoples insolence, and not by my own arrogance. If ever I am stimulated by my imperfections and my resentments to act against my judgment, and my cousin's injunctions; some such reflections as these that follow, will run away with my reason. Indeed they are always present with me.

In the first place; my own disappointment; who came over with the hope of passing the remainder of my days in the conversation of a kinswoman so beloved; and to whom I have a double relation, as her cousin and trustee.

Then I reflect, too, too often, perhaps, for my engagements to her in her last hours, that the dear creature could only forgive for *herself*. She, no doubt, is happy: but who shall forgive for a *whole family*, in all it's branches made miserable for their lives?

That the more faulty her friends were as to *her*, the more enormous his ingratitude, and the more inexcuseable—What, Sir! was it not enough, that *she* suffered what she did *for him*, but the barbarian must make her suffer for her sufferings for *his sake*?—Passion makes me express this weakly: passion refuses the aid of expression sometimes, where the propriety of a resentment *prima facie* declares expression to be needless. I leave it to *you*, Sir, to give this reflection it's due force.

That the author of this diffusive mischief perpetrated it premeditatedly, wantonly, in the gaiety of his heart—To *try* my cousin, say you, Sir?—To try the virtue of a Clarissa, Sir!—Has she then given him any cause to doubt her virtue?—It could *not* be.—If he avers that she did, I am indeed called upon—But I will have patience.

That he carried her, as now it appears, to a vile brothel, purposely to put her out of all human resource; himself out of the reach of all humane remorse: and that, finding

ing her proof againſt all the common arts of deluſion, baſe and unmanly arts were there uſed to effect his wicked purpoſes. *Once dead*, the injured ſaint, in her will, ſays, *he has ſeen her*.

That I could not know this, when I ſaw him at M. Hall: that, the object of his attempts conſidered, I could not ſuppoſe there was ſuch a monſter breathing as he: that it was natural for me to impute her refuſal of him rather to tranſitory reſentment, to conſciouſneſs of human frailty, and mingled doubts of the ſincerity of his offers, than to villainies, which had given the irrevertible blow, and had at that inſtant brought her down to the gates of death, which in a very few days incloſed her.

That he is a man of defiance: a man who thinks to awe every-one by his inſolent darings, and by his pretenſions to ſuperior courage and ſkill.

That, diſgrace as he is to his name, and to the character of a gentleman, the man would not want merit, who, in vindication of the *diſhonoured* diſtinction, ſhould expunge and blot him out of the worthy liſt.

That the injured family has a ſon, who, however unworthy of ſuch a ſiſter, is of a temper vehement, unbridled, fierce; unequal therefore (as he has once indeed been found) to a contention with this man: the loſs of which ſon, by a violent death, on ſuch an occaſion, and by a hand ſo juſtly hated, would complete the miſery of the whole family: and who, nevertheleſs, reſolves to call him to account, if I do not: his very *miſbehaviour* perhaps to ſuch a ſiſter ſtimulating his perverſe heart to do her memory the *more ſignal juſtice*; though the attempt might be fatal to himſelf.

Then, Sir, to be a witneſs, as I am every hour, to the calamity and diſtreſs of a family to which I am related; every one of whom, however averſe to an alliance with him while it had *not* taken place, would no doubt have been ſoon reconciled to the admirable creature, had the man (to whom, for his family and fortunes, it was not a diſgrace to be allied) done her but common juſtice!

To ſee them hang their penſive heads; mope about, ſhunning one another; though formerly never uſed to meet but to rejoice in each other; afflicting themſelves with reflections, that the laſt time they reſpectively ſaw the dear creature, it was here, or there, at ſuch a place, in ſuch an attitude; and could they have thought that it would have been the *laſt*?—Every-one of them reviving inſtances of her excellences that will for a long time make their very bleſſings a curſe to them!

Her cloſet, her chamber, her cabinet, given up to me to diſfurniſh, in order to anſwer (now *too late* obliging!) the legacies bequeathed; unable themſelves to enter them; and even making uſe of leſs convenient back-ſtairs, that they may avoid paſſing by the doors of her apartment!

Her parlour locked up; the walks, the retirements, the ſummer-houſe in which ſhe uſed to purſue her charming works; *that*, in particular, from which ſhe went to the fatal interview, ſhunned, or hurried by, or over!

Her perfections, nevertheleſs, called up to remembrance, and enumerated: incidents and graces, unheeded before, or paſſed over in the groupe of her numberleſs perfections, now brought into notice, and dwelt upon!

The very ſervants allowed to expatiate upon theſe praiſeful topicks to their principals! Even eloquent in their praiſes! The diſtreſſed principals liſtening and weeping! Then to ſee them break in upon the zealous applauders, by their impatience and remorſe, and throw abroad their helpleſs hands, and exclaim; then again to ſee them liſten to hear more of her praiſes, and weep again—They even encouraging the ſervants to repeat how they uſed to be ſtopt by ſtrangers to aſk after her, and by thoſe who knew her, to be told of ſome new inſtances to her honour—How aggravating all this!

In *dreams* they ſee her, and deſire to ſee her: always an angel, and accompanied by angels: always clad in robes of light: always endeavouring to comfort *them*, who declare, that they ſhall never more know comfort!

What an example ſhe ſet! How ſhe indited! How ſhe drew! How ſhe wrought! How ſhe talked! How ſhe ſung! How ſhe played! Her voice, muſick! Her accent, harmony!

Her converſation how inſtructive! how ſought after! The delight of perſons of all ages, of both ſexes, of all ranks! Yet how humble, how condeſcending! Never were dignity and humility ſo illuſtriouſly mingled!

At other times, how generous, how noble, how charitable, how judicious in her charities! In every action laudable! In every attitude attractive! In every appearance, whether full-dressed, or in the housewife's more humble garb, equally elegant, and equally lovely! *Like or resembling* Miss Clarissa Harlowe, they now remember to be a praise denoting the highest degree of excellence, with every-one, whatever person, action, or rank, spoken of.—The desireable daughter; the obliging kinswoman; the affectionate sister, (all envy now subsided!) the faithful, the warm friend; the affable, the kind, the benevolent mistress!—Not one fault remembered! All their severities called cruelties: mutually accusing each other; each him and herself; and all to raise *her* character, and torment themselves.

Such, Sir, was the angel, of whom the vilest of men has deprived the world! You, Sir, who know more of the barbarous machinations and practices of this strange man, can help me to still more inflaming reasons, were they needed, why a man *not perfect*, may stand excused to the generality of the world, if he should pursue his vengeance; and the rather, as through an absence of six years, (high as just report, and the promises of her early youth from childhood, had raised her in his esteem) he could not till now know one half of her excellences—Till now! that we have lost, for ever lost, the admirable creature!

But I will force myself from the subject, after I have repeated that I have not yet made any resolutions that can bind me. Whenever I do, I shall be glad they may be such as may merit the honour of your approbation.

I send you back the copies of the posthumous letters. I see the humanity of your purpose, in the transmission of them to me; and I thank you most heartily for it. I presume, that it is owing to the same laudable consideration, that you kept back the copy of that to the wicked man himself.

I intend to wait upon Miss Howe in person with the diamond-ring, and such other of the effects bequeathed to her as are here. I am, Sir, *your most faithful and obliged servant*,

WM. MORDEN.

Mr. Belford, in his answer to this letter, further enforces the lady's dying instructions; and rejoices that the colonel has made no vindictive resolutions; and hopes every thing from his prudence and consideration, and from his promise given to the dying lady.

He refers to the seeing him in town an account of the dreadful ends of two of the greatest criminals in his cousin's affair.

'This, *says he*, 'together with Mr. 'Lovelace's disorder of mind, looks 'as if Providence had already taken 'the punishment of these unhappy 'wretches into it's own hands.'

He desires the colonel will give him a day's notice of his coming to town, lest otherwise he may be absent at the time—This he does, though he tells him not the reason, with a view to prevent a meeting between him and Mr. Lovelace; who might be in town (as he apprehended) about the same time, in his way to go abroad.

LETTER LXII.

COLONEL MORDEN, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 26.

DEAR SIR,

I Cannot help congratulating myself as well as you, that we have already got through with the family every article of the will, where *they* have any concern.

You left me a discretional power, in many instances; and, in pursuance of it, I have had my dear cousin's personal jewels valued, and will account to you for them, at the highest price, when I come to town, as well as for other matters that you were pleased to entrust to my management.

These jewels I have presented to my cousin Dolly Hervey, in acknowledgment of her love to the dear departed. I have told Miss Howe of this; and she is as well pleased with what I have done, as if she had been the purchaser of them herself. As that young lady has jewels of her own, she could only have wished to purchase these because they were her beloved friend's.—The grandmother's jewels are also valued; and the money will be paid me for you, to be carried to the uses of the will.

Mrs. Norton is preparing, by general consent, to enter upon her office as housekeeper at *The Grove*. But it is my opinion, that she will not be long on this side Heaven.

I waited on Miss Howe myself, as I told you I would, with what was bequeathed to her and her mother. You will not be displeased, perhaps, if I make

make a few obſervations with regard to the friendſhip that ſubſiſted between that young lady and my beloved couſin.

There never was a firmer and nobler friendſhip in women, than that between my dear couſin and Miſs Howe, to which this wretched man has given a period.

Friendſhip, generally ſpeaking, Mr. Belford, is too fervent a flame for female minds to manage: a light, that but in few of their hands burns ſteady, and often hurries the ſex into flight and abſurdity. Like other extremes, it is hardly ever durable. Marriage, which is the higheſt ſtate of friendſhip, generally abſorbs the moſt vehement friendſhips of female to female; and that whether the wedlock be happy, or not.

What female mind is capable of two fervent friendſhips at the ſame time?—This I mention as a *general obſervation*: but the friendſhip that ſubſiſted between theſe two ladies affords a remarkable exception to it: which I account for from thoſe qualities and attainments in *both*, which, were they more common, would furniſh more exceptions ſtill in favour of the ſex.

Both had an *enlarged*, and even a liberal education: both had minds thirſting after virtuous knowledge: great readers both: great writers—[And *early familiar writing* I take to be one of the greateſt openers and improvers of the mind, that man or woman can be employed in.]—Both generous. High in fortune; therefore above that dependence each on the other, that frequently deſtroys the familiarity which is the cement of friendſhip. Both excelling in *different ways*, in which neither fought to envy the other. Both bleſſed with clear and diſtinguiſhing faculties; with ſolid ſenſe; and from their firſt intimacy, [*I have many of my lights, Sir, from Mrs. Norton*] each ſeeing ſomething in the other to *fear*, as well as to *love*; yet making it an indiſpenſable condition of their friendſhip, each to tell the other of her failings; and to be thankful for the freedom taken. One by nature *gentle*; the other *made ſo*, by her *love* and *admiration* of her exalted friend—Impoſſible that there could be a friendſhip better calculated for duration.

Having now ſeen every-thing that relates to the will of my dear couſin brought to a deſirable iſſue, I will ſet about making my own. I ſhall follow the dear creature's example, and give my reaſons for every article, that there may be no room for after-contention.

What but a fear of death, a fear unworthy of a creature who knows that he muſt one day as ſurely die as he was born, can hinder any-one from making ſuch a diſpoſition?

I hope ſoon to pay my reſpects to you in town. Mean time, I am, with great reſpect, dear Sir, *your faithful and affectionate humble ſervant*,

WM. MORDEN.

LETTER LXIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 28.

MADAM,

I Do myſelf the honour to ſend you by this, according to my promiſe, copies of the poſthumous letters written by your exalted friend.

Theſe will be accompanied with other letters, particularly a copy of one from Mr. Lovelace, begun to be written on the 14th, and continued down to the 18th. You will ſee by it, Madam, the dreadful anguiſh that his ſpirits labour with, and his deep remorſe.

Mr. Lovelace ſent for this letter back. I complied; but I firſt took a copy of it. As I have not told him what I have done, ſo you will be pleaſed to forbear communicating of it to any-body but Mr. Hickman. That gentleman's peruſal of it will be the ſame as if nobody but yourſelf ſaw it.

One of the letters of Colonel Morden which I incloſe, you will obſerve, Madam, is only a copy. The true reaſon for which, as I will ingenuouſly acknowledge, is, ſome free, but reſpectful animadverſions which the colonel has made upon your declining to carry into execution your part of your dear friend's laſt requeſts. I have, therefore, in reſpect to that worthy gentleman, (having a caution from *him* on that head) omitted thoſe parts.

Will you allow me, Madam, however, to tell you, that I myſelf could not have believed that my inimitable teſtatrix's own Miſs Howe would have been the moſt backward in performing ſuch part of her dear friend's laſt will, as is entirely in her own power to perform—Eſpecially, when that performance would make *one of the moſt deſerving men in England happy*; and whom, I preſume, ſhe *propoſes* to honour with her hand.

Excuſe me, Madam, I have a moſt ſincere veneration for you; and would not diſoblige you for the world.

I will

I will not presume to make remarks on the letters I send you; nor upon the informations I have to give you of the dreadful end of two unhappy wretches, who were the greatest criminals in the affair of your adorable friend. These are the infamous *Sinclair*, and a person whom you have read of, no doubt, in the letters of the charming innocent, by the name of Captain *Tomlinson*.

The wretched woman died in the extremest tortures and despondency: the man from wounds got in defending himself in carrying on a contraband trade: both accusing themselves in their last hours, for the parts they had acted against the most excellent of women, as of the crime that gave them the deepest remorse.

Give me leave to say, Madam, that if your compassion be not excited for the poor man who suffers so greatly from his own anguish of mind, as you will observe by his letter he does; and for the unhappy family, whose remorse, as you will see by Colonel Morden's, is so deep;—your nature must. And yet I shall not wonder, if the just sense of the irreparable loss you have sustained, hardens a heart against pity, which, on a less extraordinary occasion, would want its *principal grace*, if it were not compassionate.

I am, Madam, with the greatest respect and gratitude, *your most obliged and faithful humble servant*,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXIV.

MISS HOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SIR, SAT. SEPT. 30.

I Little thought I ever could have owed so much obligation to any man, as you have laid me under. And yet what you have sent me has almost broken my heart, and ruined my eyes.

I am surprized, though agreeably, that you have so soon, and so well, got over that part of the trust you have engaged in, which relates to the family.

It may be presumed, from the exits you mention of two of the infernal man's accomplices, that the thunder-bolt will not stop short of the principal. Indeed I have some pleasure to think it seems rolling along towards the devoted head that has plotted all the mischief. But let me, however, say, that although I think Mr. Morden not altogether in the wrong in his reasons for resentment, as he is the dear creature's kinsman and trustee; yet I think you very much in the right in endeavouring to dissuade him from it, as you are her executor, and act in pursuance of her earnest request.

But what a letter is that of the infernal man? I cannot observe upon it. Neither can I, for very different reasons, upon my dear creature's posthumous letters; particularly on that to him. Oh! Mr. Belford! what numberless perfections died, when my Clarissa drew her last breath!

If decency be observed in his letters; for I have not yet had patience to read above two or three of them, (besides this horrid one, which I return you inclosed;) I may some time hence be curious to look, by *their* means, into the hearts of wretches, which, though they must be the abhorrence of virtuous minds, will, when laid open, (as I presume they are in them) afford a *proper warning* to those who read them, and teach them to *detest men of such profligate characters*.

If your reformation be sincere, you will not be offended that I do not except you on this occasion.—And thus have I helped you to a criterion to try yourself by.

By this letter of the wicked man it is apparent, that there are still wickeder women. But see what a guilty commerce with the devils of your sex will bring those to, whose morals ye have ruined!—For these women were once innocent: it was *man* that made them otherwise. The first bad man, perhaps, threw them upon worse men: those upon still worse; till they commenced devils incarnate. *The height of wickedness, or of shame, is not arrived at all at once*, as I have somewhere heard observed.

But this man, this monster rather, for *him* to curse these women, and to curse the dear creature's family, (implacable as the latter were) in order to lighten a burden he voluntarily took up, and groans under, is *meanness* added to *wickedness*: and in vain will he one day find his low plea of sharing with *her friends*, and with *those common wretches*, a guilt which will be adjudged him *as all his own*; though *they* too may meet with their punishment: as it is evidently begun; in the *first*, in their ineffectual reproaches of one another; in the *second*—as you have told me.

This letter of the abandoned wretch I have not shewn to any-body; not even to Mr. Hickman: for, Sir, I must tell you, I do not as *yet* think it the same thing as only seeing it myself.

Mr. Hickman, like the rest of his sex, would

would grow upon indulgence. One diſtinction from me would make him pay two to himſelf. Inſolent creepers, or encroachers, all of you! to ſhew any of you a *favour* to-day, you would expect it as a right to-morrow.

I am, as you ſee, very open and ſincere with you! and deſign in another letter to be ſtill more ſo, in anſwer to your call, and Colonel Morden's call, upon me, in a point that concerns me to explain myſelf upon to my beloved creature's executor, and to the colonel, as her *only tender* and *only worthy* relation.

I cannot but highly applaud Colonel Morden for his generoſity to Miſs Dolly Hervey.

O that he had arrived time enough to ſave my inimitable friend from the much nations of the vileſt of men, and from the envy and malice of the moſt ſelfiſh and implacable of brothers and ſiſters!

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXV.

MISS HOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MONDAY, OCT. 2.

WHEN you queſtion me, Sir, as you do, and on a ſubject ſo affecting to me, in the character of the repreſentative of my beſt-beloved friend, and have in every particular hitherto acted up to that character, you are entitled to my regard: eſpecially as you are joined in your queſtioning of me by a gentleman whom I look upon as the deareſt and neareſt (becauſe worthieſt) relation of my dear friend: and who, it ſeems, has been ſo ſevere a cenſurer of my conduct, that your politeneſs will not permit you to ſend me his letter, with others of his; but a copy only, in which the paſſages reflecting upon me are omitted.

I preſume, however, that what is meant by this alarming freedom of the colonel, is no more than what you both have already hinted to me. As if you thought I were not inclined to pay ſo much regard to my beloved creature's laſt will, in my own caſe, as I would have others pay to it. A charge that I ought not to be quite ſilent under.

You have obſerved, no doubt, that I have ſeemed to value myſelf upon the freedom I take in declaring my ſentiments without reſerve upon every ſubject that I pretend to touch upon: and I can hardly queſtion that I have, or ſhall, in your opinion, by my unceremonious treatment of you upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, run into the error of thoſe, who, wanting to be thought above hypocriſy and flattery, fall into ruſticity, if not ill-manners; a common fault with ſuch, who, not caring to correct conſtitutional failings, ſeek to gloſs them over by ſome *nominal* virtue; when all the time, perhaps, theſe failings are entirely owing to native arrogance; or, at leaſt, to a contracted ruſt, that they will not, becauſe it would give them pain, ſubmit to have filed off.

You ſee, Sir, that I can, however, be as free with myſelf as with you; and, by what I am going to write, you will find me ſtill more free: and yet I am aware, that ſuch of my ſex as will not aſſume ſome little dignity, and exact reſpect from yours, will render themſelves cheap; and perhaps, for their modeſty and diffidence, be repaid with ſcorn and inſult.

But the ſcorn I will endeavour not to deſerve; and the inſult I will not bear.

In ſome of the dear creature's papers which you have had in your poſſeſſion, and muſt again have, in order to get tranſcribed, you will find ſeveral friendly, but ſevere reprehenſions of me, on account of a natural, or, at leaſt, an *habitual*, warmth of temper, which ſhe was pleaſed to impute to me.

I was thinking to give you her charge againſt me in her own words from one of her letters delivered to *me* with her own hands, on taking leave of me on the laſt viſit ſhe honoured me with. But I will ſupply that charge by confeſſion of more than it imports; to wit, That I am haughty, uncontroulable, and violent in my temper; This, *I ſay*; impatient of contradiction, *was my beloved's charge*; [From any-body but her dear ſelf, ſhe ſhould have ſaid] and aim not at that affability, that gentleneſs next to meekneſs, which, in the letter I was going to communicate, ſhe tells me are the peculiar and indiſpenſable characteriſticks of a real fine lady; who, ſhe is pleaſed to ſay, ſhould appear to be gallleſs as a dove; and never ſhould know what warmth or high ſpirit is, but in the cauſe of religion or virtue: or in caſes where her own honour, the honour of a friend, or that of an innocent perſon, is concerned.

Now, Sir, as I needs muſt plead guilty to this indictment, do you think I ought not to reſolve upon a ſingle life?—I, who have ſuch an opinion of your ſex, that I think there is not one man in an hundred whom a woman of ſenſe and ſpirit can either *honour* or *obey*, though

you

you make us promiſe *both*, in that ſolemn form of words which unites or rather binds us to you in marriage?

When I look round upon all the married people of my acquaintance, and ſee how *they* live, and what *they* bear who live *beſt*, I am confirmed in my diſlike to the ſtate.

Well do your ſex contrive to bring us up fools and ideots, in order to make us bear the yoke you lay upon our ſhoulders; and that we may not deſpiſe you from our hearts (as we certainly ſhould, if we were brought up as you are) for your *ignorance*, as much as you often make us do (as it is) for your *inſolence*.

Theſe, Sir, are ſome of my notions. And, with theſe notions let me repeat my queſtion, *Do you think I ought to marry at all?*

If I marry either a ſordid or an imperious wretch, can I, do you think, live with him? And ought a man of a contrary character, for the ſake of either of our reputations, to be plagued with me?

Long did I ſtand out againſt all the offers made me, and againſt all the perſuaſions of my mother; and, to tell you the truth, the *longer*, and with the *more* obſtinacy, as the perſon my choice would have firſt fallen upon, was neither approved by my mother, nor by my dear friend. This rivetted me to my pride, and to my oppoſition: for although I was convinced after a while, that my choice would neither have been prudent nor happy; and that the ſpecious wretch was not what he had made me believe he was; yet could I not eaſily think of any other man: and indeed, from the detection of him, took a ſettled averſion to the whole ſex.

At laſt Mr. Hickman offered himſelf; a man worthy of a better choice. He had the good fortune [*He thinks it ſo*] to be agreeable (and to make his propoſals agreeable) to my mother.

As to myſelf; I own, that were I to have choſen a brother, Mr. Hickman ſhould have been the man; virtuous, ſober, ſincere, friendly, as he is. But I wiſh not to marry: nor knew I the man in the world whom I could think deſerving of my beloved friend. But neither of our parents would let us live ſingle.

The accurſed Lovelace was propoſed warmly to *her*, at one time; and, while ſhe was yet but indifferent to him, they, by ungenerous uſage of him, (for then, Sir, he was not known to be Beelzebub himſelf) and by endeavouring to force her inclinations in favour firſt of one worthleſs man, then of another *in antipathy to him*, through her fooliſh brother's caprice, turned that indifference (from the natural generoſity of her ſoul) into a regard which ſhe never otherwiſe would have had for a man of his character.

Mr. Hickman was propoſed *to me*. I refuſed him again and again. He perſiſted: my mother his advocate. My mother made my beloved friend his advocate too. I told him my diſlike of all men: of him: of matrimony.—Still he perſiſted. I uſed him with tyranny: led indeed partly by my temper, partly by deſign; hoping thereby to get rid of him; till the poor man, (his character unexceptionably uniform) ſtill perſiſting, made himſelf a merit with me by his patience. This brought down my pride, [I never, Sir, was accounted very ungenerous, nor quite ungrateful] and gave me, at one time, an inferiority in my own opinion to him; which laſted juſt long enough for my friends to prevail upon me to promiſe him encouragement; and to receive his addreſſes.

Having ſo done, when the weather-glaſs of my pride got up again, I found I had gone too far to recede. My mother and my friend both held me to it. Yet I tried him, I vexed him, an hundred ways; and not ſo much neither with *deſign* to vex him, as to make him hate me, and decline his ſuit.

He bore this, however; and got nothing but my pity: yet ſtill my mother and my friend, having obtained my promiſe, [made, however, not to *him*, but to *them*] and being well aſſured that I valued no man *more* than Mr. Hickman, (who never once diſobliged me in word or deed, or look, except by his fooliſh perſeverance) inſiſted upon the performance.

While my dear friend was in her unhappy uncertainty, I could not think of marriage: and now, what encouragement have I?—She my monitreſs, my guide, my counſel, gone, for ever gone!—By whoſe advice and inſtructions I hoped to acquit myſelf tolerably in the ſtate into which I could not avoid entering. For, Sir, my mother is ſo partially Mr. Hickman's friend, that I am ſure, ſhould any difference ariſe, ſhe would always cenſure me, and acquit him: even were he ungenerous enough to remember me in his day.

This, Sir, being my ſituation, conſider

ſider how difficult it is for me to think of marriage. Whenever we approve, we can find an hundred good reaſons to juſtify our approbation. Whenever we diſlike, we can find a thouſand to juſtify our diſlike. Every-thing in the latter caſe is an impediment: every ſhadow a bugbear.—Thus can I enumerate and ſwell perhaps only *imaginary* grievances; I muſt go whither he would have me to go: viſit whom he would have me to viſit: well as I love to write, (though now, alas! my grand inducement to write is over) it muſt be to whom he pleaſes: and *Mrs. Hickman* (who, as *Miſs Howe*, cannot do wrong) would hardly ever be able to do right. Thus, the tables turned upon me, I am reminded of my vowed obedience; *Madam'd up* perhaps to matrimonial perfection, and all the wedded warfare practiſed comfortably over between us, (for I ſhall not be paſſive under inſolent treatment) till we become curſes to each other, a bye-word to our neighbours, and the jeſt of our own ſervants.

But there muſt be *bear* and *forbear*, methinks ſome wiſe body will tell me: but why muſt I be teazed into a ſtate where that *muſt* be neceſſarily the caſe; when now I can do as I pleaſe, and wiſh only to be let alone to do as beſt pleaſes me? And what, in effect, does my mother ſay? 'Anna Howe, you now do 'every-thing that pleaſes you: you now 'have nobody to controul you: you go 'and you come; you dreſs and you un-'dreſs; you riſe and you go to reſt, juſt 'as you think beſt: but you muſt be 'happier ſtill, child!'

'As how, Madam?'

'Why, you muſt marry, my dear, 'and have none of theſe options; but, 'in every-thing, do as your huſband 'commands you.'

This is very hard, you will own, Sir, for ſuch a one as me to think of. And yet, engaged to enter into that ſtate, as I am, how can I help myſelf? My mother preſſes me; my friend, my beloved friend, writing as from the dead, preſſes me; and you, and Mr. Morden, as executors of her will, remind me; the man is not afraid of me; [I am ſure, were I the man, I ſhould not have half his courage;] and I think I ought to conclude to puniſh him (the only effectual way I have to do it) for his perverſe adherence and perſecution, *with the grant of his own wiſhes*; a puniſhment which many others who enjoy theirs very commonly experience.

Let me then aſſure you, Sir, that when I can find, in the words of my charming friend in her will, writing of her couſin Hervey, that my grief for her is *mellowed by time into a remembrance more ſweet than painful*, that I may not be utterly unworthy of the paſſion a man of ſome merit has for me, I will anſwer the requeſt of my dear friend, ſo often repeated, and ſo earneſtly preſſed; and Mr. Hickman ſhall find, if he continue to deſerve my gratitude, that my endeavours ſhall not be wanting to make him amends for the patience he has had, and muſt ſtill a little while longer have with me: and then will it be his own fault (I hope not mine) if our marriage anſwer not thoſe happy *prognoſticks, which filled her* generous *preſaging mind*, upon this view, as ſhe once, for *my* encouragement, and to induce me to encourage him, told me.

Thus, Sir, have I, in a very free manner, accounted to you, as to the executor of my beloved friend, for all that relates to you, as ſuch to know; and even for more than I needed to do, againſt myſelf: only that you will find as much againſt me in ſome of *her* letters; and ſo, *loſing* nothing, I *gain* the character of *ingenuouſneſs* with you.

And thus much for the double reprimand, on my delaying my part of the performance of my dear friend's will.

And now, while you are admoniſhing me on this ſubject, let me remind you of one great article relating to yourſelf: it is furniſhed me by my dear creature's poſthumous letter to you—I hope you will not forget, that the moſt benevolent of her ſex expreſſes herſelf as earneſtly concerned for your thorough reformation, as ſhe does for my marrying. You'll ſee to it then, that her wiſhes are as completely anſwered in that particular, as you are deſirous they ſhould be in all others.

I have, I own, diſobeyed her in one article; and that is, where ſhe deſires that I will not put myſelf into mourning. I could not help it.

I ſend this and mine of Saturday laſt together: and will not add another word, after I have told you, that I think myſelf *your obliged ſervant*,

A. Howe.

LETTER LXVI.

MR. BELFORD, TO MISS HOWE.

THURSDAY NIGHT, OCT. 5.

I Return you, Madam, my moſt reſpectful thanks for your condeſcending hint, in relation to the pious wiſhes

of your exalted friend for my thorough reformation.

I will only ſay, that it will be my earneſt and unwearied endeavour to make thoſe generous wiſhes effectual: and I hope for the divine bleſſing upon ſuch my endeavours, or elſe I know they will be in vain.

I cannot, Madam, expreſs how much I think myſelf obliged to you for your further condeſcenſion, in writing to me ſo frankly the ſtate of your paſt and preſent mind, in relation to the ſingle and matrimonial life: If the lady by whom, as the executor of her inimitable friend, I am thus honoured, *has* failings, never were failings ſo lovely in woman!—How much more lovely, indeed, than the virtues of many of her ſex!

I might have ventured into the hands of ſuch a lady the colonel's original letter entire. The worthy gentleman exceedingly admires you; and this caution was the effect of his politeneſs only, and of his regard for you.

I ſend you, Madam, a letter from Lord M. to myſelf; and the copies of three others written in conſequence of that. Theſe will acquaint you with Mr. Lovelace's departure from England, and with other particulars, which you will be curious to know.

Be pleaſed to keep to yourſelf ſuch of the contents as your own prudence will ſuggeſt to you ought not to be ſeen by any-body elſe.

I am, Madam, with the profoundeſt and moſt grateful reſpect, *your faithful and obliged humble ſervant*,

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER LXVII.

LORD M. TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

M. HALL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 29.

DEAR SIR,

MY kinſman Lovelace is now ſetting out for London; propoſing to ſee you, and then to go to Dover, and ſo embark. God ſend him well out of the kingdom!

On Monday he will be with you, I believe. Pray let me be favoured with an account of all your converſations; for Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville are to be there too; and whether you think he is grown quite his own man again. What I moſtly write for is, to wiſh you to keep Colonel Morden and him aſunder; and to I give you notice of his going to town. I ſhould be very loth there ſhould be any miſchief between them, as you gave me notice that the colonel threatened my nephew. But my kinſman would not bear that; ſo nobody let him know that he did. But I hope there is no fear: for the colonel does not, as I hear, threaten now. For his own ſake, I am glad of that; for there is not ſuch a man in the world as my kinſman is ſaid to be, at all the weapons—As well he was not; he would not be ſo daring.

We ſhall all here miſs the wild fellow. To be ſure, there is no man better company when he pleaſes.

Pray, do you never travel thirty or forty miles? I ſhould be glad to ſee you here at M. Hall. It will be charity, when my kinſman is gone; for we ſuppoſe you will be his chief correſpondent: although he has promiſed to write to my nieces often. But he is very apt to forget his promiſes; to us his relations particularly. God preſerve us all; amen! prays *your very humble ſervant*,

M.

LETTER LXVIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO LORD M.

LONDON, TUESDAY NIGHT, OCT. 3.

MY LORD,

I Obey your lordſhip's commands with great pleaſure.

Yeſterday in the afternoon Mr. Lovelace made me a viſit at my lodgings. As I was in expectation of one from Colonel Morden about the ſame time, I thought proper to carry him to a tavern which neither of us frequented; (on pretence of an half appointment) ordering notice to be ſent me thither, if the colonel came: and Mr. Lovelace ſent to Mowbray, and Tourville, and Mr. Doleman of Uxbridge, (who came to town to take leave of him) to let them know where to find us.

Mr. Lovelace is *too well* recovered, I was going to ſay. I never ſaw him more gay, lively, and handſome. We had a good deal of bluſter about ſome parts of the truſt I have engaged in; and upon freedoms I had treated him with; in which, he would have it, that I had exceeded our agreed on limits; but on the arrival of our three old companions, and a nephew of Mr. Doleman's, (who had a good while been deſirous to paſs an hour with Mr. Lovelace) it blew off for the preſent.

Mr. Mowbray and Mr. Tourville had alſo taken ſome exceptions at the freedoms of my pen; and Mr. Lovelace, after his way, took upon him to reconcile

reconcile us; and did it at the expence of all three; and with such an infinite run of humour and raillery, that we had nothing to do but to laugh at what he said, and at one another. I can deal tolerably with him at my pen; but in conversation he has no equal. In short, it was his day. He was glad, he said, to find himself alive; and his two friends, clapping and rubbing their hands twenty times in an hour, declared, that now once more he was all himself; the charmingest fellow in the world; and they would follow him to the farthest part of the globe.

I threw a bur upon his coat now-and-then; but none would stick.

Your lordship knows, that there are many things which occasion a roar of applause in conversation, when the heart is *open*, and men are *resolved* to be merry, which will neither bear repeating, nor thinking of afterwards. Common things, in the mouth of a man we admire, and whose wit has passed upon us for sterling, become, in a gay hour, *uncommon*. We watch every turn of such a one's countenance, and are resolved to laugh when he smiles, even before he utters what we are expecting to flow from his lips.

Mr. Doleman and his nephew took leave of us by twelve. Mowbray and Tourville grew very noisy by one; and were carried off by two. Wine never moves Mr. Lovelace, notwithstanding a vivacity which generally helps on over-gay spirits. As to myself, the little part I had taken in their gaiety, kept me unconcerned.

The clock struck three before I could get him into any serious or attentive way —So natural to him is gaiety of heart; and such strong hold had the liveliness of the evening taken of him. His conversation you know, my lord, when his heart is free, runs off to the bottom without any dregs.

But after that hour, and when we thought of parting, he became a little more serious: and then he told me his designs, and gave me a plan of his intended tour; wishing heartily, that I could have accompanied him.

We parted about four; he not a little dissatisfied with me; for we had some talk about subjects, which, he said, he loved not to think of; to wit, Miss Harlowe's will; my executorship; papers I had in confidence communicated to that admirable lady, (with no unfriendly design, I assure your lordship;) and he insisting upon, and I refusing, the return of the letters he had written to me, from the time that he had made his first addresses to her.

He would see me once again, he said; and it would be upon very ill terms if I complied not with his request. Which I bid him not expect. But, that I might not deny him every-thing, I told him, that I would give him a copy of the will; though I was sure, I said, when he read it, he would wish he had never seen it.

I had a message from him about eleven this morning, desiring me to name a place at which to dine with him, and Mowbray, and Tourville, for the last time: and soon after another from Colonel Morden, inviting me to pass the evening with him at the Bedford Head in Covent Garden. And that I might keep them at distance from one another, I appointed Mr. Lovelace at the Eagle in Suffolk Street.

There I met him, and the two others. We began where we left off at our last parting; and were very high with each other. But, at last, all was made up, and he offered to forget and forgive every-thing, on condition that I would correspond with him while abroad, and continue the series which had been broken through by his illness; and particularly give him, as I had offered, a copy of the lady's will.

I promised him: and he then fell to rallying me on my gravity, and on my reformation-schemes, as he called them. As we walked about the room, expecting dinner to be brought in, he laid his hand upon my shoulder; then pushed me from him with a curse; walking round me, and surveying me from head to foot; then calling for the observations of the others, he turned round upon his heel, and with one of his peculiar wild airs, 'Ha, ha, ha, ha,' burst he out, 'that these four-faced 'proselytes should take it into their 'heads that they cannot be pious, without forfeiting both their good nature 'and their good manners! — Why, 'Jack,' turning me about, 'pr'ythee look up, man!—Dost thou not 'know, that religion, if it has taken 'proper hold of thy heart, is the most 'cheerful *countenance-maker* in the world? —I have heard my beloved Miss Harlowe say so: and she knew, or nobody 'did. And was not *her* aspect a benign 'proof of the observation? But by these 'wamblings in thy cursed gizzard, and 'thy awkward grimaces, I see thou'rt

'But a novice in it yet!—Ah, Belford, 'Belford, thou haſt a confounded parcel 'of briars and thorns to trample over 'barefoot, before religion will illumine 'theſe gloomy features!'

I give your lordſhip this account, in anſwer to your deſire to know, if I think him the man he was.

In our converſation at dinner, he was balancing whether he ſhould ſet out the next morning, or the morning after. But finding he had nothing to do, and Colonel Morden being in town, I turned the ſcale; and he agreed upon ſetting out to-morrow morning: they to ſee him embark; and I promiſed to accompany them for a morning's ride; (as they propoſed their horſes) but ſaid, that I muſt return in the afternoon.

With much reluctance they let me go to my evening's appointment: they little thought with whom: for Mr. Lovelace had put it as a caſe of honour to all of us, whether, as he had been told that Mr. Morden and Mr. James Harlowe had thrown out menaces againſt him, he ought to leave the kingdom till he had thrown himſelf in their way.

Mowbray gave his opinion, that he ought to leave it like a man of honour as he was; and if he did not take thoſe gentlemen to taſk for their opprobrious ſpeeches, that at leaſt he ſhould be ſeen by them in publick before he went away; elſe they might give themſelves airs, as if he had left the kingdom in fear of them.

To this he himſelf ſo much inclined, that it was with difficulty I perſuaded him, that, as they had neither of them proceeded to a *direct* and *formal challenge*; as they knew he had not made himſelf difficult of acceſs; and as he had already done the family injury enough; and it was Miſs Harlowe's earneſt deſire, that he would be content with that; he had no reaſon, from any point of honour, to delay his journey; eſpecially as he had ſo juſt a motive for his going, as the eſtabliſhing of his health; and as he might return the ſooner, if he ſaw occaſion for it.

I found the colonel in a very ſolemn way. We had a good deal of diſcourſe upon the ſubject of certain letters which had paſſed between us in relation to Miſs Harlowe's will, and to her family. He has ſome accounts to ſettle with his banker; which, he ſays, will be adjuſted to-morrow; and on Thurſday he propoſes to go down again, to take leave of his friends; and then intends to ſet out directly for Italy.

I wiſh Mr. Lovelace could have been prevailed upon to take any other tour, than that of France and Italy. I did propoſe Madrid to him; but he laughed at me, and told me, that the propoſal was in character from a *mule*; and from one who was become as grave as a Spaniard of the *old cut*, at *ninety*.

I expreſſed to the colonel my apprehenſions, that his couſin's dying injunctions would not have the force upon him, that were to be wiſhed.

'They have *great force* upon me, Mr. 'Belford,' ſaid he; 'or *one world* would 'not have held Mr. Lovelace and me 'thus long. But my intention is to go 'to Florence; not to lay my bones 'there, as upon my couſin's death I told 'you I thought to do; but to ſettle all 'my affairs in thoſe parts, and then to 'come over, and reſide upon a little 'paternal eſtate in Kent, which is 'ſtrangely gone to ruin in my abſence. 'Indeed, were I to meet Mr. Lovelace, 'either here or abroad, I might not be 'anſwerable for the conſequence.'

He would have engaged me for to-morrow. But having promiſed to attend Mr. Lovelace on his journey, as I have mentioned, I ſaid, I was obliged to go out of town, and was uncertain as to the time of my return in the evening. And ſo I am to ſee him on Thurſday morning at my own lodgings.

I will do myſelf the honour to write again to your lordſhip to-morrow night. Mean time, I am, my lord, *your lordſhip's*, &c.

LETTER LXIX.

MR. BELFORD, TO LORD M.

MY LORD, WEDN. NIGHT, OCT. 4.

I Am juſt returned from attending Mr. Lovelace as far as Gad's Hill, near Rocheſter. He was exceeding gay all the way. Mowbray and Tourville are gone on with him. They will ſee him embark, and under ſail; and promiſe to follow him in a month or two; for they ſay, there is no living without him, now he is once more himſelf.

He and I parted with great and even ſolemn tokens of affection; but yet not without gay intermixtures, as I will acquaint your lordſhip.

Taking me aſide, and claſping his arms about me, 'Adieu, dear Belford!' 'ſaid he: 'may you proceed in the 'courſe you have entered upon!—

'Whatever

'Whatever airs I give myself, this 'charming creature has fast hold of me 'here,'—[clapping his hand upon his heart:]—'and I must either appear what 'you see me, or be what I so lately was '—O the divine creature!'

'But if I live to come to England, 'and you remain fixed in your present 'way, and can give me encouragement, 'I hope rather to follow your *example*, 'than to ridicule you for it. This will' —[for I had given him a copy of it]— 'I will make the companion of my soli-'tary hours. You have told me part of 'it's melancholy contents; and that, 'and her posthumous letter, shall be my 'study; and they will prepare me for 'being your disciple, if you hold on.

'*You*, Jack, may marry,' continued he; 'and I have a wife in my eye for 'you.—Only thou'rt such an awkward 'mortal—' [He saw me affected, and thought to make me smile:]—'But we 'don't make ourselves, except it be 'worse, by our dress. Thou art in 'mourning now, as well as I: but if 'ever thy ridiculous turn lead thee 'again to be Beau-Brocade, I will *be-'dizen* thee, as the girls say, on my re-'turn, to my own fancy, and accord-'ing to thy own *natural appearance*— 'Thou shalt doctor my soul, and I will 'doctor thy body: thou shalt see what a 'clever fellow I will make of thee.

'As for *me*, I never *will*, I never *can*, 'marry—That I will not take a few 'liberties, and that I will not try to start 'some of my former game, I won't pro-'mise—Habits are not easily shaken off '—But they shall be by way of wean-'ing. So *return* and *reform* shall go to-'gether.

'And now, thou sorrowful monkey, 'what aileth thee?—I do love him, my lord.

'Adieu!—And once more adieu!'—embracing me.—'And when thou 'thinkest thou hast made thyself an in-'terest *out yonder*,' (looking up) then 'put in a word for thy Lovelace.'

Joining company, he recommended me to write often; and promised to let me quickly hear from him; and that he would write to your lordship, and to all his family round; for he said, that you had all been more kind to him than he had deserved.

And so we parted.

I hope, my lord, for all your noble family's sake, that we shall see him soon return, and reform, as he promises.

I return your lordship my humble thanks for the honour of your invitation to M. Hall. The first letter I receive from Mr. Lovelace shall give me the opportunity of embracing it. I am, my lord, *your most faithful and obedient servant*, J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXX.

MR. BELFORD, TO LORD M.

THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 5.

IT may be some satisfaction to your lordship, to have a brief account of what has just now passed between Colonel Morden and me.

We had a good deal of discourse about the Harlowe family, and those parts of the lady's will which still remain unexecuted; after which the colonel addressed himself to me in a manner which gave me some surprize.

He flattered himself, he said, from my present happy turn, and from my good constitution, that I should live a great many years. It was therefore his request, that I would consent to be *his* executor; since it was impossible for him to make a better choice, or pursue a better example, than his cousin had set.

His heart, he said, was in it: there were some things in his cousin's will and *his* analogous: and he had named one person with me, with whom he was sure I would not refuse to be joined: and to whom he intended to apply for his consent, when he had obtained mine. [Intimating, as far as I could gather, that it was Mr. Hickman, son of Sir Charles Hickman; to whom I know your lordship is not a stranger: for he said, Every-one who was dear to his beloved cousin, must be so to him: and he knew, that the gentleman whom he had thoughts of, would have, besides my advice and assistance, the advice of one of the most sensible ladies in England.]

He took my hand, seeing me under some surprize: 'You must not hesitate, 'much less deny me, Mr. Belford. In-'deed you must not. Two things I will 'assure you of: that I have, as I hope, 'made every thing so clear, that you 'cannot have any litigation: and that 'I have done so justly, and I hope it 'will be thought so generously, by all 'my relations, that a mind like yours 'will rather have pleasure than pain in 'the execution of this trust. And this 'is what I think every honest man, who 'hopes to find an honest man for his 'executor, should do.'

I told him, that I was greatly obliged to

to him for his good opinion of me: that it was ſo much every man's *duty* to be an honeſt man, that it could not be interpreted as vanity to ſay, that I had no doubt to be found ſo. But if I accepted of this truſt, it muſt be on condition—

I could name no condition, he ſaid, interrupting me, which he would refuſe to comply with.

This condition, I told him, was, that as there was as great a probability of his being *my* ſurvivor, as I *his*, he would permit me to name *him* for mine; and, in that caſe, a week ſhould not paſs before I made my will.

With all his heart, he ſaid; and the readier, as he had no apprehenſions of ſuddenly dying; for what he had done and requeſted was really the effect of the ſatisfaction he had taken in the part I had already acted as his couſin's executor; and in my ability, he was pleaſed to add: as well as in purſuance of his couſin's advice in the preamble of her will; to wit; 'That this was a work 'which ſhould be ſet about in full health, 'both of body and mind.'

I told him, that I was pleaſed to hear him ſay, that he was not in any apprehenſion of ſuddenly dying; as this gave me aſſurance that he had laid aſide all thoughts of acting contrary to the dying requeſt of his beloved couſin.

'Does it argue,' ſaid he, ſmiling, 'that if I were to purſue a vengeance 'ſo juſtifiable in my own opinion, I 'muſt be in apprehenſion of falling by 'Mr. Lovelace's hand?—I will aſſure 'you, that I have no fears of that ſort '—But I know this is an ungrateful 'ſubject to you. Mr. Lovelace is your 'friend; and I will allow, that a *good* 'man may have a friendſhip for a *bad* 'one, ſo far as to wiſh him well, without countenancing him in his evil.

'I will aſſure you,' added he, 'that 'I have not yet made any reſolutions 'either way. I have told you what 'force my couſin's repeated requeſts 'have with me. Hitherto they have 'witheld me—But let me quit this ſub-'ject.

'This, Sir,' [giving me a ſealed-up parcel] 'is my will. It is witneſſed. I 'made no doubt of prevailing upon 'you to do me the requeſted favour. I 'have a duplicate to leave with the o-'ther gentleman; and an atteſted copy, 'which I ſhall depoſit at my banker's. 'At my return, which will be in ſix or 'eight months at fartheſt, I will allow 'you to make an exchange of yours, if 'you will have it ſo. I have now only 'to take leave of my relations in the 'country. And ſo God proteſt you, 'Mr. Belford! You will ſoon hear of 'me again.'

He then very ſolemnly embraced me, as I did him: and we parted.

I heartily congratulate your lordſhip on the narrow eſcape each gentleman has had from the other: for I apprehend, that they could not have met without fatal conſequences.

Time, I hope, which ſubdues all things, will ſubdue their reſentments. I am, my lord, *your lordſhip's moſt faithful and obedient ſervant*,

J. BELFORD.

Several other letters paſſed between Miſs Howe and Mr. Belford, relating to the diſpoſition of the papers and letters; to the poor's fund; and to other articles of the lady's will; wherein the method of proceeding in each caſe was adjuſted. After which the papers were returned to Mr. Belford, that he might order the two directed copies of them to be taken.

In one of theſe leters Mr. Belford requeſts Miſs Howe to give the character of the friend ſhe ſo dearly loved: a taſk, he imagines, that will be as agreeable to herſelf, as worthy of her pen.

I am more eſpecially curious to know, *ſays he*, what was that particular diſpoſition of her time, which I find mentioned in a letter which I have juſt dipt into, where her ſiſter is enviouſly reproaching her on that ſcore. This information may perhaps enable me, *ſays he*, to account for what has often ſurprized me: how, at ſo tender an age, this admirable lady became miſtreſs of ſuch extraordinary and ſuch various qualifications.

LETTER LXXI.

MISS HOWE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

SIR, THURSDAY, OCT. 12.

YOU are curious to know the particular diſtribution of her time; which you ſuppoſe will help you to account for what you own yourſelf ſurprized at; to wit, how ſo young a lady could make herſelf miſtreſs of ſo many accompliſhments.

I will premiſe, that ſhe was from infancy enured to riſe early in a morning, by an excellent, and, as I may ſay, a *learned* woman, Mrs. Norton, to whoſe care, wiſdom, and example, ſhe was beholden for the ground work of her taſte and acquirements, which meeting with

with ſuch aſſiſtances from the divines I have named, and with ſuch a genius, made it the leſs wonder that ſhe ſurpaſſed moſt of her age and ſex.

Her ſex, did I ſay? What honour to the *other* did this imply! When one might challenge the proudeſt pedant of them all, to ſay he has been *diſciplined* into greater improvement, than ſhe had made from the mere force of genius and application. But it is demonſtrable to all who know how to make obſervations on their acquaintance of both ſexes, arrogant as ſome are of their ſuperficialities, that a lady at eighteen, take the world through, is more prudent and converſable than a man at twenty-five. I can prove this by nineteen inſtances out of twenty in my own knowledge. Yet how do theſe poor boaſters value themſelves upon the advantages their education gives them! Who has not ſeen ſome one of them, juſt come from the univerſity, diſdainfully ſmile at a miſtaken or ill-pronounced *word* from a lady, when her *ſenſe* has been clear, and her ſentiments juſt; and when he could not himſelf utter a ſingle ſentence fit to be repeated, but what he had borrowed from the authors he had been obliged to ſtudy, as a painful exerciſe to ſlow and creeping parts? But how I digreſs!

This excellent young lady uſed to ſay, It was incredible to think what might be done by *early riſing*, and by *long days* well filled up.

It may be added, That ſhe had calculated according to the practice of *too many*, ſhe had actually lived more years at *ſixteen*, than *they* had at *twenty ſix*.

She was of opinion, That no one could ſpend their time properly, who did not live by ſome rule: who did not appropriate the hours, as near as might be, to particular purpoſes and employments.

In conformity to this ſelf-ſet leſſon, the uſual diſtribution of the twenty-four hours, when left to her own choice, was as follows:

For REST ſhe allotted SIX Hours only.

She thought herſelf not ſo well, and ſo clear in her intellects, [ſo *much alive*, ſhe uſed to ſay] if ſhe exceeded this proportion. If ſhe ſlept not, ſhe choſe to riſe ſooner. And in winter had her fire laid, and a taper ready burning to light it; not loving to give trouble to ſervants, whoſe harder work, and later hours of going to-bed, ſhe uſed to ſay, required conſideration.

I have blamed her for her greater regard to them than to herſelf. But this was her anſwer: 'I have my choice: 'who can wiſh for more? Why ſhould I 'oppreſs others, to gratify myſelf? You 'ſee what *free-will* enables one to do; 'while *impoſition* would make a light 'burden heavy.'

Her Firſt THREE Morning Hours

Were generally paſſed in her ſtudy, and in her cloſet-duties: and were occaſionally augmented by thoſe ſhe ſaved from reſt: and in theſe paſſed her epiſtolary amuſements.

TWO Hours ſhe generally allotted to Domeſtick Management.

Theſe, at different times of the day, as occaſions required; all the houſekeeper's bills, in eaſe of her mother, paſſing through her hands. For ſhe was a perfect miſtreſs of the four principal rules of arithmetick.

FIVE Hours to her Needle, Drawings, Muſick, &c.

In theſe ſhe included the aſſiſtance and inſpection ſhe gave to her own ſervants, and to her ſiſter's ſervants, in the needle-works required for the family: for her ſiſter, as I have above hinted, is a MODERN. In theſe ſhe alſo included Dr. Lewen's converſation-viſits; with whom likewiſe ſhe held a correſpondence by letters. That reverend gentleman delighted himſelf and her twice or thrice a week, if his health permitted, with theſe viſits: and ſhe always preferred his company to any other engagement.

TWO Hours ſhe allotted to her Two firſt Meals.

But if converſation, or the deſire of friends, or the falling in of company or gueſts, required it to be otherwiſe, ſhe never ſcrupled to oblige; and would on ſuch occaſions *borrow*, as ſhe called it, from other diſtributions. And as ſhe found it very hard not to exceed in this appropriation, ſhe put down

ONE Hour more to Dinner-time Converſation.

To be added or ſubtracted, as occaſions offered, or the deſire of her friends required; and yet found it difficult, as ſhe often ſaid, to keep this account even; eſpecially if Dr. Lewen obliged them with his company at their table: which, however, he ſeldom did; for, being

being a valetudinarian, and in a regimen, he generally made his visits in the afternoon.

ONE Hour to Visits to the neighbouring Poor;

To a select number of whom, and to their children, she used to give brief instructions, and good books: and as this happened not every day, and seldom above twice a week, she had two or three hours at a time to bestow in this benevolent employment.

The remaining FOUR Hours

Were occasionally allotted to supper, to conversation, or to reading after supper to the family. This allotment she called *Her Fund*, upon which she used to draw, to satisfy her other debts: and in this she included visits received and returned, shews, spectacles, &c. which, in a *country-life*, not occurring every day, she used to think a great allowance, no less than *two* days in *six*, for amusements only: and she was wont to say, that it was hard if she could not steal time out of this fund, for an excursion of even two or three days in a month.

If it be said, that her relations, or the young neighbouring ladies, had but little of her time, it will be considered, that besides these four hours in the twenty four, great part of the time she was employed in her needle-works, she used to converse as she worked: and it was a custom she had introduced among her acquaintance, that the young ladies in their visits used frequently, in a neighbourly way, (in the winter evenings especially) to bring their work with them; and one of half a dozen of her select acquaintance used by turns to read to the rest as they were at work.

This was her usual method when at her own command, for *six* days in the week.

The SEVENTH DAY

She kept as it ought to be kept: and as some part of it was frequently employed in works of mercy, the hour she allotted to visiting the neighbouring poor was occasionally supplied from this day, and added to her fund.

But I must observe, that when in her grandfather's life-time, she was three or four weeks at a time his housekeeper and guest, as also at either of her uncles, her usual distribution of time was varied: but still she had an eye to it as nearly as circumstances would admit.

When I had the happiness of having her for my guest, for a fortnight or so, she likewise dispensed with her rules, in mere indulgence to my foibles, and idler habits; for I also (though I had the benefit of an example I so much admired) am too much of a *modern*. Yet, as to *morning-risings*, I had corrected myself by such a precedent, in the summer-time; and can witness to the benefit I found by it in my health; as also to the many useful things I was enabled by that means with ease and pleasure to perform. And in her account-book I have found this memorandum since her ever-to-be lamented death: — 'From *such a day* to *such a day*, all holidays, at my dear Miss Howe's.' At her return: 'Account resumed, *such a day*,' naming it; and then she proceeded regularly, as before.

Once a week she used to reckon with herself; when, if within the 144 hours, contained in the six days, she had made her account even, she noted it accordingly: if otherwise, she carried the debit to the next week's account; as thus: '*Debtor to the article of benevolent visits*,' so many hours. And so of the rest.

But it was always an especial part of her care, that whether visiting or visited, she shewed in all companies an entire ease, satisfaction, and cheerfulness, as if she kept no such particular account, and as if she did not make herself answerable to herself for her occasional exceedings.

This method, which to others will appear perplexing and unnecessary, her *early hours*, and *custom*, had made easy and pleasant to her.

And, indeed, as I used to tell her, greatly as I admired her in all methods, I could not bring myself to this, might I have had the world for my reward.

I had indeed too much impatience in my temper, to observe such a regularity in accounting between me and myself. I satisfied myself in a *lump-account*, as I may call it, if I had nothing greatly wrong to reproach myself with, when I looked back on a past week, as she had taught me to do.

For she used indulgently to say, 'I 'do not think ALL I do necessary for 'another to do: nor even for myself: 'but when it is more pleasant for me 'to keep such an account, than to let 'it alone, why may I not proceed in 'my supererogatories?—There can be 'no harm in it. It keeps up my attention to accounts; which one day 'may be of use to me in more material 'instances.

inſtances. Thoſe who will not keep a *ſtrict* account, ſeldom long keep *any*, 'I neglect not more uſeful employ-'ments for it. And it teaches me to 'be covetous of time; the only thing 'of which we can be *allowably* cove-'tous; ſince we live but once in this 'world; and when gone, are gone from 'it for ever.'

She always reconciled the neceſſity under which theſe *interventions*, as ſhe called them, laid her, of now-and-then breaking into ſome of her appropria-tions; ſaying, There was good ſenſe, and good manners too, in the common leſſon, '*When at Rome, do as they do at* '*Rome*:' and that to be eaſy of perſua-ſion, in matters where one could oblige without endangering virtue, or worthy habits, was an apoſtolical excellency; ſince, if a perſon conformed with a view of making herſelf an intereſt in her friend's affections, in order to be heeded in greater points, it was imitating his example, who *became all things to all men, that he might gain ſome.* Nor is it to be doubted, had life been ſpared her, that the ſweetneſs of her temper, and her cheerful piety, would have made virtue and religion appear ſo lovely, that her example would have had no ſmall influence upon the minds and manners of thoſe who would have had the honour of converſing with her.

O Mr. Belford! I can write no fur-ther on this ſubject. For, looking into the account-book for other particulars, I met with a moſt affecting memoran-dum; which being written on the ex-treme edge of the paper, with a fine pen, and in the dear creature's ſmalleſt hand, I ſaw not before.—This it is;—written, I ſuppoſe, at ſome calamitous period *after* the day named in it—Help me to curſe, to blaſt the monſter who gave occaſion for it!—

'APRIL 10. *The account concluded!—*
'*And with it all my worldly hopes and*
'*proſpects!!!*'

I TAKE up my pen; but not to apo-logize for my execration.—Once more I pray to God to avenge me of him!—*Me*, I ſay—For mine is the loſs—Hers the gain.

O Sir! You *did* not, you *could* not know her, as I knew her! Never was ſuch an excellence!—So warm, yet ſo cool a friend!—So much what I wiſh to be, but never ſhall be!—For, alas! my ſtay, my adviſer, my monitreſs, my directreſs is gone!—for ever gone!—She honoured me with the title of *her ſiſter of her heart*: but I was only ſo in the love I bore her, (a love beyond a ſiſter's—infinitely beyond *her* ſiſter's!) in the hatred I have to every mean and ſordid action; and in my love of virtue; for, otherwiſe, I am of a high and haughty temper, as I have acknowledg-ed heretofore, and very violent in my paſſions.

In ſhort, ſhe was the neareſt perfec-tion of any creature I ever knew. She never preached to me leſſons which ſhe practiſed not herſelf. She lived the life ſhe taught. All humility, meekneſs, ſelf-accuſing, others acquitting, though the *ſhadow* of the fault was hardly hers, the *ſubſtance* theirs, whoſe only honour was their relation to her.

To loſe ſuch a friend, ſuch a guide—If ever my violence was juſtifiable, it is upon this recollection! For ſhe only lived to make me ſenſible of my fail-ings, but not long enough to enable me to conquer them; as I was reſolved to endeavour to do.

Once more then let me execrate—But now violence and paſſion again pre-dominate!—And how can it be other-wiſe?

But I force myſelf from this ſubject, having loſt the purpoſe for which I re-ſumed my pen.

A. Lowe.

LETTER LXXII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

PARIS, OCT. 14.

'——*Timor & mine*
'*Scandunt eodem quo dominus; neque*
'*Decedit ærata triremi; &*
'*Poſt equitem ſedet atra cura.*'

IN a language ſo expreſſive as the Engliſh, I hate the pedantry of tag-ging or prefacing what I write with Latin ſcraps; and ever was a cenſurer of the motto-mongers among our weekly and daily ſcribblers. But theſe verſes of Horace are ſo applicable to my caſe, that, whether on ſhip-board, whether in my poſt-chaiſe, or in my inn at night, I am not able to put them out of my head. Dryden once I thought ſaid very well in theſe bouncing lines—

'Man makes his fate according to his mind.
'The weak, low ſpirit, Fortune makes her
'ſlave:
'But ſhe's a drudge, when hector'd by the
'brave.

"If fate weave common thread, I'll change the dress,
And with new purple weave a nobler piece."

And in these—

"Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul, that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
Fate was not mine: nor am I Fate's——
Souls know no conquerors."——

But, in the first quoted lines, considering them closely, there is nothing but blustering absurdity: in the other, the poet says not truth, for CONSCIENCE is the conqueror of souls: at least it is the conqueror of mine: and who ever thought it a narrow one?—But this is occasioned partly by poring over the affecting will, and posthumous letter. What an army of texts has she drawn up in array against me in the letter!—But yet, Jack, do they not shew me, that two or three thousand years ago, there were as wicked fellows as myself?—They do—And that's some consolation.

But the generosity of her mind displayed in both, is what stings me most. And the more still, as it is now out of my power any way in the world to be even with her.

I ought to have written to you sooner. But I loitered two days at Calais, for an answer to a letter I wrote to engage my former travelling valet, De la Tour; an ingenious, ready fellow, as you have heard me say. I *have* engaged him, and he is now with me.

I shall make no stay here; but intend for some of the electoral courts. That of Bavaria, I think, will engage me longest. Perhaps I may step out of my way (if I can be out of my way anywhere) to those of Dresden and Berlin: and it is not impossible that you may have one letter from me at Vienna. And then perhaps I may fall down into Italy by the Tirol; and so, taking Turin in my way, return to Paris; where I hope to see Mowbray and Tourville: nor do I despair of you.

This a good deal differs from the plan I gave you. But you may expect to hear from me as I move; and whether I shall pursue this route or the other.

I have my former lodgings in the Rue St. Antoine: which I shall hold, notwithstanding my tour: so they will be ready to accommodate any two of you, if you come hither before my return: and for this I have conditioned.

I write to Charlotte; and that is writing to all my relations at once.

Do, thou, Jack, inform me duly of every-thing that passes.—Particularly, how thou proceedest in thy reformation-scheme: how Mowbray and Tourville go on in my absence: whether thou hast any chance for a wife; [I am the more solicitous on this head, because thou seemest to think, that thy mortification will not be complete, nor thy reformation secure, till thou art shackled:] how the Harlowes proceed in their penitentials: if Miss Howe be married, or near being so: how honest Doleman goes on with his empirick, now he has dismissed his regulars, or they him; and if any likelihood of his perfect recovery. Be sure be very minute: for every trifling occurrence relating to those we value, becomes interesting, when we are at a distance from them. Finally, prepare thou to piece thy broken thread, if thou wouldst oblige *thy*

LOVELACE.

LETTER LXXIII.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

LONDON, OCT. 25.

I Write, to shew you, that I am incapable of slighting even the minutest requests of an absent and distant friend. Yet you may believe, that there cannot be any great alterations in the little time that you have been out of England, with respect to the subjects of your enquiry. Nevertheless I will answer to each, for the reason above given; and for the reason you mention, that even trifles, and chit-chat, are agreeable from friend to friend, and of friends, and even of those to whom we give the importance of deeming them our *foes*, when we are abroad.

First, then as to my reformation-scheme, as you call it, I hope I go on very well. I wish you had entered upon the like, and could say so too. You would then find infinitely more peace of mind, than you are likely ever otherwise to be acquainted with. When I look back upon the sweep that has been made among us in the two or three past years, and forward upon what may still happen, I hardly think myself secure; though of late I have been guided by other lights than those of sense and appetite, which have hurried so many of our confraternity into worldly ruin, if not into eternal punishment.

I am

I am very earneſt in my wiſhes to be admitted into the nuptial ſtate. But I think I ought to paſs ſome time as a probationary, till, by ſteadineſs in my good reſolutions, I can convince ſome woman, whom I could love and honour, and whoſe worthy example might confirm my morals, that there is *one* libertine who had the grace to reform, before age and diſeaſe put it out of his power to ſin on.

The Harlowes continue inconſolable; and I dare ſay will to the end of their lives.

Miſs Howe is not yet married; but I have reaſon to think will ſoon. I have the honour of correſponding with her; and the more I know of her, the more I admire the nobleneſs of her mind. She muſt be conſcious, that ſhe is ſuperior to half *our ſex*, and to moſt of *her own*; which may make her give way to a temper naturally haſty and impatient: but, if ſhe meet with condeſcenſion in her man, [And who would not veil to a ſuperiority ſo viſible, if it be not exacted with arrogance?] I dare ſay ſhe will make an excellent wife.

As to Doleman, the poor man goes on trying and hoping with his empirick. I cannot but ſay, that as the latter is a ſenſible and judicious man, and not raſh, opinionative, or over-ſanguine, I have great hopes (little as I think of quacks and noſtrum-mongers in general) that he will do him good, if his caſe will admit of it. My reaſons are, that the man pays a *regular* and *conſtant* attendance upon him; watches, with his own eye, every change, and new ſymptom of his patient's malady: varies his applications as the indications vary: fetters not himſelf to rules laid down by the fathers of the art, who lived many hundred years ago, when diſeaſes, and the cauſes of them, were different, as the modes of living were different from what they are now, as well as climates and accidents: that he is to have his reward, not in daily fees; but (after the firſt five gnineas for medicines) in proportion as the patient himſelf ſhall find amendment.

As to Mowbray and Tourville; what novelties can be expected, in ſo ſhort a time, from men, who have not ſenſe enough to ſtrike out or purſue new lights, either good or bad: now, eſpecially, that you are gone, who were the ſoul of all enterprize, and in particular *their* ſoul. Beſides, I ſee them but ſeldom. I ſuppoſe they'll be at Paris before you can return from Germany; for they cannot live without you: and you gave them ſuch a ſpecimen of your recovered volatility, in the laſt evening's converſation, as equally delighted them, and concerned me.

I wiſh, with all my heart, that thou wouldſt bend thy courſe towards the Pyreneans. I ſhould then (if thou wilt not to thy couſin Montague an account of what is moſt obſervable in thy tour) put in for a copy of thy letters. I wonder thou wilt not; ſince then thy ſubjects would be as new to thyſelf, as to thy

BELFORD.

LETTER LXXIV.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

PARIS, OCT. 16—27.

I Follow my laſt of the 14—24th, on occaſion of a letter juſt now come to hand from Joſeph Leman. The fellow is conſcience-ridden, Jack; and tells me, That he cannot reſt either day or night for the miſchiefs which he fears he has been, and may ſtill further be the means of doing. He wiſhes, if it pleaſe God, and if it pleaſe *me*, that he had never ſeen my honour's face.

And what is the cauſe of his preſent concern, as to his own particular? Why, but the *ſlights* and *contempt* which he perceives from every-one of the Harlowes; from thoſe particularly, he ſays, whom he has endeavoured to ſerve as faithfully as his engagements to *me* would let him ſerve them? And I always made him believe, he tells me, (*poor weak ſoul as he was from his cradle!*) that ſerving *me* was ſerving both, *in the long run*. But this, and the death of his dear young lady, is a grief, he declares, that he ſhall never *claw off*, were he to live to the age of *Matthew-Salem*: *althoff*, and *howſomever*, he is ſure, that he ſhall not live *a month to an end*; being ſtrangely ſhaken, and his *ſtomach* nothing like what it was: and Mrs. Betty being alſo (now ſhe has got his love) very *croſs and ſlighting*: but, thank his God for puniſhing her! ſhe is in a poor way *herſelf*.

But the chief occaſion of repenting my honour now, is not his own private ſcruples, *althoff* they are very great; but to prevent future miſchiefs to me! For he can aſſure me, that Colonel Morden has ſet out from them all, with a full reſolution to *have his will of me*: and he is well aſſured, that he ſaid, and ſwore to it, as *how* he was reſolved that he would either have my honour's heart's-blood, or I ſhould have his; or *ſome ſuch-like ſad*

advantage: and that all the family rejoice in it, and hope I shall *come short home*.

This is the substance of Joseph's letter; and I have one from Mowbray, which also hints to the same effect. And I recollect now, that you was very importunate with me to go to Madrid, rather than to France and Italy, the last evening we passed together.

What I desire of you, is, by the first dispatch, to let me faithfully know all that you know on this head.

I can't bear to be threatened, Jack. Nor shall any man, unquestioned, give himself airs in my absence, if I know it, that shall make me look mean in anybody's eyes: that shall give my friends pain for me: that shall put them upon wishing me to change my intentions, or my plan, to avoid him. Upon such despicable terms as these, think you, that I could bear to live?

But why, if such were his purpose, did he not let me know it before I left England? Was he unable to work himself up to a resolution, till he knew me to be out of the kingdom?

As soon as I can inform myself where to direct to him, I will write to know his purpose; for I cannot bear suspence, in such a case as this: that solemn act, were it even to be marriage or hanging, which must be done to-morrow, I had rather should be done to-day. My mind tires and sickens with impatience on ruminating upon scenes that can afford neither variety nor certainty. To dwell twenty days in expectation of an event that may be decided in a quarter of an hour, is grievous.

If he come to Paris although I should be on my tour, he will very easily find out my *lodgings*: for I every day see some or other of my countrymen, and divers of them have I entertained *here*. I go frequently to the opera and to the play, and appear at court, and at all public places. And, on my quitting this city, will leave a direction whither my letters from England, or elsewhere, shall from time to time be forwarded. Were I sure, that his intention is what Joseph Leman tells me it is, I would stay here, or shorten his course to me, let him be where he would.

I cannot get off my regrets on account of this dear lady for the blood of me. If the colonel and I are to meet, as he has done me no injury, and loves the memory of his cousin, we shall engage with the same sentiments, as to the object of our dispute; and that, you know, is no very common case.

In short, I am as much convinced that I have done wrong, as he can be; and regret it as much. But I will not bear to be threatened by any man in the world, however conscious I may be of having deserved blame.

Adieu, Belford! Be sincere with me. No palliation, as thou valuest *thy*

LOVELACE.

LETTER LXXV.

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

LONDON, OCT. 26.

I Cannot think, my dear Lovelace, that Colonel Morden has either threatened you in those gross terms mentioned by the vile, hypocritical, and ignorant Joseph Leman, or intends to follow you. They are the words of people of that fellow's class; and not of a gentleman: not of Colonel Morden, I am sure. You'll observe, that Joseph pretends not to say that he heard him speak them.

I have been very solicitous to sound the colonel, for your sake, and for his own, and for the sake of the injunctions of the excellent lady to me, as well as to him, on that subject. He is (and you will not wonder that he should be) extremely affected; and owns that he has expressed himself in terms of resentment on the occasion. Once he said to me, That had his beloved cousin's case been that of a *common seduction*, her own credulity or weakness contributing to her fall; he could have forgiven you. But, in so many words he assured me, that he had not taken any resolutions; nor had he declared himself to the family in such a way as should bind him to resent: on the contrary, he has owned, that his cousin's injunctions have hitherto had the force upon him which I could wish they should have.

He went abroad in a week after you. When he took his leave of me, he told me, That his design was to go to Florence; and that he would settle his affairs there; and then return to England, and here pass the remainder of his days.

I was indeed apprehensive, that if you and he were to meet, something unhappy might fall out: and as I knew that you proposed to take Italy, and very likely Florence, in your return to France, I was very solicitous to prevail upon you to take the court of Spain into your plan. I am still so. And if you are not

to be prevailed upon to do that, let me intreat you to avoid Florence or Leghorn in your return, ſince you have viſited both heretofore. At leaſt, let not the propoſal of a meeting come from you.

It would be matter of ſerious reflection to me, if the *very fellow*, this *Joſeph Leman*, who gave you ſuch an opportunity to turn all the artillery of his maſters againſt themſelves, and to play them upon one another to favour your plotting purpoſes, ſhould be the inſtrument, in the devil's hand, (unwittingly too) to avenge them all upon *you:* for ſhould you even get the better of the colonel, would the miſchief end there?—It would but add remorſe to your preſent remorſe; ſince the interview *muſt* end in death; for he would not, I am confident, take his life at your hand. The Harlowes would, moreover, proſecute you in a legal way. You hate *them*; and they would be gainers by *his* death: rejoicers in *yours*—And have you not done miſchief enough already?

Let *me* therefore (and through me all your friends) have the ſatisfaction to hear, that you are reſolved to avoid this gentleman. Time will ſubdue all things. Nobody doubts your bravery. Nor will it be known, that your plan is changed through perſuaſion.

Young Harlowe talks of calling you to account. This is a plain evidence, that Mr. Morden has not taken the quarrel upon himſelf for their family.

I am in no apprehenſion of any-body but Colonel Morden. I know it will not be a means to prevail upon you to oblige me, if I ſay, that I am well aſſured, that this gentleman is a ſkilful ſwordſman; and that he is as cool and ſedate as ſkilful. But yet I will add, that if I had a value for my life, he ſhould be the laſt man, except yourſelf, with whom I would chuſe to have a contention.

I have, as you required, been very candid and ſincere with you. I have not aimed at palliation. If you ſeek not Colonel Morden, it is my opinion he will not ſeek you: for he is a man of principle. But if you ſeek him, I believe he will not ſhun you.

Let me re-urge [it is the effect of my love for you!] that you know your own guilt in this affair, and ſhould not be again an aggreſſor. It would be pity, that ſo brave a man as the colonel ſhould drop, were you and he to meet: and on the other hand, it would be dreadful, that you ſhould be ſent to your account unprepared for it, and purſuing a freſh violence. Moreover, ſeeeſt thou not, in the deaths of two of thy principal agents, *the hand-writing upon the wall againſt thee?*

My zeal on this occaſion may make me guilty of repetition. Indeed I know not how to quit the ſubject. But if what I have written, added to your own remorſe and conſciouſneſs, cannot prevail, all that I might further urge would be ineffectual.

Adieu, therefore! Mayeſt thou repent of the paſt! and may no new violences add to thy heavy reflections, and overwhelm thy future hopes! are the wiſhes of *thy true friend*,

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER LXXVI.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

MUNICH, NOV. 11—28.

I Received yours this moment, juſt as I was ſetting out for Vienna.

As to going to Madrid, or one ſingle ſtep out of the way to avoid Colonel Morden, let me periſh, if I do!—You cannot think me ſo mean a wretch.

And ſo you own, that he *has* threatened me; but not in groſs and ungentlemanly terms, you ſay. If he has threatened me like a gentleman, I will reſent his threats like a gentleman. But he has not done as a man of honour, if he has threatened at all behind my back. I would ſcorn to threaten any man to whom I *knew* how to addreſs myſelf, either perſonally, or by pen and ink.

As to what you mention of my guilt; of the hand-writing on the wall; of a legal proſecution, if he meet his fate from my hand; of his ſkill, coolneſs, courage, and ſuch like poltroon ſtuff; what can you mean by it? Surely you cannot believe, that ſuch inſinuations as thoſe will weaken either my hands or my heart.—No more of this ſort of nonſenſe, I beſeech you, in any of your future letters.

He had not taken any reſolutions, you ſay, when you ſaw him. He *muſt* and *will* take reſolutions, one way or other, very quickly; for I wrote to him yeſterday, without waiting for this or your anſwer to my laſt. I could not avoid it. I could not (as I told you in that) live in ſuſpence. I have directed my letter to Florence. Nor could I ſuffer my friends to live in ſuſpence as to my ſafety. But I have couched it in ſuch moderate terms, that he has fairly his option. He will be the challenger, if he take it in the ſenſe in which he may ſo handſomely

friendly a call taking it. And if he does, it will demonstrate, that malice and revenge were the predominant passions with him; and that he was determined but to settle his affairs, and then *take his reflections*, as you phrase it.—Yet, if we are to meet, [for I know what *my* option would be, in *his* case, on *such a* letter, complaisant as it is] I wish *he* had a worse, *I* a better cause. It would be a sweet revenge to him, were I to fall by his hand. But what should I be the better for killing him?

I will inclose the copy of the letter I sent him.

On re-perusing yours in a cooler moment, I cannot but thank you for your friendly love, and good intentions. My value for you, from the first hour of our acquaintance till now, I have never found misplaced; regarding at least your *intention*: thou must, however, own a good deal of blunder of the over-do and under-do kind, with respect to the part thou actedst between me and the beloved of my heart. But thou art really an honest fellow, and a sincere and warm friend. I could almost wish I had not written to Florence till I had received thy letter now before me. But it is gone. Let it go. If he wish peace, and to avoid violence, he will have a fair opportunity to embrace the one, and shun the other.—If not—he must take his fate.

But be this as it may, you may contrive to let young Harlowe know [He is a menacer, too!] that I shall be in England in March next, at farthest.

This of Bavaria is a gallant and polite court. Nevertheless, being uncertain whether my letter may meet with the colonel at Florence, I shall quit it, and set out, as I intended, for Vienna; taking care to have any letter or message from him conveyed to me there: which will soon bring me back hither, or to any other place to which I shall be invited.

As I write to Charlotte, I have nothing more to add, after compliments to all friends, than that I am *wholly yours*,

LOVELACE.

'MR. LOVELACE, TO WILLIAM MORDEN, ESQ.'

[INCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.]

'SIR, 'MUNICH, NOV. 10—21.

'I Have heard, with a great deal of 'surprize, that you have thought 'fit to throw out some menacing ex'pressions against me.

'I should have been very glad, that 'you had thought I had punishment 'enough in my own mind, for the 'wrongs I have done to the most ex'cellent of women; and that it had 'been possible for two persons so ar'dently joining in one love, (especially 'as I was desirous, to the utmost of my 'power, to repair those wrongs) to have 'lived, if not on amicable terms, in 'such a way, as not to put either to the 'pain of hearing of threatenings thrown 'out in absence, which either ought to 'be despised for, if he had not spirit to 'take notice of them.

'Now, Sir, if what I have heard be 'owing only to warmth of temper, or 'to sudden passion, while the loss of all 'other losses the most deplorable to me 'was recent, I not only excuse, but 'commend you for it. But if you are 'really *determined* to meet me on any 'other account, [which, I own to you, 'is not, however, what I wish] it would 'be very blameable, and very unworthy 'of the character I desire to maintain, 'as well with you as with every other 'gentleman, to give you a difficulty in 'doing it.

'Being uncertain when this letter may 'meet you, I shall set out to-morrow 'for Vienna; where any letter directed 'to the post-house in that city, or to 'Baron Windisgrat's, (at the Favorita) 'to whom I have commendations, will 'come to hand.

'Mean time, believing you to be a 'man too generous to make a wrong 'construction of what I am going to 'declare, and knowing the value which 'the dearest of all creatures had for you, 'and your relation to her, I will not 'scruple to assure you, that the most 'acceptable return will be, that Colonel 'Morden chuses to be upon an amica'ble, rather than upon any other foot'ing, with *his sincere admirer, and humble 'servant*, 'R. LOVELACE.'

LETTER LXXVII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

LINTZ, { NOV. 28. / DEC. 9.

I AM now on my way to Trent, in order to meet Colonel Morden, in pursuance of his answer to my letter inclosed in my last. I had been at Presburgh, and had intended to visit some other cities of Hungary: but having obliged myself to return first to Vienna, I there met with his letter: which follows.

'MUNICH,

'MUNICH, { NOV. 21. DEC. 2.

'SIR,

'YOUR letter was at Florence four 'days before I arrived there.

'That I might not appear unworthy 'of your favour, I set out for this city 'the very next morning. I knew not 'but that the politeness of this court 'might have engaged, beyond his in-'tention, a gentleman who has only 'his pleasure to pursue.

'But being disappointed in my hope 'of finding you here, it becomes me to 'acquaint you, that I have such a de-'sire to stand well in the opinion of a 'man of your spirit, that I cannot hesi-'tate a moment upon the option, which 'I am sure Mr. Lovelace in my situa-'tion (thus called upon) would make.

'I own, Sir, that I have, on all oc-'casions, spoken of your treatment of 'my ever-dear cousin as it deserved. It 'would have been very surprizing if I 'had not. And it behoves me (now 'you have given me so noble an oppor-'tunity of explaining myself) to con-'vince you, that no words fell from my 'lips, of you, merely because you were 'absent. I acquaint you, therefore, 'that I will attend your appointment; 'and would, were it to the farthest part 'of the globe.

'I shall stay some days at this court; 'and if you please to direct for me at 'M. Klienfurt's in this city, whether 'I remain here or not, your commands 'will come safely and speedily to the 'hands of, Sir, *your most humble ser-'vant*, 'WM. MORDEN.'

So you see, Belford, that the colonel, by his ready, his even eagerly-expressed acceptance of the offered interview, *was determined*. And is it not much better to bring such a point as this to an issue, than to give pain to friends for my safety, or continue in suspence myself; as I must do, if I imagined that another had aught against me?

This was my reply:

'VIENNA, { NOV. 25. DEC. 6.

'SIR,

'I Have this moment the favour of 'yours. I will suspend a tour I 'was going to take into Hungary, and 'instantly set out for Munich: and, if 'I find you not there, will proceed to 'Trent. This city, being on the con-'fines of Italy, will be most convenient, 'as I presume, to you, in your return 'to Tuscany; and I shall hope to meet 'you in it on the 3d—14th, of De-'cember.

'I shall bring with me only a French 'valet and an English footman. Other 'particulars may be adjusted when I 'have the honour to see you. Till 'when, I am, Sir, your most obedient 'servant, 'R. LOVELACE.'

Now, Jack, I have no manner of apprehention of the event of this meeting. And I think I must say, he seeks me; not I him. And so let him take the consequence.

What is infinitely nearer to my heart, is, my ingratitude to the most excellent of women—My *premeditated* ingratitude!—Yet all the while enabled to distinguish and to adore her excellence, in spite of the mean opinion of the sex which I had imbibed from early manhood.

But this lady has asserted the worthiness of her sex, and most gloriously has she exalted it with me now. Yet, surely, as I have said and written an hundred times, there cannot be such another woman.

But as my loss in her departure is the greatest of any man's, and as she was nearer to me, than to any other person in the world, and once she herself *wished to be so*, what an insolence in any man breathing to pretend to avenge her on *me!*—Happy! happy! thrice happy! had I known how to value, as I ought to have valued, the glory of such a preference!

I will not aggravate to myself this aggravation of the colonel's pretending to call me to account for my treatment of a lady so much *my own*, lest, in the approaching interview, my heart should relent for one so nearly related to her, and who means honour and justice to her memory; and I should thereby give him advantages which otherwise he cannot have. For I know that I shall be inclined to trust to my skill, to save a man who was so much and so justly valued by her; and shall be loth to give way to my resentment, as a threatened man. And in this respect only I am sorry for his skill, and his courage, lest I should be obliged, in my own defence, to add a chalk to a score that is already too long.

INDEED, indeed, Belford, I am, and shall be, to my latest hour, the most miserable of beings. Such exalted generosity!—Why didst thou put into my craving hands the copy of her will? Why sentest thou to me the posthumous letter?—What though I was earnest to

see

for the will? Thou knewest what they *then* were, [*I* did not;] and that it would be cruel to oblige me.

The meeting of twenty Colonel Mordens, were there twenty to meet in turn, would be nothing to me, would not give me a moment's concern, as to my own safety: but my reflections upon my vile ingratitude to so superior an excellence will ever be my curse.

Had she been a Miss Howe to me, and treated me as if I were an Hickman, I had had a call for revenge; and policy (when I had intended to be an husband) might have justified my attempts to humble her. But a *meek and gentle temper* was hers, though a *true heroine*, whenever honour or virtue called for an exertion of spirit.

Nothing but my cursed devices stood in the way of my happiness. Remembrest thou not, how repeatedly, from the *first*, I poured cold water upon her rising flame, by meanly and ungratefully turning upon her the *injunctions*, which *virgin delicacy*, and *filial duty*, induced her to lay me under before I got her into my power?

Did she not tell me, and did I not *know it*, if she had *not* told me, *that she could not be guilty of affectation or tyranny to the man whom she intended to marry?* I knew, as she once upbraided me, that from the time I had got her from her father's house, *I had a plain path before me.* True did she say, and I triumphed in the discovery, that from that time *I held her soul in suspence a hundred times.* My ipecacuanha trial alone was enough to convince an infidel, that she had a mind in which love and tenderness would have presided, had I permitted the charming buds to put forth and blow.

She *would have had no reserve*, as once she told me, *had I given her cause of doubt.* And did she not own to thee, *that once she could have loved me; and, could she have made me good, would have made me happy?* O, Belford! here was love; a love of the noblest kind! A love, as she hints in her posthumous letter, that extended to the soul; and which she not only avowed in her dying hours, but contrived to let me know it after death, in that letter filled with warnings and exhortations, which had for their sole end my eternal welfare!

The cursed woman, indeed, endeavoured to excite my vengeance, and my pride, by preaching to me eternally *her dislike, her want of love, and her contempt of me.* And my pride was, at times, too much excited by their vile insinuations. But had it even been as they said; well might she, who had been used to be courted and admired by every desiring eye, and worshipped by every respectful heart—Well might *such* a woman be allowed to draw back, when she found herself kept in suspence, *as to the great question of all*, by a designing and intriguing spirit; pretending awe and distance, as reasons for reining-in a fervor, which, if real, cannot be reined in—Divine creature! Her very doubts, her reserves, (so justly doubting) would have been my assurance, and my glory!—And what other trial needed her virtue! What other needed a purity so angelick, (blessed with such a *command in her passions in the bloom of youth*) had I not been a villain—and a wanton, a conceited, a proud fool, as well as a villain?

These reflections sharpened, rather than their edge by time abated, accompany me in whatever I do, and wherever I go; and mingle with all my diversions and amusements. And yet I go into gay and splendid company. I have made new acquaintance in the different courts I have visited. I am both esteemed and sought after, by persons of rank and merit. I visit the colleges, the churches, the palaces. I frequent the theatre: am present at every publick exhibition; and see all that is worth seeing, that I had not seen before, in the cabinets of the curious: am sometimes admitted to the toilette of an eminent toast, and make one with distinction at the assemblies of others—Yet can think of nothing, nor of anybody, with delight, but of my CLARISSA. Nor have I seen one woman with advantage to herself, but as she resembles, in stature, air, complexion, voice, or in some feature, that charmer, that *only* charmer of my soul.

What greater punishment, than to have these astonishing perfections, which she was mistress of, strike my remembrance with such force, when I have nothing left me, but the remorse of having deprived myself and the world of such a blessing? Now-and-then, indeed, am I capable of a gleam of comfort, arising (not ungenerously) from the moral certainty which I have of her everlasting happiness, in spite of all the machinations and devices which I set on foot to ensnare her virtue, and to bring down so pure a mind to my own level.

* For can *I* be, at *worst*, [Avert that worst,
* O thou SUPREME, who only canst avert
* it!]

'So much a wretch, so very far abandon'd,
'But that I muſt, even in the horrid'ſt gloom,
'Reap intervenient joy, at leaſt ſome reſpite
'From pain and anguiſh, in *her* bliſs—'

If I find myſelf thus miſerable abroad, I will ſoon return to England, and follow your example, I think—turn hermit, or ſome plaguy thing or other, and ſee what a conſtant courſe of penitence and mortification will do for me. There is no living at this rate—D—n me if there be!

If any miſhap ſhould befal me, you'll have the particulars of it from De la Tour. He indeed knows but little of Engliſh: but every modern tongue is yours. He is a truſty and ingenious fellow: and, if any-thing happen, will have ſome other papers, which I have ready ſealed up, for you to tranſmit to Lord M. And ſince thou art ſo expert and ſo ready at executorſhips, pr'ythee, Belford, accept of the office from me, as well as for my Clariſſa—CLARISSA LOVELACE let me call her.

By all that's good, I am bewitched to her memory. Her very name, with mine joined to it, raviſhes my ſoul, and is more delightful to me than the ſweeteſt muſick.

Had I carried her [I muſt ſtill recriminate] to any other place than that accurſed woman's—For the potion was her invention and mixture; and all the perſiſted-in violence was at her inſtigation, and at that of her wretched daughters, *who have now amply revenged upon me their own ruin, which they lay at my door*—

But this looks ſo like the confeſſion of a thief at the gallows, that poſſibly thou wilt be apt to think, I am intimidated in proſpect of the approaching interview. But far otherwiſe. On the contrary, moſt cheerfully do I go to meet the colonel; and I would tear my heart out of my breaſt with my own hands, were it capable of fear or concern on that account.

Thus much only I know, that if I ſhould kill him, [which I will not do, if I can help it] I ſhall be far from being eaſy in my mind: *that* ſhall I never more be. But as the meeting is evidently of his own ſeeking, againſt an option fairly given to the contrary, and I cannot avoid it, I'll think of that hereafter. It is but repenting and mortifying for all at once: for I am as ſure of victory, as I am that I now live, let him be ever ſo ſkilful a ſwordſman; ſince, beſides that I am no unfleſhed novice, this is a ſport, that, when provoked to it, I love as well as my food. And, moreover, I ſhall be as *calm and undiſturbed* as the biſhop at his prayers: while he, as is evident by his letter, muſt be actuated by revenge and paſſion.

Doubt not, therefore, Jack, that I ſhall give a good account of this affair. Mean time, I remain, *yours moſt affectionately*, &c.

LOVELACE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

MR. LOVELACE, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ.

TRENT, DEC. 3—14.

TO-MORROW is to be the day, that will, in all probability, ſend either one or two ghoſts to attend the manes of my CLARISSA.

I arrived here yeſterday; and enquiring for an Engliſh gentleman of the name of Morden, ſoon found out the colonel's lodgings. He had been in town two days; and left his name at every probable place.

He was gone to ride out; and I left *my* name, and where to be found; and in the evening he made me a viſit.

He was plaguy gloomy. That was not I. But yet he told me, that I had acted like a man of true ſpirit in my firſt letter; and with honour, in giving him ſo readily this meeting. He wiſhed I had in other reſpects; and then we might have ſeen each other upon better terms than now we did.

I ſaid there was no recalling what was paſſed; and that I wiſhed ſome things had not been done as well as he.

To recriminate now, he ſaid, would be as exaſperating as unavailable. And as I had ſo cheerfully given him this opportunity, words ſhould give place to buſineſs.—'*Your* choice, Mr. Lovelace, 'of time, of place, of weapon, ſhall be '*my* choice.'

'The two latter be yours, Mr. Mor-'den. The time to-morrow, or next 'day, as you pleaſe.'

'Next day, then, Mr. Lovelace; 'and we'll ride out to-morrow, to fix 'the place.'

'Agreed, Sir.'

'Well; now, Mr. Lovelace, do you 'chuſe the weapon.'

I ſaid, I believed we might be upon an equal foot with the ſingle rapier; but, if he thought otherwiſe, I had no objection to a piſtol.

'I will only ſay,' replied he, 'that 'the chances may be more equal by the

'ſword, becauſe we can neither of us 'be to ſeek in that: and you would 'ſtand,' ſays he, 'a worſe chance, as I 'apprehend, with a piſtol: and yet I 'have brought two, that you may take 'your choice of either: for,' added he, 'I never miſſed a mark at piſtol-'diſtance, ſince I knew how to hold a 'piſtol.'

I told him, that he ſpoke like himſelf: that I was expert enough that way, to embrace it, if he choſe it; though not ſo ſure of my mark as he pretended to be. 'Yet the devil's in't, colonel, if 'I, who have ſlit a bullet in two upon 'a knife's edge, hit not my man. So I 'have no objection to a piſtol, if it be 'your choice. No man, I'll venture to 'ſay, has a ſteadier hand or eye than I 'have.'

'They may both be of uſe to you, 'Sir, at the ſword, as well as at the 'piſtol: the ſword therefore be the 'thing, if you pleaſe.'

'With all my heart.'

We parted with a ſolemn ſort of ceremonious civility: and this day I called upon him; and we rode out together to fix upon the place: and both being of one mind, and hating to put off for the morrow what could be done to-day, would have decided it then: but De la Tour, and the colonel's valet, who attended us, being unavoidably let into the ſecret, joined to beg we would have with us a ſurgeon from Brixen, whom La Tour had fallen in with there, and who had told him he was to ride next morning to bleed a perſon in a fever, at a lone cottage, which, by the ſurgeon's deſcription, was not far from the place where we then were, if it were not that very cottage within ſight of us.

They undertook ſo to manage it, that the ſurgeon ſhould know nothing of the matter till his aſſiſtance was called in. And La Tour being, as I aſſured the colonel, a ready contriving fellow, [whom I ordered to obey him as myſelf, were the chance to be in *his* favour] we both agreed to defer the deciſion till to-morrow, and to leave the whole about the ſurgeon to the management of our two valets; enjoining them abſolute ſecreſy: and ſo rode back again by different ways.

We fixed upon a little lone valley for the ſpot—Ten to-morrow morning the time—And ſingle rapier the word. Yet I repeatedly told him, that I valued myſelf ſo much upon my ſkill in that weapon, that I would wiſh him to chuſe any other.

He ſaid, it was a gentleman's weapon; and he who underſtood it not, wanted a qualification that he ought to ſuffer for not having: but that, as to him, one weapon was as good as another, throughout all the inſtruments of offence.

So, Jack, you ſee I take no advantage of him! but my devil muſt deceive me, if he take not his life or his death at my hands before eleven to-morrow morning.

His valet and mine are to be preſent; but both ſtrictly enjoined to be impartial and inactive: and, in return for my civility of the like nature, he commanded *his* to be aſſiſting to me, if he fell.

We are to ride thither, and to diſmount when at the place; and his footman and mine are to wait at an appointed diſtance, with a chaiſe to carry off to the borders of the Venetian territories the ſurvivor, if one drop, or to aſſiſt either or both, as occaſion may demand.

And thus, Belford, is the matter ſettled.

A ſhower of rain has left me nothing elſe to do: and therefore I write this letter; though I might as well have deferred it till to-morrow twelve o'clock, when I doubt not to be able to write again, to aſſure you how much I am *yours, &c.* LOVELACE.

LETTER LXXIX.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM F. J. DE LA TOUR.

TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ. NEAR SOHO-SQUARE, LONDON.

SIR, TRENT, DEC. 18, N. S.

I Have melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He ſhewed me his letter to you before he ſealed it; ſignifying, that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occaſion of the meeting is ſo well known to you, I ſhall ſay nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready within a little diſtance, a ſurgeon and his aſſiſtant, to whom, under an oath of ſecreſy, I had revealed the matter, (though I did not own it to the two gentlemen;) ſo that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and ſkill of my chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animoſity of both. A poſt-chaiſe was ready,

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The Death of Lovelace.

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ready, with each of their footmen at a little diſtance.

The two chevaliers came exactly at their time: they were attended by Monſieur Margate, (the colonel's gentleman) and myſelf. They had given orders over-night, and now repeated them in each other's preſence, that we ſhould obſerve a ſtrict impartiality between them: and that if one fell, each of us ſhould look upon himſelf, as to any needful help or retreat, as the ſervant of the ſurvivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments, both the gentlemen, with the greateſt preſence of mind that ever I beheld in men, ſtript to their ſhirts, and drew.

They parried with equal judgment ſeveral paſſes. My chevalier drew the firſt blood, making a deſperate puſh, which, by a ſudden turn of his antagoniſt, miſſed going clear through him, and wounded him on the fleſhy part of the ribs of his right-ſide; which part the ſword tore out, being on the extremity of the body: but, before my chevalier could recover himſelf, the colonel, in return, puſhed him into the inſide of the left-arm, near the ſhoulder: and the ſword (raking his breaſt as it paſſed) being followed by a great effuſion of blood, the colonel ſaid, 'Sir, I believe 'you have enough.'

My chevalier ſwore by G—d, he was not hurt: 'twas a pin's point: and ſo made another paſs at his antagoniſt; which he, with a ſurprizing dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear chevalier into the body: who immediately fell; ſaying, 'The luck is 'yours, Sir—O my beloved Clariſſa! '—Now art thou—' Inwardly he ſpoke three or four words more. His ſword dropt from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, ſaying in French—'Ah, Monſieur! you are a 'dead man!—Call to God for mercy!'

We gave the ſignal agreed upon to the footmen; and they to the ſurgeons; who inſtantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well uſed to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing extraordinary had happened, aſſiſting the ſurgeons, though his own wound bled much. But my dear chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood beſides.

However, they ſtopped the bleeding for the preſent; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the colonel ſuffered his own wound to be dreſſed; and appeared concerned that my chevalier was between whiles (when he could ſpeak, and ſtruggle) extremely outrageous.—Poor gentleman! he had made quite ſure of victory!

The colonel, againſt the ſurgeons advice, would mount on horſeback to paſs into the Venetian territories; and generouſly gave me a purſe of gold to pay the ſurgeons; deſiring me to make a preſent to the footman; and to accept of the remainder, as a mark of his ſatisfaction in my conduct; and in my care and tenderneſs of my maſter.

The ſurgeons told him, that my chevalier could not live over the day.

When the colonel took leave of him, Mr. Lovelace ſaid, 'You have well re-'venged the dear creature.'

'I have, Sir,' ſaid Mr. Morden: 'and 'perhaps ſhall be ſorry that you called 'upon me to this work, while I was 'balancing whether to obey, or diſ-'obey, the dear angel.'

'There is a fate in it!' replied my chevalier—'A curſed fate!—Or this 'could not have been!—But be ye all 'witneſſes, that I have provoked my 'deſtiny, and acknowledge, that I fall 'by a man of honour.'

'Sir,' ſaid the colonel, with the piety of a confeſſor, (wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand) 'ſnatch theſe few fleeting mo-'ments, and commend yourſelf to 'God.'

And ſo he rode off.

The voiture proceeded ſlowly with my chevalier; yet the motion ſet both his wounds bleeding afreſh; and it was with difficulty they again ſtopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the neareſt cottage; and he gave orders to me to diſpatch to you the packet I herewith ſend ſealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this moſt unhappy affair; and give you thanks, in his name, for all your favours and friendſhip to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: but *ſuffered much*, as well from his *impatience* and *diſappointment*, as from his *wounds*; for he ſeemed *very unwilling to die*.

He was delirious, at times, in the two laſt hours; and then ſeveral times cried out, as if he had ſeen ſome frightful ſpectre, 'Take her away! Take her 'away!' but named nobody. And ſometimes praiſed ſome lady, (that Clariſſa, I ſuppoſe, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound) calling her, 'Sweet excellence! Divine crea-

'ture! Fair ſufferer!'—And once he ſaid, 'Look down, bleſſed Spirit, look 'down!'—And there ſtopt—his lips, however, moving.

At nine in the morning, he was ſeized with convulſions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an hour before he came out of them.

His few laſt words I muſt not omit, as they ſhew an ultimate compoſure; which may adminiſter ſome conſolation to his honourable friends.

'*Bleſſed*—' ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf no doubt to Heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up—A ſtrong convulſion prevented him for a few moments ſaying more—But recovering, he again with great fervor (lifting up his eyes, and his ſpread hands) pronounced the word '*Bleſſed!*' then, in a ſeeming ejaculation, he ſpoke inwardly ſo as not to be underſtood: at laſt, he diſtinctly pronounced theſe three words,

'LET THIS EXPIATE!'

And then, his head ſinking on his pillow, he expired; at about half an hour after ten.

He little thought, poor gentleman! his end ſo near: ſo had given no direction about his body. I have cauſed it to be embowelled, and depoſited in a vault, till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would have been refuſed, had he not been an Engliſhman of rank: a nation with reaſon reſpected in every Auſtrian government—For he had refuſed ghoſtly attendance, and the ſacraments in the Catholick way. May his ſoul be happy, I pray God!

I have had ſome trouble alſo on account of the manner of his death, from the magiſtracy here: who have taken the requiſite informations in the affair. And it has coſt ſome money. Of which, and of the dear chevalier's effects, I will give you a faithful account in my next. And ſo, waiting at this place your commands, I am, SIR, *your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant*,

F. J. DE LA TOUR.

CONCLUSION,

Suppoſed to be written by Mr. BELFORD.

WHAT remains to be mentioned for the ſatisfaction of ſuch of the readers as may be preſumed to have intereſted themſelves in the fortunes of thoſe other principles in the ſtory, who ſurvived Mr. Lovelace, will be found ſummarily related as follows:

The news of Mr. LOVELACE'S unhappy end was received with as much grief by his own relations, as it was with exultation by the Harlowe-family, and by Miſs Howe. His own family were moſt to be pitied, becauſe, being ſincere admirers of the inimitable lady, they were greatly grieved for the injuſtice done her; and now had the *additional* mortification of loſing the only male of it, by a violent death.

That his fate was deſerved, was ſtill a heightening of their calamity, as they had, for that very reaſon, and his unpreparedneſs for it, but too much ground for apprehenſion with regard to his future happineſs. While the other family, from their unforgiving ſpirit, and even the noble young lady abovementioned, from her lively reſentments, found his death ſome little, ſome temporary alleviation, of the heavy loſs they had ſuſtained, principally through his means.

Temporary alleviation, we repeat, as to the Harlowe-family; for THEY were far from being happy or eaſy in their reflections upon their own conduct.—And ſtill the leſs, as the inconſolable mother reſted not, till ſhe had procured, by means of Colonel Morden, large extracts from ſome of the letters that compoſe this hiſtory, which convinced them all, that the very correſpondence which Clariſſa, while with them, renewed with Mr. Lovelace, was renewed for *their ſakes*, more than for *her own*: that ſhe had given him no encouragement contrary to her duty, and to that prudence for which ſhe was ſo early noted: that had they truſted to a diſcretion which they owned ſhe had never brought into queſtion, ſhe would have extricated them and herſelf (as ſhe once propoſed to her mother) from all difficulties as to Lovelace: that ſhe, if any woman ever could, would have given a glorious inſtance of a paſſion conquered, or at leaſt kept under, by reaſon, and by piety; the man being too immoral to be implicitly beloved.

The unhappy parents and uncles, from the perusal of these extracts, too evidently for their peace, saw, that it was entirely owing to the avarice, the ambition, the envy, of her implacable brother and sister, and the senseless confederacy entered into by the whole family, to compel her to give her hand to a man she must despise, or she had not been a CLARISSA, and to their consequent persecution of her, that she ever thought of quitting her father's house: and that even when she first entertained such a thought, it was with intent, if possible, to procure for herself a private asylum with Mrs. Howe, or at some other place of safety, (but not with Mr. Lovelace, nor with any of the ladies of his family, though invited by the latter) from whence she might propose terms which ought to have been complied with, and which were entirely consistent with her duty—That though she found herself disappointed of the hoped-for refuge and protection, she intended not, by meeting Mr. Lovelace, to put herself into his power; all that she aimed at by taking that step, being to endeavour to pacify so fierce a spirit, lest he should (as he indeed was determined to do) pay a visit to her friends which might have been attended with fatal consequences; but was spirited away by him in such a manner, as made her an object of pity, rather than of blame.

These extracts further convinced them all, that it was to her unaffected regret, that she found, that marriage was not in her power afterwards for a long time; and at last, but on one occasion, when their unnatural cruelty to her (on a new application she had made to her aunt Hervey, to procure mercy and pardon) rendered her incapable of receiving his proffered hand; and so obliged her to suspend the day; intending only to suspend it, till recovered.

They saw with equal abhorrence of Lovelace, and of their own cruelty, and with the highest admiration of her, That the majesty of her virtue had awed the most daring spirit in the world, so that he durst not attempt to carry his base designs into execution, till, by wicked potions, he had made her senses the previous sacrifice.

But how did they in a manner adore her memory! How did they recriminate upon each other! when they found, that she had not only preserved herself from repeated outrage, by the most glorious and intrepid behaviour, in defiance, and to the utter confusion, of all his libertine notions; but had the fortitude, constantly, and with a noble disdain, to reject him.—Whom?—Why, the man she once could have loved, kneeling for pardon, and begging to be permitted to make her the best reparation then in his power to make her; that is to say, by marriage. His fortunes high and unbroken. She his prisoner at the time in a vile house: rejected by all her friends; upon repeated application to them, for mercy and forgiveness, rejected—Mercy and forgiveness, and a last blessing, afterwards imploring; and that as much to lighten their future remorses, as for the comfort of her own pious heart—Yet, though savagely refused, on a supposition that she was not so near her end as was represented, departed, forgiving and blessing them all.

Then they recollected, that her posthumous letters, instead of reproaches, were filled with comfortings: that she had in her last will, in their own way, laid obligations upon them all; obligations which they neither deserved nor expected; as if she thought to repair the injustice which self-partiality made some of them conclude done to them by her grandfather in his will.

These intelligences and recollections were perpetual subjects of recrimination to them: heightened their anguish for the loss of a child who was the glory of their family; and not seldom made them shun each other, (at the times they were accustomed to meet together) that they might avoid the mutual reproaches of eyes that spoke, when tongues were silent—Their stings also sharpened by time! What an unhappy family was this! Well might Colonel Morden, in the words of Juvenal, challenge all other miserable families to produce such a growing distress as that of the Harlowes (a few months before so happy!) was able to produce—

'*Humani generis mores tibi nôsse volenti*
'*Sufficit una domus: pavcos consume dies, &*
'*Dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris,*
'*aude.*'

Mrs. HARLOWE lived about two years and an half, after the lamented death of her CLARISSA.

Mr. HARLOWE had the additional affliction to survive his lady about half a year; her death, by new-pointing his former anguish and remorse, hastening his own.

Both, in their last hours, however, comforted

comforted themſelves, that they ſhould be reſtored to their BLESSED daughter, as they always (from the time that they were acquainted with the above particulars of her ſtory, and with her happy *exit*) called her.

They both lived, however, to ſee their ſon *James*, and their daughter *Arabella*, married: but not to take joy in either of their nuptials.

Mr. JAMES HARLOWE married a woman of family, an orphan; and is obliged, at a very great expence, to ſupport his claim to eſtates, which were his principal inducement to make his addreſſes to her; but which, to this day, he has not recovered; nor is likely to recover; having very powerful adverſaries to contend with, and a title to aſſert, which admits of litigation; and he not bleſſed with ſo much patience as is neceſſary to perſons embarraſſed in law.

What is further obſervable with regard to him, is, that the match was entirely of his own head, againſt the advice of his father, mother, and uncles, who warned him of marrying in this lady a law-ſuit for life. His ungenerous behaviour to his wife, for what ſhe cannot help, and for what is as much *her* misfortune as *his*, has occaſioned ſuch eſtrangements between them, (ſhe being a woman of ſpirit) as, were the law-ſuits determined, even more favourably than probably they will be, muſt make him unhappy to the end of his life. He attributes all his misfortunes, when he opens himſelf to the *few* friends he has, *to his vile and cruel treatment of his angelick ſiſter*. He confeſſes theſe misfortunes to be juſt, without having temper to acquieſce in the acknowledged juſtice. One month in every year he puts on mourning, and that month commences with him on the 7th of September, during which he ſhuts himſelf up from all company. Finally, he is looked upon, and often calls himſelf,

THE MOST MISERABLE OF BEINGS.

ARABELLA's fortune became a temptation to a man of quality to make his addreſſes to her: his title an inducement with her to approve of him. Brothers and ſiſters, when they are not friends, are generally the ſharpeſt enemies to each other. He thought too much was done for her in the ſettlements. She thought not enough. And for ſome years paſt, they have ſo heartily hated each other, that if either know a joy, it is in being told of ſome new misfortune or diſpleaſure that happens to the other. Indeed, before they came to an open rupture, they were continually loading each other, by way of exonerating themſelves, (*to the additional diſquiet of the whole family*) with the *principal* guilt of their implacable behaviour and ſordid cruelty to their admirable ſiſter.—May the reports that are ſpread of this lady's further unhappineſs from her lord's free life; a fault ſhe juſtly thought ſo odious in Mr. Lovelace, (though that would not have been an inſuperable objection with her to his addreſſes;) and of his publick ſlights and contempt of her, and even ſometimes of his *perſonal abuſes*, which are ſaid to be owing to her impatient ſpirit, and violent paſſions; be utterly groundleſs.—For, what a heart muſt that be, which would wiſh ſhe might be as great a torment to herſelf, as ſhe had aimed to be to her ſiſter? Eſpecially as ſhe regrets to this hour, and declares that ſhe ſhall, *to the laſt of her life*, her cruel treatment of that ſiſter; and (as well as her brother) is but too ready to attribute to *that* her own unhappineſs.

Mr. ANTHONY and Mr. JOHN HARLOWE are ſtill [at the writing of this] living: but often declare, that, with their beloved niece, they loſt all the joy of their lives: and lament, without reſerve, in all companies, the unnatural part they were induced to take againſt her.

Mr. SOLMES is alſo ſtill living, if a man of his caſt may be ſaid to live; for his general behaviour and ſordid manners are ſuch as juſtify the averſion the excellent lady had to him. He has, moreover, found his addreſſes rejected by ſeveral women of far inferior fortunes (great as his own are) to thoſe of the lady to whom he was encouraged to aſpire.

Mr. MOWBRAY and Mr. TOURVILLE having loſt the man in whoſe converſation they ſo much delighted; ſhocked and awakened by the ſeveral unhappy cataſtrophes before their eyes; and having always rather *ductile* and *dictating* hearts; took their friend Belford's advice: converted the remainder of their fortunes into annuities for life; and retired, the one into Yorkſhire, the other into Nottinghamſhire, of which counties they are natives: their friend Belford managing their concerns for them, and correſponding with them, and having more and more hopes every time

time he ſees them, (which is once or twice a year, when they come to town) that they will become more and more worthy of their names and families.

As thoſe ſiſters in iniquity, SALLY MARTIN and POLLY HORTON, had abilities and education ſuperior to what creatures of their caſt generally can boaſt of: and as their hiſtories are no where given in the preceding papers, in which they are frequently mentioned; it cannot fail of gratifying the reader's curioſity, *as well* as anſwering the *good ends* deſigned by the publication of this work, to give a brief account of their parentage, and manner of training-up, preparative to the vile courſes they fell into, and of what became of them, after the dreadful exit of the infamous Sinclair.

SALLY MARTIN was the daughter of a ſubſtantial mercer at the court-end of the town; to whom her mother, a grocer's daughter in the city, brought a handſome fortune; and both having a gay turn, and being fond of the faſhions which it was their buſineſs to promote: and which the wives and daughters of the uppermoſt tradeſmen (eſpecially in that quarter of the town) generally affect to follow; it was no wonder that they brought up their daughter accordingly: nor that ſhe, who was a very ſprightly and ready-witted girl, and reckoned very pretty and very genteel, ſhould every year improve upon ſuch examples.

She early found herſelf miſtreſs of herſelf. All ſhe did was right: all ſhe ſaid was admired. Early, very early, did ſhe diſmiſs bluſhes from her cheek. She could not bluſh, becauſe ſhe could not doubt: and ſilence, whatever was the ſubject, was as much a ſtranger to her, as diffidence.

She never was left out of any party of pleaſure, after ſhe had paſſed her ninth year; and, in honour of her prattling vein, was conſidered as a principal perſon in the frequent treats and entertainments which her parents, fond of luxurious living, gave with a view to increaſe their acquaintance for the ſake of their buſineſs; not duly reflecting, that the part they ſuffered her to take in what made for their intereſt, would probably be a means to quicken the appetites, and ruin the morals of their daughter, for whoſe ſake, as an only child, they were ſolicitous to obtain wealth.

The CHILD ſo much a woman, what muſt the WOMAN be?

At fifteen or ſixteen, ſhe affected, both in dreſs and manners, to ape ſuch of the quality, as were moſt apiſh. The richeſt ſilks in her father's ſhop were not too rich for her. At all publick diverſions ſhe was the leader, inſtead of the led, of all her female kindred and acquaintance, though they were a third older than herſelf. She would buſtle herſelf into a place, and make room for her more baſhful companions, through the frowns of the firſt poſſeſſors, at a crouded theatre, leaving every-one near her amazed at her ſelf-conſequence, wondering ſhe had no ſervant to keep place for her; whiſperingly enquiring who ſhe was; and then ſitting down admiring her fortitude.

She officiouſly made herſelf of conſequence to the moſt noted players; who, as one of their patroneſſes, applied to her for her intereſt on their benefit-nights. She knew the *chriſtian*, as well as *ſur*-name of every pretty fellow who frequented publick places; and affected to ſpeak of them by the former.

Thoſe who had not obeyed the call her eyes always made upon all of them for notice at her entrance, or before ſhe took her ſeat, were ſpoken of with haughtineſs, as Jacks, or Toms; while her favourites, with an affectedly-endearing familiarity, and a prettineſs of accent, were Jackeys and Tommys; and if they ſtood very high in her graces, Dear Devils, and Agreeable Toads.

She ſat in judgment, and an inexorable judge ſhe was, upon the actions and conduct of every man and woman of quality and faſhion, as they became the ſubjects of converſation. She was deeply learned in the ſcandalous Chronicle: ſhe made every character, every praiſe, and every cenſure, ſerve to exalt herſelf. *She ſhould ſcorn to do ſo or ſo!*— Or, *That was ever her way*; and *juſt what ſhe did, or liked to do*; and judging herſelf by the vileneſs of the moſt vile of her ſex, ſhe wiped her mouth, and ſat down ſatisfied with her own virtue.

She had her chair to attend her where-ever ſhe went, and found people among her *betters*, as her pride ſtooped to call ſome of the moſt inſignificant people in the world, to encourage her viſits.

She was practiſed in all the arts of the card-table: a true Spartan girl; and had even courage, occaſionally, to wrangle off a detection. Late hours (turning night into day, and day into night) were the almoſt unavoidable conſequences of her frequent play. Her parents pleaſed themſelves that their

Sally

Sally had a charming conſtitution: and as long as ſhe ſuffered not in her health, they were regardleſs of her morals.

The needle ſhe hated: and made the conſtant ſubjects of her ridicule the fine works that uſed to employ, and keep out of idleneſs, luxury, and extravagance, and at *home*, (were they have been of no other ſervice) the women of the laſt age, when there were no Vauxhalls, Ranelaghs, Marybones, and ſuch like places of diverſion, to dreſs out for, and gad after.

And as to family-management, her parents had not required any knowledge of that ſort from her; and ſhe conſidered it as a qualification only neceſſary for hirelings, and the low-born, and as utterly unworthy of the attention of a modern fine lady.

Her twentieth year, to her own equal wonder and regret, paſſed over her head, and ſhe had not had one offer that her pride would admit her to accept of. A girl from fifteen to eighteen, her beauty then beginning to bloſſom, will, as a new thing, attract the eyes of men: but if ſhe make her face cheap at publick places, ſhe will find, that *new* faces will draw more attention than *fine* faces conſtantly ſeen. But this obſervation ought young ladies always to have in their heads, that they can hardly ever expect to gratify their vanity, and at the ſame time gain the admiration of men worthy of making partners for life. They may, in ſhort, have many admirers at publick places, but not one lover.

Sally Martin knew nothing of this doctrine. Her beauty was in it's bloom, and yet ſhe found herſelf neglected.—'Sally Martin, the mercer's daughter: 'ſhe never fails being here;'—was the anſwer, and the accompanying obſervation, made to every queſtioner, 'Who 'is that lady?'

At laſt, her deſtiny approached. It was at a maſquerade that ſhe firſt ſaw the gay, the handſome Lovelace, who was juſt returned from his travels. She was immediately ſtruck with his figure, and with the brilliant things that ſhe heard fall from his lips as he happened to ſit near her. He, who was not then looking out for a wife, was taken with Sally's ſmartneſs, and with an air that at the ſame time ſhewed her to be equally genteel and ſelf-ſignificant; and ſigns of approbation mutually paſſing, he found no difficulty in acquainting himſelf where to viſit her next day. And yet it was ſome mortification to a perſon of her ſelf-conſequence, and gay appearance, to ſubmit to be known by ſo fine a young gentleman as no more than a mercer's daughter. So natural is it for a girl brought up as Sally was, to be occaſionally aſhamed of thoſe whoſe folly had ſet her above herſelf.

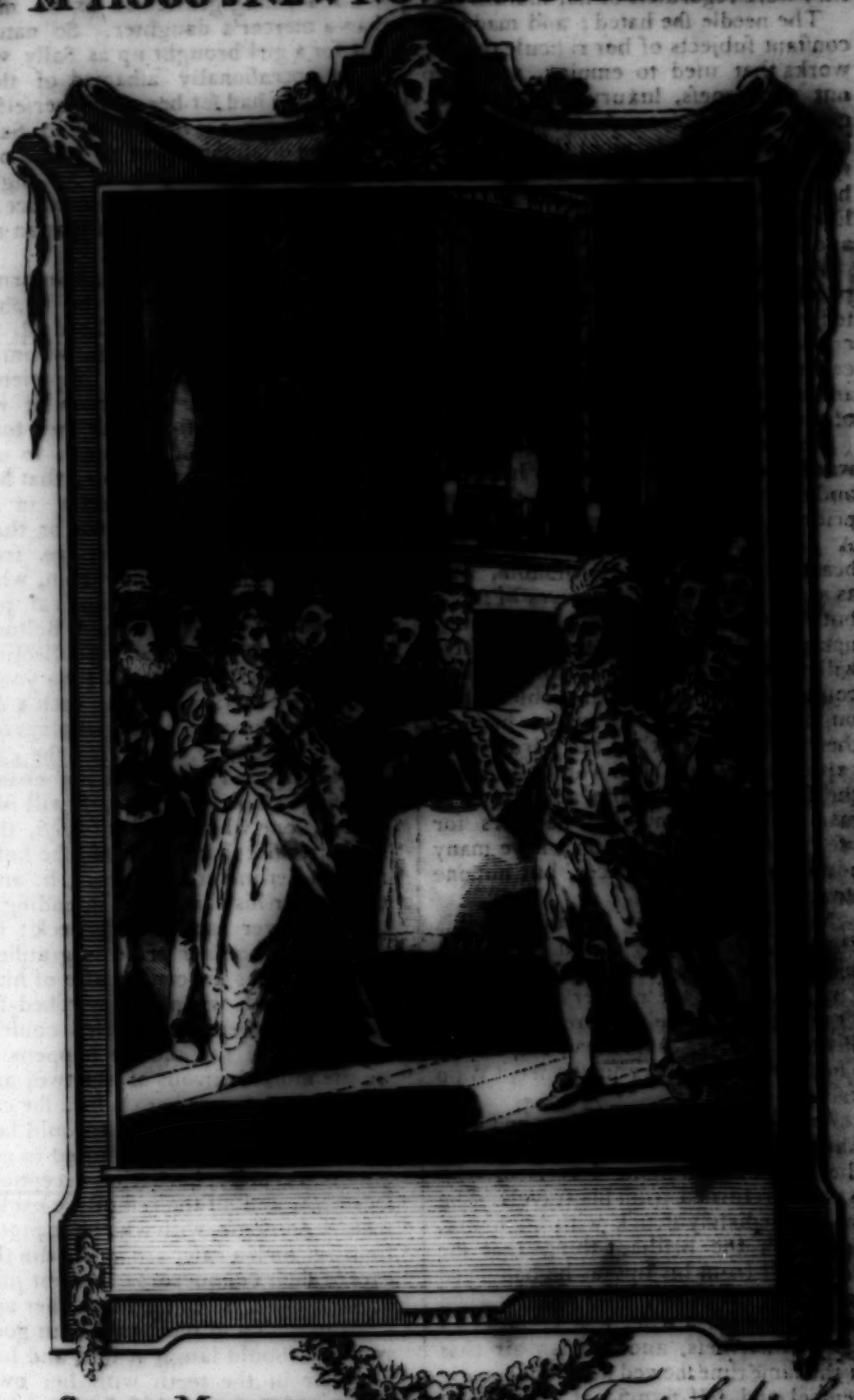
But whatever it might be to Sally, it was no diſappointment to Mr. Lovelace, to find his miſtreſs of no higher degree; becauſe he hoped to reduce her ſoon to the loweſt condition that an unhappy woman can fall into.

But when Miſs Martin had informed herſelf, that her lover was the nephew and preſumptive-heir of Lord M. ſhe thought him the very man for whom ſhe had been ſo long and ſo impatiently looking out; and for whom it was worth her while to ſpreak her toils. And here it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that it is very probable, that Mr. Lovelace had Sally Martin in his thoughts, and perhaps two or three more whoſe hopes of marriage from him had led them to their ruin, when he drew the following whimſical picture, in a letter to his friend Belford, not inſerted in the preceding collection.

'Methinks,' ſays he, 'I ſee a young 'couple in courtſhip, having each a de'ſign upon the other: the girl plays off: 'ſhe is very happy, as ſhe is: ſhe can'not be happier: ſhe will not change 'her ſingle ſtate: the man, I will ſup'poſe, is one who does not *confeſs*, that 'he deſires not that ſhe *ſhould*: ſhe holds 'ready a net under her apron; he ano'ther under his coat; each intending to 'throw it over each other's neck; ſhe 'over his, when her pride is gratified, 'and ſhe thinks ſhe can be ſure of him; 'he over hers, when the watched-for 'yielding moment has carried conſent '*too far*—And ſuppoſe he happens to 'be the more dextrous of the two, and 'whips his net over her, before ſhe can 'caſt hers over him; how, I would fain 'know, can ſhe be juſtly entitled to cry 'out upon cruelty, barbarity, deception, 'ſacrifices, and all the reſt of the excla'matory nonſenſe, with which the pretty 'fools, in ſuch a caſe, are apt to din the 'ears of their conquerors? Is it not juſt, 'thinkeſt thou, when ſhe makes her ap'peals to gods and men, that both gods 'and men ſhould laugh at her, and hit'ting her in the teeth with her own 'felonious intentions, bid her ſit down 'patiently under her deſerved diſap'pointment?'

In ſhort, Sally's parents, as well as herſelf, encouraged Mr. Lovelace's viſits

Mr HOGG's NEW NOVELIST's MAGAZINE.



SALLY MARTIN S *First Sight of*
LOVELACE *at a* MASQUERADE

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ſits. They thought they might truſt to a diſcretion in her which ſhe herſelf was too wiſe to doubt. Pride they knew ſhe had. And that, in theſe caſes, is often called diſcretion.—'Lord help the ſex,' ſays Lovelace, 'if they had not pride!' —Nor did they ſuſpect danger from that ſpecious air of ſincerity, and gentleneſs of manners, which he could aſſume or lay aſide whenever he pleaſed.

The ſecond maſquerade, which was no more than their third meeting abroad, completed her ruin, from ſo practiſed, though ſo young a deceiver; and that before ſhe well knew ſhe was in danger: for, having prevailed on her to go off with him about twelve o'clock to his aunt Forbes's, a lady of honour and fortune, to whom he had given reaſon to expect her *future niece*, [the only hint of marriage he ever gave her] he carried her to the houſe of the wicked woman, who bears the name of Sinclair in theſe papers: and there, by promiſes, which ſhe underſtood in the favourable ſenſe, (for where a woman loves, ſhe ſeldom doubts enough for her own ſafety) obtained an eaſy conqueſt over a virtue that was little more than nominal.

He found it not difficult to induce her to proceed in the guilty commerce, till the effects of it became too apparent to be hid. Her parents then (in the firſt fury of their diſappointment, and vexation, for being deprived of all hopes of ſuch a ſon-in-law) turned her out of doors.

Her diſgrace thus publiſhed, ſhe became hardened; and, protected by her ſeducer, whoſe favourite miſtreſs ſhe then was, ſhe was ſo incenſed againſt her parents for an indignity ſo little ſuiting with her pride, and the head they had always given her, that ſhe refuſed to return to them, when, repenting of their paſſionate treatment of her, they would have been reconciled to her: and, becoming the favourite daughter of her mother Sinclair, at the perſuaſions of that abandoned woman, ſhe practiſed to bring on an abortion, which ſhe effected, though ſhe was ſo far gone, that it had like to have coſt her life.

Thus, unchaſtity her firſt crime, murder her next, her conſcience became ſeared; and, young as ſhe was, and fond of her deceiver, ſoon grew indelicate enough, having ſo thorough-paced a ſchool-miſtreſs, to do all ſhe could to promote the pleaſures of a man who had ruined her; ſcrupling not, with a ſpirit truly diabolical, to endeavour to draw in others to follow her example. And it is hardly to be believed what miſchiefs of this ſort ſhe was the means of effecting; woman confiding in, and daring woman; and ſhe a creature of ſpecious appearance, and great art.

POLLY HORTON was the daughter of a gentlewoman, well deſcended; whoſe huſband, a man of family, and of honour, was a captain in the Guards.

He died when Polly was about nine years of age, leaving her to the care of her mother, a lively young lady of about twenty-ſix; with a genteel proviſion for both.

Her mother was extremely fond of her Polly; but had it not in *herſelf* to manifeſt the true, the genuine fondneſs of a parent, by a ſtrict and guarded education; dreſſing out, and viſiting, and being viſited, by the gay of her own ſex, and caſting out her eye abroad, as one ready to try her fortune again in the married ſtate.

This induced thoſe airs, and a love to thoſe diverſions, which make a young widow, of ſo lively a turn, the unfitteſt tutoreſs in the world, even to her own daughter.

Mrs. Horton herſelf having had an early turn to muſick, and that ſort of reading, which is but an earlier debauchery for young minds, preparative to the groſſer at riper years; to wit, romances and novels, ſongs and plays, and thoſe without diſtinction, moral or immoral, ſhe indulged her daughter in the ſame taſte; and at thoſe hours, when they could not take part in the more active and lively amuſements and *kill-times*, as ſome call them, uſed to employ Miſs to read to her; happy enough in her own imagination, that while ſhe was diverting her own ears, and ſometimes, as the piece was, corrupting her own heart, and her child's too, ſhe was teaching Miſs to read, and improve her mind; for it was the boaſt of every tea-table half-hour, *That Miſs Horton, in propriety, accent, and emphaſis, ſurpaſſed all the young ladies of her age:* and, at other times, complimenting the pleaſed mother—'*Bleſs me, Madam, with what a ſurprizing 'grace Miſs Horton reads!—She enters into 'the very ſpirit of her ſubject—This ſhe 'could have from nobody but you!*' An intended praiſe; but, as the ſubjects were, would have been a ſevere *ſatire* in the mouth of an enemy!—While the fond, the inconſiderate mother, with a delighted air, would cry, '*Why, I cannot but 'ſay, Miſs Horton does credit to her tutoreſs!*' And then a '*Come hither, my beſt love!*' and, with a kiſs of approbation, '*What 'a pleaſure to your dear papa, had he lived 'to ſee your improvements, my charmer!*'—

Concluding with a ſigh of ſatisfaction; her eyes turning round upon the circle, to take in all the ſilent applauſes of theirs. But little thought the fond, the fooliſh mother, what the plant would be, which was ſpringing up from theſe ſeeds! Little imagined ſhe, that her own ruin, as well as her child's, was to be the conſequence of this fine education; and that, in the ſame ill-fated hour, the honour both of mother and daughter was to become a ſacrifice to the intriguing invader!

This the laughing girl, when abandoned to her evil deſtiny, and in company with her ſiſter Sally, and others, each recounting their ſettings-out, their progreſs, and their fall, frequently related to be her education and manner of training-up.

This, and to ſee a ſucceſſion of humble ſervants buzzing about a mother, who took too much pride in addreſſes of that kind, what a beginning, what an example, to a conſtitution of tinder, ſo prepared to receive the ſpark ſtruck, from the ſteely forehead, and flinty heart, of ſuch a libertine, as at laſt it was their fortune to be encountered by!

In ſhort, as Miſs grew up under the influences of ſuch a directreſs, and of books ſo light and frothy, with the inflaming additions of muſick, concerts, operas, plays, aſſemblies, balls, and the reſt of the rabble of amuſements of modern life, it is no wonder, that, like early fruit, ſhe was ſoon ripened to the hand of the inſidious gatherer.

At fifteen, ſhe owned, ſhe was ready to fancy herſelf the heroine of every novel, and of every comedy ſhe read, ſo well did ſhe enter into the *ſpirit* of her ſubject: ſhe glowed to become the object of ſome hero's flame; and perfectly longed to begin an intrigue, and even to be *run away with* by ſome enterprizing lover: and yet had neither *confinement* nor *check* to apprehend from her indiſcreet mother: which ſhe thought abſolutely neceſſary to conſtitute a Partheniſſa!

Nevertheleſs, with all theſe fine modern qualities, did ſhe complete her nineteenth year, before ſhe met with any addreſs of conſequence: one-half of her admirers being afraid, becauſe of her gay turn, and but middling fortune, to make ſerious applications for her favour! while others were kept at diſtance, by the ſuperior airs ſhe aſſumed; and a third ſort, not ſufficiently penetrating the foibles either of mother or daughter, were kept off by the ſuppoſed watchful care of the former.

But when the man of intrepidity and intrigue was found, never was heroine ſo ſoon ſubdued, never goddeſs ſo eaſily ſtript of her celeſtials! For, at the opera, a diverſion at which neither ſhe nor her mother ever miſſed to be preſent, ſhe beheld the ſpecious Lovelace; beheld him inveſted with all the airs of heroick inſult, reſenting a ſlight affront offered to his Sally Martin, by two gentlemen who had known her in her more hopeful ſtate, one of whom Mr. Lovelace obliged to ſneak away with a broken head, given with the pummel of his ſword, the other with a bloody noſe; neither of them well ſupporting that readineſs of offence, which, it ſeems, was a part of their *known* characters to be guilty of.

The gallantry of this action drawing every by-ſtander on the ſide of the hero, '*O the brave man!*' cried Polly Horton aloud to her mother, in a kind of rapture; '*How needful the protection of the brave to the fair!*' with a ſoftneſs in her voice, which ſhe had taught herſelf, to ſuit her fancied *high* condition of life.

A ſpeech ſo much in his favour, could not but take the notice of a man who was but too ſenſible of the advantages which his fine perſon, and noble air, gave him over the gentler hearts, who was always watching every female eye, and who had his ears continually turned to every affected voice; for that was one of his indications of a proper ſubject to be attempted—'*Affectation of every ſort*,' he uſed to ſay, '*is a certain ſign of a turned head; of a faulty judgment: and upon ſuch a baſis I ſeldom build in vain.*'

He inſtantly reſolved to be acquainted with a young creature, who ſeemed ſo ſtrongly prejudiced in his favour. Never man had a readier invention for all ſorts of miſchief. He gave his Sally her cue. He called her *ſiſter* in their hearing. And Sally whiſperingly gave the young lady, and her mother, in her own way, the particulars of the affront ſhe had received; making herſelf an angel of light, to caſt the brighter ray upon the character of her heroick brother. She particularly praiſed his known and approved courage; and mingled with her praiſes of him, ſuch circumſtances relating to his birth, his fortune, and endowments, as left him nothing to do but to fall in love with the enamoured Polly.

Mr. Lovelace preſently ſaw what turn to give to his profeſſions: *ſo brave a man! yet of manners ſo gentle!* hit the young lady's taſte: nor could ſhe ſuſpect the heart, that ſuch an aſpect covered. '*This was the man! the very man!*' ſhe whiſpered

M.r Hogg's NEW NOVELIST's MAGAZINE.



The Gentleman Dying whose ARM *had been cut off by* MARTIN *while he was passing a Sword through the Body.*

Published by Alex.r Hogg Nov.r 30. 1793.

whiſpered to her mother: and, when the opera was over, his ſervant procuring a coach, he undertook, with his ſpecious ſiſter, to ſet them down at their own lodgings, though ſituated a quite different way from his: and there were they prevailed upon to alight, and partake of a ſlight repaſt.

Sally preſſed them to return the favour to her at her aunt Forbes's, and hoped it would be before her brother went to his own ſeat.

They promiſed her, and named their evening.

A ſplendid entertainment was provided. The gueſts came, having in the interim found all that was ſaid of his name, and family, and fortune, to be true. Perſons of ſo little ſtrictneſs in their own morals, took it not into their heads to be very inquiſitive after his.

Muſick and dancing had their ſhare in the entertainment: theſe opened their hearts, already half-opened by love: the *aunt* Forbes, and the lover's ſiſter, *kept* them open by their own example: the hero ſung, vowed, promiſed: their gratitude was moved, their delights were augmented, their hopes increaſed; their confidence was engaged; all their appetites up in arms; the rich wines co-operating; beat quite off their guard, and not *thought* enough remaining for ſo much as ſuſpicion; Miſs, detached from her mother by Sally, ſoon fell a ſacrifice to the ſucceſsful intriguer.

The widow herſelf, half intoxicated and raiſed as ſhe was with artful mixtures, and inflamed by love, unexpectedly tendered by one of the libertines, his conſtant companions, (to whom an *opportunity* was contrived to be given to be alone with her, and that cloſely followed by *importunity*) fell into her daughter's error. The conſequences of which, in length of time, becoming apparent, grief, ſhame, remorſe, ſeized her heart, (her own indiſcretion not allowing her to arraign her daughter's) and ſhe ſurvived not her delivery; leaving Polly with child likewiſe: who, when delivered, being too fond of the gay deluder to renounce his company, even when ſhe found herſelf deluded, fell into a courſe of extravagance and diſſoluteneſs; ran through her fortune in a very little time; and, as an high preferment, at laſt, with Sally, was admitted a quarter partner with the deteſtable Sinclair.

All that is neceſſary to add to the hiſtory of theſe unhappy women, will be comprized in a very little compaſs.

After the death of the profligate Sinclair, they kept on the infamous trade with too much ſucceſs; till an accident happened in the houſe—A gentleman of family killed in it in a fray, contending with another for a new-vamp'd face. Sally was accuſed of holding the gentleman's arm, while his more favoured adverſary ran him through the heart, and then made off. And ſhe being tried for her life, narrowly eſcaped.

This accident obliged them to break up houſe-keeping; and not having been frugal enough of their ill-gotten gains, (laviſhing upon one, what they got by another) they were compelled, for ſubſiſtence ſake, to enter themſelves as under-managers in ſuch another houſe as their own had been. In which ſervice, ſoon after, Sally died of a fever and ſurfeit got by a debauch: and the other, about a month after, by a violent cold, occaſioned through careleſſneſs in a ſalivation.

Happier ſcenes open for the remaining characters; for it might be deſcending too low to mention the untimely ends of *Dorcas*, and of *William*, Mr. Lovelace's wicked ſervant; and the pining and conſumptive ones of *Betty Barnes* and *Joſeph Leman*, unmarried both, and in leſs than a year after the happy death of their excellent young lady.

The good Mrs. NORTON paſſed the ſmall remainder of her life, as happily as ſhe wiſhed, in her beloved foſter-daughter's dairy-houſe, as it uſed to be called: *as ſhe wiſhed*, we repeat; for ſhe had too ſtrong aſpirations after another life, to be greatly attached to this.

She laid out the greateſt part of her time in doing good by her advice, and by the prudent management of the fund committed to her direction. Having lived an exemplary life from her youth upwards; and ſeen her ſon happily ſettled in the world; ſhe departed with eaſe and calmneſs, without pang or agony, like a tired traveller, falling into a ſweet ſlumber: her laſt words expreſſing her hope of being reſtored to the child of her boſom; and to her own excellent father and mother, to whoſe care and pains ſhe owed that good education to which ſhe was indebted for all her other bleſſings.

The poors fund, which was committed to her care, ſhe reſigned, a week before her death, into the hands of Mrs. Hickman, according to the direction of the will, and all the accounts and diſburſements with it; which ſhe had kept with ſuch an exactneſs, that the lady declares, ſhe will follow her method, and only wiſhes to diſcharge the truſt as well.

Miss Howe was not to be perſuaded to quit her mourning for her dear friend, until ſix months were fully expired: and then ſhe made Mr. HICKMAN one of the happieſt men in the world. A woman of her fine ſenſe and underſtanding, married to a man of virtue and good-nature, (who had not *paſt capital errors* to reflect upon, and to abate his joys, and whoſe behaviour to *Mrs. Hickman* is as affectionate, as it was reſpectful to *Miſs Howe*) could not do otherwiſe. They are already bleſſed with two fine children; a daughter, to whom, by joint conſent, they have given the name of her beloved friend; and a ſon, who bears that of his father.

She has allotted to Mr. Hickman, who takes delight in doing good, (and that as much for it's own ſake, as to oblige her) *his part* of the management of the poor's fund; to be accountable for it, as ſhe pleaſantly ſays, to *her*. She has appropriated every Thurſday morning for *her part* of that management; and takes ſo much delight in the taſk, that ſhe declares it to be one of the moſt agreeable of her amuſements. And the more agreeable, as ſhe teaches every-one whom ſhe benefits, *to bleſs the memory of the departed friend*; to whom ſhe attributes the merit of all *her own* charities, as well as the honour of thoſe which ſhe diſpenſes in purſuance of her will.

She has declared, that this fund ſhall never fail while ſhe lives. She has even engaged her mother to contribute annually to it. And Mr. Hickman has appropriated twenty pounds a year to the ſame. In conſideration of which ſhe allows him to recommend four objects yearly to partake of it.—*Allows*, is her ſtyle; for ſhe aſſumes the whole prerogative of diſpenſing this charity; the *only* prerogative ſhe *does* or has *occaſion* to aſſume. In every other caſe, there is but *one will* between them; and that is generally *his or hers*, as either ſpeaks firſt, upon any ſubject, be it what it will. Mrs. HICKMAN, ſhe ſometimes as pleaſantly as generouſly tells him, muſt not quite forget that ſhe was once MISS HOWE, becauſe if he had not loved her as ſuch, and with all her foibles, ſhe had never been MRS. HICKMAN. Nevertheleſs ſhe ſeriouſly, on all occaſions, and that to others, as well as to himſelf, confeſſes, that ſhe owes him *unreturnable* obligations for his patience with her in HER day, and for his generous behaviour *to* her in HIS.

And ſtill the more highly does ſhe eſteem and love him, as ſhe reflects upon his paſt kindneſs to her beloved friend; and on that dear friend's good opinion of him. Nor is it leſs grateful to her, that the worthy man joins moſt ſincerely with her in all thoſe reſpectful and affectionate recollections, which make the memory of the departed precious to ſurvivors.

Mr. BELFORD was not ſo deſtitute of humanity and affection, as to be unconcerned at the unhappy fate of his moſt intimate friend. But when he reflects upon the untimely ends of ſeveral of his companions, but juſt mentioned in the preceding hiſtory—On the ſhocking deſpondency and death of his poor friend *Belton*—On the ſignal juſtice which overtook the wicked *Tomlinſon*—On the dreadful exit of the infamous *Sinclair*—On the deep remorſes of his more valued friend—And, on the other hand, on the example ſet him by the moſt excellent of her ſex—and on her bleſſed preparation, and happy departure—And when he conſiders, as he often does with awe and terror, that his *wicked habits* were ſo *rooted* in his depraved heart, that all *theſe warnings*, and this *lovely example*, ſeemed to be *but neceſſary* to enable him to ſubdue them, and to reform; and that ſuch awakening calls are *hardly ever afforded to men of his caſt*, or (if they *are*) but ſeldom attended with ſuch happy effects in the prime of youth, and in the full vigour of conſtitution:—when he reflects upon all theſe things, he adores the mercy, which through theſe calls has ſnatched him as a *brand out of the fire*: and thinks himſelf obliged to make it his endeavour to find out, and to reform, any of thoſe who may have been endangered by his means; as well as to repair to the utmoſt of his power, any damage or miſchiefs which he may have occaſioned to others.

With regard to the truſt with which he was honoured by the inimitable lady, he had the pleaſure of acquitting himſelf of it in a very few months, to everybody's ſatisfaction; even to that of the unhappy family; who ſent him their thanks on the occaſion. Nor was he, at delivering up his accounts, contented with reſigning the legacy bequeathed to him, to the uſes of the will. So that the poors fund, as it is called, is become a very conſiderable ſum; and will be a laſting bank for relief of objects who *beſt deſerve* relief.

There was but one earthly bleſſing which remained for Mr. Belford to wiſh for, in order, morally ſpeaking, to ſe-

cure to him all his other bleſſings; and that was, the greateſt of all worldly ones, a virtuous and prudent wife. So free a liver as he had been, he did not think that he could be worthy of ſuch a one, till, upon an impartial examination of himſelf, he found the pleaſure he had in his new reſolutions ſo great, and his abhorrence of his former courſes ſo ſincere, that he was the leſs apprehenſive of a deviation.

Upon this preſumption, having alſo kept in his mind ſome encouraging hints from Mr. Lovelace; and having been ſo happy as to have it in his power to oblige Lord M. and that whole noble family, by ſome ſervices grateful to them, (the requeſt for which from his unhappy friend was brought over, among other papers, with the dead body, by De la Tour) he beſought that nobleman's leave to make his addreſſes to Miſs CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE, the eldeſt of his lordſhip's two nieces: and making at the ſame time ſuch propoſals of ſettlements as were not objected to, his lordſhip was pleaſed to uſe his powerful intereſt in his favour. And his worthy niece having no engagement, ſhe had the goodneſs to honour Mr. Belford with her hand; and thereby made him as completely happy as a man *can be*, who has enormities to reflect upon, which are out of his power to atone for, by reaſon of the death of *ſome* of the injured parties, and the *irreclaimableneſs of others*.

Happy is the man who, in the time of health and ſtrength, ſees and reforms the errors of his ways!—But how much more happy is he, who has no capital and wilful errors to repent of!—How *unmixed* and *ſincere* muſt the joys of ſuch a one come to him!

Lord M. added bountifully in his life time, as did alſo the two ladies his ſiſters, to the fortune of their worthy niece. And as Mr. Belford has been bleſſed with a ſon by her, his lordſhip at his death [which happened juſt three years after the untimely one of his unhappy nephew] was pleaſed to deviſe to that ſon, and to his deſcendants for ever, (and in caſe of his death unmarried, to any other children of his niece) his Hertfordſhire eſtate, (*deſigned for Mr. Lovelace*) which he made up to the value of a moiety of his real eſtates; bequeathing alſo a moiety of his perſonal to the ſame lady.

Miſs PATTY MONTAGUE, a fine young lady, [to whom her noble uncle, at his death, deviſed the other moiety of his real and perſonal eſtates, including his ſeat in Berkſhire] lives at preſent with her excellent ſiſter Mrs. Belford, to whom ſhe removed upon Lord M.'s death: but, in all probability, will ſoon be the lady of a worthy baronet, of ancient family, fine qualities, and ample fortunes, juſt returned from his travels, with a character ſuperior to the very good one he ſet out with: a caſe that very ſeldom happens, although the end *of travel is improvement*.

Colonel MORDEN, who, with ſo many virtues and accompliſhments, cannot be unhappy, in ſeveral letters to the executor, with whom he correſponds from Florence, [having given his unhappy affair with Mr. Lovelace, changed his purpoſe of coming ſo ſoon to reſide in England as he had intended] declares, that although he thought himſelf obliged either to accept of what he took to be a challenge, as ſuch; or tamely to acknowledge, that he gave up all reſentment of his couſin's wrongs; and in a manner to beg pardon for having ſpoken freely of Mr. Lovelace behind his back; and although at the *time* he owns he was not ſorry to be called upon, as he was, to take either the one courſe or the other; yet now, coolly reflecting upon his beloved couſin's reaſonings againſt duelling; and upon the price it had too probably coſt the unhappy man; he wiſhes he had more fully conſidered thoſe words in his couſin's poſthumous letter—'If God 'will allow him time for repentance, 'why ſhould you deny it him?'

To conclude—The worthy widow Lovick continues to live with Mrs. Belford; and by her prudent behaviour, piety, and uſefulneſs, has endeared herſelf to her lady, and to the whole family.

THE END OF CLARISSA.

MEMOIRS

OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, Esq.

Author of thoſe celebrated and valuable Novels—PAMELA, SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, and CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THIS very celebrated Engliſh writer was born in the year of the Revolution, 1688, and bred to the buſineſs of a Printer, which he exerciſed all his life with diſtinguiſhed eminence. Though he underſtood no language but his own, yet he raiſed himſelf to a conſiderable degree of merit, and acquired a ſtill more conſiderable portion of fame, as an author in the romance way. His *Pamela*, *Clariſſa*, and *Sir Charles Grandiſon*, have been univerſally read; and they ſhew a wonderful power over the paſſions, in which his ſtrength chiefly lay. His purpoſe was to promote virtue and moral perfection. Indeed nothing has fallen from Richardſon's pen but what breathes the moſt beautiful morality, and tends either to inſtil or to confirm the moſt rigid and exalted principles of virtue. His works bear the ſtamp of a good mind, as well as of an original genius. In his Novels we at once diſcover this laudable, though rare, purity of intention, happily joined to a peculiar and almoſt unequalled power of fixing the attention. The two latter of theſe romances are longer than the firſt; on which account, ſome readers are too apt to be deterred from entering on the peruſal of them, but, from experience, this idea ſoon gives place to an agreeable anxiety, which puts it in a manner out of their power to lay by the book till they have entirely got through it.

The former part of *Pamela* appears to have been purpoſely written in a plain, homely ſtyle; yet is this ſtyle managed with ſuch art, that, though it may at firſt occaſion a momentary diſguſt, we can hardly travel through many pages before this unfavourable impreſſion wears off, and then we muſt acknowledge it to be the moſt winning and perſuaſive, yet at the ſame time the moſt natural and proper, that the wit of man could have imagined. The tender tale ſo winds about our hearts, that we think we are converſing with the amiable heroine; and it is but upon reflection, we can be perſuaded we are only reading a fiction. It is true we meet with many perfections in this work: It exhibits to our view a moſt engaging and intereſting object: It ſets up a moſt noble and exemplary model for imitation: We ſee in it a complete pattern of worth, modeſty, innocence, and beauty, not only free from all diſguiſe or affectation, but almoſt totally unconſcious of the power of her native charms;—charms which never ſtrike ſo ſure, ſo irreſiſtibly, as when their fair poſſeſſor ſeems ignorant of her having them; and regardleſs what effect they may produce on the beholder.—We ſee this weak and helpleſs creature aſſailed on the one hand, by the moſt alluring temptations; terrified, on the other, by threats and ill-uſage; ſurrounded, in ſhort, by ſnares of every kind, without any other guard, than a ſtrict virtue, and a ſtrong ſenſe of religion and duty. We ſee her at laſt, by a ſtrenuous perſeverance in thoſe honeſt principles, and the aſſiſtance of that Providence which always combats on the ſide of helpleſs innocence, baffle every attempt upon her chaſtity, and finally meet with the reward ſo juſtly due to the excellence of her character, and ſo well merited by repeated unſucceſsful trials of her honour, and repeated conqueſts of her virtue over human infirmity, and female frailty.—While ſhe is purſuing her artleſs ſtory, every ſentence of the ſweet ruſtic attracts our notice, and cannot fail of making the deepeſt impreſſion on any heart ſuſceptible of the delicate pleaſure reſulting from a tender ſenſation; a pleaſure which thoſe who have not felt, can conceive no idea of, and therefore know not how to value; but which thoſe happy few who have experienced it, would not forego the luxury of taſting for all the wealth of kingdoms.

Sir Charles Grandiſon abounds with ſtrokes of ſentiment, and contains many admirable paſſages. The madneſs of *Clementina* is particularly ſtriking, and has been praiſed in the higheſt terms by that diſpaſſionate and judicious critic Mr. Warton. "Of all the repreſentations of madneſs," ſays he, in his ingenious *Eſſay on Pope*, "that of *Clementina*, in the Hiſtory of *Sir Charles Grandiſon*, is the moſt deeply "intereſting. I know not whether even the madneſs of *Lear* is wrought up and "expreſſed by ſo many ſtrokes of nature and genuine paſſion. Shall I ſay it is

"pedantry

"pedantry to prefer and compare the madneſs of *Oreſtes* in Euripides to this of "*Clementina*?"—Theſe circumſtances, which Mr. Warton in the above paſſage takes notice of, form the great enchantment of Richardſon's ſtyle. A ſuperficial reader is apt haſtily to pronounce them tedious and diſguſting; but to an accurate obſerver, and a man of taſte, they will appear in quite a different light. Such an one will diſcover infinite art in their contrivance and connection; he will conſider them collectively, and then he will readily own that no impreſſion can be ſtronger than that which, ſtealing on by almoſt imperceptible degrees, is at laſt made by their *concurrence* and *united force*.

As to *Clariſſa*, which I mention laſt, becauſe it is generally looked upon as this author's maſter-piece, all praiſe muſt fall ſhort of its deſert. M. Rouſſeau, whoſe penetration and ſuſceptibility muſt give him an undoubted title to judge of any work of imagination, and whoſe acknowledged taſte muſt make his judgment of the greateſt weight, has given it as his opinion, that *Clariſſa* is the *very beſt* novel that was ever yet written in *any language*—Theſe are his words:—"There never "was a romance wrote in any language equal, nor even near to *Clariſſa*."

It muſt be owned, that the author of this celebrated romance has laviſhed ſuch invincible charms on his heroine; has repreſented her ſo tender, ſo virtuous, ſo amiable; has given her ſuch very exalted, yet not over-ſtrained ſentiments, and has made her withal ſo completely, ſo wretchedly unfortunate (the conſequence of one ſingle fatal error in conduct) that her intereſts become in a manner our own; and none but the moſt unfeeling breaſt can avoid being moved in the ſtrongeſt manner by the ſevere and unmerited calamities that pour down on the lovely mourner.

In order to prevent that uniform tediouſneſs which is often found in performances of conſiderable length, Mr. Richardſon has, in this inſtance, very wiſely endeavoured to diverſify the ſtyles of the ſeveral letters, according to the different ſituations or characters of the perſons who are ſuppoſed to write them. A moment's conſideration will be ſufficient to make one perceive the extreme difficulty of ſuch an attempt; yet it is not in this part of the work that our author has been the leaſt ſucceſsful.

Notwithſtanding the very forcible manner in which *Clariſſa* affects us, and the inimitable beauties which it is on all hands allowed to *contain*, it has had ſome ſevere critics. However, amongſt its admirers, a certain French writer of reputation has not heſitated to give it as his opinion, that nothing could be taken out of it without diſfiguring the work.—Says he, "A man of genius propoſed that I ſhould "prune *Clariſſa*. God forbid, I replied, that I ſhould commit ſuch an act of "barbarity. Peruſe the immortal *Clariſſa*, beſtow every attention on it, and you "will find that there are no indifferent traits in this vaſt picture; that every "beauty is in its proper place; and that there are pretended *longeurs*, which, in "the laſt volumes, make the woes of *Clariſſa* your own, plunge you into her miſerable ſituation, and make you in a manner die with her. The perſon followed "my advice, and found that nothing could be retrenched in this admirable work."

Be this as it may, the Novel we have been ſpeaking of, we aſſert, will bear the teſt of the ſevereſt criticiſm. Whatever defects may, with juſtice, be imputed to it, are but trifling, and it bids fair to be the favourite entertainment of ſucceeding ages, as it confeſſedly is of the preſent.

In his private character, Mr. Richardſon was a ſilent plain man, who ſeldom exhibited his parts in company. He heard the ſentiments of others ſometimes with attention, and ſeldom gave his own, rather deſirous of gaining friendſhip by his modeſty than his parts. In his latter years he appeared almoſt buried within himſelf; and if ever he was alive, it was when his own works were the ſubject of applauſe. Upon ſuch a topic he ſeemed to dwell with delight. This turn of temper led him to improve his fortune with mechanical aſſiduity; and having no violent paſſions, nor any deſire of being triflingly diſtinguiſhed from others, he at laſt became rich, and left his family in eaſy independence.

A ſtroke of the palſy carried Mr. Richardſon off, after a few days illneſs, July 4, 1761. Beſides the Novels above-mentioned, he is the author of an Eſop's Fables, a Tour through Britain, 4 vols. and a volume of Familiar Letters upon buſineſs, and other ſubjects.

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